



R.C. Smith
A-K2-C

Of Truth And Legend

**Tem Pux un Pex’fed — Kaytoo un da Ut’Kregda’fed
Of Truth and Legend — Kaytoo and the Mourkra
R.C. Smith
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NOTE

Of Truth and Legend is a single stepping stone in the journey of someone uneducated, though experienced, uncivilized, yet enthusiastic to learn. It is a filthy stone: a conglomerate containing a few uninteresting pebbles and indiscernible gems bonded with low-grade filler. The more it is polished, value is lost for the milestone it was; yet, otherwise, it would be forgotten and ignored.

No one advances alone. My friend, R.C. Smith, is my latest guide to better paths on a long journey. His help has been invaluable, and I, K2, am extremely grateful.

This story is the milestone of my first novella, written just a few years into my quest for literacy, many years ago. I flatly refused R.C. Smith's request that I revisit it again or publish it as it was. He sees something within it, which I suspect is some yet undiagnosed madness within him, poor man. To ease his fever, I agreed to his rewriting of it to make it his own. He has failed that charge. What follows is at best a light edit. His claim being, 'For him to alter it more loses something.'

Of Truth and Legend is an old, worthless stone. This new stone, R.C. Smith's honoring of my novice efforts, crude as they were, makes it priceless to me. Thank you, Robert.

K2

Do not read this book if descriptions of sexuality or violence offend you.

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1. DA PEX'FED THE LEGEND

It was unquestioned common knowledge — Mourkra, the more savage branch of the Goblinoid tree, were fierce and brutal. Tales of a single Mourkra besting ten skilled fighters were often told and heard, as were those of entire villages being wiped out by packs of just a few, and of larger groups overrunning even substantial fortifications. These tales being true or not, the ferocity of Mourkra was a well-established fact. Taken together with their base instincts, their lack of restraint and their physical strength, there was no doubt that Mourkra were a race whom most others justifiably feared. As fearsome and ferocious as Mourkra were known to be, however, there were also tales of members of more humanoid races, who, even though much weaker, had stood up against Mourkra, and had even vanquished them. Such tales gave others hope, and in some who would otherwise never have even considered resistance, they inspired the will to fight rather than to submit and meekly await their fate.

Such a tale was that of a lone Barbarian woman, small of stature, of whom many said that she was of common stock, not even a warrior, and even had passed her prime. They claimed that she originated from the small far Northern clan of the Moragan Hammer, and a few who could remember, who told the story right, recounted the name of this Barbarian woman correctly, Kaytoo.

As the story goes, that simple common Barbarian woman who was an outcast had become angered as her hunting and fishing grounds, along with a number of small forest villages, were being ravaged by a pack of Mourkra numbering around twenty. Furious that her livelihood

was threatened and caring deeply for the rural people that were being harmed, she hunted the pack of Mourkra down, cunningly intent to draw them into a narrow moss-filled gully, its sides and head protected by massive hardwoods, an impenetrable tangle of vines and fallen trees making up a roof, so that the gully was like a cave.

Having lured the pack of Mourkra into her trap, Kaytoo fell upon them with a vengeance and with uncompromising resolve. Using her bow and arrows, as the first of them charged she dropped six of the murderous beasts. As they grew too close she switched to her halberd and her bastard sword. Holding the halberd like a lance she skewered one as her sword impaled another, then driving the halberd low and yanking it back it hooked another one's heel, and her sword finished him. This way the battle raged on until nine other Mourkra had fallen, and when the rest of them closed in on her too near for even the sword she dropped it where she stood and with a long knife and a tomahawk, which she used like a hammer, she smote the rest until the small gully was silent except for her own ragged breathing. It is said that afterwards it took her a long time to climb out over the bodies of the fallen Mourkra, and once out she burned the entire gully and all those bodies within it, out of hate, and to make her victory complete.

It was a good story. Children's eyes would go wide as they'd jump up and down in their excitement, women would shriek and shiver, and the men would nod and in their eyes there would shine a deep fire, for when this one small woman had been able to take out so many, in close direct combat, surely they too were meant to protect their homes and loved ones from the Mourkra threat. And sometimes, when in some place she said her name, it happened that those who heard and who knew the story would ask her if she was the one. In her typical gentle graciousness Kaytoo would then spit to the ground, and

maybe say, “Ut’Kregda’fed bleed like any other,” and walk away. She would never confirm or deny the story. She had a fair idea where it had started, and she simply wished they’d stop telling it. Some times there would be twenty Mourkra in the story, at other times more, though the most exaggerated number of one hundred really beggared belief. Often though, some different name than Kaytoo’s was used when the story was told, to suit the teller’s race when they wanted to inspire their own kind, and more often than not the story was altered to suit the tellers’ own fantasies. Yet always, as far as Kaytoo was concerned, it was just another “Bahh fed pex’mon” — big myth, or tall tale.

Nevertheless it inspired hope, and sometimes hope is enough.

2. TARGDA'SOT SOSHVA PEACEFUL LIVING

Far away from the inn, in the Dachvst, the dark ancient forests that still covered much of the Third Continent, Kaytoo had finally settled down to simply living. Oh to be sure, she missed the drinks and prepared foods at gatherings she'd sometimes partake in, missed seeing the wonders created by others. In fact, even though she would never admit it, she often missed being around others, forming relationships no matter for good or bad, and with her overactive libido she certainly missed the sex. However, here she was safe and knew it, even if occasionally something or another happened that caused the hackles on her neck to rise, but to this date the greatest threat to her had been no more than an occasional great bear.

There were actually a few others living in the region, there were lone cabins and their likes scattered about, even some very small villages of varied races, though none of them evolved enough to have inns or shops. If she had wanted to she could have interacted with others, but that would have meant proving herself not to be a threat, and all the other countless efforts one must make to build relationships. It was easy enough to spend her days never running into anyone, and in fact it would have taken quite an effort to do so, with those living in the deep forest being so remote from each other. So passed her days, and her years. Hunting, fishing and gathering. Nothing wasted, and no more taken than what she and her three dogs would use. Kaytoo never stayed in the same place very long, there was so much to see, and contrary to what the city dwellers thought, every step you took showed you something new and wondrous, the Dachvst being so much more

than simply countless trees, rocks and glades.

It was a deeply peaceful life, until one day Kaytoo came upon a sight that upset her thoroughly. A dead deer, common enough to be sure, but this one had its rump missing. With many predators or carrion feeders it was normal that the rump was the first part to be eaten, but in this case it had clearly been carved off by a blade of some sort. The kill was old and now rotten, and any tracks of the perpetrator were long gone, due to the recent rains. It angered her, the waste — *how ut'kocve'* — how unfaithful, she even said out loud. This single incident might have meant little, but in short order she began finding more and more large game like this, small bits hacked away, the rest left to rot or to be eaten by scavengers. But although usually nothing goes to waste in nature, none of the scavengers were picking these carcasses clean — it was as if something had tainted what had been left, so that it stayed untouched until at last the maggots fed on it.

Unlike her dogs, three huge mastiffs whose noses were keen and who avoided the sites where these carcasses were found, visibly being uncomfortable in their vicinity, Kaytoo had not felt anything that might have kept the scavengers away. Eventually, though, she began finding more and more tracks around those places, though always blurred, as if whatever had made them had run wildly. At first she almost thought it might have been some kind of bear, seeing imprints of claws and balls of toes in the traces, but on closer inspection they did not look right for a bear. In time Kaytoo began to stumble upon better defined tracks, and one day, coming upon a fresh kill, she found her fears confirmed that had been slowly building up. For quite a while Kaytoo had thought it odd that some new plant she could never track down was in bloom. A faint scent in the air, not unpleasant, somewhat musky, yet like nothing she had ever smelled before. At other times

she'd catch a whiff of a similar scent though decidedly much sweeter, almost sickly sweet, but now that she had found that fresh kill she finally realized that these scents were not coming from a plant at all.

Another deer butchered as those before, but this time there were a couple of clearly defined tracks near it, where whatever had killed it had paused — rocking, which had made the impressions left by its feet deeper — and then had taken a single slow stride before bolting off again. And this time Kaytoo noticed a thick film of oily wetness covering the side of the dead deer. Bending low and sniffing, and there it was, that musky scent she had been smelling in the air for some time. And then she found unmistakable proof of what it was that was killing the animals and haunting the area. A bit further away, two spots on the ground were torn up as from a pair of paws or hands clawing, gripping and digging in to push back, and what made it clear what had happened were the two sets of marks where knees had roughly ground away further back, one set behind the other, and behind the latter there were marks where toes had dug in to gain purchase. And the massive glob of cum between the first set of knee marks left no doubt as to what Kaytoo was looking at.

And finally there was the imprint of the creature that had rolled onto its back and lain there, after it had been mounted from behind. A massive imprint. Shoulders wide, the head as if it were wearing a circlet, the muscles large and tremendously defined, and then the two most telling marks — of a heavy stubby spiked tail maybe the length of Kaytoo's palm, and deep grooves as from ridged and plated heavy armor, the ridges having dug a good two inches into the ground along the spine. And then that sickly sweet scent all about the imprint, and the ground looking as if it were saturated with oil ... This imprint had been left by a Mourkra.

3. DEK'SESTVA'MON TEM UT'KREGDA'FED MEMORIES OF MOURKRA

Kaytoo felt the color drain from her face as she staggered and sat down hard on her butt, feeling dizzy. She had heard the tales about Mourkra like anyone else, many of them clearly exaggerated, but, she could not doubt, there would be some truth in them — that they were godless, killed without reason, reveled in atrocities, knew no boundaries and no remorse, ate human flesh and even each other, and countless other stories, rumors and speculations. She had actually seen some Mourkra in the past, from a distance, and even from close up. Just the thought that they could be near at this very moment made her shudder, as she recalled what she had witnessed.

Pressed into service with the soldiers of the Third Continent as they fought the hordes of the Second, she had been made to run water up to the lines, help drag out the injured, and gather weapons and armor from the dead after the battles. The first time she saw Mourkra was from high atop a hill, overlooking a battle field. The Third Continent's forces had formed deep battle lines easily five hundred men wide, and fifty men deep. As the Second Continent's forces also lined up, suddenly maybe forty pairs of creatures broke from their lines. At first she thought they were simply massive men, but then she understood that they were massive beasts, as they had dropped to running on four legs, at a tremendous speed. Without hesitation they charged the lines of the defenders, crashing into the soldiers' leveled pikes and lances where a few of the attackers were stopped, their onslaught still having driven a large dent into the first four rows. The rest however had a devastating impact, spreading out, penetrating deep

into the rows of the Third Continent's formation, leaving behind gaping trails littered with the remnants of their victims, and where they were finally stopped they were soon surrounded, long before they fell, by ever widening circles of body parts, mutilated bodies, and fragments of armor. For the maybe eighty of the beasts sacrificed, many hundreds if not over a thousand of the Third Continent's forces had fallen.

The second time Kaytoo saw Mourkra was when she was collecting weapons after a battle among the dead and the dying, with groups of soldiers standing around leisurely, other women forced into the same work as she, and guards beating them if they didn't work fast enough, or beating them just for fun. This time she was closer, no more than thirty paces away. Three of them came out of nowhere, from different directions, fast, powerful and focussed. Screeching, with loud clicks and howls, they suddenly changed course and ran towards one of the guards, and after one of the Mourkra had slammed into him the other two within the blink of an eye had literally ripped him limb from limb, only to screech on and charge at the next. Kaytoo was frozen with fear, her eyes wide and just staring, as the massive creatures annihilated three armed soldiers before turning on the women and the unarmed men in front of them. One was attacking the men, halving them with a battle axe before grabbing a woman who had stumbled to the ground and bolting away with her. The second one had turned on the women, slamming into one and then into another one, sending them flying before picking them up where they had fallen and racing off with both of them. The last one had stayed back, howling, screeching and grunting, and as the other two ran away with their prizes, it looked at Kaytoo and began to charge. She was so scared she kept just standing where she was, she couldn't even drop to the ground, little good as that

would have done her. As the beast was maybe twenty paces away at a dead run, it was suddenly struck by arrows, at least half a dozen of them, then by a well-aimed spear, and then by another one. Its charge had been so focused and unrelenting that when it fell fifteen paces away from her, already dead, it slid on another ten. Kaytoo simply fainted.

The third time Kaytoo had seen a Mourkra was at an encampment, to which they had brought one which they had captured alive. In a cage barely big enough to hold it standing, it thrashed so violently that it bent the massive bars, uncaring of the wounds it was inflicting upon itself. Recently a number of the whores that followed the army had started to demand more money, while a number of the common women had begun to refuse the soldiers' advances. Unrest among the soldiers was building up, but a Sargent at that time, now a Captain in the service of the Grand Duke Korgewrath, had a solution to the women's refusals. In a carrying and scornful voice he announced, "All of you whores, you free women no different, you fuck and suck the soldiers when told! Otherwise, you service the Mourkra!" And then upon his orders a group of his soldiers grabbed a random woman from the crowd and stripped her. They mauled her breasts, bottom and cunny in front of the Mourkra until it ceased its thrashing and was making excited clicks and yelps, its spinal plates rising along with its cock. Then they tossed her towards the cage, the Mourkra violently grabbed her through the bars, and no creature on the planet ever rutted harder and more savagely than that Mourkra did. By the time it had cum the woman was black and blue from head to toe, bleeding from between her legs and from wounds all over her body, and though the wounds might not have killed her, the trauma to her mind and

spirit left her lying where she had fallen, with no one daring to come near her, until she finally stopped breathing.

Not a single woman in that encampment, which included Kaytoo until one night she could make her escape, ever said no again, and not a single one of the whores ever again deemed a customer's offer too low. Yes, Kaytoo had seen Mourkra and even lived to tell, but now these very same beasts were in the deep forest she called her home, and her heart sank as she ran.

4. **KEF'FED KOFT'FED** **RUNNING AWAY**

Kaytoo felt a responsibility for the land in which she lived, thinking of it as hers, and it pained her to know that it was ravaged by these monsters, but she also valued her life. She knew them to be mindless beasts, and knew that reason would not work with them, nor would threats of violence or even fear of death, which left open to her only two options. Kill them all, or move on.

She would have another look, and who knows, perhaps it was just a pair of them and with some wise planning she could devise a way to do them in or to lure them somewhere else. But then, giving it one more thought, she decided otherwise. She had wanted to catch the spawning run of the salmon coming up the river at the place where she had camped the past few days, but why not simply travel downstream, and though the fish would be harder to harvest, being focused on reaching farther up the river, this would just make for better sport, or so she justified her decision. With that she gathered the few things she had, some food and what she'd normally carry with her, and what she had prepared to fish with. But then it struck her, what if the Mourkra followed her? What if they found where she had been, or crossed some old path of hers and tracked her down?

Kaytoo pondered her two possible courses of action — either to travel a large distance away doing all she could to cover her tracks, which often could just make matters worse, or to make some sort of obvious trail in the opposite direction hoping that the Mourkra would find it and then head that way. It would be risky at best. She had no idea where the Mourkra were, and she knew how even if having rarely

seen anyone even at a distance, it was amazing how when you tried to not see someone you'd run right into them. She had no idea where they were camping, how many of them there were, or if they were not camping at all but simply moving, stopping and lying down where they stood when they were tired. But it didn't matter, laying out a false trail and hoping that it would keep the Mourkra off the real one seemed the better option, otherwise for far too long she would constantly keep looking over her shoulder, and that prospect definitely did not sit well with her.

Having made her decision, Kaytoo set about to protect those who were most dear to her. Fortunately in Vorn, one of her huge mastiffs, she had a companion who, in a way she had never been able to figure out, understood her wishes. Pointing down river she thought of the narrow trail and hidden passes that led to a well protected spot which she and they knew. Vorn cuddled up to her and sat as though refusing, but at Kaytoo's insistence he rose, barked once, and Kurge and Vas, her other two mastiffs, broke from the bushes, they too pressing close to her. After all four had ground their faces together, the three dogs bolted off, leaving Kaytoo deeply saddened by their departure. She loved her boys deeply, in the Common tongue she called them her babies, but she knew that concern for their safety would cloud her thoughts, and if anything happened to them she could not bear it — even if there might be situations where they could save her if she got into troubles they stood no chance against Mourkra, and to her, keeping them with her now was not worth the risk to them. If the worst happened to her, the dogs would be able to survive on their own — the thought gave her comfort that she needed them more than they needed her.

With her dogs heading to safety, Kaytoo pondered how she would

have to leave both scents and tracks. Her Dragon's Lace armor would confuse both, so she left it tucked away at her little camp along with her heavier weapons, taking only a single long knife, her tomahawk, and her bow and arrows as she set out toward the freshest of the Mourkra's kills. She hated the idea of what she was going to do — running away — which felt so much against her nature, but what she really hated most was being afraid, as fear would slowly but inevitably consume her. However, this was something she would have to deal with later — now she had to act.

Once having returned to that last kill, or maybe even finding a fresher one, she'd make a trail several hours long leaving an abundance of scent and tracks, so that it would seem to the Mourkra as if one of the civilized peoples had left it. She'd then turn towards the river to a spot where she knew the great bears would be gathering to feed, and the thought of the Mourkra encountering them made her chuckle and almost wish to see that fight, and then she would simply float and swim back to her camp here, and hurry to join her babies down stream.

A good plan as long as she was careful not to be followed. Yet there were more than Mourkra in this forest.

5. DA PUX TEM UN'SAADA TARV'SAADDA'MARG THE TRUTH OF SPIRIT CURSES

Good as Kaytoo's plan was, even though it reeked to her of cowardice, unfortunately for her it would not quite play out as she had hoped. Soon she began to notice intersecting trails that she now knew had to be Mourkra, but as she moved along, the forest became quieter and quieter, until nothing was stirring, not even Kelmtes the Spirit Black Capped Chickadee, protector and guide of hunters. Not even Ceepe' was calling out when she passed the Spirit Chipmunk sentinels. Nothing ... silence, all unmoving, and then she smelled it.

Nothing unusual, just smoke, but a slightly odd smoke not just of wood or peat. Following the scent, the spirit winds caring nothing for the activities of others, she soon not only smelled the smoke but could see it rising not too far away, and as she moved even closer eventually she began to hear sounds again, and the sounds soon became clear, timbers burning and cracking, pottery being smashed, and structures falling. Then she heard new sounds, screams of terror and anguish from women, men and children. Flanking a ridge and then moving up through an outcropping of rocks, staying downwind, she peered over the edge of a rock just in time to see a lone Mourkra bringing his ax down on a cow, killing it instantly, among what looked like the remains of men, women and children lying scattered about, though it was hard to be sure for what she assumed to have been humans had all been ripped to pieces. All the livestock had been killed, and the Mourkra was now cutting out the cow's rump as she watched, while what was left of the buildings was burning.

