

Crazyhorse TieHimUp Scene

A victory scene for the crazy horse by BubbleChaser

//requires **Wyvern venom and camping supplies**. Any genitals ok. The choice to leave him tied up and blueballed will require **tainted**.

From previous menu options after victory:

[RideHim]

[PitchAnal]

[CaitRide]

>>>[TieHimUp]{You've got camping supplies and wyvern venom! Choose to be nice or mean as you go.}/{You don't have the rope needed to tie this stallion up! You reckon you'll need a whole camping supplies worth. The tarp will definitely be useful... Time to visit Leorah! Might as well bring along some wyvern venom to tease the [silly|horsey|crazy horse] with.}/{You need wyvern venom to tease him.}

[TieHimUp]

The crazy horse is collapsed on the ground, but clearly still quite energetic and rearing to go at you[pc.hasVag|r pussy.|.]

[party.isJustPC|You're about to see if you can break this wild stallion in.] "We're about to see if I can break this wild stallion in," you say to [party.compNames], walking over to the horny horse. "Enjoy the show."

As you lay down the tarp to protect nature from the mess you're about to create, and begin tying rope around his arms, a look of animalistic panic and fear overtakes him. He glares up at you in distrust. Does he think you're going to bag him up to-go?

[pc.isDK|Slapping the horse across the muzzle, you glare down at him and jeer: "as if you'd be worth taking home, you beast! Shut up and look here." ["Shh, shh," you tut, undoing his belt and grabbing his already-hard thirty-something inch member in one hand, and patting his muscular, wiry chest with the other. "I'm gonna make you cum, don't worry."] You grab the vial of wyvern venom and give it a little shake, showing him what you've got. A look of relief returns to him, with a devious grin to boot. He knows what *that* is.

You plant a kiss on his cheek as he offers you his other hand, and a – oh, a smile! On his usually snarling face! Two minutes in and he's already acting like such a properly trained pony! Things are looking good. A quick scan of the area reveals a few sturdy trees for the other end of this rope.

Tightening the rope around his wrists, you lean in and whisper: “When we’re[pc.isBimbo|, like,|] done here, I’ll let you go— but don’t even think about trying to escape in the mean time, because if you do, I’ll just have to [pc.bgcl charmer warrior |seduce|beat] your ass again and leave you tied up here for the next [pc.isBimbo|bimbo|adventurer] to find. Got it?”

Your hog-tied crazy horse nods. Whether it was because he understood you or just likes where this is heading, you’ll never know.

[party.isJustPC|You move on to his ankles, fastening the end of another rope to a boulder and a tree. You tighten the rope until a little whiny from the horse indicates “tight enough!” He struggles to move, cock twitching as he looks down at you.|Asking [party.compNames] to hold the horse steady while you tighten the ropes around his ankles, you fasten the other ends to a boulder and a tree. You pull and a whinny alerts you when it’s tight enough.]

You take a step back to admire your handiwork. He’s stretched out like some criminal on a medieval torture device, and it took almost all of the rope in the camping supplies, but he’s barely able to move. His legs are spread and if his skyward-pointing cock is any indication, he’s enjoying this. Multiple lengths of rope restrict his arms and both legs between the sturdiest rocks and trees you could find in your immediate surroundings. All he needs now is a gag.

Perfect.

[TeaseHim]{use your [pc.hasVag|pussy|mouth] to tease his tip, then get up in that horse’s face with your [pc.cockVagBoth|cock|vag|herm crotch].}

[Tease Him]

It looks like he wants [pc.hasVag|your [pc.vag]]a blowjob].[pc.isPure|..] But then again, you’re less concerned with what he wants, and more concerned with pleasuring your own dripping [pc.cockOrVag]. Maybe you’ll tease him and then stop before his orgasm, promises be damned.]

[pc.hasVag|With a wide stance above your conquered stallion, you take his throbbing hose in hand and squat [pc.heightRange 0 60 72|not even a few inches |not very far |]down. The flared tip rests against your slit.|Planting your [pc.ass] on his chest, you take his throbbing hose in both your hands. Your [pc.lips] press against his glans, tongue caressing its dribbling hole.] Taking in just the first few inches, you can already [pc.hasVag|feel|taste] his legendary payload oozing out. I mean really, what did you bring this wyvern venom for? [pc.isPure|]Then again, you’re looking forward to witnessing what carnage ensues when you decide to use it. The thought inspires you to get to work.]

