

The Plight of the Bestral

Snow piled up high in the northern reaches of Bastorias. It was a land mostly inhabited by the Bestrals, a race of many distinct, bestial Bloodlines whom differed from one another as much as from humankind. From the wise wereowls to the vicious werebears, there was no shortage of apex predators in the cold. A group of them, werefoxes, in fact were weaving between the great conifers of a treeline.

They were members of the Snowpetals, an elite group which served as the vanguard of the Frostblooms. Under this banner, the disparate Bestral Bloodlines have united, and joined King Alain's rebellion against tyranny. Dinah, captain of the Snowpetals, had taken to leading a cadre of werefox scouts herself.

Their mission was to probe the enemy lines for weakness and relay what they had seen. Their wereowl compatriots would serve as messengers to that end. If pressed, they would fall back and join with the ranks of a group of werewolves on the flank. And though scouting was one of the most dangerous roles one could have, Dinah never doubted the tenacity and competence of her sisters in battle.

Their approach was only betrayed by the slightest crunch of packed snow. To see the band of warrior women move, was to witness something like a flurry of white, easily mistaken for blown snow. They wore their winter coats, so the dozen-strong fox women were pure white from the tips of their ears to the toes of their footpaws. Only the lightest armor hugged their frames, which meant skimpy golden plates and billowing blue cloth. Cover and quickness was their main defense, but their spears were a fine alternative.

Dinah suddenly stood still. In doing so, she was nearly invisible amidst the blanketing white. Her blue eyes blinked, and her fur stood on end, "Hold! I'm getting a bad feeling--"

Three of her sisters stopped on the dime. But Dinah heard the fourth step onto an unseen wire, and a trap was sprung...

THWACK! Thwoooong...

The ambush had blindsided them. Dinah didn't remember what it was, exactly. A fast-acting poison? A snare, which choked her? Or a blow to the head. All she knew was, when she came to, she hung upside-down, suspended by a thin length of wire. The string dug into the heels of her footpaws quite badly, and she could hear muffled lamentations.

"Hnnnn?"

Dinah winced, and tried to take stock of the situation. It was a shock for the otherwise composed woman to have the tables so thoroughly turned. Her head ached, her face was hot,

and the slightest movements caused her to sway, which further disoriented her. But she could tell this was very bad.

Two of her comrades had already been 'freed', as their strings had been cut loose. But Dinah had no intention to go down easily. As they reached her, the captain twisted violently. In doing so, the wire bit into her ankle and nearly dislocated it. There was a blur of white. Her claws raked a bearded man's face. Talk about a close shave. His blood freckled the snow, and he staggered back.

"Feisty CUNT, huh!?" He was quick to grab her wrists, and twisted them behind her back.

The pain set in for Dinah as another soldier sawed at the wire to cut her loose. The whole time, she thrashed like the trapped animal she was. Snarls, sharp teeth, but suspended like this, there just wasn't any leverage. Dinah ate snow as she slammed into it, and the men practiced a hogtie on her.

For her trouble? All of them were punished more harshly. Their bondage became more thorough: ropes bit into their skin and the chap of the cold weather only made that sting worse. Cloth was firmly tied around their muzzles, which made her face reflexively scrunch in disgust--it was like humans to do that to Bestrals. Their captors were humans that served Zenoira, their greatest adversary. And their dark insignia was plain on both their uniforms and the bondage. Where the women had not been tied up, they were stripped bare.

And she could hear the enemy's taunts.

"An entire squad of the fox sluts, huh?" One particularly crass Zenoiran remarked, as he tested the security of one such tie.

Some other man, stocky and bearded, boasted, "Yeah, ain't we lucky? We got the fun ones. Imagine the blokes that got stuck with the bears."

A third waddled his way up to Dinah himself, then did a double-take. Her armor and spear were far more ornate than that worn and wielded by her compatriots, and her hairstyle was quite prevalent in posters, "Ey, look! Isn't that the one with the big bounty? Dinner, innit?"

The Snowpetal captain fumed, "It's Dinah. Humans can be so stupid..."

The second sentence was muttered, but nowhere near low enough. The other two Zenoirans from earlier strolled up, and now she was the center of attention.

"Oh, this is the cunt they've been looking for! Lookit her, not so high and mighty now, hmm? Well, you're pretty high up, actually--"

"Yeah, we ought to cut her down, eh? She looks like she could use it, face is all red. Maybe... Ten or fifteen minutes of air ought to do. If she can choke it down." That bearded man chortled.