Kaytoo debated with herself — a single Mourkra she just might be

able to kill. Tempted she slipped her bow from her back, but suddenly she froze. Two more Mourkra appeared, dragging a young nude woman behind them. Clearly already having been ravished she was still alive but seemed unresponsive, and as one of them threw her over his shoulder Kaytoo reconsidered. One she might have a chance to kill from a distance, her skill as an archer was quite keen, though it would need more than one arrow to bring him down. Two, if one was busy raping the girl, might be possible, his distraction perhaps giving her enough time for the shots she would need. But three were definitely too many, and when the scents of smoke and blood and the thick and musky Mourkra odors fully hit her, Kaytoo pressed tightly against the ground, hardly feeling able to move. And then she heard it, a long series of clicks and a grunt, and peering again she saw a fourth Mourkra, more distant as though guarding their flank or ready to catch any who might try to escape. Then she saw another one, doing the same on the opposite side of what had been the small village, and finally one more, actually closer to where she was, and she realized that if she had moved even a little bit closer they would not have failed to smell or see her. Afraid, terribly afraid, Kaytoo buried her face in the soil, fearing they might sense her gaze, smell her sweat of fear, or simply hear her heart hammering in her chest.

Just don't move, she thought, *stay still*, but as she lay there, over the din of the activity below there suddenly were sounds coming from much closer — leaves crushed, getting even closer as Kaytoo pressed down tighter. She wasn't sure what was coming for her, but she was sure that if it didn't get to her soon it would find her dead as her breathing had stopped and her heart felt as though it was about to burst. A click, then another one, and then the oddly timed clicks became rhythmic. Loud, almost sounding artificial, and when she

opened her eyes ever so slightly to see what made these sounds, it was Ceepe' the Spirit Chipmunk, announcing his warning to all of an intruder ... her! How *could* he, she thought, first having hidden in silence, not making a sound about the Mourkra, and now betray her to them! Added to Ceepe's warning now came an even more harrowing betrayal. Kelmtes the Spirit Black Capped Chickadee began his call above her just as he had done so often for her, to tell her where deer were. It was too much — the spirits she prayed to, whom she obeyed and abided by, suddenly turning against her — in panic Kaytoo slipped back over the ridge before the Mourkra would hear their call, only to freeze at what she saw now.

Roth, the great Spirit Brown Bear, having slipped up behind her, rose up to his full size, blocking her way. Yes, it was him, and his low growl made her freeze again — so it would be him instead of the Mourkra who would tear her to pieces — and then from behind her, where she had crawled down, she heard a twig snap, and turning her head back there he was, Shoustvar the Black Spirit Bull Elk, protector and sentinel of those who dwell in harmony with the deep forests — her patron spirit. How could they! All the spirits she had always served had turned on her, trying to hand her over to the Mourkra. But before she could shout out her anger at their betrayal suddenly Roth charged, Kaytoo scrambled back, turning, preparing to bolt back towards her camp, but Shoustvar, now more distant, blocked her way. And again Roth rose and charged, Kaytoo ran in the opposite direction, towards the village now — she saw that the Mourkra had now left, but still she shied away from it, but every time she would try to turn to avoid the village there were Roth or Shoustvar blocking her way. Nowhere else left to go she finally found herself within the ruins of the village, and

tripped over something, and as she hit the ground she discovered it had been a dead child.

It bothered her deeply, all the slaughtered people lying about, many in parts, contorted bodies of women raped and mauled making the scene all the more gruesome and horrific. She didn't want to see it, all this wasn't new to her but not something she had ever wanted to see again, but at each attempt to bolt from the village there were Roth or Shoustvar just outside its perimeter blocking her path. Several times, after thinking she had seen it all, Kaytoo found an opening and ran, but each time there were Roth or Shoustvar intercepting her, each time guiding her past more and more corpses of slaughtered animals and humans, until finally she was cornered near the edge of a marsh next to a clearly marked path well-trodden from the Mourkra's travels.

And now Kaytoo knew what Shoustvar was doing, as he had done this to her before, more than once. He had chosen her, chosen her to resolve this problem that offended his realm, its creatures and its peoples. Kaytoo knew the punishment for a refusal. To never find game again, never again to be able to catch a fish or even find a turnip to eat. But with this task Shoustvar clearly handed her down a death sentence, and she shouted "*Idok!*" at him, *no!* Shoustvar's answer came swiftly and left no doubt — suddenly Kaytoo could hear no bird, no crawling creature, not even the wind through the trees. Even the sky looked odd, all the colors seemed to have faded. The trees no longer looked familiar to her, and everything about the forest, the waters and the land, the animals and the plants, seemed cut off from her, confusing, alien, lost. Like this, there was no way that she could stay. Kaytoo tried to imagine a life away from the Dachvst, a life in towns and cities among the so-called civilized people, she thought of the things she would be forced

to do just to survive, exiled, removed from nature, and with her eyes closed, she began to sob.

When she finally opened her eyes again it had all returned to her, her experience, her knowledge and her intuition of the wilds, and Shoustvar and Roth were nowhere to be seen. Shoustvar's demand and the consequences of disobeying him had been handed down to her, and she knew that there was no escape. Kaytoo wept the entire slow walk back to her encampment.

6. BAHX'SOT TEM UN'MORAGAN PRANKS OF GODS

Once back at her camp, though the day was still bright the fear and stress she had just gone through had exhausted Kaytoo so much that she just lay down and instantly fell asleep. Now unlike spirits who often engage in actively impacting every aspect of your life, even though they can only affect the world around you, Hamr Gods rarely seem to care about the activities of mortals and very rarely get themselves involved in their affairs, except for the dor'fed or evil Gods. But while spirits affect the world around you but are not able to directly affect your mind, this is the Gods' playground, and if a God wants to influence you in whatever way, this is most likely how they would do it.

So it happened to Kaytoo as she slept that day. It may have been just her own fears caused by Shoustvar's devastating demand, or it may truly have been the work of Jagdnict the evil one, but Kaytoo found herself once again back in Vashte', whoring for the poorer masses as a slave. Volume, not quality, was the mode of such work as the patrons would line up and watch as each one before them took their turn, and it was not uncommon for a whore to be forced to lay with fifty or more on a single day, all unwashed, all simply using you. Kaytoo found herself back in that life, weak and simpering, begging for scraps of food, kicked about and abused by even the lowest, at the mercy of every one of them, and she felt so terribly out of place in the realm of cities. As her dream continued, the degradation from a life away from the forest became worse and worse, but before she could consider fighting the Mourkra to escape this dreadful prospect, she was shown the results of that course. They would not kill her outright, but they

would capture her, defile her, break her will and her spirit, do it over and over again, until one day she would simply die from it, and weak, broken and without any fight left in her she would then be given back to Jagdnict, cast once more from Barbarian Heaven, her steel cold, and once more she would suffer under Jagdnict's terrible torments.

And just before Kaytoo was to awake screaming from that suffering, Jagdnict showed her a way out. If she ended her own life screaming and cursing the Gods, fighting the spirits of trees and bushes around her, then her steel would be hot and she could fight her way into Barbarian Heaven. And he showed her an easy way to do this, showed her an old rotting log near where she was lying, and just under it she'd find mushrooms, their color showing them to be poisonous, deep red and streaked in purples, and with that vision clear in her mind she woke up with a jolt. Facing certain suffering in Vastrokk, in Barbarian Hell, no matter whether she obeyed or refused Shoustvar's demand, Kaytoo took one last look around and resolved herself to take the offered way out, not even considering it cowardly. Indeed there was that log, and she crawled to it, turned it over, and there were the mushrooms that her dream had shown her. And Jagdnict somewhere in Vastrokk smiled at the prospect of Kaytoo being with him soon again, and prepared for her eternity under his unsparing torments.

Kaytoo took up three mushrooms as this number was *kocve* or faithful, and without hesitation ate them down, not noticing in her mental agony that the ones she had taken had purple rings upon them, not purple streaks. Quickly she took up her sword, shouting curses at the Hamr Gods at the top of her voice, slashing at bushes and trees threatening the spirits within to come out and fight, her violent outburst lasting half an hour before she began to weave and stumble, and finally she fell to the ground as the world distorted itself around her

and a flood of swirling colors filled her vision. Jagdnict was furious. “Stupid woman,” he shouted, ranting and raving. Oh to be sure she had sinned, but going on living her sins would eventually be made up for. A hallucinogenic haze washed over Kaytoo, and Wespa, Jagdnict’s concubine, smirked and laughed, taking her turn at twisting Kaytoo’s mind.

As Kaytoo lay there she again found herself back in Vashte’, serving the masses. Yet this time Wespa kept whispering to her, “Use your skills, touch him there, lick her there, like this, grind and rut to be the finest whore that Vaste’ has ever seen.” And Kaytoo did as Wespa inspired her, using all her skills to hurry up but also increase the intensity of her customers’ orgasms, committing the most vile and vulgar acts, anything, to embrace her situation, dominate it, make it her own. In short order she had rushed with virtually every one on the Third Continent, performed every perversion imaginable and invented more, and soon all mortals were begging for just a moment of her company. But as it had been under Jagdnict’s influence, her visions shifted once more towards the Mourkra. Using her skills as a whore to control them, demand of them, rush’fed or rape them. In no time they were begging for her attentions, Kaytoo dominating their every thought, and it wasn’t long before they were nothing more than her addicted sex slaves, serving her every need.

For two days Kaytoo dreamed in her mushroom-induced haze, her dreams so vivid that for the entire time she writhed and groaned, touched and thrust. Countless orgasms, one crashing into the next as she lay there going through every position and performing every sexual action as if possessed, her dreams being so intense that even her cursed stripes of Breed remained vibrant reds the entire time, her skin drenched in sweat, her cunny slick and flooding, as her body would

rise and fall, shudder and twist, and finally Kaytoo imagined herself filled to the brim in every orifice and covered from head to toe in cum, she herself cumming without any pause.

But then, as Wespa's whispers faded and the haze slowly began to clear, Kaytoo had one final godly visitor entering her mind, and that was Herte', the Goddess whom Kaytoo herself prayed to. Herte', not interested in devoting much time to Kaytoo or to anyone else, always occupied with her own desires to rush and to fight, left a pair of simple thoughts deep within Kaytoo's mind — no visions, no details, just ideas. "What if one did rush with the Mourkra? It would be something extraordinary, rush'dor or taboo, as no doubt not even a Barbarian could ever be so intense and focused." And to that idea Herte' added another one, to corrupt Wespa's plan. "What if one used the rush to get close to them and then kill them wisely, being sure to save one for an all-out fight, a fight that even the Gods would speak of. Why, they might even fear your coming enough to never let you die."

7. TARKD'UT'VESA'FED UN'SAADDA TARV'RUSH'SHEM'MON FILTHY SPIRIT WHORE

As Kaytoo awoke panting, in the afterglow of her almost constant orgasms over the past two days that still sent tiny tremors through her body, all she could do was to crawl to the river and dip her face into the water to drink. Rolling over, she could feel the filth from her envisioned debaucheries. Her body covered in a slick sweat laced with lust and fear, her cunny as slick as her belly and her thighs from the restless workings of her hands. She stank, something she never did, since as a hunter she was used to bathing religiously so that her scent would not give her away, and the only thing she could think of now was to get clean.

Rolling back onto her belly preparing to slip into the river, her skin feeling as though it was crawling with filth, Kaytoo was hit by another post orgasmic shiver, and suddenly it made her pause, and think. She was a hunter and, used to thinking in these terms, the thought came to her that while she hid from her prey by keeping clean, she often found her own prey like buck whitetail deer in the rut by the very scent they gave off when they were seeking mates — the bucks would mark themselves and their territory with their scent, and they would find the doe that were in heat by theirs. So what, as she tried to put together what hazy and fragmentary recollections she had of her vivid dreams, “What if I were the doe and they the buck?” She knew they’d seek females, she remembered the Mourkra’s heavy scent and how thick it was, she had a good idea of how crude their sense of smell was, so she knew it would need strong olfactory stimuli to gain their attention.

Instead of bathing, Kaytoo lay there trying to work out a plan,

knowing that Shoustvar had her trapped and that she had to deal with the Mourkra — there was no way of avoiding it. She also knew that they hunted and fought in packs, she had seen this pack of six, and taking one down would mean to have the rest upon her in no time. She had to lure them into a trap, but also she'd have to kill them one by one, though she knew they would not separate. Then it came to her, an idea, an inspiration. She'd make her trail after all, but not a fake trail of a hunter following a prey to lead them astray, but a trail of a rank and randy whore, that would draw them into her trap. And that trap would be right here. The river in front of her had over the millennia cut deep into the rock, in some places leaving vertical walls a good hundred feet high or more, and this here was one of those places. She'd have to be careful though, it would be important that her scent stopped right here on the narrow bank that extended only on the left side of the river, maybe thirty paces wide. Kaytoo while rank would make a trail from here in the direction towards the marsh, then let the river carry her back to here, the water washing away her filth. Having returned she'd take up her weapons and scale the cliff on the opposite side — she was a good enough climber, and near the top shrubs and small trees had found footholds on the rock, promising to provide sufficient cover. Once the Mourkra had followed her trail to this place, not realizing they were following it in reverse, she'd have them in her trap as there would be no way they could cross the river and climb after her quick enough before she could take them out with her arrows, even if they might discover from where she was shooting.

Though she would have preferred to have her weapons and armor already up on the cliff across the river, the swim would wash off too much of the filthy scent that clung to her from her dream, and she wanted the trail to be as clearly marked as possible. So, binding her

weapons and armor together she lashed them to a stout rope, to the other end of which she bound a sturdy stick, and at the third attempt she managed to hurl the stick so that it was firmly wedged into a crag on the other side, and finally she tossed her weapons into the strong current. With her she only took her small knife, more a tool than a weapon, in a sheath which she strapped to her right calf. With that she was ready — it all seemed simple enough, and she began to think that when she had been so scared, maybe she had just underestimated her own cunning. She did not know yet that indeed she might have overestimated it, thinking that what she had to deal with were hardly more than animals.

8. DA TARV'TAUP TEM UT'KREGDA'FED THE HUNT FOR MOURKRA

Kaytoo cringed at how filthy she felt, but she set out making her trail. For a while the only possible path closely followed the river, but then the ridge on this side flattened out, and the forest lay open. Deliberately Kaytoo acted contrary to her habits. She rarely walked a well trodden path even when at her cleanest — all game except the oldest and the wisest were wont to take the path of least resistance, so as a rule Kaytoo used narrow side trails, where she could hope to remain unnoticed and set her eyes on her prey before they could become aware of her. Today however she did not want to appear astute in any way — casually, perhaps even foolishly, ignorant of the dangers in the deep forest was how she wanted to appear. She took the most traveled paths, lingered here, touched something there, brushed against leaves as she walked, cleared a spot to sit and rest, and broke plants and branches along the way, but making it look as if she had walked in the opposite direction. Civilized folks rarely seemed to be willing to bend a little or take a step to the side to avoid leaving their marks upon everything in their path. Whenever she looked back over her trail it made her cringe as from the traces she had left even a novice could easily follow it by sight alone, but she wanted this to be a trail that could not be missed, irresistibly promising to lead to a lecher's prize.

After several hours she reached the destination of her trail, the spot from where the Mourkra would be lured into her trap. The path had led away from the river, but after several bends here the river was very close again, just behind a line of trees with little undergrowth between them. Kaytoo was confident she could reach it without leaving a trace,

but first she had to leave enough of her scent so that the Mourkra could not fail to notice it when they got to this part of the wood, which sooner or later she was sure they would. She began taking leaves and wiping them over her sweaty body, over her underarms and the back of her neck, and most of all over her cunny, still sticky from her sweat and wetness, before dropping them on the ground. Surely she stank like a filthy whore, but to attract the Mourkra she felt she needed more, even if honestly she hardly felt up to this task. The past couple of days, though she had no idea how many days it had been, had left her sexually spent, but whether she liked it or not she had to do this, so next to the trail she cleared an area from anything that grew — actually ridiculous as no one would go to such efforts, but once done she lay down on it, making sure she made a clear impression of her front in the black soil, then rolled over onto her back as she dug her heels in and began trying to rub her cunny until she'd orgasm. And, nothing. No matter how much she tried to fantasize, no matter how fast her fingertips would fan or how slowly they would trace her folds, Kaytoo just could not cum. Exasperated she finally gave up, wiped her slick fingers in the dirt, and stood up again.

And then, not more than a few steps ahead she saw something — just off the trail, a tall cluster of broad long leaves of which she knew what they held below. With one firm yank she pulled out what at first sight just looked like a large long horseradish. She could not remember its real name, but she knew that some called it “root of life,” others “man root,” and though it was not any good as nourishment, not even animals would eat it, it had a use common to all cultures. Having ridded it of its leaves and odd feeders, Kaytoo took her knife and began to carve. If kept damp the root would eventually grow a velvety skin and remain useful for years — firm but flexible, slightly spongy

and springy, it would retain the shape in which it was carved — a man's cock. Kaytoo always got excited just carving such a root, it seemed nasty to her in a good way. In a short time she had carved out a nice one, veined, long, perhaps a bit thick, with a large flaring head. In a much better mood now, she went back to the spot that she had cleared.

At first as she lay there, her knees wide, the root felt too thick and she thought she might need to thin it down a bit, but with a wiggle here, and a twist there, eventually she had it inside of her. She thought of various men and women she had enjoyed lying with back at the inn, while gently pushing the rubbery root deep in, twisting it, and pulling it back out, but as before it just wasn't quite hitting the spot. Thinking of this fantasy, then another one, as the fingers of her free hand stroked her clit, still nothing worked, until her thoughts drifted to what she was hunting, and suddenly with astonishing vividness there came back the old memory of the caged Mourkra raping that hapless woman, and the thought hit Kaytoo, "What if that had been me?"

And then this thought took hold of her mind and steered it in a dark and terrifying direction. Withdrawing the root fully she suddenly slammed it back in so hard that it made her gasp and curl up in penetrating but weirdly pleasuring pain. She couldn't help it, again and again she rammed the root deep in, her fingers savagely pinching and rolling her clit between them, and despite the pain she found herself mumbling "harder, harder," and her nails drew crimson streaks across her belly, breasts and thighs, while she violently ravaged her vagina with the rubbery phallic root. And finally, driving the fake cock in and out twisting it to rake over that sensitive spot inside, painfully pressing her nails into her clitoris, her orgasm hit her, her back arched and she gushed, letting out a deep low moan, her eyes rolling back in her head as she dreamed of being raped by those savage beasts, the Mourkra.

And in the midst of her orgasm Kaytoo froze. The woods had gone silent save for a single nearby sound — the snapping of a twig.

