

## Chapter 13 - Bann

Bann felt like a prisoner in his own body, as if there were two people occupying the same space and one of them had the other tied up and gagged. Part of him felt normal; this part wanted so badly to speak, to warn his friends of the danger represented by the 'shaman' and her demonic master. Unfortunately, the 'normal' Bann had been shunted to the back of his own brain, detached from any ability to control his own actions and replaced by some strange creation built of lust and magic. This 'primal' Bann struggled with the ropes his friends had used to bind him to a wooden chair in the centre of the guardroom. The battle between his split selves was one sided - 'primal' Bann was clearly in control - but 'normal' Bann's resistance weakened his body's efforts to the point that his struggles were weak and incoherent. The only part of him that wasn't feeble seemed to be his cock. Between his legs, it throbbed and ached with need as his eyes flitted from Cress' toned form to Hedda's curvaceous bust to Freida's amazonian build.

"... we can't keep knocking the poor guy out to keep him still. We gotta find a way to calm him down somehow," Hedda's words drifted through the cloud of lust occupying his head.

"It is clearly some sort of magickal control," said Freida. "How else would ze shaman be able to keep him in her vagon without restraints?"

"And he clearly saw something the shaman doesn't want anyone else to know about," said Cress, "else why would they put a spell like this on him?"

"So what do we do?" asked Jon. "We can't confront the shaman about this. She'll just claim ignorance, or worse, accuse us of treachery, and we can't take him to one of the goblin mages and get them to remove the enchantment if they're scouring the camp for him."

"Ve are going to have to get him out of here," said the minotaur. "Tomorrow, after the orc tribes have joined us, ze varhost vill march vest towards Drasich. He vill be hard to hide when ve are on ze move." Freida chewed her bottom lip, deep in thought. "I zink ve should take him to Top Town. It is a small town two days south from here in ze mountains. Zere is sure to be a mage zere who can help."

"All well and good," said Hedda, "but how do we get him there? He can't really walk on his own."

"Um... I could carry him," said Cress. The two barbarians and the minotaur raised their eyebrows in surprise. It was extremely rare for a centaur to carry a rider on their backs - their culture frowned upon such an act as demeaning. "Look," explained Cress, "he's our friend, and we have to do what we can to help him. Anyway, I'll be much faster carrying him than any of you trying to drag him along on foot."

The small group exchanged glances, each one trying to come up with an alternative plan of action, but, despite much discussion, the centaur filly's plan was the best they could think of.

Eventually, the decision was settled on - Cress would carry Bann to Top Town. After that, the party set about planning their next moves. Hedda and Jon scraped together what spare equipment they could. Soon, Bann was equipped with a spare sword and shield, bow and quiver of arrows, a pair of boots, a kilt, tunic and a leather jerkin. The weapons were attached to a saddle bag-like harness that centaurs used in place of backpacks and slung over Cress' equine back. Cress, herself, wore her leather armour and carried a long pike. Over her back she slung her longbow, a quiver of arrows, and a baldric from which hung a heavy mace. Finally, Freida picked up the still struggling Bann and planted him on the centaur's back, nestling him into the arch where Cress' human half joined her equine hindquarters, and tied his hands around her waist.

Once Bann was seated, Hedda handed a jingling pouch of coin to the centaur warrior. "This is as much as we could scrape together," she explained. "Hopefully it's enough to hire a mage. Take care of him."

"Yes," agreed Freida. "We must learn what he has discovered... and he seems like a good lad."

Jon reached up to give Bann a pat on the knee. "See you soon, mate," he said.

"I'll do my best," said Cress, and with a small wave to her friends, she turned and cantered out the gate and into the dark.

Jon, Hedda and Freida watched in silence as the centaur and her burden disappeared into the night. Once the southbound travellers were lost in the gloom, she turned to her comrades. "I worry about what he saw," she said. "I fear there are dark tidings ahead of us." Hedda and Jon simply nodded, expressions of concern etched upon their faces.

