

**TALES**  
From The  
**UNDER**  
**HOME**

**MATTHEW CHAPEL**

# Sharing is Caring

- [Title Page](#)
- [I](#)
- [II](#)
- [III](#)
- [IV](#)
- [More by the Author](#)

*Svelok's prowess impresses an affluent figure in the royal court, earning Lady Ivy an audience with the Grand Matriarch. This irritates Lady Gahya to no end and she begins plotting a way to take Svelok from Ivy, with force if necessary.*

*Meanwhile on the surface, the devil turns his gaze to the Underhome...*

# TALES FROM THE UNDERHOME

Sharing is Caring

Matthew Chapel

Copyright ©2018 Matthew Chapel

This is a work of fiction. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.

All characters depicted in this work of fiction are of legal age of consent.

## **Smashwords Edition, License Notes**

Thank you for downloading this ebook. You are welcome to share it with your friends. This book may be redistributed for non-commercial purposes, provided the book remains in its complete original form. If you enjoyed this book, please return to your favourite ebook retailer and consider leaving a donation, or discover other works by this author. Thank you for your support.

## **Table of Contents**

[I](#)

[II](#)

[III](#)

[IV](#)

[More by the Author](#)

## I

The ghoul's features twisted as it howled moments before the blade came down and cleaved its skull down the middle. Svelok carried forward, his body careening like a cannonball as he put both hands on the grip of his longsword and reaped lives like grain.

Three, six, twelve... suddenly too many to count, scores of ghouls fell at his mercy. Sometimes two or three at a time in a single sweeping blow. Limbs were rent from torsos, torsos torn into bloodied chunks, innards became outards... were it not for the sand carpeting the arena the battlefield would have become a slipping hazard with the unrecognisable spare parts being flung about the place in Svelok's advance.

His comparison to a cannonball held up as he kept moving forward, ever pushing through the writhing horde of naked, emancipated monsters. Their humanity had long ago left them, minds rotted into a feral state beyond that even of Otherbreeds. There was no strategy to their forward motion into Svelok's blade, no pack mentality. They all just lashed out with claw and tooth looking to lock their maws into the next meal.

A right Svelok denied them with every swing of his blade. Blood splashed his armour, streaked over his bare skin covered in a sheen of sweat in his effort. But he was far from out of breath. Mistress Ivy's latest contender had tried to learn from Lady Gahya's loose interpretation of the gladiatorial rules from last week. Only instead of fielding a group of hulking Otherbreeds to knock Svelok off the top spot, Lady Eleanor threw in a horde of what must have been fifty ghouls.

And yet the battle was short lived. No ten minutes of monotonous cleaving later, Svelok flourished his blade and swung horizontally one-handed, taking the last ghoul's head off. He was once again the last man standing on the blood-soaked battlefield.

In the raucous noise of the crowds cheering at his triumph, Svelok sheathed his blade and imagined Lady Ivy offering but a small smatter of confident applause. He didn't look in the direction of his mistress' private box, but found his eyes pulled to the neighbouring stands.

There stood an anthro equine, a mare with fur as white as chalk and a voluminous long mane of dark purple that curled past her shoulders. Even at this distance he could make out her gorgeous violet eyes and the expensive silk gown hugging her sleek hourglass figure. Tales of Lady Eleanor's beauty seemed to be as true as her grace, as even she rose from her seat and offered Svelok applause for his victory against her interesting choice of gladiators.

Offering the spectators a wave, Svelok took the rickety elevator in the

centre of the gladiatorial pit down into the stocks. Waiting for him below amid the hustle and bustle of twisted human servants and gladiators preparing for their attempt at glory were the clean-up crew. The Partbreed humans carried shovels, buckets of sand to replace the bloodied stuff, and a few held wheelbarrows upon which to pile the dead. Some of the clean-up crew had buckets of water and sponges.

One Partbreed woman missing her left ear and several digits, but otherwise a rather handsome human female, squeezed out a sponge over Svelok's head. It was a poor attempt to wash the blood and sweat from him, but it was all she could manage as she rushed on to bring drinking water to her fellow serfs and the gladiators preparing for battle. Svelok did his best to wipe some of the gore from his body and armour, but it seemed to be a futile task. He just hoped his mistress would not be too disappointed to see him in such a state.

If she were disappointed it was impossible to tell. Near the edge of the stocks is where he saw her, striding in with angelic grace and a bag of coin – her reward for fielding the winning gladiator – slung over one shoulder.

For Svelok the reward was seeing the pleased expression on her beautiful features. The lioness was radiant as ever, dressed in a typically scant dress, given an extra few inches by her high heels which complimented her slender legs at the same time. Svelok felt this heart quicken as she approached and it took a certain degree of willpower to prevent an erection from stretching the front of his pants.

Lady Ivy would of course be complimented had he lost control, but he wouldn't want to fail the extensive training his mistress has invested in him. He was better than that.

Quickly remembering himself, Svelok directed his gaze at the ground and drop to one knee.

"Mistress, I humbly present you another victory," Svelok started to say, but before he could finish he felt Ivy's slender hand on his shoulder.

"Stand, my pet. I've come to expect nothing less of you at this point." She smiled. "Let's just get you home and cleaned up."

In innocent enough plan for the afternoon, but Svelok knew the real reason Ivy wanted her serf cleaned up. She just didn't want to get the excess gore on herself when she tore off her dress and rode his cock like a pornstar on pay-day.