[pc.hasVag|Pumping and rolling your hips on his arm-thick member, you take in just enough to gradually stretch yourself, barring down deeper and deeper with each slutty, measured squat of your [pc.ass].|Engulfing his arm-thick member in your [pc.mouth], you gulp down inch upon inch of his musty cum-hose[pc.hasLipstick|, [pc.lipstickColor] gloss staining 4, 5, 6, inches

down.[shiny spit coating it as you go]]. He starts bucking. Looks like he didn't need much build up to get lost in pleasure.

Immediately you remove yourself from his tip. A cold breeze blows on his wet dick and a look of utter betrayal fills his eyes. It's been ten minutes and all you've done is tie him up and tease his first 6 inches! Not that he's unaroused; there's globs of cum on his rock-hard abs and nips already, the horny bastard. But arousal only makes need worse... [pc.ptc|Although you pity the beast, he should really learn some manners before cumming.][Not that you care.]

"Now[pc.isBimbo| horsey,|.]" you straddle his bound arms in a domineering stance,[pc.cupRange flat C|] peering at his long face between your [pc.breasts],] "You may have forgotten your alphabet, but let me remind you: 'i' cums before 'u,' remember?" [party.has quin|
Quin chuckles at your clever remark. This gives you an idea...

"Quin, would you join me for a second, I have need of an assistant."

Quin hesitates but comes over, bunny-prick forming the only tent you're going to get out of this camping supplies kit.| [quin.recruited|

If only Quin were here to appreciate that clever wordplay...]

]

[pc.hasVag|Slamming your clam down on horse's face, you earn a muffled *neigh* from your sexually frustrated partner, his snout just a bit girthier than his cock, [pc.loosenessRange 0 2 4 |barely|now|but easily] able to fit in your [pc.vagina].|Shoving horse's chin up and tilting his head back, you prepare to deepthroat your sexually frustrated parter to completion.][party.has quin|

[pc.hasVag|Y|But before you do, y]ou grab the bottle of wyvern venom and motion Quin to remove his waistcloth and stand in horse's field of view. [pc.hasCock|Your [pc.cocks] [pc.cockRange 0 8|rest[s|s] on his throat|block[s|s] one of his eyes] as your ass cheeks pin his spasming chest to the ground.]

"Want me to do... this?" You pour a dollop of wyvern venom on Quin's lovely, swallowable cock, cupping his balls and sucking on his length. A shiver runs down Quin's spine as his eyes cross and the venom soaks into his pink, velvety cockskin. Your finger slips past his taint and knocks on his backdoor. He's not too terribly happy about it, but then again, he is quite horny after watching you toy with this beast so far. Feeling you swallow his venom-coated cock probably has him closer to orgasm than he'd care to admit. He concedes and rests his hand appreciatively [pc.isBald|on the back of your [pc.head]]across your [pc.hair]]. Between gulps of Quin's cock, you tease your pinned pony: "Hm? You want me to... make you cum, horse?"

The crazy horse bucks and fumes[pc.hasVag|, muzzled by your pussy| underneath you], all but fueling Quin's inevitable climax. Venom lubing your finger, you successfully slip in past Quin's luscious butcheeks and massage his prostate, as you continue slurping his coated dick. Normally

Quin would never let himself get so close to cumming this quickly. Looking up at him, you beg him with your eyes to just let himself go and drench your throat with his cum. He meets your gaze and a little nod tells you he's ready. Maybe he just loves to watch you look up at him, cock in mouth and venom dripping from your lips, or maybe he just wants to watch the crazy horse's jealous dick dribble precum down your back.

Continuing to felate Quin, you work the venom against his prostate with your finger, caressing his full ballsack with the other hand. "Fuck, I'm gonna cum!" Quin warns as his other hand steadies your head. He jackhammers your throat and absolutely erupts inside. You brace his cushiony ass for stability and swallow his payload loudly. The crazy horse just watches with envy, pinned underneath your butt. "Mmmhm" you moan, luridly, groping Quin's wonderful asscheeks as he empties himself in your throat.

"Don't worry," you reassure the horse, once Quin's cock is free of your mouth, "we'll get to that later..." You pat Quin on the thigh as if to say "thank you for the assistance," and he turns to slump down next to a tree, starry-eyed and still half-hard. There's just a hint of a threat in his eye, as if to say "If you even think about teasing me later about this, I'll make you cum twice as fast with my hands behind my back." Shooting him a conspiratorial wink, you receive a dazed eye roll in return. As if that would be much of a punishment.