Cress made haste along the dusty path that lead southwards into the mountains, travelling as fast as she could in an effort to put as much distance between her and the camp as possible. The warhost had patrols ranging far afield from the main force, and, while she had documents from Lisbet that gave her what was essentially free reign, nevertheless, she didn't want to face awkward questions about why she was heading south away from the warhost with a soporific barbarian tied to her back.

Behind her, Bann emitted the occasional moan and groan, and she felt his hands, tied at the wrist, migrate up to her armour encased chest to paw and squeeze at her breasts. To top it off, she could feel the young barbarian's hefty phallus pressing against the small of her back. As the path rose upwards into the mountains, she found herself repeatedly reaching down to remove Bann's exploring hands, but, as the dusty scrub of the foothills gave way to the rocks and sparse pines of the mountains proper, she gave up on the ceaseless battle and let randy human lad feel her up as she focused on keeping her footing on the dark mountain trail.

To be honest, thought Cress, the young man's attentions weren't the most irritating factor. The rope binding his wrists kept snagging on her baldric as she trotted along the path, causing her mace to shift and poke her in the waist. They had tied his hands thinking his dazed condition would result in him tumbling from her back as they travelled, but once she had stopped trying to prevent Bann's roving hands from groping her boobs, the lad had ceased fidgeting and seemed content to sit behind her and play. After some consideration, the filly reached down and drew her dagger from her belt and severed the barbarian's bonds. She couldn't help but emit a small moan as Bann immediately adjusted his grip until each of his hands was firmly grasping a perky tit.

She and Bann had fooled around more than a few times as the warhost had marched southwards over the plains, and Cress had always found Bann to be an attentive lover. His current, somewhat addled condition, had apparently done little to hamper his attentiveness, and Cress soon found herself panting not just at the exertion of climbing the twisting mountain path. Figuring they were safe enough in the blanketing darkness of night, she reached up and unbuckled the straps that held her jerkin closed over the short tunic she wore. Bann's hands quickly snaked under the heavy boiled leather of her armour and she moaned once more as he began teasing her nipples through the rough linen of her tunic. Perched in the crook of her back, she felt the barbarian start to buck his hips slowly to grind his prodigious erection against her.

They travelled like this for hours, the mountains looming increasingly taller on either side of the trail, Bann's hand cupping her firm, round bosom and pinching her nipples incessantly until she could feel the sticky wetness of arousal in her loins and she had hiked her tunic up to give him unfettered access to her sensitive nubs. By the time the sky grew lighter with the onset of dawn, the centaur filly was insufferably aroused and she could swear she could smell the pungent, musky aroma of Bann's oozing pre-cum. "I suppose a short rest isn't a bad idea," said Cress out loud, despite knowing Bann was in no condition to respond.

To her left, a scree slope rose to form a small ridge that was crowned by a few large boulders and a small, somewhat sheltered rocky outcropping. Biting her bottom lip in an effort to stay on task, she cantered up the slope and into the stony conclave. Once sheltered amid the rocks, she kneeled, and to her surprise, Bann automatically dismounted. She was about to get back on her hooves when she felt the young warrior's hands on the short fur of her haunches. Casting a glance over her shoulder, she saw that Bann had moved around to stand behind her and was in the process of unfastening his kilt. Despite his dazed countenance, he soon managed to unbuckle the garment. Cress' gaze lingered on the northerner's massive cock. Yearning to be mated, she flicked her tail to one side. "Go on Bann, stick that fucking thing in me," she commanded.

Without ceremony, Bann obliged. Cress gasped as she felt the puffy, slick lips of her cunt part to admit the bulbous head of the warrior's penis. Centaur mare cunts were built to take centaur stallion cocks - girthy, equine schlongs, long and hose-like with a wide flare at the end. Human cocks usually got lost in the embrace of a mare's quim, so when Bann and Cress had fucked

before, she'd let him roger her asshole, where the tightness was more pleasing for the both of them. Now, however, Cress was gasping. Bann's shaft was big enough to rival a centaur stud's. Perhaps not as long, but wide and hard, and the difference in shape significant enough to send a trill of pleasure down her spine. The sensation was sublime, and the filly couldn't stop the powerful muscles in her haunches from clamping down upon the oversized slab of man-meat pushing into her fuck-hole. The desire to rut built in her chest. "Ohhh! Fuck!" she moaned. "Mate my cunt, Bann! Fuck it hard!"

