By M's Den of Lust and Desire

Amazon having her last Stand: Fanestra

Elven Mage: Lyra

Archer: Synra

Tank girl with the ashen hair: Susa

Preface:

Business was fine, more even so, Fanestra thought. Every hamlet and village they passed through, hired them to get rid of a pack of goblins. They swam in gold and were on their way to the capital, to spend all their fortune and maybe settle down, who knows? The town mistress, she had already forgotten her name, even paid them in advance, for staying the night and protecting the village. Easy as cake. The townswomen and men even served them a fine dinner. Wondering about what the future was about to bring them, Lynne interrupted her: “I heard something!”

“Probably nothing.”, it was Synra the archeress answering her. She just joined their little party, because they had lost their last archer, a guy named Tikian. They weren´t sure if he was dead or if he just left, however they met Synra in an inn and since she looked capable of this and that, they just decided to let her take his place.

Suddenly they heard people screaming out in agony and guardsmen came running into their direction: “We are being attacked by gobos!”

“Let´s move!”, Fanestra heard herself screaming out loud. She let out a wild battlecry and focused on her rage against those nasty fiends. She led the charge against the invading forces, realizing that they have come in numbers but they wouldn´t be a match for Lyra, who had already started throwing spells of destruction into the horde. Side by side, Susa and Fanestra cut through enemy foes, while Synra was sniping gobo archers from a save distance. Piece of cake, as she had thought. A wild pack, although strong in numbers, too stupid to use some tactics. Some of them had even started molesting the female villagers, and were easy targets for them. Victory was near, the gobos retreating, when suddenly their progress came to an unwelcome halt… .

Terrorized by the looks of it, her party came to a halt, paralyzed by the looks of women being tied to wooden tables, used as meat shields against their magic. Susa and Fanestra were the first to regain their minds, storming forward to break the barricade, when suddenly flanking enemies fell into their side and back. Just before the battle rage of the ancients overcame her, she saw how Synra was fleeing and Susa desperately trying to fend off a swarm of gobos.

**Eleonora** had learned the art of war. Getting to know your enemy´s weak point, making him your very best friend, turning him into underestimating you and striking as late as possible, breaking him completely, vanishing him from the very face of the earth.

Now she was being tied to a fucking table, used as a meatshield in some wicked goblin operation. They come in packs, overwhelm, rape, breed and break your mind. This was different though, because the pack got themselves some kind of leader, wherefore Eleonora was the one to underestimate the enemy, leading to her own defeat. A very fine sex slave she had become, licking dicks, doing tit jobs, providing her anus to every gobo of the horde, carefully trying not to get pregnant, not to become a breeding sow.

Realising that she was no ordinary slave, the pack leader had turned her into his very special pet. At first it was hard to understand the guttural language of **Knorgh**, but since neither goblins nor orcs were culturally intelligent creatures, she had managed to fit in with ease. In the first days he just took her from behind, like some kind of animal, hurting her mind and body a lot. She had been restrained, and tortured and **Knorgh** liked them weeping and crying out loud. But when **Knorgh** thought she had been broken, she slowly managed to manipulate his very own behaviours. Licking his dick while he was fucking a new pet, helping him with the torture of other women. Even though she was still treated like a slave, she even managed to have sex with him. And he seemed to like it more and more, like drug. Then that elfen mage **Shenarah** arrived, blonde hair, nice big tits and she became his second favourite. Talking to each other was prohibited, and harshly punished by him and his servants. But Eleonora felt that she was her ticket out of this, so she gladly took the opportunity of communication through sexual intercourse, even torturing her in the name of **Knorgh**. If only he knew, what his precious and most endorsed sex pets, helplessly tied to wooden tables, were up to.

It was the last stand of the inevitable, and most of the female warriors had already fallen, so **Knorgh** made his move. There were no war drums, not a horde constantly repeating his name in some kind of glorious battle against that human filth. Just women crying out loud, being defiled and raped and killed within the process. The last murmured sounds of decaying men, being ripped and sliced and whatnot. The fires consuming the last remains of this forsaken Hamlet, were battle music enough for **Knorgh**. He cut through the barricade, marking his pets one last time and tried to establish a line of sight with the last Amazon standing.

The filthy bitch made the mistake of ignoring him, slowly filling his infamous battle rage. No need for a weapon, just a mighty claw going for whatever club he could find. “KNORGH!?”, his helpless minion weeping out in pain, while his head is being crushed with one gigantic and raw hand. Having her attention now, her eyes filled with adrenaline and nothing but fear, he had already won without even lifting his hand against her.