You reposition yourself to finish [pc.hasVag|onto horse's face|in horse's throat]. The taste of that venom had its effect on you, as well.] [pc.hasVagina|Your slit is beginning to gush as you continue to ride horse's snout[pc.hasCock|, your [pc.cocksDesc] slapping his face and dripping progressively thicker pre with every bounce]. [Lodging a fist between his teeth to keep him wide open, you enter the protesting pony's hot, wet throat [pc.cockRange 0 12 18|with ease|inch by inch|with a bit of effort]. Steamy breath jets out of his equine nose in between thrusts, tickling your balls as you hold his head back, giving you a straight shot for his gut.]

This continues for a bit until you feel yourself getting close. Taking the bottle of wyvern venom in your hand, you coat the tips of your fingers and [pc.cockVagBoth|fondle your balls with the aphrodisiac poison|jill off your clit, paying no mind to horse's ability to breathe|jerk your [pc.cock] as you pussy-bounce on horse's muzzled, whinnying snout.] "Ooohh yeah, that's the stuff," you moan, feeling your groin tighten as 300 pounds of muscle thrash and struggle [pc.hasVag|beneath|in front of] you.

"Oh, yes!" you shout, [party.isJustPC|[[party.compNames] looking on in disbelief, as they witness the spectacle of [a] [pc.race] riding a bound mare-man, holding a vial of wyvern venom and near-choking the horse to unconsciousness. Soon, you're]releasing your load all over the crazy horse's face, watching his exasperated expression as [pc.hasVag|[pc.girlCumNoun]|cum] floods his cheeks. [pc.hasCock|[pc.cumVol 0 5000|]Your partner's mouth is unable to contain your load, clearly comparable to that of your equine friend.]]You cum a LOT more than usual, thanks to the wyvern venom, but now you're eager to see what would happen if you apply this to the stallion-cock in front of you.

[Leave him]{Leave him to suffer; you got what you wanted.}/{You couldn't possibly be so cruel! He has needs, too, and he's not a full-on animal after all, no matter how he acts.} //requires tainted/corrupt/demonic, and results in 1 or 2 corruption added.

[Now Him]{finally give this horse what he's been waiting for}

[Leave Him]

[pc.ptc]|A devious idea takes root in your tainted heart.|Your pitch-stained soul feels nothing for this wild animal who attacked you. He deserves what's about to happen to him.] After all that, and after promising to let him cum, you decide to just get up and leave him tied between a pair of trees, blue balled as hell. He'll think twice before attacking you again, and maybe he'll even learn a little restraint.

Taking the half-empty bottle of wyvern venom, you stroke it promisingly in front of his face, standing up. A glimmer of hope sparkles in his big, soulful, horse eyes.

You pour the bottle on his chest with a scowl, being sure to miss his stallion-member, and [party.isJustPC]|look down at him devilishly, dropping the bottle square on his face and walking off without another word.|announce to [party.compNames] "We're done here," as you drop the empty vial square on his face and make your way off, companion[party.som|||s] in toe.]

The crazy horse thrashes around enraged and hornier than you think he's ever been, but the rope from the camping kit holds taught. It's a good thing you used it all. His neighs and enraged whinnies echo through the valley, and you swear you hear something like a "Fuck you!" as the sight of his jostling, lonely cock disappears over a hill.

[pc.ptc]|A final pained cry, this time more sorrowful than angry, is the last thing you hear after he's out of sight, and then silence.

Shaking off the sympathies that attempt to consort in your soul, you convince yourself that you have no feeling toward this wild animal who attacked you! But still, a pained part of your heart reminds you that domming is not about taking control away from your partner so that you can just neglect them, but so that you can give them release.

But he wasn't your partner! The war in your mind rages, but you force the thought down; the war against Kasyrra is far more important! Or is it? Perhaps the two battles are one and the same...|Soulless, [pc.eyeColor] eyes are all that [party.isJustPC]|peer out at the world|your companion[party.som|||s] see[party.som||s]] as rage and lust mix a deadly brew in your heart. The smallest part of you considers whether you can ever play dom, as you are, without getting carried away and neglecting your partner like that. A war takes place behind your eyes[party.isJustPC]| as [comp.names] look on, [party.has arona|secretly |]|worried about you but [party.has arona|deciding not|afraid] to say anything]. Would a visit to Sanders be a lost cause?