9. DEF UT'KREGDA'FED TARV'TAUP TARV'RUSH'SHEM'MON AS MOURKRA HUNT WHORES

She heard it, heard it as clear as a bottle breaking on the stone floor of a temple during silent prayer, and the sound of the lone twig breaking left Kaytoo too afraid even to open her eyes and look around. And then she heard worse, a panting, a sound like thick spit being lapped from slack lips. And also, she hadn't noticed it before so focused on her own violent pleasure as she had been, the air had become thick not only with her own rank scent of sweat and lustful flow but also with a strong sweet sickly aroma as of strange flowers in bloom. And then she heard a throaty grunt, soft and deep, no more then an "uh."

Kaytoo was frozen in place, still on her back, her chin pressed to her breastbone, legs wide and pulled back, knees bent, feet high in the air, toes contorted from her orgasm. She didn't dare to think about what she might have heard, other than an animal or some passing human, and maybe whatever it was had failed to notice her? Kaytoo slowly opened her eyelids to a narrow slit, finding herself looking directly at her now trembling breasts. In between them and more distant there were her hands, clutching the root phallus. Her gaze went cautiously up her quivering thighs and back down her shins to her curled toes, and there in the distance beyond them, no more then six feet away, she saw it staring directly at her cunny.

A Mourkra. From when she had heard the first sound, from when she had smelled that scent, she had known what it would be. Massive, its mouth agape as its split black tongue lapped over thick dark brown lips and thick teeth. Its dark eyes wide and focused on her impaled cunt, its dark olive brown skin slick with what looked like heavy, thick

oil. Just over its head she could see a ridge rising out of its spine as though the vertebrae had risen up as it stood hunched over, watching her so intently. As her eyes trailed down over massive arms thicker than her thighs and over a broad heaving chest, no doubt was left that it was a male. She found its hands clutching its thick hard cock, pulling on it, then suddenly stop. Kaytoo couldn't move, she couldn't even uncurl her toes let alone yank out the root, as suddenly the beast made a sound that shocked Kaytoo to her core.

“Uh, again.” The words were clear, and the voice sounded almost pleading, though of course she had to be wrong. And then, “Uh, uh, again, uh, more.” It was true, the beast had actually spoken, with little throaty grunts thrown in but in intelligible words, as if a human had spoken them. Then the Mourkra stepped closer, while Kaytoo was still unable to move anything but her eyes, until it leaned in close enough to sniff at her left foot, then moved on sniffing at the scent rising up from between her legs, and suddenly it began to pull at its cock again, furiously, grunting out, “Uh, again, more.” Kaytoo wanted to bolt but she feared that if she moved too fast the Mourkra would pounce on her and rip her to pieces. Slowly she began to lower her legs, causing the Mourkra to tense as though in anticipation, and the more she moved the more excited and vocal it became as its eyes grew wide and it started to bounce up and down, then hesitatingly came to a stand.

As Kaytoo slowly began to pull the large slick false cock out of her, the Mourkra's expressions became exaggerated to such a ridiculous degree that, if not for the situation she was in, it would have had her howling with laughter. Its rapid bouncing resumed, even more extreme than its fierce pulling upon his cock, and as the dildo came free with a whet plop it seemed to lose all control, its grunts becoming high pitched “ah, ah, ahs!” while it jumped up higher than she had thought

it could possibly do. It was not focused as much upon her, though, as it was on her root cock, and Kaytoo, unsure of what to do, slowly extended the hand that held it, and the Mourkra's eyes and mouth grew even wider in excitement. In a flash it had taken the root, raised it to its muzzle, sniffed at it, slowly wrapped its black forked tongue around it until suddenly it threw its head back and gave off a loud chain of clicks so fast they could almost be called a purr, while Kaytoo scrambled to her feet and started backing away.

Involuntarily Kaytoo's fists had begun to ball up but she knew it was pointless, she had no chance against this creature, not with bare hands, but her small knife somewhere on the ground would be utterly useless too, even if she could find it. The Mourkra, done with lapping at the dildo, slipping it into the belt it wore, looked up just in time to catch Kaytoo before she tried to break away. As it rose Kaytoo gasped, aghast at how terrifyingly huge it was. What she didn't understand though was that it just stood there as if it were waiting, even seeming to have a patient if goofy expression on its face. But as Kaytoo slid a few inches back it clearly tensed, letting out a deep grunt, and each time she cautiously moved the Mourkra's excitement grew, to the point that little nervous yips and clicks joined his grunts. Finally, the Mourkra's muscles tensed and coiled, it began to feint lunges at Kaytoo, then it would wait, and finally she understood. The beast wanted her to run. For whatever reason it wanted a chase, and while obviously it was confident that she could not escape, she would not waste this chance. She bolted.

When Kaytoo realized that in her panic she was heading away from the river it was too late to turn around, she could only try to get back to it in a wide arc. Behind her she heard the Mourkra letting out a long gurgling cry, followed by a whoop. Kaytoo wouldn't even look back

but suddenly from different directions she could hear rapid clicks, yelps and screeches, whistles and purrs. She ran as hard as she could, dodging trees and shrubs, leaping over fallen logs and evading other obstacles. And then she heard what sounded like a bear in the midst of a hard charge smashing through the brush, coming toward her, and before she could react something violently slammed into her, and then wrapped itself around her as if to shield her as they tumbled. After a brief moment of lying there silent and stunned Kaytoo screamed, as she realized what had caught her. Another Mourkra, this one clearly female, but just as large as the last. Kaytoo struggled for all her worth to pry herself free and then was baffled by how easily she escaped the grip of the massive woman, but she heard her whistle and purr behind her as she continued to run.

And then looking to her left Kaytoo saw something that almost made her give up her attempt at escape. One of the Mourkra running parallel to her crashed through saplings and brush that would have stopped her cold, in an instant had passed her, turned around, and then tackled her as the one before had, but instead of wrapping his arms around her he flung her free. They were more than a foot taller than she was and three times her weight, but their size did not slow them down and they were easily able to outrun Kaytoo, even though she knew that she was a fast runner. Bolting away from the third Mourkra, Kaytoo spotted a large outcropping of rock along the face of a long hill. Thinking the rock might give her an advantage she scrambled up, while what were now a total of five Mourkra raced after her. She had almost reached the top when she realized that she knew this hill and knew that its far side would slope down to the river, but when she had perhaps five feet more to climb one of the Mourkra slammed into the rock and rushed its way up driven by its momentum

and its sheer brute force, cresting the ridge just as Kaytoo's hands found it.

She couldn't go back down, there were four Mourkra down there waiting, and before she could even think of what to do the one in front of her grasped her arms and lifted her high. The beast screeched and purred all at once like some giant owl, and just when Kaytoo knew it was going to cast her back down for the other Mourkra to pick her up with who knows how many of her bones broken from the fall, instead it sniffed her over from knee to elbow, then wiped its forearm over her front, coating her in more of the thick sweet oil that the others had already covered her with, and sniffed her once more. As though satisfied, while calls were coming from all directions, suddenly it heaved her over the hill's edge and sat her down on its other side, standing there bouncing up and down waiting for her to bolt. Kaytoo didn't hesitate, scrambling on all fours, tumbling down the steep slope, finally able to rise up, but already hearing the stampede of massive Mourkra behind her. Then she could see the river maybe ten feet below her, she saw that with one leap she could plunge into it, and just as she was going to jump a massive forearm hit her across her chest.

It was not just the speed of her run, it was a deliberately forceful strike as if the beast had realized that if she made it to the river she'd be gone. Agony wouldn't describe what she felt, the strike had not only knocked her breath from her but had been so violent that it had jolted her heart out of its rhythm and shocked her nervous system so that every nerve was both numb and on fire, and crushing pain engulfed her whole being. Unable to move, unable even to curl up, she watched as in short order six Mourkra slid to a halt around her, their yelps, grunts, clicks and other noises frantic and excited. Kaytoo knew this was it, this was the moment she'd die, her steel cold, unable to even

pick up a twig, let alone threaten and curse them into a final battle. For this she would suffer in Vastrokk under the tortures of Jagdnict for an eternity. But first she would have to endure the monsters' brutal rapes, and worse, if the stories were true, their feasting on her live body.

10. DORJ DORV'RUSHVA UN JAGDNICT'S PAX'MON CRUEL TORTUROUS LUST AND JAGDNICT'S PROMISE

At least to the Mourkra who had first found her it seemed clear that this small woman wanted sex, had even tempted him with her lustful toy, and of course they would be pleased to oblige. And as though some of the noises they made actually had some meaning, or so it seemed to Kaytoo, suddenly the female of the group grasped her wrists and rolled her over on her belly, and though she was having trouble focusing she found herself staring at the olive hued flowing cunt and heavy breasts of the beast squatting in front of her. She had no time to consider what she was seeing, though, as she felt her hips raised, her thighs firmly gripped, lifted up and easily spread wide by massive clawed hands. Fully wrapping around her thighs they held them so tightly that everything below, down to her toes, went numb. She felt her spine bend painfully, and then something that felt as large as her dildo, or even larger, made contact with her nether lips for just a brief second.

It was not her dildo, though, as she knew when she suddenly felt the large thick cock slamming into her with such force that she thought her bent spine would snap, felt tree-trunk thighs slamming into her own, and hips thrust forward so hard she could swear their pelvises met. It was brutal, leaving her no chance to reposition the cock that was driving into her at the worst angle, forcing her vagina out of place as it thrust to and fro within her, and though one thrust was enough to knock the wind out of her with crushing pain, there came dozens more of them so fast and hard that she could not even scream. Heavy balls slapped at her mons, while she pleaded in her mind with them to

knock her out, to hurry up and gush their filthy seed into her, to kill her and be done with it, until on the next final thrust, more violent than any before, the beast let out a ferocious roar as its thick copious seed pumped into her body.

Kaytoo had been raped before, more times than she could remember. She had experienced brutal gang rapes beyond description where it had felt like a miracle to her that she had not died, but this one violation had surpassed all of them combined. Horrific and violent, unrelenting and savage, it had been worse than any rape, even any of the vulgar tortures she had endured — if Kaytoo had cared to find a word for it, it would have been shattering, to both body and mind ... and it had been so fast, it could hardly have lasted much more than a minute.

And then, as soon as the first Mourkra had violently yanked himself out of her and had let her drop to the ground, a second one took up his place exactly as the first one had, and began his rapid unrelenting violent thrusting. No longer even able to retch from the pain, lifeless and limp, Kaytoo nevertheless felt it all, experienced it all, stayed conscious through it all. From one to the next, nothing was different. Massive clawed hands gripping her as though tearing through her flesh, violent penetrations, strikes to her body and her back from massive fists trying to get her into or to keep her in position. She prayed for release, prayed one of the strikes would hit the base of her skull and do her in, but no such mercy found her. Instead the five of them took their turns, feeling as if five hundred, and when it was over Kaytoo was not even able to think and to remember that it was time for her to die.

Afterwards there was just a haze, a dim waiting to expire. Vaguely she felt she was being carried on one of the beasts' shoulders as it ran

through the forest, her limp body flopping about with each stride like some rag doll, until finally the long desired mercy was granted her, to be embraced by blackness.

11. SASTVA'SOT TEM KOCC IGNORANCE OF BEASTS

It was well into the next day when Kaytoo finally awoke, instantly wishing that she hadn't, as every inch of her body felt mauled, every joint sprained, every muscle and bone sore. After maybe an hour of lying on her belly she was finally able to turn her head, to spend another two hours staring silently at a young woman she had seen being carried off just a few days before. If how that woman looked was any indication of Kaytoo's condition it would explain how she felt. The girl was bruised and swollen from head to toe, filthy, lying there without moving, barely even blinking, only occasional shivers running through her body. Actually Kaytoo was surprised to see her, having assumed they would have eaten her by now, but as she slowly began turning her head further she realized something even more surprising.

The place where she and the woman lay was clearly somewhere in the marsh. Though Kaytoo wasn't able to stand up and look around, the thick hot air, the reeds, cattails and stagnant water surrounding them told her that much. They had to be upon some minor rise like many she had often noticed in such places, littered with cedar and old hardwood, fallen and slowly rotting, a small group of trees was growing at the farther end of the rise. The surprising part however was that there was not a Mourkra to be seen. Just a single trail which she suspected led to the place of the carnage that Shoustvar had shown her days ago. The girl wouldn't talk, she barely reacted to Kaytoo, only flinched and cringed when Kaytoo tossed a twig toward her, but as the late afternoon turned to evening and the setting sun made the sky come

ablaze she began to weep, and soon Kaytoo could hear heavy footsteps plodding through black peat, making their way up the path.

Though Kaytoo had barely moved, she struggled to place herself back exactly where she had been and squeezed her eyes shut tight. Soon footsteps became grunts, clicks and yips, and feigning to be asleep Kaytoo felt a massive hand on her shoulder, shaking her to wake her up. For some time she debated with herself whether or not to open her eyes, but when she finally did a large chunk of venison, the skin still upon it, was tossed down in front of her, and another one in front of the other woman. It was only then that she noticed other rotting pieces of meat next to the girl, untouched. Kaytoo had learned long ago that whenever food was offered, be it by friend or jailer, to eat and gain strength. Raw meat was better than many meals she had eaten, and even in different circumstances she might not have spurned it. Sore and laboriously Kaytoo ate her meal, but when she was done she heard something that left her stupefied — behind her one of the Mourkra unmistakably spoke, “Uh, painted woman, you, uh, come.”

Kaytoo could barely crawl let alone rise up, but knowing she'd have to buy her time and hoping they'd not eat her, having seen that they hadn't eaten the other woman, she crept on her elbows just a couple of feet, until the pain in her joints and muscles was too great for her to drag herself any further. Hearing only grunts and growls, shielding her head with sore wrists and hands, Kaytoo suddenly found herself being lifted and none too gently laid across a thick log, her hands shielding her face touching the ground in front of her, her shins and feet touching it on the other side, her ass up in the air — she knew what was coming and that there would be no way she could stop it. Then she felt and heard a couple of them sniffing her, now truly rank, but oddly they were not beginning to wipe their oily sweat upon her.

Without warning, though, she felt a thick tongue press to her folds, then drive deep into her cunny. When it was pulled out she could hear the smacking of lips, and the over-excited sounds they made as whichever one it was worked itself into a frenzy.

A moment later she felt something that terrified her, a thick finger pressing deep and hard into her bottom. If they raped her there she'd be in serious trouble — the damage it would do to her, if not killing her, would render her helpless, without any hope for silently slipping away during the night. In panic screeching out "*Tdok!*" — *no!* she hardly expected her plea to be heeded, but the finger withdrew, she heard an overly exaggerated statement of disappointment sounding like "Uh, no good, same" in a voice that oddly reminded her of her own, and an instant later she felt the weight of a Mourkra slam into her as its cock impaled her vagina and it began its violent hammering.

Everything about these beasts seemed exaggerated. Their expressive faces, their utterances, their actions, and of course their size. Right down to their cocks and heavy balls — sore and sensitive as she was Kaytoo could swear she could feel every bump and vein, the edges of the thick flaring heads, and the pronounced curve they seemed to have. Now however as it pounded away driving its cock deep inside only to yank it back out a second later, the greatest pain she felt was no longer that in her battered cunny, but her bruised and pummeled thighs, hips and bottom. In no time the beast drove deeply in one more time and she felt its thick hot cum spurt into her again and again. Once done the beast simply yanked its cock out and withdrew, only for the next one to line up and begin its hammering drives into her.

Kaytoo had become numb in mind and spirit. She just lay there as the second beast rutted away, using her as nothing more than a hole to shoot its vile spunk into, and just as it was about to cum inside her she

heard a thunderous pounding of footsteps, and suddenly the body slamming into her was knocked away, its heavy cock wrenched out of her. Though she could not rise up to see, she could hear behind her a vicious fight ensuing as one of the Mourkra attacked the one who had been raping her. Ferocious roars and growls, clicks and grunts, while dirt rained down on her kicked up by the fighting beasts. Kaytoo knew she was in trouble, clearly the attacker wanted her first and was demanding his spot in the line. That meant one thing, he'd take out his aggression on her when he took his prize, but if the one who had been raping her won, he'd vent his rage at the interruption on her as well.

Then quickly all went quiet, and a moment later Kaytoo found her head yanked up by her hair as a Mourkra squatted low in front of her and grunted before shouting in her face, "You no let! You broke, uh, when fixed good uh then inside!" Though Kaytoo in her terror and pain had trouble grasping what it was saying, she still thought how stupid this beast was if it actually thought she could stop one of its kind. But now she knew who their leader was, as suddenly she could sense three of the others around her, and though unable to look up, her head again pressed to the ground, she heard their grunting and gargled moans, and felt how one after the another spilled their seed on her bottom and back, having masturbated over and upon her.

For the next few days this became somewhat routine. Kaytoo would awaken with the sunrise as did the Mourkra, whom she had slowly learned to tell apart. Kaytoo and the young woman were both left unbound and unguarded as the Mourkra would go out, to hunt she supposed. Eventually they would return, always giving Kaytoo and the woman a fair piece of raw venison, Kaytoo eating hers ravenously, while the other woman simply refused. After their meal it was always the same. Kaytoo would be lifted up and laid over the log, and those

males not rutting with the Mourkra female would stand over Kaytoo and cum upon her, yet past that did not touch her sexually. Then the Mourkra would talk amongst themselves, and finally all would go to sleep. But Kaytoo knew that the day was fast approaching when their mercy would end, and if she was to survive this, she'd have to be able to remember her dreams.

12. DEF'TARV'SOSTVA TEM UT'KREGDA'FED LEARNING OF MOURKRA

As Kaytoo lived through those days of recovering she learned many things regarding Mourkra, some of which she found relieving, while others troubled her deeply. First she learned that though they had an intricate language of countless sounds, so complex in fact that she was never able to understand any of it, they also understood Common. When they spoke it they spoke a pidgin language, broken and lacking in connective words, and the inflection of their words often was at odds with their intent. What she also learned about their ways of communicating was that they were very good at mimicking sounds, and from this she understood why the way they spoke often sounded so strange — they had obviously learned words they used as parts of phrases, and then would simply repeat them exactly as they had heard them, no matter in what context and spoken by whom, so that sometimes a few words from a Mourkra could sound as if several different people were speaking.

Kaytoo also learned that they were very quick learners. Words she would use in Hamr they repeated precisely, even in pitch and tone, making them sound almost exactly like her. This was evident during their nightly tests for whether she was ready for sex or not. Amazingly all she'd have to say was “No, me broke still” and then they'd only masturbate over her. Eventually, perhaps as her own little test, this evolved to “Tdok, tom un'crimm un'crisf def” and they would know exactly what she had said once she had said it her way, in Common meaning “No, my cunny injured still,” and from other exchanges

having learned the usage of words they asked, “Pas? Tem du un’crimm def un’crisf?” or, “Is your cunny still injured?”