The words bounced off the fog clouding Bann's head, but, in his lust induced stupor, fucking the centaur's hot, sloppy quim as hard and deep as he could was all he wanted to do. Gripping her haunches firmly, the fuck-drunk barbarian began pumping his hips vigorously, his heavy, swinging balls slapping against her black, rubbery, equine labia and large, engorged clit. The musky smell of a mare in rut that wafted from her swollen genitalia served to thicken the haze of arousal that shrouded his mind and soon the rocks around them resounded with the wet, meaty squelching sounds of two beasts mating wildly. Long, sticky strands of Cress' juices oozed from her stuffed hole to splatter on the ground or slather onto Bann's swinging sack as his pistoning organ plunged in and out of the filly's welcoming pussy. Cress missed the sensation of being mounted and pressed to the ground by the bulk of a stallion, but the human made up for it with enthusiasm as he leaned forward against her, stomach pressed against her broad ass cheeks, hips a blur of primal desire.

Cress wondered briefly if the obscene sounds of their frantic humping would draw unwanted attention. Her heart beat quickly - the danger of discovery only serving to enhance the excitement of their urgent mating. The filly reached up to pinch and tease her painfully erect nipples, biting her bottom lip in sweet pleasure as her cunny was thoroughly serviced. After having her firm, round titties manhandled and groped for the past few hours, Cress' orgasm was on a hair trigger, and each time Bann's tumescent tool plowed into her, she could feel her pleasure build. She closed her eyes, savouring the delicious sensations, as she squeezed her breasts and tweaked her hard nipples.

Suddenly, Bann gave a mighty thrust, ramming his cock into the centaur's cunt until his hips came to rest firmly against the sweat shined fur of her ass and his balls pressed up hard against her clit. His heavy phallus spasmed inside her, swelling inside her sloppy tunnel until a sudden, powerful blast of hot sperm erupted from its tip to baste her welcoming womb. It was all she needed. Cress' cunt clenched and released, rhythmically milking the seed from the human fighter as turbulent waves of pleasure overran her. The orgasm was intense beyond words, and the well-fucked centaur simply moaned and spouted gibberish as her cunny was inseminated with wave after wave of sloppy, gushing jism. Even a stallion couldn't hope to match the sheer quantity of cum the diminutive warrior pumped into her and soon Cress felt her quim overflow with the lewd liquid and it came burbling past her stretched pussy-lips in an obscene torrent of pearly white stickiness. Her head slumped forwards as she gasped for air and rode out her orgasm while Bann's cum-hose finished spurting his seed into her.

A slow clap brought her out of her post-coital reverie. Cress' head snapped up and she looked backwards to see a chainmail girded dwarf applauding slowly. "That was quite a show, lassie," said the dwarf, grinning widely from behind his beard. His elbow rested on the head of a heavy, two handed maul. Beside him stood a dwarf woman, clad in a burnished breastplate and gripping an axe and shield.

Cress glanced to her right side, where her pike lay, and wondered if she could reach the weapon in time. The dwarf woman hefted her axe and took a step forward. "A lovely little performance, but you really should be more careful in the mountains," said the short female. "Never know what 'disreputable' types might overhear you if you let your guard down."

Bann's cock was still entombed within her quim, somewhat deflated, but still hefty enough to plug her up. Their compromised position left both the centaur and the northern barbarian at a significant disadvantage. "What do you want?" Cress asked, blushing slightly.

"Well, I think your gear will do," said the hammer-wielding dwarf. "And is that a coin purse I see on your belt there?"

Cress began moving her hands towards her belt. Her dagger was sheathed next to the pouch - if she could just reach it...