Leading him by the hand out of the stocks, Ivy quickly conceded to Svelok's lead as they became walled in by the crowds of commoners filing in and out of the coliseum.

Otherbreed-drawn carriages rattled up and down the main street skirting the dominating structure in this region of the sprawling underground city. Every road and alley was well lit, bathing the entirety of the Underhome in a golden

glow of light, even though a casual upward glance revealed the starless black sky that was the enormous vaulted cavern ceiling. The Underhome sprawled through this enormous chamber for days in every direction as if grown from the ancient rock.

Svelok suddenly halted by the edge of the sidewalk as a carriage was drawn up to the curb in front of them. Decorated in silver and gold, it was a mode of transport beyond even Lady Ivy's wealth, and it made the serf pause with curiosity. Even the Otherbreed hulks drawing the vehicle were well decorated, clothed in custom finery and behaved themselves in a manner that was befitting of such a noble mode of transport. Whereas other beasts of burden would spit and curse and snap, these Otherbreeds were remarkably calm and tempered, staring ahead with almost soldier-like discipline.

"Oh, my..." Ivy started to say, somewhat impressed as the carriage door swung open.

As it did the crowds walling them in seemed to pull back out of fear and awe. At first, all Svelok could see were a pair of long, slender legs. Pure white fur was visible from the end of the dress just below the hips and to where the brown leather knee-high boots decorated with finely crafted silver plating started.

Climbing to her hooves and descending to the sidewalk like royalty, Lady Eleanor of the Grand Matriarch's court stood before them. Her posture was befitting of a lady of her station, she kept her slender shoulders squared back and her chin high, a graceful smile never leaving her ruby red lips. Dark blue eyeshadow and pitch-black eyeliner put a gorgeous frame to her shimmering violet eyes, and her plunging silk gown left very little to the trim, sensual curves of her body to the imagination.

Ivy's height, Lady Eleanor was distinctly younger, at least half the lioness' age, yet had all the same curves. Her hands on her hips as if to attenuate the body men in a mile radius lusted for, she addressed Lady Ivy in a warm voice.

"Sister, I am glad I caught you."

Ivy, usually confident and collected, couldn't help gulp as Eleanor regarded her as 'sister.' It was usually a title considered for ladyships of equal standing, and Ivy had never realised she was even close to equal standing with someone such as Lady Eleanor.

She caught herself before opening her mouth however, and bowed. In response, Svelok dropped to one knee, his eyes always fixed on the ground. "Lady Eleanor. How might I be of service?"

"No service required," Eleanor chuckled kindly and she quickly hooked a slender digit under Ivy's chin, gently drawing the lioness out of her bow. "I

simply wanted to meet you and your” – her violet gaze turned to Svelok now as he rose from his bow – “magnificent Purebreed. Stories of your serf championing many battles reached me in the royal palace long ago. But once I heard he defeated a three-to-one battle with violent Otherbreeds, I had to come and see this prodigy myself.

“You must understand, I detest the coliseum fights myself,” Eleanor went on to explain. “A waste of perfectly good stock in my opinion. It seems almost a waste to risk this amazing creature in a contest of bloodshed.”

“I assure you, my lady. My pet Svelok has had the very best combat schooling. He is undefeatable.”

The equine woman seemed to take Ivy’s word for it.

Indifferent to the blood splatter, Eleanor boldly reached out to touch the human, but paused just a moment from contact, looking at Ivy. “May I?” she asked, remembering the common etiquette that was likely not commonplace in the royal palace.

Ivy quickly nodded. “Of course.”

Nodding thanks, with a partial apology for almost forgetting to ask, Eleanor set her hand on Svelok’s arm and gently stroked downward, inspecting his impressive musculature. She then slid her hand across his chest, clearly disappointed by the armour that sat in the way, but enticed none the less.

“He is splendid,” Eleanor said as she skirted about behind Svelok to get a full view of him. “How is his training? Other than combat, of course.”

“I schooled him myself,” Ivy explained. “I would take him anywhere and give him any task with confidence.”

“How about the task of pleasing a woman in her bed?”

“He has a particular talent for it.”

“I have no doubt,” Eleanor purred. “Have you thought about breeding him at all?”

“I have the desire,” Ivy answered with a grin, the double-entendre obvious enough to draw a chuckle from the other lady. “I have petitioned the Grand Matriarch’s court for a licence to access the breeding stock on a few occasions, but no word back yet.”

“Have you attempted to follow up?”

“An audience with the Grand Matriarch is rare enough, and our distance from the royal palace prevents me from visiting more often,” Ivy admitted. “Perhaps it is simply not meant to be.”

Eleanor let out a rather unladylike scoff. “Nonsense!” Then gazing at Svelok she bit her lip with a smouldering expression of desire. “Look at him. He’s perfect breeding stock. I would much like to have a Purebreed such as this

for myself.”

“It would honour me for you to taste of my pet. I can make arrangements for him to stay the night in your chambers immediately,” Ivy suggested, and was surprised by a shake of the equine’s head. Usually women across the Underhome were very quick to accept Ivy’s offerings of loaning them Svelok. She had to bat away requests of borrowing him by the dozens on a daily basis alone!

“I have a better idea,” Eleanor revealed. “I am returning to the royal palace tomorrow. Join me. I will put you up in the diplomatic quarters, and bring you to an audience with the Grant Matriarch personally. Once she sees Svelok with her own eyes she will no doubt sign the breeding licence on the spot.”

Ivy felt like she’d just had a ton of bricks dropped on her head. The world seemed to spin, and she must have swayed for she felt Svelok put a steady hand on the small of her back.