This might have inspired in Kaytoo a ray of hope — hope that if these beasts were so capable of learning and understanding, then perhaps she could reason with them — but in fact it gave her a new fear. If they were so intelligent then, while it was impossible for her to overcome them physically, it might also be impossible to outsmart them, and if that proved to be true, then she’d have to endure her situation for a very long time, or as long as they let her live. Nonetheless, knowing that harder times would come for her again very soon, Kaytoo made use of the mercy they currently granted her to learn as much about them as possible, through watching and through asking questions, which oddly enough they were always happy to answer. Filthy all over she realized that her strong smell gave them comfort — comfort in that they knew her from her scent and could find her easily even when out of view — but she also increasingly found her impression confirmed that their sense of smell was anything but keen, and that she might be able to hide from them simply by being clean. She also realized that scent was how they would locate one another over distances, their musky odor no doubt being individual, though she herself could not tell the difference. Likewise she learned that the sweet smell they’d exude when aroused let others know of their wants, but also that they used their scents to mark otherwise scentless prey, as she realized they had done with her that first day. In any case they were almost constantly smelling and tasting her, and she noted that they did this with many things.

Kaytoo also discovered that they had an order or hierarchy within the group. Each one held a particular rank in relation to the others, though the ranks became more blurred towards the bottom of the

social order. There was the obvious leader who seemed slightly older and smarter than the rest, then another one clearly below him, the largest and strongest of the group but obviously loyal to the first. Next was another male, the same size as the leader but younger, clearly not as controlled, very aggressive, often challenging the leader but kept at bay by the second. Fourth down in their ranking was the female, who was in an odd situation — though it was clear that she was favored both by the leader and the second, she seemed to desire the third. The bottom two were constantly testing her for dominance or maybe more so for the chance to have sex with her, about which she fought both, sometimes winning, and sometimes losing. Finally the bottom two almost seemed equals, though one was clearly more powerful than the other, and in strength they resembled the second and the third. Unable to understand their language, Kaytoo simply named them Ka, Ke, Ko, Qa, Qe, and Qo, or in her own language one through six, and oddly enough she found that once they had learned what she called each, they would instantly respond to it.

Kaytoo also learned some other important things. Once they went to sleep they were out cold and it took quite a bit to rouse them, though new scents in the air would do so easily. It also turned out that in fact they did not eat humans, or at least this pack did not. Though the third seemed intrigued by the idea for the power it might grant him, the rest were repulsed by it. They also seemed easily afraid of almost everything and treated everything as though it were alive, even a twig tripped over would be pointed and yelled at. The wind, rocks, plants, anything — Kaytoo came to understand that they believed an individual spirit to be in all things right down to a grain of sand. As she had noted earlier the Mourkra showed expressive over-exaggerated facial expressions and gestures, and she discovered that her own

restrained expressiveness, by their standards, left them with the impression that about many things she had hardly any feelings at all.

Finally she learned one more thing. Sexually she had always heard that Mourkra were “one shot wonders,” basically just wanting to cum once and then were done. She realized however that this was not true, as some of their sexual activity was purely based on dominance. The third constantly tested the three below him, though he did not have that much interest in the female or really in any of the others — Kaytoo was more to his liking, and that might become a serious problem. The leader and the second were sexually indifferent to all, even Kaytoo. As far as she could tell they had not once masturbated over her, though they had raped her on that first day, which told Kaytoo that it had essentially been a statement of power. The sixth, however, similar to the third, definitely desired the female and Kaytoo, while the fifth simply wanted sex not caring how or with whom. Nevertheless, they all had sex in some form at least once a day, be it masturbating over Kaytoo, or with the female Qa.

As to the sexual practices of the Mourkra she witnessed, it all seemed rather basic to her. The female Mourkra, Qa, the primary sexual outlet for the five males, quite obviously desired the third, Ko, following him about and at every opportunity offering her backside to him whenever he might take notice. The Mourkra seemed to have only two sexual positions. Qa on all fours, or far less often on her back, but it seemed more determined by what position she happened to be in when sex was initiated than by her own or the male’s preference. Kaytoo witnessed almost no oral sex, nor much use of their hands. Qa’s large breasts and nipples seemed of no interest to any of the males, and past vaginal penetration there was not much more involved. What Kaytoo noticed however was that compared to how rapidly they

had moved when raping her, with Qa they moved much slower, though lasted about the same amount of time.

One thing different from how they had acted with Kaytoo so far was how Ko would try and force his dominance over Qe and Qo, the lowest ranking males, and on occasion over Qa, the female. When with Qa even though she clearly offered herself to him he'd sometimes insist upon driving his cock into her mouth, but only briefly, and seeming to gain no pleasure from it before mounting her. With the two males however sex was always clearly forced, Qe often beating back the assault, Qo always losing. Always a fight, and then Ko, while pinning them to the ground, would penetrate them anally. Always rapidly and violently as they all had done with Kaytoo, but always withdrawing and finishing upon their back through masturbation. Often he also forced them to take his cock into their mouths much as he did with Qa, as if just to state that he could. All of this was entirely about dominance, and otherwise anal sex held no interest for these beasts, which Kaytoo was grateful for.

What she didn't understand however were two things. Why the Mourkra never raped the other woman or even masturbated over her, and why they were being so kind in letting her recover that it almost made her wonder if from now on having sex with them or not would be her choice. The next day she would receive her answer.

13. VESA'MON CRI, SESTVA'MON CLEAN BODY, FOCUSED THOUGHTS

The next morning began like any other. The Mourkra headed out together early, but Kaytoo, though still sore and bruised, was finally well enough to move around. Each day she had tried to encourage the other woman to eat, to talk, or to do anything more than just occasionally change positions where she was lying. Now though, having an idea, Kaytoo moved a few feet into the edge of the marsh below the hill and pulled up a number of cattails, removing the feeder roots, and doing the same with some reeds as well. Then she found a nice cache of morels and finally some greens, and carried it all back to the girl who gulped it all down, retching from not having eaten anything for such a long time. Disappointingly to Kaytoo only to roll over once again in silence, but each day from now on Kaytoo would feed her.

Becoming aware of how different her calves felt from the contact with water which they had in the marsh, how less repulsively filthy they were, she felt an urge which she could not resist. Managing to climb one of the cedars, with much more effort than it would normally have taken her, she looked over the marsh, and from what she could see there was only the one trail that led through it, until it disappeared in the surrounding forest, maybe half a mile away. Around the marsh the ground rose and the trees of the forest grew tall — she couldn't see far in any direction, couldn't even see the river though she knew which way it had to be, but in her weakened condition, and knowing that any path she'd take could easily be followed, she had no thoughts of escaping. What she found though, and what she had hoped for, was a small pond near the edge of the forest, and a little creek running from it to trickle

away in the marsh, but clearly the pond had to be fed by a spring with fresh water. Quickly Kaytoo climbed down and began fighting her way through the tall reeds and cattails until she burst through and fell right into the pond. It wasn't more than maybe thirty yards across, and it barely went over her head at the center, but it was water, clean and clear, and as she swam she drank, and after she had drunk she scrubbed herself, rubbing over every inch of her body, and also what inner parts she could reach. Then she noted that the bottom of the creek was sandy, the peat having been washed away, so she used the sand to scrub even more vigorously, sluffing off dead skin and with it the filth from the past week.

It still did not feel enough, she still felt the urge to do even more. Yanking up a number of the cattails for which she had to fight to get through to them, she collected the sap from the base and, mixing it with more of the sand, she had a handful of antiseptic soap with which she scrubbed herself over and over again. Finally she found a freshwater mussel, and after prying it open and devouring it she scraped over every part of her body with the edge of the shell. And finally, after all these efforts, she had accomplished one simple but important thing. She was clean.

Kaytoo understood that the Mourkra would notice her trip to the pond quickly, but she still wasn't sure why they had left her alone if they truly wanted to keep her. In any case she had found this place now and knew that it could serve her, and with this she made her way back to the hill. Once there she tried to get the younger woman to come with her and do what she had done, but the girl kept lying where she was, hardly responding. Unavoidably the thought came to Kaytoo that, even if she had not planned it, the moment seemed to offer her an opportunity to escape which she should not waste, but she knew that

no matter how much suffering she had endured and might still have to endure, no matter how much risk there was in remaining here, she did not really have a choice. To be truly free and gain back her life she would either have to drive the Mourkra out of the deep forests, which seemed unlikely to achieve given how vast these forests were, or to kill them, which truly was the only option that Shoustvar had given her.

For the moment, though, she was clean, fed, and healing. But most important, from this moment on she wasn't just trying to survive, from this moment on she knew that she was hunting. Hunting, which began with learning all you could about your prey until you fully understood them and their individual habits. The killing part could then be done at will. Unfortunately for Kaytoo, however, she was about to be reminded that it takes experience to know your prey, and experience was heading her way.

14. DOR PUX TEM RUSH

EVIL TRUTH OF SEX

Being clean now, Kaytoo felt that she was able to think more clearly. While she was used to her swift reflexes giving her an advantage in most situations, she realized that, apart from physical strength, reflexes were what the Mourkra did best. Yes, they had shown patience and even some kind of compassion, but to Kaytoo they were still lower beasts, and she, being human, felt that her superior mind was her only advantage.

Since she had reached the pond Kaytoo had heard the Mourkra's calls in the distance. Though they never were silent beasts, except when they wanted to sneak up on you, it amazed her how clearly their sounds could be heard over vast distances — she understood now that these sounds were not instinct-driven animal noises, but that the members of the pack used them to communicate with each other, probably to coordinate their hunting efforts. Since she had returned to the hill, where she was sitting on the ground now, the calls had seemed to be moving ever closer to the marsh from the direction of where the path entered it. Kaytoo listened, distracted from her planning, and then she heard heavy footsteps from behind splashing through the mud, running towards her, and as she stood up and turned she saw Ko, the third ranking Mourkra, racing up the hill in a panic.

Kaytoo could see his fear, his exaggeratedly expressive wide eyes, his tongue frantically flicking at the air as he looked about wildly. When he saw Kaytoo standing there his expression shifted to surprise, and without a moment of hesitation he charged. Kaytoo didn't know what to do, she knew she couldn't outrun him, and she could tell that

for some reason he was clearly upset with her. All she could think of doing, as her own eyes went wide, was dropping to the ground, curling up in preparation for the hit, and immediately it came, and both she and Ko were tumbling down the hill, Kaytoo tightly in his grasp. The oil upon him was thick and musky, flowing heavily, soon coating much of her as his grappling seemed to be intent on painting her with it, and suddenly he blurted out, “You try hide!”

Kaytoo wasn't sure what to say, pinned to the ground by a heavy massive hand pressing down on her chest, when Ko began to lick over her neck and breasts, under her arms and especially over her cunny and bottom, his thick blue forked tongue trying to taste her, trying to find her scent, masked now by her newfound cleanness. As his tongue suddenly drove deep into her cunny, Kaytoo shouted out what they had learned from her, “Tdok, tom un'crimm un'crisf def,” in her native Hamr tongue. Ko rose up, yanking out his thick twisting blue probe, and suddenly growled as he spoke to her, in a voice that sounded as if Kaytoo had said it herself. “Tdok, du un'crimm tem tdok ut'crisf!” — “No your cunt is not injured.” There was to be no more discussion or debate as Ko turned and walked back up the hill while keeping her in a tight grip, driving his massive thighs under her own, Kaytoo gliding easily over him from his slick oily sweat which was quickly turning sweet. There would be no pushing him off, and her strikes to his face and chest only made him smirk wildly, as suddenly she felt the tip of his thick cock slip down the furrow of her labia, and once it found the mark stayed there for just a moment.

If not for the thick oil upon him he would have ripped her vagina apart, instead it aided him almost as much as her wetness would have. Kaytoo felt his hips slam down on her thighs, felt her vagina forcefully opened up, and felt the breath knocked from her as her guts were

pushed aside. Her legs wide, feet high in the air out of reflex, unable to find purchase, her hips rolling to adjust the angle as the heavy Mourkra began pounding away inside of her. Reflex took hold, her heels locking over his back trying to reduce the impact of his thrusts, but while this helped reduce her physical injuries she felt the thick throbbing veins and flaring head of his cock rake again and again quick and hard over the sensitive spot in her vagina, and her scrambling to escape was to no avail as she realized what was about to happen.

And Kaytoo's cursed stripes of blue that swirled across her skin like the arms of a cuttlefish shifted to bright vibrant reds, her nipples and labia swelled as her cunny began to flow heavily, and her clitoris swelled and hardened as it withdrew under its hood. Kaytoo panicked fearing the inevitable, how filthy it would make her feel, the injury to her mind from the shame feeling worse than an injury to her body. She prayed the Mourkra would hurry and cum, but instead the vibrant shift in the color of her tattoos caused him to pause in wonder while like some randy whore Kaytoo continued to yank up to him gripping him with her heels, her body reflexively trying to grind her clit against him as the he looked down upon her and smirked. "Painted woman whore yes?" which made Kaytoo try to shift her grinding towards pushing him away but there was no getting out of his grasp, and no unimpaling herself from his cock.

Shame would not be strong enough a word as Kaytoo even before the Mourkra climaxed found herself gushing all over his cock and balls. Her head rolling back as she let out a low throaty moan, then a yell, her back arching so high that it even slightly lifted the Mourkra's massive weight, as she felt his thick blue tongue wipe over her face and through her mouth, his final push filling her with so much pent up cum she could feel it ooze out of her vagina as there was no room

for it within, with his thick cock filling her up. She felt ravaged, filthy, not so much from having been raped by this rutting beast, but from how quickly and violently she had cum, and, worst of all, from the realization that almost from the beginning, she had not wanted him to stop.

15. DA SEM TRAKD'QOSTVA'FED FERNTVA'FED A WOMAN'S JEALOUS RAGE

Kaytoo would be granted little time to consider her moral confusion which she had in common with many victims of rape who experience physical pleasure, and then are haunted by feelings of guilt and shame. But as she lay there, her hips still involuntarily thrusting up in orgasmic spasms, from behind she suddenly heard a screeching yell followed by a menacing growl. Qa the female had been following Ko as she often did, and catching him raping Kaytoo infuriated her deeply. Not so much because Ko was disregarding Ka's decisions, but because he was having sex with Kaytoo instead of her, and what made it worse was that both could so clearly be seen enjoying it. Quite simply, Qa was jealous, and six and a half feet and four hundred pounds of enraged female were a dangerous thing.

It took but a moment for her to charge. Fortunately for Kaytoo Ko pulled his thick cock out of her just before Qa hit, and the two of them tumbled across the hilltop, fists flying. Their fight however only lasted a few moments, then Kaytoo saw the massive female turn towards her, once more fully ready to charge, and again all Kaytoo could think of was to quickly roll over and curl up to prepare for the hit. Qa slammed into her with full force, then both were rolling on the ground and Kaytoo knew that if she had not curled up so tightly she would have been hurt very badly indeed. Before she could regain her bearings Qa was upon her, straddling her hips, and before Kaytoo could even say, let alone do anything, a massive fist struck her in the back knocking her breath from her.

As Kaytoo lay there just trying to breathe, Qa began fiercely to rake

her cunny over Kaytoo's bottom, brutally bearing down on Kaytoo with all her weight, trying to grind her clitoris against Kaytoo's pelvis and spine. Even if Qa was seriously angry, Kaytoo had the impression that she also, or mostly, did it to feel. Kaytoo's own hips though felt like they'd soon be broken in two by the massive woman, but she knew she had to stay still, as each time she made the smallest movement she received a heavy strike to her head or shoulders. And just when Kaytoo was certain that her back was about to be broken, Qa suddenly paused and ever so slightly rose.

Kaytoo could hear Ko and Qa clicking and yelping in their odd language with others who must just have arrived, and when she cautiously glanced to the side she saw the rest of the pack, and blurted out "Tom tem broke still! Tdok!" This made the group briefly fall silent, but as Kaytoo looked towards Ka she saw him shake his head, ridiculously exaggerated as always, and then he simply stated, "No, you no broke no more." Kaytoo knew that her time was up, that it would be as bad as it had been before, and though she had recovered from the first time, who could say what would happen next, or how often, if at all, she might be able to recover again. Still at this moment she had an even more urgent problem, an enraged female who was hell bent on grinding Kaytoo into dust.

Kaytoo had a choice to make and she had to make it quickly. Her will to survive kicked in — she could either be rape fodder for these massive beasts or somehow try to take the initiative and turn the situation around to her advantage. The idea came to her as from a dream remembered, and she even spoke the word aloud in Hamr, *Tarv'rush'shem'mon*, whore. With Qa slightly raised Kaytoo took a chance, and though it left her even more vulnerable she rolled over to lie on her back, reached up toward Qa's massive breasts, and grasped

them — only to realize that Qa did not even seem to notice. Thinking quick, understanding that these monsters seemed barely able to feel, she moved her fingers to Qa's long thick nipples, gripped them between her knuckles, bore down as hard as she could, and twisted. Qa almost leapt off her so surprised was she, not just by being touched, and being touched there, but by the feeling it generated. Kaytoo squeezed with all her might to a degree that, if done to her, she'd be shrieking in pain — Qa's eyes went wide in shock, her mouth suddenly opened wide with an audible "Ahh," and instantly, just as Kaytoo's cursed tattoos had shifted to reds, Qa's spinal plates rose high and her skin began to ooze a sweet smelling oil.

Adjusting her grip once again and squeezing even harder had Qa's eyes roll back as a violent shudder washed over her, and Kaytoo thought to herself, "I have her." What Kaytoo knew, though, was that because dominance was so important in this group, for her to survive this moment she had to show that she was not a threat to Qa's status or to her position as the only female of the pack. She could not come off as being the aggressor, it was imperative that she was seen as deferential and submissive. Remembering what Ko had often done with Qa and Qo, having them use their mouths upon him as an act of submission, before Qa could get past the new feeling of having her nipples played with, Kaytoo slid down quickly under her and as firmly as she could began to lick or rather grind her mouth against Qa's olive hued cunt. She even began to bite down hard, careful to not to break the skin as she pinched Qa's clit and labia between her teeth, and moving her hands up, gripping Qa's nether lips between them, she yanked them wide to grind and lap at her flooding gash.

If the grip to her nipples had not been shocking enough, this blew Qa's mind. She shuddered as she let out a long series of rapid clicks,

then a throaty purr of sorts, then backwards scrambled off Kaytoo, tripping and falling on her back, her mouth and eyes wide open in shock and disbelief. Kaytoo herself could hardly believe what she had just done, so vulgar and obscene did seem to her that act with this massive creature, but she didn't hesitate to follow it up. Quickly getting up on all fours she held her hips high, but lowered her eyes and shoulders to appear fearful, pleading, as she touched Qa's calves, then set her mouth to one of them, licking over the sweet-scented oily skin, slowly crawling higher toward Qa's cunny once again. Qa almost looked terrified, this was something so absolutely new to her, but as Kaytoo reached her gaping cunt, licking more for show than for effect aware that Qa probably could hardly feel it, they both realized something new, though what they realized was different for each.