The third inserted himself between the first two, "Let's not get any ideas. Know it's been a long campaign but we got to keep it professional."

This offered Dinah a little relief, as her mind imagined the worst possibilities. At least some humans could be decent--

He then continued, "Obviously, you lot are in leave of your senses if you're ogling a filthy Bestral. And y'know Zenoiran law doesn't take too kindly to relations with the mongrels. Let's make sure these walking pelts get processed correctly, lest the Empire have your hides."

Dinah didn't feel so good about that, now.

The skeezy, bearded one didn't take so nicely to that, "Ey! Why do the Resistance scum get to fool around, when us upstanding citizens of the Empire can't get a decent reward for our valiant efforts? Fer God's sake, their pretender-king's fucking one of them! There's a dozen of these snow sluts, what's it matter if a couple are pre-used?"

The white vulpine flushed. Did--everyone really know about what humans and bestrals did within the borders of the rebellion? More importantly, did they know that -she- was Alain's so-called bestral consort? She wasn't even yet certain if they should be an out-and-open thing, never mind common knowledge...

"Can it. Just 'cause you read it in sum scandal rag don't make it true. Besides... They've got a special punishment in mind for this frost-rat and the others will be quite instrumental for that. And they're specifically going to need to be handled with 'great care'."

Some huffing and puffing later, the three worked to cut Dinah down and get her all tied up for transport. She took a moment to bemoan her reputation... Why'd all three have to get in on this? Coulda handled one, but three full-sized human males were still more than a match for the lithe winter fox. Her gear ended up added to the group's pile of plunder, and she herself was thrown onto the back of a cart like a slab of meat. So much for great care... Her ribs smarted, but she endured. Keen ears flicked for any identifying noise on the route, as she was hauled elsewhere...

The ride was bumpy. It rattled her head pretty bad as the wheels caught on many rocks. Her teeth chattered from the cold, though she was covered in fur. They had thrown a big blanket over the lot of werefoxes, but it didn't quite cover most of them. She and her sisters had to huddle together for warmth. It was a tarp, really, it reeked of mule and horse, and the brown fibers got all over her fur. None of this compared, however, to the agony of Dinah's failure. The whole time, she could only hope that King Alain could still accomplish the mission...

But many weeks passed. During which, Dinah was kept in confinement. A stables served as her prison. Various beasts were held here, ranging from horses, to gryphons, and even wyverns. The creatures, despite being entirely feral, were frankly treated better than the bestrals. They had the finest feed which kept their coats shiny and their energy plentiful. The werefoxes, however, had to subsist on scraps. Given such poor-quality feed, and the absolute isolation from her sisters (who were each kept in their own stalls), Dinah could feel herself decline.

The spring in her step was gone. Wiry muscle had softened, and the clefts of her abs had lost definition. Even her breasts looked a notch smaller. Her fur had lost its luster and the dark blacks dulled, the whites turned off. There was even defeat in her eyes as the passage of time made it increasingly clear... Alain did not finish the mission.

If there was any consolation, corporal punishment was light if that. When one of her sisters shrieked, lashed out, tore at her bonds (or often herself in the process), she was taken out of her stall and to the fields for a short while. There, Dinah presumed, the foxwoman in question was roughed up a bit, and there was on occasion, yelling. Their captors had pretty much adhered to the instructions, that they would not be handled too roughly...

Which made Dinah all the more worried. What exactly were they waiting for? The captain presumed she and her compatriots would be executed, and she would have welcomed it. Death before dishonor. By all accounts, they were traitors according to the Empire, and the punishment was clear. Even as bestrals, they still ought to be subject to its laws. But there were ambiguities in new laws regarding the bestral population, and she had heard one of the guards mention that bestrals had been downgraded to 'non-human'.

"Alain would never suffer that." Dinah whispered to herself, at this point rarely speaking. But things got worse.

She couldn't help but hear, days later, the big news, which her captors had made a huge show of celebrating... Zenoira had decisively won the war. And Alain... Was gone.

More than anything, this was what broke her. Dinah's hands, whose wrists were fastened by a chain to a corner of her stall, held her face. Her muzzle was buried in her palms, which reminded her of how Alain used to hold her face. He was supposed to keep himself safe... He promised that. By the magic of her Maiden's Ring! A great emptiness ate her, and not only did they take the Ring from her weeks ago, but now they had taken what it meant to her...