“Y-you... you would do that?” the usually graceful lady stammered. It was not a demeanour that much suited the lioness. “I... it is such an honour, my lady. I don’t know what to say.”

Lady Eleanor smiled, her gaze drifting back to Svelok with a barely hidden flame of arousal crackling in her violet eyes. “Say yes,” she suggested.

So Lady Ivy did, without further flusterment or hesitation. There was little else she could say. No anthro of any class in their right mind would miss an opportunity for a meeting with the Grand Matriarch.

Little did any of them realise, a hooded spy loitering nearby overheard the entre conversation, and with a quickness to his step rushed off to report to his superior...

## II

Lady Gahya yawned with boredom, resting her elbow into the firm mattress and her long crocodilian chin in the palm of her hand. She was propped up on her elbows and knees, the large soft globes of her ass stuck up high in the air. Behind her a Partbreed serf with no redeeming features other than a hefty set of balls hanging at the base of his long and skinny stem slid in and out of her snatch with more enthusiasm than care. His long rapid thrusts seemed wild and might make an onlooker cringe.

Yet Gahya barely reacted with little more than a slight back and forth sway of her curvy body and a mirthless little moan under her breath. She could feel the cock sliding through her wet, wanting tunnel, and there was the faintest tickle of pleasure at her core as the Partbreed's crown kissed her depths few other serfs could even reach. But the human lacked any kind of girth, any kind of rhythm or skill.

Aside from that, Gahya didn't want to look at the Partbreed, knowing she would immediately dry up if she did. As such the doggystyle position became her go to whenever calling upon her own bed serfs. All of them were Partbreeds like the one fucking her with reckless – and witless – abandon. None of them were anything special, but they were an affordable luxury on the meagre budget the Grand Matriarch graced her with.

The only reason Gahya was remotely wet and even letting the little tickle of pleasure force a vocal reaction out of her in the first place was because she was thinking of Lady Ivy's prize human. Oh, how she wished she could feel Svelok's mighty cock ravage her womanhood with beastly vigour. Closing her eyes she wondered what it would be like, for that monster of a thing stretching her pussy open. She longed for him to make her feel like a real woman. She *deserved* to feel him, his powerful arms grasping her, holding her against the nearest wall and fucking her deeply until...

The Partbreed convulsed and let out a cry. His cock swelled, but only an insignificant amount as a jet of watery cum shot from the crown and pumped into Gahya's belly. The crocodilian woman's eyes widened and she gasped with surprise that might be mistaken for pleasure. But the truth of the matter was that she hadn't expected the sudden eruption. And so far from her own orgasm, even though the Partbreed's swollen balls hosed what felt like a pint of slippery liquid pleasure into her womb, Gahya was left dissatisfied in every way.

Cum erupted from her pussy, squirting with decent pressure between her vaginal lips and the cock slipped into the silky, wet folds of light green flesh. Her scales glistened with a glaze the stuff, as well as the copious bullets of sweat running down the Partbreed's unimpressive body. Long streams of cum with the

consistency of unremarkable milk ran down her thighs and a near literal waterfall spilled from her as the human pulled back. She could feel it hot, yet disappointing, flowing over her clit before speckling the bedsheets to stain.

As the serf was breathing heavily, fingers kneading the soft malleable flesh of her wide ass, Gahya lashed out with frustration. Her foot caught him in the chest and sent the Partbreed over the end of the bed. He collapsed in a convulsing, whimpering heap of apologies.

Huffing angrily Gahya climbed off the bed and stepped over the grovelling serf. She didn't even have the mind to berate him, simply making for the door with a upset growl. On her way out of the bedchamber she snatched up a semi-transparent black robe and put her arms through the sleeves, letting the front hang open as she walked, paying the drooling cum down her inner thigh no mind. The stillettos of her boots announced her approach loudly enough that other Partbreed serfs in the hall quickly stepped aside to bow and grovel before the crocodile.

Lady Gahya was dressed only in a black corset which wrestled her belly into a sexier silhouette and pressed up her already large and enticing breasts which hung bare, her light green nipples standing out against her dull scales and hardened with frustrating arousal. The corset flared out at the hips slightly, giving her a more distinct hourglass figure, obscured only very slightly by the gauzy robe. Her hair, which she had hoped to have pulled into a frazzled mess before the close of tonight's bedroom activities, still hung in perfectly coiffed waves down over her shoulders.

She had gone through the rigors of making herself up for a sexy rendezvous with the intention of fantasising about Svelok while her parade of bed serfs fucked her from behind. She wanted her make-up to run and her appearance to be turned into a cum-stained mess... but she was through her fourth serf of the night and she had barely even gotten close to her first spark of proper excitement.

It just went to show, if you wanted something done right, do it yourself. Hence, she made a bee-line for the kitchen to pour herself a glass of wine, then she'd return to her bedroom properly intoxicated to give her wide collection of dildos a try.

At the bottom of the grand staircase that dominated the entrance to her estate, Gahya saw one of the house serfs closing and locking the front door, and loitering there, having just been let in, stood a familiar figure she had commissioned not long ago.

The anthro rat with coarse, frazzled looking fur the same colour as brushed steel, looked positively pleased to see Gahya. She noted his eyes linger on her

body for a moment, before he locked on to her eyes again. The bulge forming in his raggedy pants was quite obvious.