All the while the males were standing about wide eyed, mouths agape, tongues lapping over thick dark lips in exaggerated lascivious expressions, their spinal plates raised, skin slick with sweet smelling oil almost suffocating so thick was the scent, and all of their cocks were rock hard, some were even slowly stroking them. To Qa it was an amazing new experience to find herself so desired by all, to see that she could be the center of their attention for more than just a quick orgasm — the realization bringing a look of excited pleasant surprise upon her expressive face, before she looked down at Kaytoo and grasped the back of Kaytoo's head. Kaytoo on the other hand had an entirely different thought running through her mind, very clear and simple, "Gawds, men and lesbians, they're all the same." But this did not matter if only she could pull this off, and with that she continued grinding her mouth to Qa's cunt, biting, pinching with her hands, her entire face and even her hair quickly drenched in Qa's wetness.

Kaytoo had seen Qa having sex before, had seen her orgasm and,

like the males, without taking much time. But now, though Kaytoo saw that Qa was definitely enjoying the new sensations, the attention, and to have someone grovelling to please her, she could tell that she was still not quite hitting the spot. Thinking fast, *rub that sensitive spot inside her* was the answer. Thinking of the size of the Mourkra's cocks, and the size of her own fingers and hand, she balled up her small fist, set it to Qa's vagina, and shoved hard. The effect upon Qa was instantly and intense — she moaned, squalled out with a resonant yelp, her head yanking back as her heavy breasts and belly shook violently. Kaytoo suddenly realized, though, that it might not have been such a good idea after all, and came to understand why the Mourkra moved so differently with Qa than they did with her.

She had sunk her fist in almost to her elbow, and now Qa's vagina gripped down, with firm muscles along most of its length, so hard that Kaytoo feared her arm might get broken. Not just that, but it felt as if Qa could tighten one ring of muscle after the other, pulling Kaytoo's arm in, and as Qa shuddered her vagina quivered violently, making Kaytoo cry out in pain. Now Kaytoo had dipped her fingers and hands into more wet vaginas than most had, she easily liked women as much as she liked men, but she had never felt a vagina so tight and strong, or nearly so active. Later, when she was able to think about it, it made her feel inferior, having always thought that she was quite skilled with her own, but now she had to focus on her task, driving her fist in, twisting it as she yanked it back, the tight slick tunnel feeling too foreign to find Qa's sensitive spot, but the flood pouring over Kaytoo's face confirmed she was doing something right, as Qa shook and moaned, clicked, purred and shuddered.

Kaytoo could tell Qa was close, no doubt all this being too new for her to let go. Kaytoo, again thinking fast, while driving her fist into

Qa's vagina put her teeth to her clit, biting down on it, wrenching it. She herself had always liked to have the base of her tailbone licked, so many nerves being there, and she considered her own enjoyment of anal sex, but she knew that among this group this was strictly an act of dominance. With that she took her free hand and grasped the stubby nub of Qa's tail, and closing her fist around it tightly she moved it as though the nub was impaling her fist. Qa let out a roar, and Kaytoo's rump was suddenly driven down, Qa's heels pressing down on it as this massive muscular beast curled backwards higher than Kaytoo would have thought her able to do, thankfully her hands releasing Kaytoo's head before her neck was snapped or her face crushed upon Qa's cunny, and Qa was cumming violently.

Qa had orgasmed harder then Kaytoo had ever seen her. But also, Kaytoo saw a massive load of cum splash upon Qa's chest just as another one splashed on her own back and rump, and with her face buried between Qa's massive slick thick nether lips, Kaytoo smirked, knowing that now she had them.

16. DI'VARTA'SOT DU WESPA

WHISPERS OF WESPA

Kaytoo had just been raped and then had begged for mercy like a slave, but she had gained an understanding of the Mourkra's ignorance of skilled sex, and though she knew that she could never really satisfy them physically like another Mourkra, she also knew that she had found an advantage over them. Physically she could never be their match, but she had intelligence and foresightful focused intent way beyond their own, she had sexual prowess and skills which they had never experienced, she could make use of her understanding of their sexual desires, and it all boiled down to one thing. Power.

In what all in all had only been a few minutes Kaytoo had rushed with their most ferocious male and both had cum and Kaytoo, though sore, not that much worse for wear from it. And she had soothed the tremendous rage of the female, had shown her new things that no doubt she would want again, but even more important had increased the males' interest in her, to the degree that two of them had not even been able to wait to take their turn with rape, and she simply knew that in short order they would all be looking to her to learn. By a few simple acts she had not only survived, but had turned from a victim into a calculating manipulating whore, and she would use this power to gradually bend them to her will and, if all went well, lead them to their destruction.

The males after what had just happened were like crazed, yelping, purring, screeching out little yips and grunts in their excitement. Instantly Kaytoo was grasped and yanked away from Qa, and just as Kaytoo looked up the males swept over her — over Qa, not Kaytoo,

turning her on her back, pulling at her breasts and nipples like new toys discovered, tongues lapping over her breasts and cunny like they never had. In short time the order was re-established as Ka pushed the others out of the way and mounted her. Qa though, wanting Ko more than any other, was not deprived of him as he thrust his cock into her mouth but just held it there, while clumsily her hands began to pull on it to keep him there, adding to the the fascination of the others. It took only moments for all three of them to cum, Qa's eyes bugging then rolling back as Ka filled her vagina and Ko filled her mouth.

Both Ka and Ko having withdrawn from her she was turned over onto all fours, and just as Ke and Qe mounted her front and back she glanced at Kaytoo, extreme joy and perhaps even gratitude showing on her face, as she finally felt truly desired — they wanted her because she excited them, even more so than did their new found rape toy Kaytoo. Kaytoo noted how they grasped Qa, touched her breasts, nipples, body, clit and tail, all of it suddenly having become fascinating. And as they orgasmed and then Qa again did, and Ke and Qe withdrew for Ka and Ko to quickly resume their places, Kaytoo saw who would become her tool for the Mourkra's destruction, as she saw how Qa kept pushing the hapless Qo away.

Wespa had long been known to the Hamr as a “dor” or evil Goddess, known to be the Whore of the Gods, and a seductress of the highest grade. Spending most of her time with Jagdnict as his concubine, but often slipping up to the cliffs of Kvertosh, the Warrior Heaven at the edge of Vraste', to gather information. Lustful, deceitful and treacherous, the weaver of all traitorous acts. Rumored to be the inspiration for all conspiracy, for all perfidious and unfaithful acts, to be the reason for all infidelity and treason on Vraste'. It is said for any

mortal to spend an hour in her arms will make them either mad or lecherous, or both, for the rest of their life.

However, though the acts she inspires are considered evil and lacking in honor, the Hamr believe that actually there are a time and a place for everything, and only when such actions become a way of being, become the norm instead of an exception, only when one loses one's balance, only then they have become truly evil. Though Kaytoo would have loved nothing more than to engage in a fair fight with these beasts, where a defeat would still have been honorable considering the magnitude of the challenge, at this stage and against these enemies it could only be the action of a fool. So Kaytoo, not even fully understanding were that came from, embraced the ways of the Whore of the Gods, looking out for how the first seeds of sedition could be planted.

Pushed away twice by Qa, constantly pressured, demeaned and kept down by Ko, even left out when his peer Qe took his turn, Qo stood back from the group with a mournful look, bitter, angry, feeling the outcast of the group, and not even remembering Kaytoo. Kaytoo smirked, her face slick with Qa's wetness, her body slick and covered in Qa's and Ko's lustful oils, and her cunny still having remnants of Ko's cum in it. Turning round to face Qo she whispered, loud enough really so that anyone might hear, except that their entire attention was somewhere else. "Qo," a simple word but by now each one knew what she called them, and as he turned his head to look at her, she slowly turned round and lowered herself down on all fours, then parted her knees wide, her inflamed pink cunny opening like a flower against her darkly tanned and tattooed skin.

Qo slowly turned his head to look at what Kaytoo was doing, then back to the one he had always desired, Qa. Then he slowly turned back, odd for a Mourkra who always seemed to rush at things, Kaytoo

not really able to see what he was doing as it was her rump that was facing him. Her pose was one of pure submission — and, as clear as it could be, submission to him. Though raping her was a simple and obvious act this was new for him, for not only did she seem to be freely offering herself to him, but she was the first one in his life to ever have done so. It made Qo feel powerful and in control, made him feel that he was getting something special that the others weren't, made him feel that this time he was not simply getting the scraps, but that finally his time had come, and that for once he above all the others was the one who was wanted and desired.

Kaytoo had expected Qo to come over quickly, perhaps sniff, then rapidly mount her. She felt the sniff, but then, quite gently for a Mourkra, felt his soft touch as it traced up the back of her thighs, over her cunny, then over her bottom and up her back. Equally oddly, except for his panting he also was silent. She had become so used to the yips and grunts of excitement they emitted at even the smallest of things that his silence disturbed her — it made her wonder if he might not be too controlled, and if there could possibly be a more dangerous element in this dangerous game than she had expected. Slowly Qo moved around her to her front, until he stood with his hard dripping cock high above her head. Kaytoo glanced up to him and noticed where he was looking, then briefly looked over her shoulder to see Qa still servicing two of the males at once — oral sex, not just as an act of dominance, seemed to be an exciting new thing for these beasts. Accordingly, Kaytoo acted.

Very slowly she rose up to a kneeling position, until his thick slick cock was level with her mouth, and then, to avoid appearing aggressive, she just opened her mouth and waited. Qo didn't hesitate, though he moved slowly, almost carefully, first setting the tip of his cock to

her lips, then slowly pushing in. No doubt for him this offered little sensation, so Kaytoo raised up her hands as if asking permission to use them, and when it seemed to peek his curiosity she slowly wrapped them around his cock, and then bore down hard. Sinking it deep in, then pulling it out of her mouth again, her hands rotated in opposing directions around his oil-slick cock in a grip as tight as she could muster. Had she been this firm and forceful with any human man he'd be screaming in agony, but it was just enough to cause Qo's eyes to go wide, and finally release his first yip.

As Kaytoo's hands wrung and her head bobbed, she also began to let her teeth scrape over the plum-sized head of his cock, as it would be difficult not to do. When suddenly Qo gripped the back of her head it gave Kaytoo a scare as too violent a thrust could might be more than she could handle, but fortunately he simply let her move. She then did another thing which she suspected Mourkra were not used to, letting one of her hands slip free only to roughly pull on and massage his balls, again so firmly that a human would have been in agony. It took just a few moments until Qo tensed and roared out his orgasm in a deep purr, flooding Kaytoo's mouth with cum like it had never been before, with a flavor much like their other oddly attractive scents, sweet and rich, tasting almost as if it had sage in it, making Kaytoo feel filthy and somewhat ashamed as she swallowed it all down and kept milking his cock hoping for more.

Qo pulled back, his thick cum still coating Kaytoo's mouth, her eyes appearing sleepy from lust. Qo's however looked as if in shock, amazed, and Kaytoo, knowing that for her to control him he had to think he was controlling her, turned around and went down on all fours once again. Qo did not wait before he quickly lowered himself and stuck his cock into her waiting vagina. Setting her chest and face

to the ground Kaytoo raised up her rump to adjust his angle, slipped her hands back between her legs and firmly pulled, wrung and squeezed his balls once again. Qo plowed into her violently until he unleashed a second torrent of cum deep inside of her. Kaytoo winced all the while from the rough rutting, but once he had cum she smiled, and slowly turned around as he fell back, sitting panting and shaking in post orgasmic bliss.

Slowly Kaytoo crawled up to him, to slide her mouth and body up his leg, over his balls and cock, up his belly and over his chest until she had climbed high upon the massive beast pressing her cheek to his, and whispered into his ear, “Qo the best. Qo I need. Qo best of all. Only Qo. Qo will be boss of all.” Then nothing more, as a glance at him showed her his intense feeling of pride and power, and then she pressed herself tightly against him, making herself tiny, and making him feel large, in all ways.

17. POXVA'FED VEMTA

SEDITIONOUS RESISTANCE

As Kaytoo lay there, exhausted, the knowledge came back to her which at the moment she had nearly forgotten, that she was not the one dictating who and what, but only the toy of the others, without any say, entirely at the discretion of their pleasure. And it was brought home to her again by a firm grasp to her ankle as she was dragged off of Qo, her hips getting grabbed and hoisted up, clearly one of the other males wanting his turn. Not able to turn around and see what was happening, all she could feel was the large head of a cock set to her cunny preparing to thrust, when suddenly she was pushed to the side as the hands of whoever it was who held her were yanked away.

It was Ko who had wanted another go at Kaytoo, Ko who had always been raping and harassing Qo. Kaytoo did not doubt that she was only the centerpiece of a new round of a fight for dominance, but this time Qo would fight back even if it was over nothing more than a Barbarian captive. Kaytoo had chosen wisely. She knew Ko was a threat to her on many levels. While sex to him was not of much interest this was about his position in the pack, and he would take Kaytoo from Qo simply to prove that he could do so whenever he wished, but the words that Kaytoo had whispered to Qo now inspired Qo's rebellion. No submitting anymore, no cowering, as he savagely attacked Ko, the others just watching.

Ko seemed helpless to defend himself against the unexpected barrage of blows, until he finally curled up, submitting, making Qo rise up and roar down at him, causing Ko to curl up even tighter. Qo then did something more, though no doubt he would not be able to keep it

up for long — puffing himself up he curled his fingers like talons, then bared his teeth at all the others, daring anyone to contest his victory. With that he grasped Kaytoo by her wrist and dragged her over to the log where he sat down and pulled her to his side, while the others were suddenly just going about their businesses and even Ko would not dare to look Qo's way. Though on the surface it had only been a fight over Kaytoo, in their pack culture Qo had just moved himself up from sixth rank to third, as Ko, Qa and Qe each moved one rank down. It had been a bold rash move that had fully succeeded, and one that proved to Kaytoo that she could indeed manipulate the pack, and now she would try and fracture them quickly.

That evening, the day having been so unusual, no food was brought. Qo kept Kaytoo close, his own sexual desire for now apparently satisfied, but curious about Kaytoo and all that he had seen and experienced these last few hours. Much of the evening he spent touching Kaytoo as she moved which way he decided, studying her expressions of pain when his touch would become too firm, which she deliberately exaggerated. What Qo seemed most curious about however was the oral sex Kaytoo had performed on Qa the female. He spent quite a bit of time holding her thighs on either side of his head, lapping at her cunny, probing deep into her vagina with his curling and twisting tongue and even into her bottom, until it all became too intense for Kaytoo, more than she had ever experienced, and she pleaded for him to stop, her orgasms now too numerous for comfort. That seemed to fascinate him most, how with just licking, which he was used to simply do to pick up scent, he would cause Kaytoo to tense and shudder in spasms of ecstasy. And then Kaytoo herself, lost in the intense sexuality of it, pulled on his cock until it became hard,

and rode it to three more of her own orgasms until Qo was utterly spent.

Throughout the evening Kaytoo noted a number of things. Qa the female was also fascinated by the activity, partly out of her curiosity about these new things, but mostly her attention was directed at Qo as it became clear that he now held Ko's previous rank, which turned him into an object of her desire and fascination. The other thing Kaytoo had hoped for also happened. Agitatedly pointing and emitting angry sounding clicks and grunts, Ko all too clearly showed his anger and bitterness about his loss. Finally the other three males scolded Ko, irritated that his agitation cost them their sleep, and in short order they were all in deep slumber. All except Kaytoo and the other woman, who from where she was lying seemed to watch it all.

18. BAHX'FED, DA POXVA DU QO

MASTERFUL DECEPTION, THE BETRAYAL OF QO

On the one hand Kaytoo had reached her goal of surviving another day without being raped to a point of injury. On the other hand however she had set in motion a series of events which the most skilled general or politician might have been envious of. She had, in a single day, upset the balance of power in the pack. The bottom four all shifting ranks, and Qa the female now seen as something to be lusted after instead of something simply to be used. Qa in turn had shifted her attentions to Qo, and the previously so often abused Qo had gained a position of power, while Ko, who had been dangerous to all below him including Kaytoo, had been ousted from his.

These were impressive results but by themselves they were of little use to her, now she had to build on them to achieve what she was after. She hated what she was about to do next, not only because, to be honest, she had perversely but thoroughly enjoyed the sexual pleasures that the Mourkra had given her today, in stark contrast to the brutal rape just days before. But, her real target being Ko, she was about to betray Qo in the most cruel and cowardly of ways, the one who had just defended her, had shown her gentleness, and had given her pleasure beyond what she had known in many years. Kaytoo knew that her actions of this night would weigh heavily on her for a long time if not forever, for not only would they be cowardly and dishonorable, they would disrupt what the Hamr regarded as an ideal society, not unlike the pack mentality that she had seen with dogs, a tightly knit group faithfully living in harmony with its own nature. Doing her best to justify to herself what she had to do, she focused on the fact that

even if the continuing rapes would not ultimately kill her, which they probably would, for all intents and purposes she was the Mourkra's sex slave, and to a Hamr, slavery meant death.

Quietly, slowly, Kaytoo crept away from Qo as he slept. She noticed the other woman still watching her, put her fingers to her lips to tell her to stay silent, then moved on to Ko, squatting down next to him. It took her a moment to find it, but soon she had in her hand his very distinct knife. Then she softly slipped back to Qo, and after a short hesitation pressed one hand firmly to his mouth, and slit his throat. So immune to pain as Mourkra were, and being the heaviest sleepers she had ever known, his reaction only came at his final moment, as he looked up in surprise. Kaytoo felt horrible, as she thought of how Qo had finally slipped off the bonds of submission, had felt so proud and strong, and now in an instant he was gone. Worse still, all non-Hamr when they died went to Uthamarr, the place of oblivion, and with the last beat of his large strong heart Qo was no more.

Back to Ko she crept. She laid down the knife next to the sleeping Ko, then on all fours quietly clawed at the ground with fingers and toes as though she had struggled and clawed to pull free, and then with her finger nails made scratches across her belly, breasts and thighs. This done, she cautiously worked his cock with her hands until it rose, and finally, Ko lying on his side, she set her back to him, slowly worked his thick cock into her cunny, and tried to fall asleep, feeling ashamed and much more like Wespa than she would ever have imagined.