The next day, she had heard something, between the long lapses of sleep that now punctuated her lethargy. Apparently, her captors had been informed as to what to do with Dinah and the other girls. They were told they'd need time for everything to get shipped over, but after that?

They'd finally get to properly dispose of the werefoxes.

Dinah sniffled. She had hoped to meet dignity in her end... She didn't regret putting her comrades in harm's way, as they knew what they had gotten themselves into and wouldn't ever let her shoulder the blame. The captain only wished they hadn't failed... Maybe Alain would've still been there to lead them all. Well, maybe she wished for something else... That perhaps Alain hadn't chosen her to take the Maiden's vow. She liked to think he deserved better than a bestial...

For the next couple weeks, things were eerily quiet. Even the birds no longer chirped, and things at the stables had been moved. Most of the beasts had been removed, and the guards were tight-lipped about everything, including recently unloaded cargo. Their stalls were fully boarded, and no one was ever taken outside.

But the week after that? One by one, the werefoxes were released from their confinements. With keen ears, Dinah could hear locks undone, and chains rattled. Some shrieked when they met their fates, but others, she assumed, whimpered. Great pains had apparently been taken so that the remaining werefoxes could not see what happened, but humans didn't realize how vividly bestials could hear.

They were taken into the woods... The place was distant, but close enough. There were not only the cries of her sisters, but Dinah could also make out... Whinnies.

The silence reached its apex, as Dinah realized, by the thirteenth day, that she was the last one left. It was the cold brink of dawn when her own door cracked open, and the rays of light finally hit her face for the first time in a while. The former captain squinted, as she was reduced to this pitiful thing, huddled in a corner. She did, however, have the strength to speak.

"I-I am ready. To join the ranks of my battle s-sisters..."

Shaky. From hunger, the cold, and frankly the fear. Her eyes remained lowered as the men entered her stall and undid the chains, just for the warden to hold them.

He was a grizzled man with a wide-brimmed, black hat. Two others flanked them, to assure she would not go down fighting.

By chain, she was led out of her prison, and they did not yank her or otherwise impel her to face her fate with haste. Rather, the warden spoke as he led, "No, there's an entirely different fate that awaits you. The others have fulfilled their purpose, but it's time for you to complete the ritual. How else to dispense with that pesky ring?"

Dinah felt a pang of pain and panic. Th-the ring...?

She tried to form words, but they ignored her. Instead, they led her all the way into the woods and here, she froze stiff. What hit her first was the smell, her keen bestial nose was overwhelmed.

There was a clearing, and from it wafted this intense reek. The scent was beastly, it was the most pungent smell of sex and cum and horse and cock and pussy. There was simply no other way to place it. The intensity of it brought this intense revulsion in Dinah, and she had her second-guesses. Her feet dragged across the earth as she was pulled closer.

Appalled, she narrowed her eyes at her captors, "What... Happened here? What did--what did you do to them...?"

There was no answer. Dinah's eyes scanned over the ground and she could make out a circular shape in the clearing. There were lines scrawled in white, forming circles. She presumed it was some kind of chalk, paint, or paste. The intersecting nature of the line meant something obscure to her, but the scene brought her great trepidation. She then noted that at the center, stood a stone altar, lower than knee level. Atop the altar laid a tarnished ring... The werefox immediately recognized it, and this brought a deep sorrow to her heart.

"It's--the Ring of the Maiden..."

An ancient artifact, but now powerless. It derived its power only from a now-broken vow, which bound it to the Ring of the Unicorn. A Unicorn's Ring which now had no owner, given what happened to Alain.

But the color was off. It must have been the diminished luster, the scratches from transit. Perhaps, stains.

"Your eyes are as sharp as your ears," the warden mused, "We also have the -other- ring. Hm, direct your gaze a little further...?"

Whatever this meant, didn't bode well. But what choice did she have? Dinah had to look... Maybe, somehow, for some reason known only to God, Alain had been spared, and would be gazing back at her. But any illusions were promptly crushed... There was only a horse. The four-legged beast had fur black as night, and it was a particularly large specimen. More strikingly, there was something behind it--

!

Palevia. That was where she had sealed her oath with Alain, and entwined the fates of their Rings. There had been an ancient altar, which stood before a statue of the last Unicorn. It had been erected on its resting place, which legend said was responsible for the altar's power. But this place--

There was something sickeningly familiar. Her gaze lowered further, and she realized that something large was freshly buried here. Who could mistake the moved earth? And that thing behind the horse, it was the same statue...