"Uh uh..." said the male dwarf, walking past Bann towards Cress. "I think I'll just take that myself." The diminutive bandit stepped up to Cress and reached forward, giving her exposed breast a hearty squeeze before yanking the pouch from her belt. "Nice titties, horse-girl," he said, grinning lecherously and running his eyes along the length of her body. "If only I had a bit more time to sample the goods back there."

The female dwarf grunted in disapproval. "Bah, Feldspar. Keep your eyes on the loot." Cress saw her step towards Bann and put a hand on the young man's shoulder. "You've had your fun, human. Time to pull out of yon' horsey's cunt."

To the centaur's surprise, Bann seemed to obey the dwarf's command, and she felt an exquisite sensation as Bann pulled his massive shaft from her cunt. As his glans popped free of her grasping labia, it was followed by a veritable flood of viscous cum. The female dwarf couldn't hide her surprise as her eyes fell upon the magnificent specimen of manhood that flopped out of the centaur's thoroughly used cunny. "Ancestor's gold...!" exclaimed the dwarf, clearly stunned.

It was all the distraction necessary. Bann balled his fist and swung it in a heavy hook as he turned towards the dwarf, slamming it into her face with perfectly directed force. There was a sickening crunch and the axe-armed dwarf tumbled backwards, blood spurting from her mashed nose. Presented with an opportunity, Cress acted quickly, hand whipping down to her dagger. With speed borne of desperation, she drew it from her scabbard and slashed it across the face of the dwarf beside her in one fell swoop, sending him reeling.

The dwarf with a broken nose had stumbled back onto the loose surface of the scree slope, and was tottering as she tried to regain her footing. As she staggered on the jumbled rocks, Bann turned and seized the sword that had been attached to the harness on Cress' back. While her barbarian friend armed himself, Cress dropped her dagger and leaned over to grab her spear. The moment she felt Bann seize the sword on her back, she bucked herself to her feet. Before her, the male dwarf was wiping away a gushing flow of blood from his eyes. Cress' dagger had scored a mean cut across his forehead, but the dwarf was clearly a tough individual and he hefted his maul in both hands as Cress brandished her spear.

Bann barrelled forward, closing the ground between him and the stumbling female dwarf in two great strides. The female warrior was practiced in fighting on such unforgiving terrain, however, and, as the northerner brought his blade around in a wide right-to-left sweep, she grimly raised her shield and let the sword edge bite deep into the wooden rim. Meanwhile, Cress swept her own weapon low, seeking to increase the distance between herself and her opponent. Centaurs were at a severe disadvantage in such perilous terrain and at such close quarters. Unfortunately, the dwarf seemed to know this, and he swung his hammer down to slap away Cress' pike as he stepped forward under her guard.

Bann was not at a disadvantage, however. He had practiced numerous hours on the scree slopes of the valley he called home, and had swung many a practice blow at a dummy shield. The moment he felt his sword edge bite home on the dwarf's shield, he dropped back, letting himself fall upon his ass as the dwarf swung her axe in an attempt to disembowel him. The blow went wide, swishing through the air where his guts had once been, and the barbarian kicked out with his right foot, planting it squarely on the dwarf's breastplate to send her tumbling down the slope once more.

Behind him, Cress felt her haunches press against one of the large boulders as she ran out of room to back into. She weaved her polearm in a defensive pattern before her, attempting to ward off the maul-wielding dwarf, but he simply swung his hammer once more, smashing it into her twirling weapon with jarring force. The centaur's spear flew wide, clattering against the nearby stones, and the dwarf took a wide stance as he wound up for a follow-up attack on the now defenceless filly.

He never got the chance. Out of left field, a heavy stone came hurtling to connect with the side of his head. Cress seized the opportunity, lashing out with her front legs and smashing her hooves into the dwarf's chest with furious strength. The dwarf was forced backward, arms flailing, and joined his comrade to tumble down the slope. Stout warriors that they were, it did not take them long to find their footing, however, and a moment later, both were hefting their weapons and looking angrily up at the barbarian and the centaur. Bann had found another heavy rock, and was winding his arm back for another throw, but when the dwarves' eyes fell upon the sight of Cress unlimbering her mighty longbow, they both hesitated.