As the sun began to rise and the birds to chirp, Kaytoo, already long awake, knew who would rise first, as each day it always was the same. First Ke, then Ka, Qa, Ko, Qe and finally Qo, all within a minute or two of one another. Kaytoo knew from the first chirp of the first bird that she'd have roughly five minutes to do what she must, and

with that knowledge she set to work. Reaching between her legs at Ko's flaccid cock within her she began to pull and work at the remaining shaft and his balls. Wiping her hand over her cunny she then wiped it over his upper lip as she begun to grind and push back to him, her scent more than the rest causing his cock to stiffen, until Ko began to stir, and just when she began to worry about the timing he awoke. Still dazed with sleep but surprised and definitely excited because he had to believe that Kaytoo had snuck up to him during the night, his own arrogance became his downfall. Within moments he had risen, lifted Kaytoo to all fours, and lazily began to rut away, gradually picking up speed. As Ko became fully awake and Kaytoo felt he was about to plow her vagina in his usual violent fashion she kept a close eye on the others, and when Ke and Ka stirred, she made her move.

"Tdok, tdok! No more please tom beg du! Tdok, tom un'crimm un'crisf def!" Kaytoo began screeching and shouting, trying to pull away from Ko, clawing at the ground, scrambling but going no where. Ko didn't understand what she was doing but neither did he care, continuing with her, mostly because he believed that this woman being his again would once again prove his status, and, after all, why not? He deserved to have the rank he had held, for, in his own mind at least, wasn't he special? As the others awoke they watched the rape of Kaytoo as nothing more than a nice show to wake up to. Normally sex was of no interest to them first thing in the morning, the hunt was what they did first. But yesterday had been an odd day, in fact none of them had eaten, so even if rather unusual what was happening now did not feel as strange to them as on other days it would have done.

Qa however turned to look back in the direction of Qo. With him now being her superior, she thought to herself that now was a perfect time to offer herself to him, as she had done to Ko for so long. Qo had

desired her for as long as she'd known him, and she could feel her own cunny grow wet as her spinal plates rose and the thick sweet oil of arousal began to coat her skin. Ever so slowly she crawled towards him, her intention to start this new dawn by being taken by him, as he had clearly tired of Kaytoo. But the closer she came to him the more she felt that something was not right, and then she saw it even before the smell of blood hit her nostrils, and as Ko roared blasting his hot seed into Kaytoo, Qa loudly screeched and then loosened a long series of rapid clicks and grunts as she grabbed up Qo's short sword, and immediately charged Ko.

Still in a bit of a daze from the surprising start of the morning Ko slowly turned to look at Qa, and as he roughly yanked his still twitching cock from Kaytoo Qa slammed into him with full force to the sound of a sickening thud as the two massive bodies tumbled. And just as Qa's first slash of the sword found Ko's belly, Qe had moved to see what had upset her so much, and found the rising sun revealing the vast pool of blood around Qo's throat. Kaytoo pressed herself flat to the ground, weeping though not a single tear fell from her eyes, then scrambled away as Qe rushed past her, and from a safe distance she watched as Qa and Qe ripped Ko apart, viciously, brutally and savagely turning on one of their own.

It all went exactly how Kaytoo had hoped that it would. Whether simply out of reflex, or perhaps having their own code for killing one of their own, or perhaps just like beasts when one would wound another others would join in, Kaytoo didn't know. What she did know however was that before Ka and Ke could intervene to discover what was going on, Ko laid dead, mauled and mutilated by the two whom he had constantly submitted to his power. With a simple whisper like those that Wespa would sing to men in their dreams and by rutting like

a whore, Kaytoo had now reduced the Mourkra by a third and unsettled the rest of the marauding pack, and she knew that if she could just hold on and keep learning as much as she could, the fate of the remainder of this group would be sealed.

19. UT'KREGDA'FED UN'SAADDA MOURKRAN SPIRITS

Again, neither Kaytoo nor the others would eat anything this day. This was not much of an issue for Kaytoo, but the Mourkra spent their days based upon need, not comfort, and part of that need was eating. She could see it in how they moved, hear it in how they spoke, their massive bodies no doubt needing regular fueling, and though there was nothing Kaytoo could do with it at the moment, it was knowledge and she knew that knowledge meant power.

The remainder of the morning, unsurprisingly, was an odd one. Almost instantly upon the death of Ko Ka had found Ko's bloody knife, and though clearly distressed by the loss of two of his pack he had little to say to Qa and Qe about their violent and rash response. What confused Kaytoo however was their refusal to believe that Qo was dead, as they'd lift his arm and let it fall, tell some joke Kaytoo could not understand, all laughing riotously as if they'd wait for Qo to suddenly join in, unable to hold back. They offered him weapons and spoiled meat from a couple days before, Qa even backing to him on all fours as if begging and pleading with him to mount her. With all this, and their ongoing poking and prodding his body, Kaytoo understood that they acted as if trying to coax him into stopping to pretend, into showing some kind of response — not believing that he was gone they spent hours doing whatever they could, to convince him to rise up.

Finally they gave up, and started to collect fallen branches from which laboriously they built a massive pyre. Qa wept and sobbed as she made paints from soils, berries and plants which she gathered, taking her time painting Qo's body with them, and then gathered

grasses and feathers to decorate him further, before they set his body upon the mound of dried wood. Then they all simply sat and waited, and when vexed by the silence Kaytoo finally asked, they answered. It turned out that the Mourkra knew no gods, instead they believed that all things, down to a grain of sand, contained a spirit. And while they would let it happen with Ko, angered by his murder of Qo, if they did not burn Qo's body then his spirit would be trapped in the rotting corpse until it turned to dust, and then remain in each bit of dust for all eternity.

Kaytoo questioned them about the "all things" aspect, and if it were so, why, for instance, did they not burn the bodies of the deer they killed? Their explanation was simple, they took in the spirit of the deer by eating it, and so it was with plants and the creatures that ate those plants, and this was how it went with all living things. And Kaytoo, so often having heard tales about the Mourkra being cannibals, said, not as a question but to show that she understood, "So, after you cook Qo, then you will eat him." The Mourkra looked horrified at what she had said — how could this woman be so savage that she would eat her own kind? — and explained that no, they would burn his body to set the spirit free, for once the body was burned, the spirit would leave it. And when Kaytoo had no more questions to ask, their conversation ceased.

As the setting sun set the sky afire in the early evening's oranges, reds and purples, the still silent Mourkra lit their own fire, and as the flames grew their demeanor radically changed. Wailing and keening, howling and sobbing, scratching their own skin and striking themselves, all their actions without restraint, they showed how intensely they mourned Qo's passing. Kaytoo understood that, unlike her own kind who believed that one day in Barbarian Heaven they'd be united again with all whom they had known, the Mourkra were truly saying

goodbye forever, Qo's spirit, once freed, gone to never be seen again. And Kaytoo, who had killed him, moved away to a place on the hillside, turned her back to them, sat down, and wept. She had killed him in a cowardly fashion to achieve her ends, and with a sharp rock she carved the Hamr rune for "Q" into her thigh, a Hamr mark of shame, to always remind her of the Mourkra Qo, and of her loathing of Wespa's ways, and as a warning to herself to never act like that again.

Though they were her enemies, her captors and her abusers, a danger to all those who dwelled in the Dachvst, Kaytoo was feeling worse and worse about this whole situation which Shoustvar had put her in. As different as her Hamr beliefs were from those of the Mourkra, there were still similarities, and to their surprise, when Kaytoo returned to them, she joined in their mourning — a common Barbarian woman wailing to call the Hamr Spirit Raven, Tragent, just in case that Qo's spirit might need to be guided on its way to Uthamarr.

20. SOSH'SOT TEM DA DET'SOT LUMS

BIRTH OF A NEW DAY

As night gave way to dawn, the beginning day found the embers of Qo's pyre still smoldering, the Mourkra awakening from troubled sleep which they had finally found, and Kaytoo with a tear-streaked puffy face from a long night of wailing and weeping scratching off the scab from her mark of shame for Qo. The Mourkra seemed to appreciate Kaytoo's embracing of their ways which made the shame she felt even more intense. Still, as the sunrise set the tree-line afire in oranges and yellows, things were about to change in the Mourkra camp, as recent events had to be faced.

The Mourkra were moving slowly, the stress of it all had definitely taken its toll. Not having eaten for two days taxed their bodies, making them listless and depressed, but as they set out for the morning hunt and Kaytoo expected to go and bathe and then wait for her meal to be delivered, instead she found herself encircled and pulled up by her wrists. She was sure that this was it, that they had somehow discovered her murder of Qo, but instead they all simply began to slide over her body, their massive bodies covering her in their musky oil. And to her own surprise Kaytoo's attitude toward the Mourkra had changed to such a degree that her cursed tattoos shifted from blue to vibrant reds as she became excited, her cunny becoming wet while her nipples, clit and nether lips swelled, and she actually looked forward to a morning of being ravaged.

But the Mourkra, even if fascinated by her tattoos and perhaps a bit tempted by her grasping for their cocks and her soft writhing, looked at her like at an out of control sex-crazed female, shook their heads,

and flatly stated, “Painted woman, you come hunt.” It became clear to Kaytoo that all their touching and grinding had simply been done to coat her with their scent so they could easily keep track of her, and in frustration she pointed at the other woman and asked, “Well what of her?” Ka was direct, something else that Kaytoo appreciated about the Mourkra. “No, she broke always, she should go,” as if all the time they had simply expected her to walk away, disregarding her condition, as if it were only due to her refusal to move that she was still here. Having understood what they were saying, Kaytoo, cursing her, helped her up and along the trail to the marsh’s edge where she left her, continuing to curse her for giving up in body and spirit so easily. And indeed Kaytoo was disgusted by how the girl had so completely surrendered, when it was always better to go down fighting than to end up as an acquiescent shivering cowardly victim. Even if Kaytoo herself did not really expect to survive all this, she grasped the quivering girl by her throat, glared at her, and forcing her to look into her eyes she urgently spoke to her. “Tom tem Kaytoo, Kaytoo tem da Dachvst, Kaytoo tem da Moragan Hamr ... Remember me ut’kref shem’sot.”

Qe, who now had the lowest rank among them, was tasked with keeping a close watch on Kaytoo. Close was a relative thing, as Kaytoo quickly realized, when judging from the sounds they made the Mourkra were a good half mile away from her, on either side of her and behind her. And then she suddenly realized where she was — close to the river, near the spot to which she had wanted to lead them, towards the bears, just ahead of her ... it was simple, make a trail, lead them to the river, let the bears maul them ... let Roth move his lazy ass if he wanted this done, then swim to her weapons, wait for them, and kill them as they followed her trail back.

But instead Kaytoo found herself pulling away from the very point

to which she had intended to go. She looked over her body, sweating from the heat of the day, covered in the thick oils of the Mourkra, then she closed her eyes and took in a deep breath smelling herself and the musky Mourkran odor, and shivered. In an instant she had become wet, her hands slipped between her thighs, and laying back, wiping over her cunny, she made herself cum. Unlike those who called themselves civilized, apart from her dogs, weapons and armor she had no need of anything else. Just like the Mourkra, she thought — simple, free, free of restraint and civilized law. Simply to live, enjoy, and then die, and the quality of life not being measured by wealth, by a building to call home, by power and influence, and all the other treasures and traps of what was called civilization.

21. DA TAUP

THE HUNT

So deeply was Kaytoo lost in those thoughts, that with her eyes closed she even found herself baring her teeth and posturing like a Mourkra. And then Shoustvar no doubt was meddling once again when a huge stag bolted past her, shaking Kaytoo out of her fantasy, and the sudden thought came to her, “What if I made the kill of this day?” It was a foolish idea, Kaytoo would need weapons to take down such a beast, but nonetheless nude and unarmed as she was she took off after the stag like a wolf after a rabbit. She ran so hard that her heart hammered, her breathing got ragged and her muscles burned — it was savage, it was natural, she’d run it down through endurance, and then somehow she would kill it. She was so focussed on the hunt that she didn’t even hear the Mourkra’s calls as they converged on her. No doubt they had noted her scent moving, then one had spotted the prey and then they had called to one another to zero in, just as Kaytoo turned to try and cut off the stag’s escape.

The out of nowhere at full speed Ke appeared, slammed into the massive stag, tumbled with it as he frantically rubbed his body and arms over it. The stag broke free, Qa and Qe came running, each one hitting it from opposite directions, but once more just marking it, then letting it go. Finally just as the stag bolted up a small hill Kaytoo intercepted it, grasped it by its antlers, twisted its neck to make it fall, then out of reflex wrapped her bare legs around its neck and kept the pressure up so that it remained still. The Mourkra came up and Ka dispatched the stag with a quick cut of his knife, but oddly enough they all looked disappointed. From what she could understand of the

pidgin they spoke she understood that though they were impressed by how she had taken the stag down and held it, they were disappointed that she had not given it more of a chance — to them the fair chase was what they enjoyed about a hunt, as being aware of their own power, and even more so of the advantage their weapons gave them, they knew they could dispatch their prey all too easily.

Kaytoo was surprised, as she had thought they had simply wanted to taunt the stag. Nevertheless, she was excited, her adrenaline peaked, and unwrapping her legs from the stag's neck she couldn't help herself from shouting out her excitement, suddenly leaped up on the nearest Mourkra Ke, wrapped her arms about his neck and her legs around his waist as if trying to take him down, and without any thought she gave his ape-like muzzle a big kiss. The massive Mourkra, so much taller than her and three times her weight, looked helpless, his thick arms sticking out from his sides in shock. Besides the fact that Kaytoo was supposed to be submissive, such affection and physical contact simply did not happen among the Mourkra, and it took no little effort to pry her off.

Eventually Kaytoo was calming down from having obviously forgotten why she was here, her perilous situation, and the nature of her relationship with the Mourkra. Ignoring her outburst Ka simply squatted down and cut out the rump of the stag, giving each their share according to ranking, and naturally Kaytoo was the last to get hers. Everyone not having eaten for two days they were voraciously finishing their meal, and then without another word they all rose up to move off, having no further use for the rest of the massive stag, and suddenly Kaytoo remembered how this whole adventure had started. Asking bluntly while foolishly grasping Ka's wrist to get him to stay, which earned her a rapid shove to push her away, she wanted to know, why

didn't they make use of the rest? Their answer was that there was nothing more which they needed. Upon that, Kaytoo knelt down by the stag and refused to move. Patience not being the Mourkra's strong suit, they nevertheless became curious when she pointed at Qe's knife, and held out her hand asking for it.

The Mourkra, perhaps out of curiosity or out of respect for her participation in the hunt today, or perhaps thinking about how they had learned other things from her, for instance about sex, paused and Ka told Qe to give Kaytoo the knife. Quickly she had the stag skinned and held the large pelt up to them, explaining that it could be used for clothing, or for carrying water. The Mourkra's answer, who always were nude, was short. "Why, we not need cover. Makes bad armor. Water better fresh." They were right. Cold meant little to them, fire, though they knew how to make it, apart for burning one of their dead was just a curiosity to them and not even used to keep warm, and when they wanted to drink they just dipped their lips into a puddle or creek and drank. Then Kaytoo cut off the massive tenderloins, hams, shoulders and other rough-cuts of meat and laid them out on the pelt. Wading around in blood and bare meat, Kaytoo suggested they take it with them. Again the Mourkra refused, giving her simple answers. They were full. The meat would spoil. It would slow them down, and so on.

Not even trying to explain the possible uses of bones, teeth, hooves, sinews etc., Kaytoo tried one last thing to get them to make use of all of the stag, wasting nothing. "Pas? What of the rest of the stag's spirit?" she asked, thinking that perhaps the idea of taking in the whole of the stag's spirit might tempt them, but to that they had an answer, too. "No, spirit gone, we ate." Whether a single bite eaten, or the entire thing, they believed that the entire spirit was devoured,

and so not being left to suffer in the rotting carcass like Ko's. And Kaytoo knew that for their way of life and their spiritual beliefs the Mourkra were right on all counts, no matter how strongly their beliefs contrasted with her own. And now they were done dealing with both the stag and her questions, their attention span and patience not being the greatest, and with that they took back the knife, and pointed for Kaytoo to move on.

22. UT'KREGDA'FED DI'QOSTVA'FED MOURKRA NEEDS

As the small pack moved off, the Mourkra fell behind Kaytoo and spoke among them in their own native tongue — about her trying to push them to make fuller use of their kills, or so she assumed. Granted, they might have been speaking about the recent losses to the pack, but from their gestures and facial expressions she gathered they were discussing that Kaytoo had looked like an idiot, wasting her time with futile endeavors. True, Kaytoo's kind needed things simply to survive, often made things to make life easier, accumulated this and that for future use and so on, but for the Mourkra way of living all of it was pointless and nothing more than wasted effort.

The Mourkra only needed four things in their lives. Food, water, sexual release, and sleep, in that order, and each day the same as the last. As long as they had those four things, nothing else mattered. Apart from their weapons and knives they did not care about possessions, property, or really anything else, and could easily enough find everything they needed. As they walked along Kaytoo occasionally glanced back, watching them talk and trying to get an idea of what they were talking about. Their discussion of Kaytoo's foolishness obviously being over, she had little difficulty understanding what they were talking about now, as they were licking their lips and tasting the air — particularly since she found them intently watching her bottom rolling seductively, if unintentionally, from how her heels sank into the soft ground. For some time the subject did not seem to change, their conversation became more intense, and soon Kaytoo could smell that sweet oily sweat beginning to form on them, and as its scent hit her,

her grumbling from her failure to have educated them gave way to her own arousal.

Knowing this area Kaytoo realized they were headed toward a creek, and as they got near it Kaytoo could not help herself as the roll of her hips became even more exaggerated, and occasionally she even acted like rubbing a sore bottom, to pull her cheeks apart. Her breathing became more shallow while her pulse began to quicken, and worst of all her swirling tattoos in shades of blue shifted to reds, her skin flushed as her nipples and labia swelled, and her cunny was becoming wet. Kaytoo knew what would come next, and for the moment she forgot that it was rape, and that she was their slave. Unfortunately she had also forgotten one more thing, that the Mourkra were not the most gentle of beasts, and how hazardous sex with the them could be.

Reaching the creek ahead of them, she made a big show of dropping to her knees and parting them wide so when she bent over to drink from the creek her rump would be high in the air and her cunny would be lewdly splayed wide. She could hear their excited sounds, as her lips touched the water with an excited smile. Having drunk her fill she remained in that position as they drank theirs, expecting any moment to be mounted, the expectation making her cunny flow heavier and her bottom beginning to sway. But she waited and waited while nothing more was happening than that she heard excited little yips and squeaks, and when she finally turned her head around to look at them she found that they had been waiting for her to finish drinking — and then she finally received their response to her teasing.

Without warning a foot hit the side of her hip and shoved her so violently that she rolled over. In a flash of anger she thought to get up, but then, giving in to her arousal, lay back and parted her legs wide,

very submissively offering herself, but all she got was being yanked up by her wrists and tossed back to the ground, and as she stood up to protest she was punched in the chest so hard that it knocked the breath from her, and finally she understood, as a massive balled up fist was raised and another hand stretched out to point in the direction the Mourkra wanted her to run.