Pulling the robe taught about her body and tying off the sash, Lady Gahya addressed her guest with an air of professional neutrality noble ladyships reserved for commoners. “Good evening, Bo. What brings you on such a late visit?”

Bo quickly bowed deeply “Beautiful Lady Gahya, I apologise for the intrusion at such an unseemly hour. I’m not worthy under your sexy-... err... alluring presence?”

Gahya rolled her eyes. Bo was quite the flatterer, though he was clearly quite bad at it. She couldn’t chide him for trying though.

“Spit it out, Bo,” she said tersely, and her tone seemed to get an excited spasm out of the bulge forming in his pants.

“Oh, yes. I... eh... I have news,” Bo stammered out, remembering the reason for his late-night call. He glanced about suspiciously then added behind his hand, “News about our quarry.”

Gahya’s brow arched with intrigue. “Interesting.” Turning on her heel she beckoned the rat to follow.

She led him into a finely furbished living room, the hearth smouldering a modest wood fire and a state-of-the-art back-boiler radiating its heat about the rest of the sizeable mansion. Above the fireplace sat a large portrait of the lady of the house, Gahya in her younger years lounging on a chaise in a flower garden and her bare body on display for all guests to lust over.

Although some guests may have had secret opinions over the artist having taken some creative freedoms.

Settling into one of the couches, Gahya invited Bo to do the same. He eagerly bounced into the cushions opposite her, ready to deliver his report.

“I was spying on Lady Ivy like you told me to,” he began. “Her serf won another fight today, against a horde of ghouls. It was rather impressive.”

“I bet,” Gahya purred, thinking about Svelok’s impressive musculature flexing to cleave the heads from a number of ghouls in one sweep.

“The ladyship to field the ghouls however was Lady Eleanor,” Bo continued taking Gahya by surprise. She hadn’t known the fellow advisor had come to this part of the Underhome. “She met with Lady Ivy, took an interest in Svelok and invited them to the royal palace to meet with the Grand Matriarch!”

“What!?”

“Lady Eleanor is to help Lady Ivy get a licence for access to the royal Purebreed breeding stocks,” Bo finished, but Gahya was beyond listening.

She jumped to her feet and kicked over the coffee table in a fit of anger.

How dare she!? How dare that little slut!? Gahya had been an advisor to the Grand Matriarch in this part of the Underhome for nearly a decade, and she had never had an audience with the Grand Matriarch! She had been petitioning the court for a grant to obtain a Purebreed of her own for much of that time, but had never received a cent. Now, on a whim Ivy was going to both meet with the grand ruler of the Underhome and also gain access to the finest breeding stocks in the whole city?

Gahya screamed with frustration and kicked the couch Bo sat on for good measure, making the rat jump.

"I'm sorry, my lady. I knew the news would upset you." He fell to his hands and knees, grovelling at her feet. And after an only a moment of hesitation, to make sure she was done pacing and kicking, quickly crawled over and started planting kisses on the toes of her boots. "I'm not worthy of your presence."

Calming herself, the croc huffed, then looked down her nose at her personal spy. "No. No you are not. But you have served me well. I'll send the gold you are due to your house in the morning."

Sliding his hands over the leather cladding her calf, he seemed to hug (or hump) her leg. "Oh, but my lady. I don't do it for the gold. Merely being in your presence is enough... most of the time." A fleeting little smile flickered across his muzzle, making Gahya sigh and roll her eyes.

*Of course*, she thought. Their arrangement wasn't entirely monetary, and Bo's flatteries and grovelling were always towards a more... *physical* end.

"Very well. Take it out." The tired boredom in her voice was palpable, like this was an annoying chore she was forced to undertake. But Bo didn't seem to notice, jumping to his feet and hands flying to the buttons of his pants with trembling excitement.

Before Lady Gahya had even lowered to her knees the rat pulled his cock out of its cloth prison. Her head at height with Bo's stem, a rather impressive piece of meat considering his small build, Gahya noticed the pleasant scent of soap and noted the fur about his crotch was damp and matted.

*So, the little devil knew he was going to get his customary handjob and washed before coming over. Good boy. At least he has some courtesy.*

For that, Gahya decided Bo deserved just a little more. Not much more than he usually got, but she wanted him to keep up the good work. Normally she would just lick her palm and start stroking the rat to climax, enticing him with honeyed words. Today day she opened her long maw and stuck out her tongue, the sight making Bo nearly choke with anticipation.

She licked his length, from the base all the way up the underside of his

shaft to the swollen glans. There her tongue danced in a circle and traced back down the way again, leaving a glistening sheen of slippery saliva over his sensitive flesh. Then she gave her right palm the same seductive lick, eyes looking up at him as she closed her grip about the base of his cock. Her free hand undid her robe and pulled it open to one side, shielding one breast behind the black veil but revealing the other fully to Bo.

The sight of her looking up at him, eyes narrowed seductively, a hand on his cock and the other playing with her large breast made him stiffen. Gahya felt him swell and spasm in her hand, his hips almost thrusting forward to fuck her hand, but Bo maintained his composure. He held still and he didn't spill on the expensive fireside rug quite yet.

"How is that, my dear?" Gahya crooned, knowing everything Bo had worked to achieve this week was finally culminating towards his reward.

The rat watched with short, rapid breaths, his eyes somewhat glazed over with pleasure. "Oh, my lady it's everything and more... hnggg!"

He clenched as Gahya squeezed with a grin. She'd paid her little spy often enough that she knew everything he liked, and she was tired of these little favours in exchange for his services well enough that she knew how to make him spill as quickly and as efficiently as possible.