He could already feel her pussy tightening around his mighty cock, so with no more ease, he just clubbed her down with a single strike, critically hitting her into his fine kingdom of slavery.

**Fanestra´s** world vanished into pain and darkness. She could feel her grip loosening around her sword, then she lost her consciousness. The last thing she remembered were the soft voices of her party members, transforming into a mixture of pleasure and pain. Not knowing for how long she had passed out, she was woken up by the grip of a large claw, tightening around her head. The goblin-orc half breed let go of her head and she was left to gather her surroundings. Her party had been rounded up and they were surrounded by a pack of goblins. Distant voices of crying women were telling her, that the Hamlet was being raped by this vile creatures but this here was going to be especially for her and her party. Her mind faded away, goblins were surrounding her and she lost consciousness.

The leader sat on a throne made of female and living slaves. An ashen haired woman on his left immediately started to stroke his dick, while a busty elf started licking it from the other side. The leader´s hands violently groped into both of their pussies, his gaze however strictly belonged to Fanestra, breaking her with nothing but the terror that was about to come. Both women did their deed, forcing the leader to come onto both of their faces, stroking his member hard again.

A gigantic wooden device appeared in the leader´s hand, some kind of dildo but covered in metal spikes and blood. The slaves of him, disappearing behind his throne, bringing, and that struck Fanestra with even more terror, a restrained and nameless woman in front of him, forcing her to get into a doggy style position. The ashen haired one, taking position above her, using her hands to open her butt cheeks, while the busty elf was pushing her face down into the dust. A deadly dildo, a grinning foe, and perfectly trained slaves… “Nooooooo!”, Fanestra let out, just before the leader was about to kill that slave.

To her surprise, he stopped only inches before invading her pussy, taking her onto his cock instead and fucking the hell out of her. Cuming once again, he left her for his minions, who gladly started penetrating all of her wholes in an instant. Fanestra was left to wonder about, whether death actually would have been the better option, but the sigh she must have let out, caught the leader´s attention.

“Fine slaves me see. Breeding sow also ´n living deads too.” ,the last words of his crude sentence were mumbled with an evil grin. “You decide.”, the wooden device in his hand again. “Endless pain, endless breeding, death…”

“… or helping you piece of shit?”, Fanestra ended his sentence, trying to meet the eyes of the ashen haired one, who in turn slowly shook her head towards her.

Pointing his finger towards her, something was happening behind his back, but Fanestra was unable to see what was going on. His pet slaves helped her up, leading her towards him. For some reason, Fanestra, even though she had not been tied up yet, just let it happen to her. The ashen haired one touched her shoulder, almost in a gentle way, that´s when she realized that this may be her only way out. The horde had brought in a wooden horse, an old and medieval torturing device and from what Fanestra could see, two holes were in the very middle of it.

“Sacrifice needed!”, the leader commanded. “Choose wisely.”, she heard the busty elf muttering inside her ear, while she was covering her communication in kissing her neck. “She´ll die.”

Fanestra closed her eyes, shivering about the murmured words of the ashen haired. She was the leader of this party and even though that stupid elf **Synra** had run away, her decision was crystal clear. She didn´t have to say it out aloud, she just needed to look into the eyes of her party, a short nod, and then she just climbed onto the horse, without anybody forcing her. A gaze of hatred formed itself towards the Goblin leader, who answered her with the sweetest grin he could possibly have performed.

“Knorgh! Knorgh! Knorgh!”, at first gently than erupting into a cacophony of pure madness, the gobo pack prepared itself for spoiling their victories and it was up to Knorgh himself to donate some order into the erupting chaos. They went silent without him even raising his voice nor his hand.

“Traitors not go unpunished.”, pointing his finger at **Synra** he was moving on: “Bring the Waaaa Wargh. And you, name!?”

“Fuck you!”, Fanestra spat out, aiming for him but without success.

“Me fun breaking you. Move your hips, me entertain or me help you!”

The ashen haired made her move, longing out for her shoulders, kissing her ear and whispering: “Think of some place else, cum, then maybe you won´t die. I am **Eleonora**.”, then she started to rip of her clothing, gently, without further pressing her pussy down onto the edges of the horse.

“I…” Fanestra started, a single tear forming in her eye. “I can´t let this filthy bastard see me masturbating myself.”, she whispered, being able to hold her desperation for now.