[Now Him]

Taking a small piece of rope, which you saved for this step, a collar is fashioned around the crazy horse's throat, and the other end is tied around the tip of his twitching, practically-red cock. You didn't know someone could get *that* dick-angry! His anger turns to pure joy as he observes your next move:

Taking what remains of the wyvern venom vial, you look down sweetly at the [pc.isBimbo|cute pony|stallion] and pour its contents onto his already-trickling cum tool.

One final viewing session before you dive in and make that cock spray all over the both of you...

Venom runs down the rope, dripping onto his abs, chest, and finally slicking his neck with toxic lube. Equine eyes dilate as something resembling steam wafts up to his snout. His cock shines and the veins bulge as his needful member soaks in the sinful liquid.

Good thing the rope is quadruple-reinforced.

At long last, you touch him *there*. Your [pc.hand] grabs the venom-dripping rope connecting his collar and prick. Pulling toward you, you grasp his cock and slip the loop off, plunging his blunt cockhead into your mouth. A frenzy of bucking, or at least an attempt at such by the tied-up horse, assists you in deepthroating him as far as he'll go. One hand on his impressive remaining length and the other still on the rope, you pull the rope still attached to his neck, wringing the venom out into your hand, "Woah, there," you tease, dropping it. With a *slap* you land your palm on his pole. Another whinny announces his absolute ecstasy as you spread the venom around so it now covers his entire third leg, dripping to his churning nuts.

His cock is a continuous trickle of equine seed mixing with wyvern venom now, and he's practically foaming at the mouth; it hangs open, drool slipping down his face.

Your drool mixes with the salty pony-poison coating his tip. "Wanna taste?" you ask, cupping a spoonful of semen in your venom-soaked hand. A guttural "yes" escapes his twitching horse-lips, reminding you that he isn't *all* beast, which must be an impressive intellectual feat for a venomed crazy horse.

Without hesitating, you plunge your entire hand into his warm waiting mouth, rubbing the excess venom on his snout. As you retract it, he licks his face and his eyes dilate. A thrashing overtakes his spine. His dick whips about as his hips drill the air, ropes of pre-cum spraying in all directions on the tarp beneath you two. In seconds, It's not *pre-cum* anymore.

A roaring bray rings out across the valley as your equine-in-ropes hurls himself into the air with one final thrust. His powerful ass muscles clench and hold him there for a second, an absolute *fountain* gushing from his modest-in-comparison balls.

[pc.hasBreasts] Reaching out, you grab his firehose and baste the underside of your [pc.cupSize]-cups in sweet, salty horse cream. [Reaching out, you grab his erupting firehose and baste yourself in horse cream.] Thick alabaster cum plumes everywhere, beyond the tarp[party.som || beyond your companion,] beyond your companions,] and dozens of feet out. He keeps cumming, waves of ivory accompanying his every neigh.

As he looses his mind, your [pc.legs] step between his. [pc.cockVagBoth] With both hands on his length, you align your [pc.cockheads] with his and wank them in sweeping, furious strokes. [Straddling his narrow, bucking hips, you press your [pc.vagina] to the underside of his crown and furiously wank him, near doubling the obscene output of spunk spraying from his tip. [Squatting at his balls, you lift your [pc.balls] and mash your [pc.pussyNoun] against his under-shaft. Aligning your [pc.cocksDesc] with his spraying shaft, you furiously jerk the both of you off, squirting [pc.girlCumType] in turn all over his lurching nuts.]

His orgasm seems high-continuous and lasts for what feels like a quarter-hour. Eventually, he blacks out from overstimulation, and probably dehydration, *gods!* Cum is everywhere. Your [pc.isBald][pc.face],[[pc.hairColor] [pc.hairsNoun],] [pc.race] anatomy, and [pc.top] are absolutely plastered. You don't even want to think about the rations that were left in that camping supplies kit.

As you're untying the unconscious horse, he nuzzles your ankle in his sleep. You chuckle a bit. [pc.ptc] He needed that more than you did. [He enjoyed that even more than you did. [What a marefucker!— enjoyed his loss-sex more than you did your victory-sex!

Guess you can't *really* win 'em all.]

[party.isJustPC] [Regrouping with [party.compNames], you head off, your friend[party.som]] [s] walking a bit more at a distance from you after your... shower.]