Almost, but there was a malevolence to its presence. The stone was in disrepair, and rife with chips and scratches. It must have been vandalized in addition to damage in shipping. But what was unsettling were the eyes... Jewels were inserted into the sockets, and there was not one horn, but two, which curled sinisterly from its head.

"This can't be. You--You can't be--trying to--"

"We have every intention. And the sacrifices have suited quite nicely. I suppose these old bones have acquired an appetite for bestials."

The man stopped his stride. His boot squished in a most repulsive way. He stepped in something still wet, but kicked some more dirt over it, "I have taken a liking to it, myself. The Emperor is very imaginative in how he chooses to dispense of criminals, now. My coffers are full, as is my plate—in more ways than one. And I must say, your kind makes the most delightful screams."

The werefox winced. There was a black hood bunched up in one of his pockets.

"The shrieks and yowls are inhuman. In your demise, your kind proves that you are nothing but animals. And I thank you for that. I sleep easy now, it just sounds like a day at the zoo—"

"Sh-shut up!"

The warden turned his head and smirked. "But you needn't worry about that in particular, we've struck a bargain with that which lies beneath. It was willing to alter the terms of the oath... How do you like a mulligan?"

Dinah's jaw hung open.

The warden continued, "Our Emperor simply wanted us to tie up loose ends. The Rings remain a threat so long as they are unclaimed and unbound. It'd only be a matter of time until some other fool rises up to challenge him, don't you think, bestial?"

The Snowpetal warrior held back a tear.

"We just need another oath out of you. You're still the rightful owner of one, you know."

Dinah swallowed a lump. "What would you have me do?"

The warden laid his hands atop her shoulders. They were dirty from freshly dug soil, "We know you're probably lonely, to put it lightly. But, heh... An animal companion is really good for filling a deep emptiness inside your heart. And... What better than a horse? We'll spare you, you can roam free. And you can keep him."

She only offered silence, expecting him to explain the catch.

"Just make the vow. Propose to him. Marry. That. Horse."

Dinah was shaking. She wanted to cry. What kind of cruel joke was this? What did they take her for? She was a warrior, dammit, she would not stand to be strung along in some twisted game before they struck her down. They would want her to give in... To succumb to one last degradation, that they'd remember her by. No... Alain wouldn't have wanted that.

"N-no."

"Huh?"

"No. Alain--I could... Never... I promised 'til death."

"Heh, doesn't mean you have to fulfill your end of the bargain." The warden snipped, but given she didn't bite, he continued, "You don't suppose he would've wanted you to live?"

Dinah kept her silence, unmoved by his line of reasoning.

So he simply opted to be more cruel, "...Tell me. Who'd put their future 'queen' in the line of fire like that? It just seems too convenient that you bestrals were always put in the most danger. I'm honestly just surprised, you know. That you thought you were the only one in his heart. All the letters they found said otherwise..."

He slid one from his other pocket.

But Dinah shook her head. He lies! What a snake, a scumbag, to speak so ill of a dead man! She slapped the letter from his hand and let it fly onto the ground. It soaked into the same wet earth, and blackened. She'd never know if it was true.

This brought a smile to his face. "Oh. You think he's dead, huh? Is that the story they told you?"

The werefox tried to hide the fact that her ears piqued.

"All we know is, he's gone missing. Maybe he turned tail and fled, maybe he's buried in some unmarked grave. Doesn't matter, he left you and the other snow whores to rot. But tell you what... That ring's still magic, yeah? Put it on..."

Dinah hesitated.

"If he kept his promise, it'd still work. He'd still be alive and you could feel his presence through the bond, that's how it works, hm? Probably even find out where he is. If not... At least you'd know for sure. But it'd only work for you. So... What's the harm?"

Why should she believe a word he said? He's the enemy. Well, he would be, if there was a war left to fight. Part of Dinah, however, yearned to know for sure. Alain was legendary, larger than life. He -couldn't- have been gone. No, there... Must have been some kind of feint, or great retreat, and he had gone underground. For all she knew, a glorious counterattack was in the waiting. God, if only Dinah could preserve herself until that time.

The Ring, though... Alain would be able to sense her presence through the bond. It would not be able to tell him terribly much, but he would know she was there, after who knows how long her Ring had been abandoned. He must have been worried sick... It would be so hard to have the will to fight without her, Dinah knew too well the other way around.

And if he wasn't? That possibility, however slim, wasn't true? Then, what would it matter, anyway?

So Dinah stewed in silence for a long while, while the warden stared at her. She slowly approached the Ring, then placed it on her finger.