Rough treatment during sex was not foreign to Kaytoo, her kind often used pretended resistance and then a struggle to inspire fiery lust, but the Mourkra were being way too rough for her. Put off by their violence Kaytoo began to back away, cursing at them in Hamr, while the Mourkra became more and more excited, their spinal plates rising along with their cocks, and even the female Qa was sopped, all of them licking their lips and panting. Kaytoo decided at least to make them work for it if they were going to be so harsh, suddenly wheeling around and bolting, their excited yelps and grunts receding into the distance. Though Kaytoo knew that she would not be able to escape them she ran as hard as she could, but as it had gone the last time so again it went now — the Mourkra easily caught up with her, violently tackled her, and then came the final heavy strike to knock her out which she had hoped that this time they would forgo.

Once more the female grasped Kaytoo's wrists, though this time having learned new things shoved one of her hands deep into her own twat as she forced Kaytoo's other hand to her tailbone, then pressed her clit forcefully down on Kaytoo's mouth, grinding away, as the males one after the other quickly and violently mounted Kaytoo, rutted, then came in her only to make room for the next, all of it so violent that Kaytoo was not even close to cumming. All of it was painful, and once again she hurt all over as afterwards she lay there curled up and sobbing, the female's wetness covering her face, the males' copious cum

ebbing out of her vagina. The Mourkra, after some talking amongst themselves, just left her lying there, ravaged and battered, nothing more than a hole they had pumped their vile cum into.

Though sore and bruised, Kaytoo's own desires didn't abate quite so easily, so intensely had she been excited. But as she crawled first to one of them, then to the next, trying to kindle some new interest in her as they rested after the rapes, they pushed her away, and the worst of it was that when she tried to nuzzle at the female's cunt once more, Qa kicked her away so hard that it left Kaytoo lying there motionless in renewed pain. To add insult to injury, when the males finally did get aroused from her urgings they all instead took turns with Qa, and Kaytoo's attempts to approach the group only brought harsh growls and shouts, baring of teeth and claws, and finally a savage backhand that ended all of Kaytoo's efforts.

As Kaytoo lay there beaten, listening to the Mourkra rut and grunt into the evening, she felt scorned, used, a slave, and the worst of it all was that she had groveled and begged them like some tramp in heat. Kaytoo's anger rose, and though she longed for certain aspects of their life thoughts about her own life came back to her, and about the reason why she was here, and finally she drifted off to sleep to the sounds of Mourkran sex that continued throughout the evening.

23. SESSVA DEK TEM DA TEM'KREF'MON

REMINDED OF BEING A MORAGAN HAMMER BARBARIAN

When Kaytoo awoke she was bitter. Hurting, sore and bruised, their cum caking her cunny, face and thighs. She felt insulted, but even more so she realized that no matter how much of Mourkran life was similar to her own, or rather how much she might want to make her life similar to theirs, they were still *Ut'Kregda'fed* or Mourkra, and she was *Tem'Kref'mon* or a Barbarian of the Moragan Hammer. Physically she could never compete with them, probably not even with one of their children. She definitely knew that she'd only make a poor replacement for a Mourkran woman, as not only was she not nearly robust and strong enough, but her vagina did not come close to the abilities of a Mourkran one, and this was something that for years to come she would dwell on, even practicing to improve that aspect of herself.

More important however, even though she understood their lack of needs and actually appreciated it, all their lack of planning, of aspirations, of higher concepts for their lives, left her with the feeling that they were really nothing more than shallow beasts. Most of all their waste and their treatment of other creatures she found very *ut'kocve'*, unfaithful, even if this judgement might partly have come from their rejection of her. But undeniably they were different, they were dangerous, and Kaytoo knew that whether she liked it or not she had been given the task to rid this region of their presence.

Though a part of her longed to experience more of this life, she knew that she needed to act before an accidental strike might leave her disabled or dead, and with this in mind she focused her thinking on how to achieve her goal. And so Kaytoo both prayed to and cursed

Shoustvar, Roth, Ceepe' and Kelmtes, demanding they either help her this very day or free her from their demands, and indeed, she swiftly found her prayers answered. Kelmtes led her to a particular spot with his buzzing chirps, while Ceepe' would warn all but one large deer to keep away as intruders were near, while Shoustvar would call here and then there, yanking the Mourkra about. With that the chase was on, and the lone whitetail deer that Shoustvar had selected was fast, enduring and strong.

As Kaytoo ran after it she realized where they were heading, or in fact being led to. As Ka and Ke were lured away, Qa and Qe were drawn closer by Shoustvar's deceptive calls. The timing of Shoustvar, Ceepe' and Kelmtes was perfect, for just as Qa and Qe came upon the deer near the river's edge, Ceepe's warning made the buck jump high into the air, and then, as it had never happened before, with the fleet buck in the air above their heads, Qa and Qe violently crashed into each other. Roth, too, did his part, for as Kaytoo broke away to chase the deer, as if out of nowhere three massive brown bears rose from where they had lain waiting for the salmon run, enraged, and swiftly charging and attacking Qa and Qe, who were still stunned from the force of their clash. The Mourkra were strong fierce beasts. Combat with muscles, teeth and claws was surely what they did best, but this day they were to meet their match as not even their weapons helped them when the massive bears easily twice the Mourkra's size tore them apart, for though Mourkra were not part of their diet, their territory would not be trespassed upon. Qa and Qe had to be left there like Ko had been, Ka and Ke being unable to help.

Ka, who had been their leader, was devastated. For some unknown reason, perhaps because some spirit had been offended, he had lost no less than two thirds of his pack in the span of just two short days.

Granted it had been a small pack, but one that had been together for almost as long as he could remember. They had traveled through the Second Continent living as they always had, simple and free, but now, doing exactly the same in the Third Continent, they had been met with such a terrible disaster, and he could not understand why. And indeed they had offended a spirit, but it had been Shoustvar, not some nondescript spirit which were all that the Mourkra knew. A Hamr spirit, intent on protecting the deep forest and the peoples and creatures that lived in it. Shoustvar when asked would aid those who prayed to him, though struggle and strife were always part of living, and for the most part he would not meddle. But they had attacked those who had prayed, and they had laid waste to what they had been allowed to take.

Kaytoo herself, though, didn't really understand. Why, if Shoustvar was offended, did he not simply make hunting impossible for them here, as he had threatened to do with her? Perhaps, she reasoned, he would or could not interfere directly with those who did not believe in him, but instead had to use those who did, like Kaytoo, to exact his will. In any case, it was almost finished now. Kaytoo, however, would be tested one more time.

24. UT'KREGDA'FED TARV'RUSH'QASTVA MOURKRAN SEDUCTION

As Kaytoo, Ka and Ke watched Qa and Qe being slaughtered, Kaytoo could see how deeply it affected Ka and Ke, hearing their pained sounds, while thinking that if it had been her choice she would rather have seen those two being taken down as they were the smartest and strongest — with them still to confront, her final efforts would be more difficult. She could tell from how they interacted that Ka and Ke had been together a long time, and that they both were content with their place and with one another, Ka being the alpha and Ke the beta, clearly a team for life. This would be difficult on many levels, but as Ka and Ke began to move off, Kaytoo followed willingly before they might drag her with them.

It was clear that Ka and Ke would not eat again this day, the lust for the hunt gone for now. Kaytoo though hungry didn't really mind, but before her final conflict with them she felt the need to ensure that they were physically fit, so that either her victory or her defeat in the battle would be a honorable one. It would be her amends, in a way, for the dishonorable slaying of Qo. To that end she hunted on her own at some distance from Ka and Ke, and in short order had taken four large rabbits, not their food of choice but still meat that would fill their bellies. Ka and Ke were both surprised and pleased with Kaytoo's gift even though they were confused about the skinning part. Sitting with them in a glade surrounded by dense pines, Kaytoo at that moment mostly felt annoyed at strongly smelling again, after too long a time without a bath.

It had been a tough day for all, for the Mourkra because of their

loss, for Kaytoo because she was still recovering from the brutal rapes the night before, but she noticed that Ka and Ke were talking amongst themselves, obviously feeling somewhat better now that they had eaten. When they started to nudge her, pointing into the distance as their lips began to smack, their tongues to lick, their spinal plates to rise and when that all too familiar sweet scent began to fill the air, she knew what they were wanting. She simply refused, slightly pulling away. Again they prodded and nudged, and as Ke rose to give her a kick Kaytoo dodged it, grasping his heel as it passed and lifted it as she rose, dropping him on his behind as she stood and began shouting, “*Tdok du trarkd’rush vesa’sot Ut’Kregda’fed, tom daf tdok kef’fed doy’du!* I will not run for you!”, leaving out the “dirty fucking Mourkra” part when repeating in Common what she had said in Hamr. Ke jumped up and postured, angry that she had tripped him, angry that she had not obeyed, curling his fingers like talons, baring his teeth and growling. Kaytoo at least as angry herself simply responded by mocking him, making the ugliest of faces as she shouted back “blahhhh,” then sat right down pulling her knees to her chest, fuming, her chin resting upon her knees with her forearms wrapped around her shins.

Expecting to be hit she was mad enough not to care. They had as savagely raped her last night as they had done on the first day, then had shunned her, and tonight with Qa gone they would simply want a poor replacement. As she sat there Kaytoo expected it to be over quick, she would not run, they’d slap her around, mount her and be done with it. There was nothing she could do to stop it, but she could refuse to make it exciting for them, and perhaps she still felt somewhat upset from having been scorned. Then she was surprised by the sudden feel of a soft touch upon her shoulder, as Ke sat down close behind her. Next she felt a soft nuzzle to the back of her neck, followed by little

flicks of his tongue that was eventually reaching out to gently lap around her throat. Kaytoo couldn't believe what was happening or at least what she thought it looked like — was he actually trying to seduce her? Coax her? Entice her to give in? Mourkra were known for their brute force, even with their own kind they simply took what they wanted. But whatever the reasons for Ke's behavior were, his efforts were working, as at first Kaytoo pulled away, then less and less so, and finally actually leaned back into him, until Ke lifted her up into his lap, his massive legs crossed.

Kaytoo thought about how she must look, her head sitting upon Ke's large dark chest, his body slick with their sweet oily sweat of arousal. Gentle for them, of course, was a relative thing, but his large hand slipped gently over Kaytoo's belly, over her breasts, covering her skin in that oil, then sweeping over both of her arms which he held high above her, while Kaytoo still a bit grumpy slightly tried to pull back, but his grip that firmly held her arms did not budge.

25. RUSH'TAM'KO'MON TEM DA SOSH'MON

UNBRIDLED THREE WAY OF A LIFETIME

Kaytoo felt filthy. She disliked not to bathe, but she knew that the Mourkra preferred it that way, scent being so important to them, their scent on things helping their minds to be aware of them, scent making things recognizable to them, and the absence of a strong scent would be hiding her from them. Her arms held high by Ke she could feel him bend down and sniff at her armpit which made Kaytoo cringe, but she realized how much more comfortable it made Ke feel, as his cock began to stir underneath her bottom and his lapping flicks at her underarm and the sides of her breasts caused him to stiffen fully. Kaytoo's eyes rolled back in her head, clenching her teeth she wanted to remain upset, but soon each long lick over her breast to her ribs, up her armpit and all the way to her triceps made her squirm and coo.

Ka however, seeking to stimulate his own lusts, was strangely entertained by observing Ke's slow creeping up on Kaytoo, so unlike their usual quick mauling, and even more by her reaction. They had been fascinated with how Kaytoo had approached them that day when she first lay willingly with Qa, but even more with how Qa had responded, and this led them to try the same with Kaytoo now. Pressing her to his chest, holding her arms high, Ke continued to lick her underarms, imprinting her scent deep in his memory, and then Kaytoo suddenly found an even more enticing feeling thrust upon her as Ka gently pulled out one of her legs and lapped at her foot from toes to ankle. What the Mourkra were not aware of, having always been rapists much more than lovers, was that Kaytoo's toes and armpits were special places for her, and that certain things done to them never failed to send

her over the edge — she let out a deep moan while her cursed tattoos shifted quickly to reds, her nipples hardened and her cunny became as slick as Ke's skin.

Stretching out her leg and lifting her foot up high Kaytoo felt Ka's tongue, as long and as wide as most cocks she had ever known, slip down along her calve to her knee, and continue its slick slide until it reached her cunny and fully lapped over it. Kaytoo simply worked on reflex at that point, stretching out her other leg so that her foot rested to Ka's shoulder, when suddenly she felt his thick tongue press deep into her vagina, twisting and flicking, tasting her, making Kaytoo feel as if the most dexterous cock in the world were gently plundering her depths. While Ke's tongue now fully bathed her neck and breasts, she felt Ka's tongue curl and roll within her as his thick upper lip pressed against her clit and his hot breath washed over her. She couldn't stop it, her cunny bore down on his tongue as she arched up her back, letting out a loud throaty groan, her body shuddering violently as Ka greedily lapped up all of her flow.

Kaytoo was lost in ecstasy, moaning and writhing, her wrists and ankles trapped up high. As she came violently she knew she wanted this, wanted them, and then she struggled to pull her wrists and ankles free so she could slide freely over their heavily oiled bodies, her cheek pressing to Ke's chest as she rolled over, her feet coming together as she tried to slide down from Ke and underneath Ka, slipping her legs between his own, and she could feel his cock slide over the soles of her feet and up her calves, over her thighs and finally felt that poke as it struck her bottom. She shifted, rising up slightly, as the tip of Ka's now oozing cock found her anus and then slipped down to her cunnie, and pushing Ke off she felt its thick girth press aside her nether lips as it sank deep into her vagina.

Perhaps because her thighs were tight and the angle was odd, rather than due to a sudden gentility gained by the Mourkra, but as Ka yipped and purred pressing his cock fully into Kaytoo, her legs straight, his heavy balls mashed to the back of her thighs, he moved slowly like he had done with Qa, and the angle and the squeeze of her thighs made Kaytoo all the tighter. He felt huge to her, this massive slick beast inside of her, pushing in and pulling back. Kaytoo rolled her hips and squeezed down hard, and suddenly upon her lips she felt the tip of Ke's cock, precum making it slicker then just from the oily sweat, and she firmly wrapped her hands about it, squeezing with all her might as her mouth engulfed as much of his thick cock as it could take.

Ka was raking in and out of her in a perfect rhythm, his weight pressing down on her as her head and hands slipped up and down Ke's cock, her elbows upon his thighs, hands twisting and wringing it as she could feel the precum filling her mouth. It was heaven, it was perfect. Kaytoo felt tiny and vulnerable, but vulnerable in a good way, vulnerable to her own lusts, forced to enjoy them. Ka's pace grew quicker, every vein and bump of his cock felt by her as he forced it deep into her vagina, while one of her hands slipped to Ke's balls and squeezed hard, twisting them, her legs opening for a moment then closing to grip Ka's testicles, so slick that they kept sliding between her tight thighs. Kaytoo held back as well as she could, feeling Ka sink into her to the hilt, mashing her bottom and nether lips as his balls ground against her clit, with Ke's cock swelling and throbbing as without warning with massive hands he pressed down on her shoulders.

Both of them with low throaty growls began to pump their cum deep into Kaytoo. Her vagina got filled with hot thick jets that gushed into her, and her mouth was flooded by the exquisite Mourkran seed so sweet, hot and thick. Kaytoo lost all control, her own orgasm

washing over her so intensely that she thought she'd black out. Ka over her rump and Ke pushing down on her shoulders wouldn't let her move which made it all the better, all sounds from Kaytoo coming from deep in her chest as her mouth was filled to overflowing with the delicious sweet cum tasting of sage. She wanted this, her mouth filled with more than she could swallow down, wanted more in her vagina until she'd burst. She felt helpless and small, without any wish to fight it, and all three came with overwhelming intensity.

It was perfect. Kaytoo could have lain like that for days. Ka and Ke however had other ideas as they excitedly clicked and yipped to one another and Ka rose up, Kaytoo still impaled on his cock, her back against his chest, until he stood with his arms around her as her hands reached up and behind to grasp the back of his neck. In this position Ka began working Kaytoo up and down his cock, clearly wanting to cum again, while what he had already gushed into her together with Kaytoo's own wetness flowed over his cock and balls and down her thighs. Ke though wanted his own turn inside her cunny, standing in front of them and pressing close, as suddenly in his excitement to finish Ka made a mistake.

Having raised her too high his cock slipped out and when Kaytoo was pushed back down on Ka's cock she suddenly found her bottom impaled on it. She knew that it was by mistake because she knew that to the Mourkra nothing on a female body felt as good as a vagina. Fortunately still in the throes of her orgasm she was relaxed enough to let Ka's cock sink fully into her rectum, but though she had always enjoyed anal sex she was screaming from surprise, as Ka was suddenly disappointed when he found only the simple small ring of muscle, like a thumb and index finger, gripping his cock. However, they had no chance to rectify the situation as Ke moved swiftly, knowing what he

wanted, his cock suddenly filling Kaytoo's vagina where Ka had been, and instantly all three froze. Kaytoo was stunned and scared they might rip her in two, Ke was surprised by how much tighter her vagina was, and Ka suddenly felt Ke's cock pressed against his own through Kaytoo's vagina and bowels. In addition, Ka's and Ke's balls were mashed together tightly, Kaytoo's head was rolling back, her thighs peeking out from between their hips, her feet caught between these two oily beasts high off the ground, as she was feeling wonderfully smothered and restrained.

Trying to keep him from pulling back Kaytoo wrapped one hand around Ke's neck while with the other hand she gripped Ka's, fearing that if they backed away they might tear her apart, but instead they both excitedly purred and grunted, emitting little yips and clicks as Kaytoo now felt much tighter to both of them, the sensation along the full lengths of their cocks like they had never experienced before. As one would rise up literally lifting Kaytoo by his cock, the other would slide down, and as back and forth each of them would rise and fall Kaytoo kept moaning out loudly "oh my gawd!", her body mashed between theirs now fully covered in their oily sweet smelling sweat, their rippling muscles feeling like a hundred hands massaging her as their bodies slid over her, their cocks filling her cunny and bottom. Kaytoo came violently once again but only her toes were able to flare and curl, the rest of her too restrained to move, but one orgasm would crash into a second and then a third in the span of a few moments, and then she was forced to have another one as Ka and Ko both lifted her up together.

She could feel both their cocks swell and pulse, throb and blast their hot cum into her until she was lost, unable to think, unable even to see in her tremendous orgasm. Hearing no sounds, her ears ringing

loudly, she only saw bright flashes of color and could hardly take in a breath. She was shattered in ecstasy, while Ka and Ke let out long mournful moans as they ground their balls together and tried to press deeper into Kaytoo, her body shoved up and down by their thrusts. Kaytoo finally having fallen limp, both Ka and Ke lifted her off their cocks and set her to the ground, where she lay shuddering, twitching and drooling, their cum slowly pouring out of her.