But for all her knowledge, the seductive tone in her voice and the well-feigned expression of pleasure across her face, Bo still took some work. His stamina was impressive, and his length was almost that of the Partbreed serf Gahya had just kicked off the bed. While his balls were more modestly sized, at least he had the girth which might fill her still aroused snatch quite pleasantly. Gahya almost considered bending over the couch and presenting herself to Bo immediately, and figured with a sly grin the act might make his head explode.

She restrained herself however. She wanted him coming back for more, for his roguish skills were still of use. She would hate for him to get his fill all at once and then move on to spill her secrets to the next highest bidder.

Imagine if Lady Ivy was willing to bend over for him? Gahya was by no means unconfident of her looks, but recognised how a man might be led astray by that little slut's taught body. She shuddered at the thought.

Biting his lip, Bo's eyes finally rolled. A large bead of precum formed on the tip, and Gahya boldly lapped it up with serpent-like quickness. Bo tensed, making the croc giggle throatily.

"My lady, please," Bo mumbled. "Your hand always feels so amazing. Your skills are that of a goddess. And your tongue..." He grunted as she squeezed him again, then looked down with desperation all over his face. "But I want to feel inside you so badly. Let me feel the core of a goddess. Let me make

you as happy as you make me. I want to worship you, as you deserve to be worshipped.”

“Hmmm.” Gahya offered Bo her first genuine smile of the night. He was right, she was a goddess, and she deserved to be worshipped as such. But was this little commoner worthy? His stem certainly was, and Gahya had caught herself drooling over it on more than one occasion when she was tugging him. “You want me? To feel inside me with your cock?”

Bo whimpered, wanting to say yes but unable to form the word as the crocodile rose up.

Turning her hand over, Gahya slowly stood to her full height, her stilettos giving her the extra few inches she needed to stand at eye level to the rat. Gripping him loosely between her slick digits, Gahya slowed her pace, massaging the long pink cock with more tender care. She had him right on the cusp of orgasm, that point where his body ached greedily for more.

As she stood, her free hand moved down over her bare breast, felt along the silky curves of her corset and found the cleft of scales between her thighs. Her index and middle-finger each took a side and parted the moist labia with a wet smack.

“This is what you want?” Gahya’s voice went to a low whisper. “What will you do to feel this?”

“A-a-anything,” Bo stammered breathlessly, making Gahya smile.

“Good.” She bit her lip thoughtfully for a moment, then said, “Follow Ivy and her delicious pet to the royal palace. Keep an eye on them. Send me daily reports by messenger pigeon.”

“Of course, my lady. Anything for you.”

“Good boy.”

Her long, slippery strokes suddenly stopped, making Bo whimper. Until she revealed what little bonus she had in mind for his mindless loyalty. There was a thud of her heels on the carpet, her stance parting just a little more. Then squatting through her knees just a little she brought the hot wet flesh of her cunt down on Bo’s crown.

Feeling that silky wet heat coming from her centre just teased about his tender flesh, Bo made a little thrust forward. His head disappeared into her slick tunnel, stretching Gahya just a little and making her moan. The sound, like music to Bo’s ears made him surge forward, but his mistress held him fast and tilting her hips back popped his cock from her pussy again. Now slickened with her arousal the crown slipped over her clit, then back down to the opening, then below again.

With long strokes she ran his cock up and down her pussy, hugging him

between her sodden lips until she felt Bo tense, then a surge through his shaft. Feeling it coming she pulled back, a string of sticky juices connecting her labia to Bo's stem. A moment later he erupted.

Long streams jetted the region between her legs. One splattered against her inner thigh, and with an enthusiastic jerking motion against her palm Bo thrust forward and threw another stream across the front of Gahya's corset.

One jet was even powerful enough to tickle her under her chin and lay itself across her bare breast, warming her nipple quite nicely.

Dropping to her knees, Gahya gave the rat one last gift to secure his loyalty to him. With another long lick, she took Bo's softening member in her mouth and sucked him clean. He squirmed with sensitivity, but shuddered with joy regardless as the matron of his every sexual fantasy cleaned him with her mouth.

One final lick scooped up the last lingering drop of salty cum, which Gahya made a meal off, swirling it in her mouth before gulping noisily and humming with delight.

Still on her knees, the woman leaned back a little and threw him a satisfied look. "That was a rather nice little late-night snack. Thank you, Bo." He tried to answer her but failed between swallowing breaths. "These pleasures and more await if you serve me satisfactorily. Now be a good boy and get work."

Bo nodded, then stumbled out, haphazardly dressing himself along the way. Gahya was alone again in an instant, looking into the crackling embers of the hearth with a slender digit absently stoking the other fire smouldering between the swollen, aroused folds of her pussy. Her own moisture had mingled with the cum now glazing her thighs and a waterfall of desire soaked her fingers at the thought of having Svelok to herself.

She didn't know how just yet; but one way or another he would be hers...

### **III**

The lights of the Underhome about the royal palace shifted to a faint evening glow. The hot springs in the magnificent bioluminescent walled gardens threw long clouds of steam into the skyline the palace defined, a soft blue, purple and pink light giving the unusual vegetation a nice mood.

Tiredly Eleanor made her way through the gardens, a dark blue silk robe wrapped about her ravishing body, her bare hooves thudding in the dark grass. It had been a long two days of travel, made longer by the knowledge of Svelok sitting in the carriage in front of hers, and longer still with the sound of Ivy's pleased moans drifting about the convoy persistently.