There was a pregnant pause. Dinah expected something.

All she actually felt was the coolness of the metal.

The werefox threw herself onto the altar and broke down sobbing.

The warden clasped his hands. "At least you were able to enjoy the hope for a moment. Do you not still have that? Hope? Listen... Feel it, if you pay attention, you should notice something right around now."

With the ring still on her finger, Dinah did in fact feel--something.

Thump.

Her confusion was palpable, but there it was again.

Thump. Thump.

How else to describe it? The heaviness of it. The sound had volume, as well as body. It was this insistent, indomitable pressure. It was steady, but spaced-out. There was strength in this feeling, and strength was something that Dinah sorely lacked right now.

Thump. Thump...

The fox stared at her Ring. Through it, she felt each thump. She was connected to something, which remained powerful. The more deeply she listened, the more attuned she was to what was both a sound as well as a tension.

Thump.

Could this be? Well, Dinah had only sensed something like this a few times before. The last time, it was when she had held hands with Alain in the midst of their closest company. That was the day they had revealed their relationship to their confidants. The same day that they had spoken, together, about how relations should look like between the bestrals and humankind. In those instances, Dinah felt Alain thump -just like that-.

But this was different. It was stronger. This thumping beseeched her, it told her, 'GIVE ME'. Her heart was already weak so she wasn't sure she could handle what this feeling stirred within her. So was this Alain? If not, then what...?

"Dinah."

She heard her name, but given the intensity of her concentration, she did not parse who spoke it.

"Step closer. You want to know? Then see for yourself."

The feeling was hypnotic in its intensity. Dinah, finally captivated by something other than her suffering, was moved. She walked forward without any particular intention, but realized that she now stood in front of the horse. In doing so, the sensation was a little stronger.

The werefox took a moment to stare at her Ring and the palm of her hand. Her other hand held that one. Fingers shook... She was at her weakest point.

It didn't occur to her how indecent she was, and had been this entire time. Stripped to the bare fur, she stood before the equine. It then occurred to her to look a little lower. Past the side, the forelegs, she caught a glimpse of the beast's undercarriage... He patiently waited, at full mast. His erection was tremendous... Until this moment, it had never crossed her mind to look 'beneath' any horse. She saw that there was a golden Ring wrapped around the very base of his turgid, jet-black flesh... The inscription was too familiar.

"...How."

The Ring of the Unicorn. But it had been twisted into utter perversion. The width was much greater than she recalled, it didn't fit around a human's finger but a horse's -fat cock-. The absurdity and obscenity of what transpired made her reel... So did the prospect of what could--what would happen...

And if this happened to that Ring, then what could they have done to her Ring?

The entire time, the thumps never ceased. Knowing what they were now, the powerful pulsations of his terribly erect, -needy- dick, that drove her mad.

"Yield, bestial."

Those words, it was hard to tell whether they came from the horse or the warden, given the fugue she was in.

"This is the fate of your race, isn't it? You are beasts, only marginally more intelligent than your kin, but that much weaker. It's about time you stopped pretending that you obey anything besides your base instincts. It is ordained by God that men rule, and beasts yield. Your higher aspirations have only made you suffer, so you must repent... Yield to your feral nature... Become one with it."

Dinah swallowed. She tried to speak... But somehow, she had forgotten how. Words no longer formed in her mind, there were only the sensations--the sounds and images.

"Make the oath, beast. Atone for your mistake. Bind yourself with your rightful partner, beast with beast."

Dinah felt the shame escape her body. Something powerful entered it, instead, and took its place. This feeling was suffocating, it consumed everything. But there was mostly void, numbness, a lack of feeling. So it rushed into free real estate. What she had left was flooded, wiped out by the tsunami of -something-. It was something more carnal than her hunger, fear, and even lust. If she had to place it, it was like the red-hot blindness that consumed a bestial in battle. Equal parts blood and lust. With it, there was a total and utter mental block of any sense of nobler thought, morality, or purpose.

The werefox dropped to her knees before the fellow beast.

Within her burned the urge to -do it-. Her Ringed finger hovered so very closely to the equine's towering length. There was a telltale flash of blue light... It was ready... The Rings were listening... She needed only to speak.

"Y-yihh--" Dinah couldn't quite form words, as only vulpine noise managed to escape her muzzle, "Heeee... Hrrruhhfff--"

Her eyes watered. She needed it... Dinah needed to SAY it. The desperation was so intense, that if the werefox would only ever speak words one more time, may it be these words which she spoke now,

"On my h-honor... As former captain of the Snowpetals... By grace of God... I surrender myself to you. I'll bow down before you... To the very end..."