It could have stopped right then and there and Kaytoo would have felt that she was in heaven. Still, throughout the rest of the day and into the night the two Mourkra would move her limp body to fill her again and again. She would feel their thick tongues and heavy lips bathe her inside and out, would lay rigid, her thighs tight, as her mons would be raised and their cocks would rake over her clit and their balls press against her thighs as they drove deep into her cunny. Her mouth would be flooded with their exquisite cum, and when she was too weak from countless orgasms to move, they'd simply hold her legs wide by the ankles and savagely plunder her cunny though now it would be comfortable as everything had adjusted, and finally Ke felt the squeeze of her breasts against his cock as his balls ground to her sternum and he was flooding her neck with the last of his cum that he could muster.

Kaytoo was covered in and fully filled with cum, and knowing without any question that it had been the finest rush, the best sex, that she had ever had, she fell asleep and lay there in deep slumber until the morning, the Mourkran males flanking her tightly on either side. Wespa's inspired vision had become true.

26. TARV'SASTVA'SOT'SHEM

FEMALE FOOL

All three seemed to awake at the same time, or each one roused the other. Kaytoo once again was sore, but this morning it was sore in a good way, the kind where nipples, breasts, and cunny, swollen and tender, begged to be poked, tested and stroked. She felt wonderful as she slowly rose up on wobbly jelly-like legs, and desperately wanted to embrace the Mourkra, but they were already about to move and urging her to move along. Feeling perhaps a bit flirtatious, perhaps wanting just a touch more of what she had gotten last night, ignoring the fact that the Mourkra had their priorities, Kaytoo asked what the hurry was, and Ka answered bluntly, "We travel far today."

The words and how they were said took Kaytoo by surprise, since they sounded as if the Mourkra might be planning to move out of this region, and prodding them once more as to where they were going, she heard a name in their native clicks and grunts which she didn't understand, but then she was shown a gesture known all over the world. Wrist bent and the back of the hand pointing down, the three center fingers flared wide. Everyone knew what that meant, no speaking required, the three fingers meant the three land bridges between the Third Continent and the Second, and where Ka pointed to was well down into the Second. They were heading deep into the Second Continent, the land of the peoples that had warred with the Third Continent for millennia. The land of the Mourkra, Trolls, and Goblins. Many said that Dark Elves lived there, and countless other darker races, with many of them not even known to those who lived in the Third. It was like a different world there, she had heard, a place that

few from the Third Continent would ever see, and much fewer would ever return from.

Kaytoo for a moment was shocked. She had fought in the wars over the three land bridges and had expected to never return, and of course she had heard the horror stories passed down over hundreds of generations. But as Kaytoo began to panic, her cunning and the still fresh memories of recent ecstasies made her think along different lines. It was the land of the Mourkra to which she was about to be taken, the very same creatures that had just given her the most rewarding day and night of sex she had ever experienced. Who had made her feel small and feminine, delicate and fragile, weak and powerless but all in a good way, and in that moment the rapes and the brutality of the time before were almost forgotten. And as images of days filled with hunting and nights spent with countless Mourkra lovers who all desired her whirled around in her mind, she asked a foolish question, “So what rank for me in pack?”

Kaytoo knew that her question was foolish the moment she had spoken. Rank was earned and fought for, was easily lost and difficult to gain, and she knew that she didn’t really have an idea of how in the world of the Mourkra it all worked. If they had ignored her question she would have understood, as she would have understood had they said, “Lowest of course,” but their reaction was not like anything she might have expected. Looking at each other, Ka and Ke began to howl with laughter, so hilarious, if somewhat cute, they found it that Kaytoo actually fancied herself as being part of their pack, when the reality could not possibly have been hidden from her, and laughing they answered her question. “No, you not pack, you good with rut. Goblins trade very good weapons for you.” Kaytoo was stunned, and the worst about it was that she felt so absolutely stupid, humiliated and foolish —

how could she have possibly thought that to the Mourkra she might be anything more than a plaything, a captive and a slave? And she herself had not only so foolishly misunderstood what they might see in her, but simply from lust she had forgotten the truth of her situation, the reason why she was here with them, had forgotten everything she had always believed in, and if all of that wasn't bad enough, she had even pleaded with those who had blatantly beaten and raped her to do it again and again, begging and wishing for even more of it.

And as she dwelled on how stupid she had been and on the ridiculousness of what she had done and what she had been thinking, or rather not thinking, the Mourkra easily outpaced her as her stride slowed down, and as she was lagging behind she realized, not only had all this happened, but right now was she freely walking with her captors to where she would be sold to other vile or even viler beasts. Without a further thought she just stopped, and then, looking around her, the realization came to her of where exactly right now they were, and just as Ka glanced back towards Kaytoo from perhaps fifty paces ahead she bolted to her left, heading straight towards the river. Ka nudged Ke, and they both watched her run until suddenly Ka shouted out, "No, we must go far, no rut till later!" Ka and Ke watched the lustful woman run, annoyed but also amused, until with a sudden shock it struck them. Kaytoo was not running to get them sexually excited as, convinced by now that she was sex crazed, they had assumed — she was running to escape, and without any further hesitation they both took off after her.

27. KOCVA TEM VESH

FREEDOM OF WATER

Ka and Ke had split to flank her and were gaining quickly, Ke being the one who would catch up with her first. Racing towards her from the side she saw that he was just about to intercept her, when running at full speed she managed to grab a low limb of a large tree and hoist herself up into the air. Ke was already flying through the air to tackle her when suddenly she wasn't there — he hit the ground badly, tumbled and rolled, and by the time he was up she had already sped away, and so close had she come to the river that now indeed it was too late for them — with one large leap Kaytoo dove into the swift cold water, and then she was swimming for all her worth. The bed of the river was strewn with rocks, some coming up close to the surface, and Kaytoo realized that her whole body would soon be covered in new bruises and abrasions, but as long as she could avoid breaking a bone, she would be all right.

Ka tried to follow her along the bank, slowed down by boulders, fallen trees and vegetation, but Ke jumped into the river right after her. Kaytoo had always heard that Mourkra cannot swim, but when she looked back she saw that Ke was rapidly gaining on her thanks to his strength, even if his swimming style was clumsy and might at best be called a dog paddle. His head and back remained above water as his legs and arms were kicking directly beneath him. The trouble with that was that each time he would reach for Kaytoo the shoulder of that arm would go under, and when he'd try and stretch out his leg for a long kick that hip would sink deep. Still, it wasn't long before he managed

to grasp one of Kaytoo's ankles, as in horror she frantically kicked to get away.

And then suddenly Ke, struggling to swim while holding on to Kaytoo's leg, found one of his ankles wedged between two rocks. His leg firmly caught, the swift current dragged down the shoulder of the arm that held Kaytoo, dragging his head down with it. His grip was losing strength, his hands were still slick from the oils that he had exuded, and in an instant Kaytoo was free. In increasing panic Ke struggled and floundered, slapping the surface as he tried to rise up, but the river was stronger, and by the time that Ka finally reached him his lifeless body was swaying from side to side in the raging current. Over the noise of the water Ka screamed out his furious rage at the incomprehensible loss of his entire pack and of his life long companion, just barely catching a glimpse of Kaytoo as she disappeared around the next bend.

And now Ka only wanted her blood. For all his years he had never had a problem, had simply lived, but from the moment that the painted woman had appeared amongst them there had been nothing but disaster. And then and there Ka realized that it had not been fate or coincidence — without any doubt he now knew that it had been deliberate, and with nothing but this thought on his mind he raced down along the river to try and find where she might come out from it, as there was only one thing that he had to do, and that was to kill the cursed woman.

After roughly a mile he realized that Kaytoo was still in the river, or at least that she had not come out before this point. His nose sniffed and his tongue flicked at the air, his slobber thick to catch any scent of her, when he finally picked something up. He knew she'd be clean now, so she would be difficult to detect, but what he found was a heavily

used trail and a cleared patch of ground with her impression unmistakably in it. He could smell her heavy sweat and even her wetness, even if only faintly by now. He could even smell Qo's scent, and as he looked around he realized where he was, that this was the very spot where they had first discovered and near where they then had captured her.

And there was the obvious trail along which she had come to that place. He had her now and he knew it, moving along the trail rapidly, every now and then checking the easily traceable scents and tracks. How really stupid of the painted woman, he thought. Even a child could follow this path to her home.

28. DA DET'FED TARGDA'MON

THE FINAL BATTLE

Avoding to hit rocks as well as she could, swimming with the swift current of the river Kaytoo was easily outpacing any Mourkra on land. Still she kept a close eye out for Ka and also for Ke in case he had succeeded to break free, but soon she was also paying attention to where she was until she saw that she was now approaching the place from where she had started. She saw the rope she had tied her weapons to, realized that she was floating towards it too fast, made a desperate effort to reach it, grabbed it, held on to it — and then from the sudden impact the stick to which it was tied snapped, and with her weapons as an anchor the rope swung her around in a wide arc to the other shore, away from the side with the cliff on which she had meant to take her stand. Frantically Kaytoo hauled out her weapons, trying to work out how she might get across the river fast enough to prepare to launch her arrows from high up the cliff as she had planned, but then she paused, humiliation from her own stupidity washing over her, and with the fury of her anger at her own foolishness she decided to stay where she was and fight them head to head.

She tossed her bow and arrows to the side and decided to make this a fair fight, even refusing to don her miniscule Herte's armor. Preparing for battle the Hamr way, Kaytoo began cursing the Gods and warning them. "Herte' du bitch! Du never helped me though I always honored un prayed to du! Know I fight this day nude as du to inspire da fight! Un know since du could never even give me inspiration as I have killed four Mourkra, if I die this day I come for you!" Getting ready for the fight Kaytoo continued her stinging prayers to one God

after the other, cursing and threatening them all as in her mind they never cared, being too busy with the pleasures and sports of Kolummn, the Barbarian Realm of the Gods, forgetting about her dreams which they had slipped into her mind, forgetting about how all her actions in dealing with the Mourkra had been inspired by them. Then she further cursed Shoustvar, Ceepe', Kelmtes and Roth for having gotten her into this, and vowed that if the Raven didn't take her then her spirit would hunt them for all eternity, though to be fair, her curses to the spirits were only whispered, because while the Gods could do nothing to affect her life, the spirits could.

Kaytoo would fight Ka and Ke head on, but she was no fool. Lashing her favorite knife to her thigh, her tomahawk hammer to her back, she took up her bastard sword, and did one more thing. She knew from where they would charge, she knew that the path they had to follow had a bottleneck before it came out into the open, and with that she dropped a short broken tree limb on the ground at the narrowest part, perhaps a foot long and not thicker than her arm. Over it she laid her halberd with two feet of the shaft on one side, the larger part with the blade at its end pointing towards where the Mourkra would come from, covered it all with leaves, sand and dirt, and then squatted down and waited as she continued to pray, insulting and threatening the Gods who, unseen by her, had all turned their eyes to this spot to watch the battle.

It didn't take long until perhaps a hundred paces up the trail Ka appeared on his own. Seeing her squatting there, he let out a deafening roar as he bent his claws and fingers into talons and bared his teeth. Drawing his short sword he instantly charged, knowing that now the painted woman could not escape. Then Kaytoo rose up, shouting at him to come on, if he wanted to die this day she'd gladly oblige him,

but that he would be wiser to simply run. Of course he did not back down, and focused on running he dropped to all fours, only at the last moment to rise up, his sword leveled to cut Kaytoo in half.

At that moment Kaytoo stepped back, her bastard sword held in front of her to defend against his onslaught, but her true defense lay below. Kaytoo's foot landed right on the butt end of her halberd's shaft, the log being the pivot as the front end of the halberd popped out of the soil, some three feet high. She had hoped the Mourkra would stay low to crash into her, but as he rose up, and at the last moment seeing the blade coming up even managed half a step to the side, the halberd did not find his chest or belly. What it did find however was the front of his thigh, cutting deep, but it would take more than that to stop a Mourkra, and even more one who was filled with such justifiable murderous rage.

The strike of his sword against hers sent Kaytoo tumbling backwards as he himself stumbled and rolled. Kaytoo's sword was lost from her hands, and scrambling to rise she spun around while drawing her knife and her tomahawk. Ka, rising quickly even though the cut to his thigh would not let him fully straighten his leg, charged, roaring, and before Kaytoo could swing or stab he had knocked her down and sent her sprawling. Full of furious anger Ka had struck Kaytoo brutally, without restraint, much like on that first day — every inch of her was in pain, but she knew that this was about life and death now, and as soon as she gave up she would be dead. Unfortunately Ka's blow had landed perfectly, both of Kaytoo's weapons had gone sailing as she lost her grip on them, but as she scrambled to get away she saw her halberd near, and crawled as fast as she could to grab it.

She could hear him coming, dirt and leaves kicked up as he charged once more, intent on finishing her, but she could also see that he was

slowed down by his injury. She managed to grasp her halberd mid-shaft before he could be all over her again, but the effect of his blow had been so sound that she could barely hold it, let alone stand up. She stumbled forward, the halberd more of a crutch than a weapon, its blade dragging over the ground as she tried to escape, when suddenly she tripped, her weight driving the blade so deep into the dirt that it got stuck, and as she fell, face forward, she could not hold onto it. Rolling over as quick as she could so that at least she would face Ka as he'd come down upon her, she was met with a sight that caused her jaw to fall slack. As the blade had been caught in the ground when she tripped the spiked butt end had risen, and Ka had run right into it, the shaft driving through his massive chest. He just stood there, transfixed, mouth agape, blood beginning to run from his lips, until he dropped, as if sitting down with a thud, and his arms fell slack at his sides.

Though Ka was dying he was still dangerous, but as he looked at Kaytoo all the rage slipped from his eyes, to be replaced by a great fear that swept over him, and though it was foolish Kaytoo crawled up to him, and as he looked her in the eyes he gurgled out, "No let me rot." Kaytoo knew what he meant. She covered his massive fingers with her own hand to help him hold on to his sword, for she knew from her own people what a shameful death it was for a warrior to die with their hands empty, and then she answered his plea. "*Tom pax du Ka*, none of du will rot, not even Ko. Da pack will be whole again. Hunt well." Ka's eyes widened as did his massive maw, in an expression of joy and excitement that remained after the light had left his eyes and his massive heart had fallen silent.

Kaytoo had fulfilled Shoustvar's demand and had survived, but for the time being she would walk as a Mourkra, and she felt no victory, no relief, and no joy.

29. KOCVE' PAX

FAITHFUL PROMISE

For a long time Kaytoo remained sitting, recovering from Ka's strikes but also lost in thoughts as she stared into the joyful expression that was frozen on his face. Finally she rose, sore and stiff, and after looking around gathered all her weapons and armor except her halberd. No one would come near Ka while she'd be gone. It took her most of the day to reach the marsh island, but once there she built another pyre on the spot where Qo's had been, and freed Ko's spirit. It was the least she could do for him after she had caused him to be wrongfully accused of Qo's murder, and in the way of her kind she wailed for him. The next day, after waking at dawn, she walked to where Qa and Qe had been killed by the bears. Along the way she prayed to or rather threatened Roth to move the bears away from that spot so that she could take the bodies, or she would spend the rest of her days doing nothing but hunting bears. Sure enough, no bears were waiting for the salmon which had not yet made it this far, and Kaytoo was able to collect Qa and Qe, lashing them to a makeshift raft she put together from a few logs. Further down the river she added Ke, and then they floated on towards Ka.

That evening Kaytoo spent fastening their weapons to their hands as if they were still hot, painting their bodies, and making crude armor out of tree bark, grasses and moss. And as their bodies burned upon the massive pyre she had built she keened and wailed, cursing the Gods, threatening them that Tragent might become confused and lead the Mourkra's spirits towards Kvertosh, warning them that they had better let them in, for if not then Jagdnict would, and in either case

they might simply overrun them, so they better should abide, and yield. Sure enough, the smoke brought insects that brought the bats, and then Komtra the Spirit Owl came to announce a warrior's passing and to call Vart Ut'san or the Spirit Crows to fight him, their calls calling Tragent, and she could only imagine Nachtrou's face when a pack of six massive Mourkra arrived to fight their way into Kvertosh, the Hamr's Warrior Heaven.

The next morning, still stiff and sore, Kaytoo pondered the events of the last few days. How similar in some ways the Mourkra were to Hamr Barbarians, even if they were ut'kocve' in others, unfaithful, being lesser beings. And it also struck her that, with all her prejudice and arrogance, it was her own kind whom the Mourkra viewed as being lesser. She knew that she had a lot to sort out in her mind, and she also knew, without any doubts, that for the rest of her life in many nights when she would be alone she would find herself smelling a distant sweetly oily sweat, and would be feeling beautifully small, vulnerable and feminine, while her fingers would trace over her slickened folds.

As she made her way down the river after a while she encountered Shoustvar. As usual he'd pay his respects and say his thanks, and Kaytoo in kind would spit at him leveling curses, and he'd just smirk and trot off. Finally taking a more traveled path on the way to reunite with her dogs, her own pack, her true pack, Kaytoo encountered a caravan of Dwarves slowly moving in the same direction, delivering weapons to those that had bought them. They stopped as they noticed her coming up behind them, and instantly and already from a distance the banter between them began. One Dwarf asked if she'd be his mommy as he acted as though grappling some great breast and suckling, and Kaytoo laughed and said if she were his mommy she'd

know how to spank him, to which each of the Dwarves lifted their kilts and smacked their own bottoms. Offers to come and see what part of them was Troll while grasping their crotches, to show her what she'd look like with a red muff, or questions if she'd ever been a five Dwarf Toboggan and more of this kind all had her laughing, as she shouted back her equally risqué replies while she got nearer to them. Naturally for the Dwarves it was all meant mostly in jest, as they hoped she'd stay and join in their drinking games, betting being mandatory. But as she got close to them she noticed one among them who could not be a Dwarf, being so much taller than the rest. Hooded and cloaked the figure was, and only as they sat down for a shared meal and she took her fork and they took theirs she could see under the hood a young woman's face — the face of the girl who had been with her and the Mourkra.

After the meal Kaytoo, nude, her armor lashed to her halberd upon her shoulder, her other weapons hanging off her back, refused to stay, missing her dogs, and on parting the Dwarves offered a serious warning. "Be careful Barbarian, there are Mourkra in these woods and if not twenty then one hundred." Kaytoo paused before she replied. Then, looking directly at the young woman, but to be heard by all of them, she said, "Tdok, there are no Mourkra in these woods. Besides, Ut'Kregda'fed bleed like any other."