Lady Ivy was certainly lucky to have such an amazing Purebreed serf at her beck and call. Eleanor was just a little jealous, and slightly frustrated at her own negligence to properly assign a serf to deal with her own bodily frustrations. Unfortunately, a constant busyness came with the territory of the Grand Matriarch's most trusted advisor. There was always work to do, and hardly enough time to even sleep and eat. But for a woman who spent most of her scant free time napping and snacking, she proudly held on to a figure to die for, as opposed to many other overworked or pampered advisors who fell ill to certain aesthetic downfalls. She recalled an old colleague, Lady Gahya whom she had not seen in years now.

Moving to the stony edge of the hot springs in the heart of the gardens, Eleanor rolled her shoulders and her robe slid from her body like liquid silver across her body. Before the expensive silk hit the ground though a passing human swooped out of the shadows and scooped it up to hang on a nearby hook.

Eleanor in the meantime stepped into the pool among the other ambassadors, advisors and diplomats of the royal court. Many of the anthros were chatting among themselves, relaxing, or enjoying each other's company more intimately. She spotted a bear couple nearby, the wife riding her husband's lap with a slow eroticism that barely disturbed the hot water.

Waist deep in the water, Eleanor waded by then spotted a stallion with his personal Purebreed serf. The human woman, perfect in every way like the other serfs of the royal court stood in the water between her master's legs who sat at the pool's edge. It took the Purebreed's every inch of her own body to caress the horse's enormous rod, keeping it trapped between her slick breasts and hugging, slender arms as she rode up and down the length.

From every corner of the hot springs came the sounds of pleasure and everywhere she looked was the arousing sight of sex. It was impossible to escape and was adding a little to Eleanor's own frustrations. She quickly moved on, but paused when she met a friendly face.

Ducking under a bioluminescent weeping willow whose branches touched the water's surface, Eleanor came to another stretch of hot water, this one similarly lined with more anthros and their serfs. But sitting nearby in the shadow as if shying from the others lounged a voluptuous elephant. She was reclined against the water's edge, with one hand up to her side caressing her young serf.

The human with her was a young Purebreed. Handsome, if not lean, the boy was clearly inexperienced in the department of serving as a bed serf. The golden rings about Gianna's wrist jangled as her hand stroked along his slender cock. The serf twitched and breathed heavily with zero composure. His hips rocked and thrust against the elephant's palm, slippery with precum as he worked his way closer and closer to climax. It would normally behove a serf of his station to keep himself unruffled regardless of the pleasures his mistress gave him, but it seemed at the same time that the lady took pleasure in watching him squirm a little.

Gianna was one of those colleagues who could be considered pampered, but Eleanor did not have the thought with any sort of malice. Ambassador Gianna was a hard worker and deserved all of the benefits the royal court threw her for her loyal service.

Among the benefits, a young Purebreed serf whose company she'd enjoyed for the better part of three years now. Like Gianna, Eleanor could have chosen a free Purebreed serf from the stocks, but they were almost always young and untrained, and raising a human took time and patience; two things she regretfully did not have an abundance of.

"Lady Eleanor," Gianna greeted with a wide smile. "I see you have returned from business in the outer districts. All is well, I hope?"

Eleanor nodded. "Of course. The Underhome remains a paradise in all quadrants of the city."

"I was referring to your personal affairs, sister. You look tired."

She chuckled. "There is no rest for the wicked." Her eyes flitted with a devious smile towards Gianna's panting serf. "As you can clearly see."

Gianna returned the chuckle. "Have you met my serf before? This sweet plaything of mine has finally come of age. A teacher is due to visit us tomorrow for his first lessons in pleasing me in my bed." She gave her pet a fond look. "Tomorrow you finally get to feel more than your mistress' hand about your cock. Doesn't that excite you, dearie?"

The boy opened his mouth to answer, but all that came out was a pleased moan and he convulsed into Gianna's grip again, making the elephant giggle.

"Isn't he adorable? Oh, I almost want to take him inside me right here and

now!”

Eleanor chuckled. “Be strong sister,” she said, then moved slowly off to a more secluded part of the pool.

As she passed though she caught a mischievous smile on Gianna’s face. The elephant leaned over her serf and gave the crown of his cock a loving little lick. The boy convulsed and wasn’t able to hold back anymore. Several jets of cum shot up like a fountain. One found Gianna’s trunk and she cooed at the warmth. Others splattered down her forearm, jewelled hand jerking back and forth, pumping all she could out of the young serf.

Settling into a corner of the hot spring, Eleanor sat with her arms splayed out over the bank so that her breasts bobbed just above the water’s edge.

She couldn’t help be a little jealous of Gianna and the other women she spied enjoying their Purebreed serfs in the garden. There was a young gazelle student of one of the older advisors riding a serf in the grass. Her friend lounged nearby striking up casual conversation with the inattentive girl as she waited her turn with the Purebreed. Another older anthro, a vixen, was bent over with her human eating her out from behind. And despite the service she received she was still going over meeting notes with one of her colleagues; a wolf splayed out on her side, one leg hooked over a serf’s shoulder as he ran his girl-cum slickened stem in an out of her snatch with long steady strokes.

The right hand of the Grand Matriarch was the busiest, and as such Eleanor had barely gotten the time to relax like this in months, let alone give into her body’s basest desires. Her existence had become eat-work-sleep, and she hadn’t even realised she was missing out on the simple pleasures until now. Sounds of faint pleased moans across the garden alone were enough to stoke a fire between her legs. She had half a mind to call over the nearest available serf with nothing else to do and force his or her face between her thighs. Unfortunately, a serf with time on their hands was difficult to come by, especially in the royal gardens.