That flash of light again. This time, stronger. With it, came this flood of intense -sensation-. Before she had only been attenuated to the beast and his pounding erection, but now she was fully -attuned-, truly IN SYNC. The feeling was no longer superficial, felt only through a finger, but it resonated through her entire body.

THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

For Dinah, it manifested as a pummeling headache as well as a pounding heart. But to revel in this feeling, this headiness was to realize that it was not her own organ which thrummed. Her hand clutched her right breast and she felt her own heart beat in tandem with the greater pulse. Almost imperceptible compared to the stronger, deeper, louder thumps which, by this point, shook her body.

She was dizzy. Her ears were burning hot. The woman's face was on fire.

'I--I think I'm light-headed--'

Dinah nearly folded over, as she tried to catch herself. She ended up on all fours beneath the stallion's undercarriage, her head placed even closer to that dick. Her ears twitched as something sweaty, hot, and heavy brushed against them. The werefox's claws dug into the dirt and her nose scrunched, the moment she was struck by a wall of smell.

She knew what a horse smelled like, though her kind weren't keen on equestrianism themselves. But to be -this- close was an entirely different beast. His dick reeked. It had all the earthiness and gaminess of an equine's redolence, but it was distinctly male, in a way that punched you in the nose. It not only made her gag from the initial whiff, but the way it lingered in her lungs made her choke. The musk made the air HEAVY, thick, like the most humid day. It burned her nose and made her even dizzier, Dinah couldn't even think to pick herself up.

Muttering something, she tried to do just that but ended up pressing straight up against the stallion's behemoth balls.

"I--uhhghh--"

They were so sticky and hot. Leathery, barely any hairs. Her ears, being thinly furred, meant the nuts stuck to them. Dinah's hearing swirled in one ear as she heard the ballsack brush against her temple, the chafe of fur ringing. Just a glancing touch from those nuts left this oiliness, this dirty feeling that made her yearn for a bath. His flesh was so steamy hot to the touch...

It was, frankly, disgusting. This member, this beast, this -meat-. But she craved it nonetheless.

Amidst her heaving breaths, she realized she needed to consummate this vow.

Dinah lifted herself, just enough to attend to the dripping flare. There were fat globules of precum, which trickled onto the ground beneath the stallion. The horse had been perfectly still and patient up to this point. His member pulsated with a palpable need. She couldn't resist any longer.

Her maw opened wide, and she swallowed those first inches. Though it was no easy feat. It felt like her jaw dislocated from the incredible girth of that flare. It was the width of a plate and her muzzle struggled to open wide enough. Her fangs grazed against the rough flesh as she angled her head, to gargle on that dick. The blunt head smeared against her palate and soon bashed against her throat.

She gagged. Her esophagus reflexively tried to deny the thing entrance. And the taste, it was as pungent and eye-watering as the smell. The flavor assaulted her tongue, the bitterness and saltiness and muskiness made her drool. Saliva poured from her mouth as the stuff slathered his cock. This lent the dick an ungodly glisten, so much spittle making a mess of an already sloppy length.

There was no way. Her throat was too narrow. Jaw was too tight. Every aspect of her body tried to reject him. He surely should NOT fit. But there was no denying that he did.

"Glrrrk--"

A sound rasped from her gullet, as it was plugged by his cock. The turgid behemoth crammed into her throat and immediately shaped it around its size. Dinah ended up hollowed out by the equine's length. The fat pole looked like an arm, rooting around in her neck, reaching towards her stomach. Its flare was bigger than a fist and could be seen plunging around in her belly. The motions were repeated violence... Over and over, the arm-sized cock punched -through- Dinah just to retract. Each time it felt like it bruised her insides with its force, but the werefox just craved more.

Until now the stallion had exercised utmost patience. But now that the dick was lodged deep in her throat? That's when the thrusts began in earnest. The beast's mighty haunches moved, it adopted a staggered stance as it shifted its hips forward. The thrusts shook Dinah's frame, and every so often the horse paused to reorient its stance. All she could do in the meantime was brace herself.

Taking palmfuls of earth, she nonetheless ended up throttled by each shove. No matter how firmly she held on, the staggering blows overcame her. By the dozenth stroke, she lost any semblance of control... Her face was being brutally beat down by the stallion's shaft. Between thrusts was the only time she could manage to choke some air down.