“Let me help.”, Eleonora told back, longing for her left tit and gently stroking it with her hand. On the other side the busty elf appeared. “I am Lynne.”, she told her and started to lick her cheek, moving slowly downwards, sucking her right tit with some force, gently pressing her down onto the horse. Fanestra let out a deep sigh, closing her eyes and letting go, for that was all she was about to do.

While the other girls were trying to make her cum on that horse, serving as a pre-show for the spoiling night, she lost her ability to think let alone realize what was going on around her. Women moaning out loud in desperation but also ecstasy. They were women after all and as soon as the mind overcame the fact of being raped, the body overtook control, turning them into mindless slaves of their very own lust. She knew that her fate was even worse, being trained like Eleonora and Lynne, forced to do this to your very own species. Her mind split of at some point as if she was able to see herself from a distance. Her body was forced to get hot, and juices started flowing between her legs. She was a little bit worried about the two holes cut into the wood under her pussy and anus, wondering if something was about to come from beneath but too aroused to force herself against being put down onto the edge, again and again splitting her pussy, rubbing against her clitoris.

She decided to try and look at someplace else. The War-Wargh of Knorgh had arrived and he declared **Synda** to become its breeding sow. His gobo men weren´t allowed to touch her and let the creature proceed as it pleased, even eating her alive, if it wanted to. War-Warghs are creatures from legend, sort of gigantic half dog, half demon breeds. They reproduce as swiftly as gobos, however are beasts that seldomly got domesticated by any known species. Knorgh must be some real special bastard. She decided not to look, even though Syndra had been the weakest part of them but then with a sudden snap, her mind returned into her tormented body. The claws of Knorgh resting upon her shoulders, pushing onto the wooden horse with brute force, making her scream out loud and in terror.

“Watch!”, he commanded her, pointing at **Synra**, pinned down by a pack of gobos, opening her butt cheeks for the Wargh. The creature slowly approached from behind, opening a mouth of sharp teeth and a sand paper like tongue coming out of it. It looked as if the abyss of it´s mouth was about to kiss her whole lower body part. Sharp tongues coming from above and down, almost on the edge of biting her. When one teeth made contact with her upper butt, she shivered, morning out lout, screaming: “Nooooo, please noooo…., please just fuck me, fuck me, please, don’t eat me….”, spreading her legs herself, bending down her whole upper body and raising her ass as high as she could. The tongue of the creature started licking her pussy with brute force and all **Synra** could do was too weep out loud. The creature desperately tried to wet her but is was to no avail. After a short time it repositioned itself above her, with it´s tongue out and violently licking over her neck. It violated her doggy style, pushing it´s large cock deep inside her pussy. Fanestra couldn´t bear no more, letting go of her first tear. She closed her eyes but that made it even worse, for she started to clearly hear the desperation of her former archeress, the wild noise of the beast humping itself to a mad orgasm, filling her womb so deeply with it´s cum that it must hurt beyond everything.

The other women of the party even though forced to watch this ritual too, were still unharmed. However they had already been stripped naked and from what Fanestra could see, some gobos were already trying to wet them, by sucking their breasts and teasing their pussies. None of her comrades in arms seemed to yet fully grasp the meaning of all this, their minds were already torn and some place safe. Still being there physically but mentally analysing the situation, looking for a way out and foremost trying to bear the situation. Like prisoners of war were trained to meditate themselves into their own dream world for as long as the torture went on.

Synra hadn´t been so lucky, her eyes were as broken as her mind was. She truly had been a wonderful sacrifice and was no longer of any use for the horde, for she couldn´t make out who should be able to ride a second Wargh, they would surely use her as meat.

Fanestra felt that someone was taking place behind her, it was Eleonora and she started massaging her left tit, while the other hand was going for her pussy. She kissed her neck, over and over again, and in no time Fanestra was on the wake of her first orgasm on that night. She felt that she was being bend over by her, her hands gently rubbing over her back, massaging her butt and teasing her pussy, without invading it. Something was going on under the horse, she could see it with the blink of an eye but decided to close her eyes again and concentrate on the feeling of pleasure building itself to a climax. It was hard but she tried, who knew what would happen next anyway? Some noise attracted her concentration, violently cutting her off from the orgasm. She felt a collar tightening around her neck, and two other ones being attached to her thighs. Eleonora started to climb her back, laying herself over her, so both of the women were now in a doggy style position, gently riding the wooden horse. The sudden pressure opened her pussy even more, a bit violently but given the fact that she had been teased for more than ten minutes now, it brought her on the edge of the orgasm again, without yet delivering relaxation. As if the torture would remain in the fact of not letting her cum. Since the pressure of Eleonora´s body pinned her down, she wasn´t able to realize that the thigh collars were attached to heavy balls, rendering her impossible to go anywhere and also pinning her to that wooden horse for as long as her tormentors wanted to.