“Alright!” the female dwarf called up the slope. “We’ll leave you be!”

“Damn right!” shouted Cress. “There’s two arrows waiting for you if I ever see you again!”

While the dwarven bandits retreated down the road, muttering angrily, Cress turned toward her friend. “Bann?”

Bann’s eyes were wide. “I can talk now, and I can move!” he practically shouted.

Cress grinned. “Did I cure you? I always knew I was a good fuck, but I can’t believe I fucked the magic out of you!” she burred excitedly. “That was amazing! I’m amazing! And the fight, too! You came back in the nick of time! We really kicked their asses, even though they caught us with our pants down, literally! Ha ha!”

“Wait, Cress,” said Bann. He could think and act clearly for the first time in a long time, but the edges of his vision were growing blurry once more and he could feel a weight growing heavier in his head. “I don’t think I’m cured. I can feel it coming back. Oh gods! I need to tell you something; there’s a demon controlling the shaman and Gunnar! Oh damn, I don’t think I have much longer... We should go back to the warhost. We have to warn them!”

“Oh dear,” said Cress. “That didn’t last very long. And a demon?”

“Yeah. The shaman is working for it, and she has some sort of hold over Gunnar! I think the warhost is being used. I think we’re all being used. We have to go back and warn them.”

“Look, Bann, I think people need to know this too, but I really don’t think anyone would believe us!” said Cress. “I mean, it would be our word against the warhost leader’s. They’d just say you were crazy or something. And the shaman would probably just take control of you again, anyway! I think we need to find a mage to help you lift the spell, first, and then we’ll catch up with the warhost and see what we can do.”

Bann sighed. “I... I guess. But what about Hedda and Jon and Freida?”

Cress could see that Bann was quite worried about his friends. She kneeled down and folded him into a hug. “It’s going to be fine,” she said, soothingly. “They’re smart and tough and they know something’s up. They’ll be on their guard and they’ll be ready to help us when we get back. And, besides, Freida’s got like three hundred minotaur warriors from the Von Danz herd to back them up if things go really badly. You know she’s practically married to their raid leader.” The young centaur released her grip on Bann and held his shoulders to look him in the eye. “We’ll beat this demon and we’ll sort out what’s going on. You’ll see.”

Her friend nodded dumbly.

“The magic... It’s taking over now, isn’t it?” said Cress, still holding Bann by the shoulders.

The barbarian shook his head, trying to clear the arcane tendrils that were wrapping around his mind once more. “How... how did... you know...?”

Cress glanced down between them. “You mean besides this monster cock poking me in the belly?” she said. “Well, you seem to be groping my tit again.”

Bann drew his hand back sharply. “S... Sorry...” he mumbled, his voice becoming slurred. “I... I can’t... help... it...”

The young centaur flashed him a smile. “It’s ok. C’mon, we should get moving. Climb up on my back again and we’ll see how far we can make it before we have to take another ‘break’. You can play with my boobs all you like while we travel.”

They made good time. As was common among the centaur folk, Cress’ stamina was phenomenal and she carried Bann easily for leagues. Occasionally they would stop in a sheltered spot by the roadside and Cress would let Bann use her cunt for some much needed relief, letting him hump her black lipped pussy until it overflowed with his sticky cum and they could chat for a while before the fog returned to his mind, or she would take his immense cock in her mouth and suck him until his seed spurted into her belly and his clarity of thought returned once more. Whenever they paused and his head was monetarily his own again, Bann would tell Cress more about what he had seen and what happened to him - about the mirror and the demon, about how Gunnar would visit the shaman and about how the two would fuck right in front of him while the shaman wove her magic. As she learned more, the worry that gnawed on Bann began to gnaw at Cress as well, and she pushed herself as fast as she could towards their destination.

The centaur kept a wary eye out for bandits and other trouble, but, thankfully, they encountered no further delays. They camped for a few hours in a sheltered rocky alcove, where Bann let Cress tie him to a boulder so he wouldn’t wander off in a daze while she caught some sleep, and then continued onwards to Top Town. As the sun reached its apex the following day, the pair entered the valley that led to the mountain city.