"Huhhhhhh--hheeeughhh...!"

Her eyes watered. She gagged from asphyxiation as well as the taste, the smell. The sounds were gagging, choking, retching. Shlurping, squelching, gurgling. Sometimes, the sound of raw flesh-on-flesh, the way her snout smooshed into his sheath, or how his balls slapped her upside the chin. Deeper and deeper he went, until her nose buried against the creases of his sheath. Which meant his dick was well past her belly, barging through her guts.

"Kuhhh--hrrrrk..."

What a wheeze. Dinah could barely breathe. His dick choked the air from her lungs and put pressure on every organ in her body. The horsecock hollowed her out. Like a tube of squeezed toothpaste. Her diaphragm could scarcely move with his dick bearing down so hard, either. The thickest part, the bulb, was somewhere past it. His flare protruded against her abdomen from the inside, distorting an otherwise taut belly. What ruin he had wrought on her... But Dinah craved more.

She could feel him bottom out. The flare was so close to her exit--so close to emerging from her other end, crowning out beneath her tail. But there was just barely enough length left--just scarcely enough cock for the job. Her face was already up in his sheath, after all.

Yet Dinah needed this too badly to relent. There was an emptiness inside of her that yearned to be filled. She flexed her throat, craned her head forward, and swallowed the very last inches of his tremendous length. To do so, she had to shimmy her snout -into- his sheath and plunge face-first into the musky, leathery folds. Just to take the absolute root of his cock.

Lightheaded. Dinah, barely able to breathe around his monster cock, now could only inhale air thick with its reek. Every breath burned, from her nose, to her throat, all the way to her lungs. The fur of her face was matted by the slickness in the beast's sheath, the sheer oiliness of it. She had to close her eyes tight, lest the lip of his leathery prepuce smear against her lashes. The whole time, her jaw was spread wide around his dick, locked into rigidity--did she really dislocate it?

Oh. There was a popping sound. The air was forced out of her asshole. That hole was spread -agape- around the member's gigantic crown. Dinah's backdoor was ripped open by this dick. Any semblance of tightness was gone in an instant, it was now a stretched and bruised-looking and -feeling ring, wrapped snug around the meat of his member. The length sawed in and out, fucking her asshole at the same time that it reamed her throat. Her whole body was a sleeve to this tremendous spire of breeding meat.

She wanted to faint. Piss herself, even. The sensations were overwhelming.

Two holes, used and abused. Her entire digestive tract was being pummeled. The woman's insides felt like jelly, the way they rippled with the stallion's violent motions. Her claws seized at the grass to hold onto anything, but nothing allayed the force of his blows. Each thrust just

served to weaken her further. So little strength left already, she swore she'd collapse at any moment, blackout from getting fucked this hard. And then, finally... Dinah was lifted from the ground.

"Hnnnff!?"

She groaned, the change snapped her from her fuck-drunk stupor. His cock was that powerful, was it? It was able to support her weight alone. And in doing so, she felt her back brush against the beast's furred underbelly. The coarse hairs bristled her while her hands and feet scrambled for purchase, but she couldn't quite grasp the ground, not even the blades of grass. Which was odd...

Was she... Smaller? Dinah couldn't recall the stallion being quite THAT large, that her limbs couldn't reach. She couldn't see, given she had a faceful of his fleshy prepuce whenever her eyes opened. But she could feel, and the werefox fondled herself after grasping at nothing for a while. There was something different--

Her breasts were flatter. They had shrunk. Previously bountiful fruits that filled one's hands, they were now swells on her chest which offered a light contour. Her nipples had shrunk--they continued to dwindle. Everything about her was retracting, receding. In her dismay, she reached for her ribs but could scarcely feel them. Instead, from her chest to her hips, her body had taken on a more evenly dispersed, barrel-like shape. The firmness of her hips and bone had given way to a more jelly-like cartilage, if that. And that all continued to disintegrate.

She... Barely even had a navel anymore. Her flesh was so stretched and spread-thin by his dick, that she had taken on its shape, more and more. The surreal quality defied belief and had Dinah's half-lucid mind puzzle--what was happening to her?

Wait, -he- still watched, didn't he? She heard the warden speak amidst the creaking and groaning of her flesh, "Fitting, to see your body shrink, as pathetic as your will to fight. What would Alain think of this?"