As luck would have it though, a figure knelt by where she was relaxing and placed a glass of ruby red wine by her hand. And instead of scurrying off again to see to his other duties, this human remained put, as if waiting for her to look up and address him.

When she did, she was taken suddenly aback and forgot to thank the man.

Kneeling by her was Svelok, dressed in such a way she barely recognised him. He was adorned in the service robes of the royal court, a reasonably loose fitted garment that could be easily removed, and had a low cut at the back to show off the brand of ownership all Purebreed – and even Parbreed and Otherbreed – serfs wore between their shoulder blades. It was easy to see the

mark of Lady Ivy's family crest set between the hard muscles about his shoulder blades, setting him apart from the other serfs about the gardens. It was probably the only thing keeping any of the women in the garden tackling him to the ground and having their merry way with him. He was not royal court property, and as such there were certain etiquettes to abide by. Etiquettes not often relevant within the royal palace's walls, but etiquettes understood and obeyed in the presence of guests none the less.

"A twelve-year-old vintage," Svelok said, nodding to the glass. "The kitchen staff assured me it is your favourite."

Eleanor gave a smile, then picked the glass up between her slender fingers. "It is. Thank you, Svelok. How thoughtful."

Sipping the drink Lady Ivy's impressive pet had brought her, Eleanor cast a glance about the section of the hot springs. "Is your mistress here?"

He shook his head. "Lady Ivy was feeling tired and retired for the night."

Eleanor smiled at that part, not surprised to learn Ivy was worn out. If Svelok were her pet Eleanor was be sure she'd be worn out by bed time every night too.

Svelok added, "But she left me with explicit instructions to serve you in any way you ask, mistress."

Eleanor's eyes lit up at the 'mistress' part. For a serf to call a ladyship that was to submit himself to her servitude, totally and unabashed. Many young serfs used the title in stride. But one such as Svelok surely knew what calling her mistress really entailed.

"You may look at me, Svelok," Eleanor said kindly, and the serf wasted no time letting his gaze fall upon hers. There seemed some relief in his expression now he was allowed to drink in the sight of her, and he was obviously marvelling at every inch of the gorgeous equine. "You are aware I grow wet just at the sight of you, yes? Are you teasing me by calling me mistress?"

Svelok offered a small smile. "My lady was very explicit, mistress. Tonight I am to see to your *every* need." The emphasis in his voice was tactfully subtle, but it was there clear as day.

Eleanor bit her lip, then gestured him to the water. "Come to me then, pet."

With a nod, Svelok rose to his feet and pulled his robe up over his head. It was discarded in the grass nearby, and he was immediately naked. As he stepped into the water a number of obvious glances and hushed exchanges rippled about the hot springs. Several women, and even several men of every species, human included, paused what they were doing to watch the muscular figure stride down into the warm baths. His musculature dwarfed many of the male serfs, and aside from his impressive physique the length of thick flesh dangling between his

thighs drew more than a few lustful stares.

Even Eleanor felt her breath catch in the back of her throat as that magnificent cock hung just a few inches from her face and she resisted the urge to slide it into her mouth to get a taste. In moments it disappeared between the water's surface as an oblivious Svelok settled down beside the mare.

"What do you require of me, mistress?" he asked. From any anthro man, Eleanor knew the comment would have been an attempt to tease her into being dominant. However, from a serf like Svelok it sounded and felt like a genuine question.

Sliding sideways into his lap, Eleanor sighed as she felt his hard torso against her back and the thick flaccid member between his legs tuck itself comfortably between her soft ass cheeks. Grinding back and forth a little, wondering if the motions might get him hard prematurely, Eleanor forced one of Svelok's hands against her breast, and the other between her legs.

"You know what I require of you," she said breathily, and shuddered as Svelok got busy without further ado.

His grip on her large breast tightened, kneading the malleable flesh and trapping her pink nipple in a tender pinch between his thumb and forefinger. Eleanor flexed at the comment with a pleased sigh and felt his fingers rake almost teasingly up her inner thigh.

He snaked his middle finger between her desire swollen lips, finding the buzzing nub of flesh above her opening with choreographed ease, rubbing in very small but steady circles. Eleanor pressed tighter against Svelok, her hands disappearing under the water to grip his thighs for dear life, but at the same time while she was moaning with delight, Svelok was only making the itch worse.

She was keening with joy however when at long last he gave her what she wanted, his finger sliding down and teasing the winking opening of her slick canal. He probed a little, wiggling a little as he entered, then eased in ever so slowly. Eleanor bit her lip so hard she thought she might draw blood, spreading her legs a little further and bucking against his hand.

Again, going through the motions he'd choreographed many times with Lady Ivy and her many friends, Svelok crooked his finger in a come-hither motion, probing against the roof of her passage and rubbed the sensitive cluster of nerves. The flesh was a little rougher there and was difficult to miss. All women were a little different, but to Svelok's relief Lady Eleanor's g-spot was very similar to Ivy's. He found it with ease and began massaging.

Eleanor's reaction was immediate as he scratched the untameable itch. His free hand went down to her lower belly and massaged in slow circles from the outside.

In no time at all she was a wet, moaning mess. Shortly after her first climax of the night racked her body. Svelok felt her inner walls clamp and loosen, and a torrent of warmth washed over his fingers, warmer than the surrounding water.