The scenery was majestic, especially for a centaur filly who had lived her life on the wide open plains. Top Town, as its name aptly indicated, was situated on a mountaintop that poked up in the centre of the valley, flanked on either side by even greater mountains. Down the centre of the valley a turbulent river flowed, cutting off access to the city but for the two bridges that spanned the intervening gaps between the mountain that hosted the town and the granite slopes of its neighbours. The broad stones that paved the bridges clattered loudly under Cress’ hooves and neither the bored orc watchman or slightly more attentive human gate guard spared the centaur and her burden a glance as they trotted through the open gate into the city proper.



The streets were busy and narrow. Squat stone and daub houses and shops hunched over the thoroughfares while a mishmash of orcs, goblins, humans and dwarves went about their daily business. Cress' eyes widened as she saw the hulking forms of a pair of ogres wading through the crowd or the flash of colour that was a couple of golden haired elves shopping at one of the many stalls that made the streets even more narrow. Despite the many distractions, though, she was able to stay on task and kept her eyes peeled for any sign promoting the services of an alchemist or wizard. Fortunately, she was able to find quite a few. Unfortunately, by the close of the afternoon, she hadn't been able to find a single one with the expertise to cure Bann's condition.

"That's all I got, lassie," said a goblin witch as she closed her spellbook. "Sorry. I just don't know demonology well enough to cure what ails him." The witch had cast a few exploratory spells on Bann, much like the warlock and the sorcerer Cress had visited earlier, but, after much humming and hawing, had come up empty handed. The filly had been smart enough to make sure to specify that payment was upon success only, but, despite managing to hold on to her coin, she was despairing over the utter lack of success.

"Do you have any idea what I could do?" moaned Cress.

The wizened goblin eyed Bann's naked form and his huge cock and grinned lasciviously. "Well, it's not all bad, is it. Boy's got a dick that'd make a giant jealous. Worst case, ye'll never want for a good fuck."

"Ha ha," said Cress, drily.

"Well, beyond taking him to Drasich and asking the mages at the university, I guess ye could poke around the taverns. See if there's a journeying mage in town who could help ye. Try the Ogre's Drum in the centre of town. It's usually the busiest. Also the only place if ye want a room a centaur can sleep in. Other inns'll probably only be able to offer ye stable space or a spot on the floor by the fire."

Shoulders slumped with disappointment, Cress gave her thanks and trotted back out to the street.

The Drum wasn't hard to find. It stood out thanks to its size, as one of the larger buildings in the town, but also thanks to the constant flow of rowdy traffic passing through its doors - doors which were big enough for an ogre to walk through without stooping, or a centaur with a randy, dazed barbarian on her back. The inside was dark, yet cheery. Fires crackled in large alcoves in the walls, sturdy wooden tables and chairs were spread liberally about while more sheltered, and shadowy, booths were available for patrons looking for more privacy. Various seductively dressed prostitutes and lotharios strolled about, attempting to entice what business they could from a patronage made up of some of the roughest looking cutthroats Cress had ever laid eyes on. Despite the fierce appearance of most of the patrons, the atmosphere was congenial - more

than congenial in some cases. As her eyes adjusted to the gloom, Cress could see a goblin girl copulating vigorously with a rather drunk looking dwarf in one of the nearby booths. The goblin's dress was hiked up to her waist and she was steadily bouncing her plump ass up and down on the inebriated dwarf's broad cock. In another booth, a scarred female orc was sprawled, foaming tankard in hand and legs spread wide, while a handsome elf lapped and sucked furiously at her exposed cunt.

No doubt responsible for the lack of brawlers and generally good natured atmosphere was the hulking ogress behind the bar. The large humanoid was drying a tankard with a rag and chatting with a pair of elves and another female orc warrior while keeping a watchful eye on the other patrons. At the foot of the orc's barstool lounged the biggest wolf the centaur had ever seen. With a hand on Bann's shoulder to guide his dazed steps and an inward sigh at the abject failure of her mission so far, Cress made her way over to the bar.