Th-the bastard... A hot flash of shame and embarrassment consumed her for a moment. But it was hard to feel it for long, she melted into pleasure and with it, did melt any reservations. She--she didn't care, which horrified her, but only a little. Any capacity other than throbbing and pleasure evaporated. Just like the plumes of steamy muskiness which exuded from her new body. It was as if her mass hissed off as much as it molded into his meat.

...Even her arms shrunk. Yes, they were shorter and thinner. And so were her fingers, which meant--

Dinah felt something slip from her hand. She heard it very delicately rustle the grass where it landed, amidst all the squelching noise of her situation. It was her Ring.

Despite this, the maddening throbs did not cease. They had only grown in intensity. So did the pressure in her head, her very body. It heightened, there was tension in every square inch of her flesh, like rubber stretched too taut. It was a sensation like being torn apart.

Tight, so tight. And it became clear to her that she melded with this beast, but not as its tremendous length. Even if her former weight fed into it, it would not accept her into the glorious pillar of flesh. Dinah, ironically, remained apart from the thing she craved so much. So incredibly close, so tightly BOUND to the thing, but not of it—

“Would you not say it’s fitting?” The warden gloated, as he oversaw the work, “You were only ever Alain’s sheath, a pelt for his member. Although he could never fill you like this horse could, hmm?”

It clicked for her dulled mind. Dinah was the horse’s sheath.

She struggled a little. Some part of her still cared to resist. Even as she stood to be consumed by that same throbbing, pulsating sensation. It hollowed her out and filled her with only itself...

But for the most part, she accepted it. Dinah felt herself fade with this final resignation. The pale white fur fell from her body, which was welcome really, as it felt too hot now. And it had long lost its luster, its pristine quality. Slowly at first, like the first snow of the season, then it all fell off at once as the next strong breeze carried it off. As only a few clumps still clung on, the skin beneath was exposed.

It was a deep brown, nearly black. Leathery, rough, creased, even wrinkled. Thick, thick skin. It had a glossiness to it, like sweat. Nigh indistinguishable from the flesh of the stallion's sheath. In its thickness, it resembled a sleeve, though as it continued to thin out, it became more and more flush with the shape of his cock, more continuous with the contours and creases of the stallion's sheath proper.

And it was hard to hear anything past the throbs of the member, the squelches of the twisting flesh. But the once-werefox listened to this:

“Nothing but wrinkled flesh. Hmm, I wonder what Ramona would think. We’ll have to tell her all about it...”

But there was so little left of Dinah already. The sheath’s only response was to flex a little.

The expanse of ‘her’ brown skin wrapped the equine's shaft tight, from just behind the flare and tucking all the way into his sheath itself. Hard to imagine it as hers, the roughness and texture bore no resemblance. The pores exuded the male’s potent redolence, he was still worked-up and the air was laden with pheromones. No trace of her own smell. And it was hard to tell, but there were protrusions which resembled Dinah's own anatomy.

Stubby bumps where her tail and limbs once were, but those molded away quickly. Her nipples smoothed over. The flesh continued to tighten and retract, and the folds of her sex stretched taut and splayed, until there was no trace left. Anything left of Dinah's face had disappeared into the stallion's sheath itself. 'Her' flesh bridged together with his and the skin knitted together, such that there was no way to really tell where she once ended and he began. One more thing, though.

The great prepuce retracted. The noise was slick, and given the thrusts had come to a close, particularly loud. It peeled back from behind his flare and that excess flesh slowly rolled back. What was once Dinah receded, unfurling from his shaft to unveil the same thick, turgid length from earlier... If, somewhat larger, fuller, stiffer. The inches were moist and dripping, and thick globs of precum oozed down the beastly dick's belly.

Schhhhhlick.

A few droplets of the thickness pelted the Ring. It lost its luster.

That was it. It was the only sound that heralded Dinah's absence. 'Schhhhhlick'. 'She' had retracted all the way into the musky creases and folds of the stallion's fattened sheath. It was definitely thicker now, but not by terribly much, given how -thin- the former werefox was spread by the end of it. And a little fluid dribbled from the lip of the fully retracted sheath... A mix of precum, sweat, sheath-oil, and trace amounts of Dinah's final tears.

"Heh," the warden rolled his shoulders, "He'll still make a fine stud."

He then enlisted some help. They'd still need to deal with the Rings after all that. Though, now that their magic was sealed in a new vessel, it wouldn't pose any problem. And given the war was over, there was no need for these stables or all these horses of war. So, the stallions were shipped off, including this one. Maybe he'd get to live out the rest of his natural lifespan with a lovely new owner.

■ 2/15/25 (7k words)