A goblin appeared in front of her face, standing on the other end of the horse, rubbing his dick against her head. Fanestra opened her mouth and was truly ready to let the gangbang begin but to her surprise, the goblin just climbed her body and given by the voice of it, Eleonora started to suck the hell out of that boy. She couldn´t be too sure about what exactly was happening, but Eleonora put her arms around her and the wooden horse slowly started to move. She felt strong hands groping for her thighs, a thick penis touching her butt hole and Eleonora´s pussy massaging Knorghs dick between both of them. A sudden cry of of agony, a noise of swallowing and then Fanestra was asured that Knorgh was fucking Eleonora first, while she was being sandwiched underneath. The movement of them became so intense, that Fanestra´s orgasm was about to build up again and in the very moment before she was about to cum, something thick split her pussy in half, violently forcing her to cum as hard as never before. Knorgh invaded her pussy with such brute force, that her orgasm squeezed her labium so tightly, that he himself had problems to remain inside of her. It aroused him in a way he had never felt before, making him violate her even harder, suspending his very own orgasm for a moment and letting go his semen directly into her hard cuming womb, making her pregnant for sure. The pleasure and the aftermath of it were so intense, that Fanestra only realized later, that he had perfectly tricked her into her strongest orgasm, planting it´s evil seed inside her. “I am sorry.”, she heard Eleonora muttering inside her ear. She had lost.

“My sperm remain inside.”, she heard Knorgh saying and was then raised into a sitting position. The worrying holes in the horse were filled with two wooden dildos, preventing the sperm from flowing out of her, and she was chained towards the horse, rendered unable to move. The hefty weight of the ball chains forcing her down so tightly, that you were almost unable to see the dildos coming out of it.

“Let the feast beeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeegin!”, Knorgh roaming out loud, her party members crying in terror, being gang raped by every goblin of the horde in any position possible, all their holes covered in sperm.

Knorgh taking place on his throne of slaves, forcing Eleonora on his cock, while Lynne was licking her clitoris.

When Knorgh finally inserted his spiked dildo into Synra´s pussy, Fanestra knew that they were dommed.

Eleonora knew that she wouldn´t get pregnant by this filthy shit. He had put his seed into any woman but wasn´t yet able to create any offspring. But the orgasm of the red head had been so intense, that she was wondering if he would be successful this time. Riding him and making him cum again inside of her didn´t worry her too much, for he wasn´t able to make her cum and therefore she felt relatively safe. Until that moment: “Me tired grow, can have her.”, pulling her from his cock, throwing her into the pack, simple as that, like a child growing tired from a toy.

When she woke up later, she was tied up in the goblin´s den. She was fucked from time to time and felt that a gobo was growing inside of her. Her breasts swole and she gave up on herself. The red head had become his new toy, it was Eleonora who had lost on that day, not Fanestra.

“How is our plot evolving?”, a dark noise, distant but known to our readers. A master speaking to his student.

“Everything is moving according to plan master.”, a young man answering.

“Evaluate.”

“I was able to create an abomination… A sort of super goblin master…”

“You are hesitating, my young apprentice.”

“The problem is that I cannot recreate it, it needs to reproduce itself and well… it needs to simultaneously cum with it´s prey and therefore we are a bit behind the plan…”, uneasiness in the apprentice´s voice. “But he was able to become the leader of the pack and things go much more smoothly now as you have foreseen master. The gobos don´t act mindlessly no more, staying underground, snatching women with guerrilla tactics, leaving the realm unaware of their presence.”

“You are not finished yet. Tell me everything.”, the demanding voice of the master, talking a little quieter and certainly more frightening than before.

“There was a small setback… the horde seized a small hamlet nearby, nothing too well known. I am able to cover this, make the hamlet disappear as if it had never existed before. Fortunately it is nowhere near a trade route and very remote. Gotta cover it as a bandit raid.”

Silence, a minute passing by.

“The horde has seized over a hundred women now. Given our evaluation concerning their breeding rate, we will have an army in less than six months. The royal army won´t know what hit them and will be forced to put out fires all over the realm, leaving room for us to move on to phase two.”, the apprentice breaking the silence out of uneasiness.

“Ok, then start with your own harem training now. You will need a lot of very well trained slaves for the humanoid beasts.”, the master commanding him.

“What will you do master?”

The apprentice left alone with nothing but silence.