Turning her head, Eleanor planted a long slow lick across Svelok's cheek, whispering; "Sit up on the side. I want to taste you."

His fingers slipped from her snatch, bringing the caress to an end and leaving Eleanor feeling empty. But she was sure the feeling would be short lived as Svelok sat up on the side of the pool, legs dangling in the water and leaning back on his elbows. Even flaccid his thick cock too big to fit simply in one hand, and she imagined the colossal rod of meat at its hardest would fill her up to her very centre.

Despite it not fitting in one hand, Eleanor still tried and ran her slender digits up and down the soft member. Svelok didn't even twitch where another man in the grip of such a beautiful creature would be fully erect at the mere sight of her bare body.

'Impressive control, pet,' she hummed with intrigue, stooping to run a long lick from the glans down to the base of the shaft. And still not even a stir. 'Very impressive.'

'I'll grow if it pleases you, mistress.'

Feigning a stern look, Eleanor said firmly, 'It would not, serf. You think my skills are so poor I cannot erect a cock on my own?'

'I meant no disrespect, mistress,' he said, casting his eyes downward.

She caught his chin and forced his gaze on hers. 'Keep watching me, pet. You'll not get out of this easily.'

And with that she opened her mouth, curled her tongue over her bottom lip and eased his long, thick member inside. The flesh was still malleable in her mouth as she took it all in, coating it in a glistening sheen of slippery saliva. Up and down her head began to bob in a rhythmic dance that shook her expensively coiffed purple mane.

Her eyes were open, the lovely violet disks fixed on Svelok's face as she searched him for reactions. As she moved up and down his rod her tongue began to flick this way and that, darting over the crown and slipping out at the downward stroke to caress the underside of the shaft and tease at the balls.

To Svelok's credit he kept a straight face. But Eleanor could feel him involuntarily pulsing in her mouth. Bit by bit the glorious meat began to harden with a rush of blood, until finally Svelok tried desperately to hold back.

He shut his eyes, drawing a playful growl from the mare. "I told you to watch me pet."

Only when he opened his eyes did she return her mouth to his member. And by then he was done. Svelok broke and in seconds after that he was at full mast.

Proudly Eleanor sat back, both hands massaging up and down the slick length that could rival a stallion. He had the size, perhaps not the full girth, but it was definitely comfortable looking. Long, even and smooth in the way only humans were, which was what made them the preferred bed serf in the first place. No sheath to hide them when soft. No barbs, ridges or unwarranted bulges. Just a baseline cock ready to be played with, sometimes offering hours of fun.

That wasn't to say Eleanor had any preference for humans or equines like herself. Humans, particularly well kempt Purebreeds like Svelok, were just pleasant to lay with.

"I'm so sorry, Mistress. I tried..." he began to say, faltering as her sweet grip ran up and down his cock, but Eleanor brushed him off.

"Nonsense. You grew erect because you appreciate the sight and feel of my body." She bit her lip and eased herself closer, transferring her hands from Svelok's spear to her own breasts, kneading them between her fingers. "Would you like to feel more?"

"Yes please, mistress. I would very much like to."

With a smile the mare spread the bountiful globes of flesh apart and enveloped him in the soft furry valley between her breasts. The effect on Svelok was instantaneous, his composure cracking to allow a small content sigh to escape his throat. His head rocked back a little and Eleanor felt with some amusement how his hips rolled wantonly as she fucked him between her tits with a smooth up and down motion. This was obviously a pleasure he wasn't able to indulge in often.

While easily the most beautiful woman in all the Underhome in Svelok's eyes, Lady Ivy also had significantly smaller breasts. She could never make a tit-job work about Svelok's girth, despite enthusiastic attempts. However, Ivy did have many busty friends who had given him the pleasure. The only condition each time had been that Ivy would be allowed to watch her serf fuck her friend's chest.

If there was one thing that made Lady Ivy as happy as Svelok's efforts in bed, it was watching her pet give her girlfriends the same pleasures. Were she not so tired she would probably be here, watching Svelok and Eleanor with her fingers wriggling about deep in her pussy.

"I would like to taste you, pet," Eleanor said after some time. She could feel the muscles in her lower back ache with fatigue as minutes passed, and

while she took a little pride in breaking the discipline of highly trained bed serfs, she admitted to herself she was growing tired of foreplay. She was ready for the main event, pining for it even. “Would you like to cum for me, Svelok?”

“For you, mistress, anything.”

“Cum for me then, pet. Give me your gift. Leave a string of pearls all about my neck-...” she’d hardly even finished her statement when Svelok swelled and erupted across her chest.

A long stream of his thick, potent seed blasted Eleanor under her chin. A rope of it splashed across her cheek making her flinch as she protectively shut one eye, but she still smiled and snaked her tongue over to taste.

More of the stuff glazed her throat, strings forming a rather nice necklace of cum that glistened on her clean white fur.

Swallowing a breath, Svelok panted while watching Eleanor peel back, a few sticky strands connecting her creamed breasts with his cock. She made a show of massaging it into her fur before easing herself into deeper water. She disappeared below the surface for a few seconds, and in that time Svelok noticed the spectatorship they were taking on.

Eleanor’s friend Gianna was sat up on the water’s edge, her young serf knelt in the pool and pressing his lips between her thick thighs. One hand raked his hair encouragingly as she watched Svelok with a slightly agape expression of pleasure. Other visitors to the garden were gathering too, having caught a glimpse of him and were moving closer with subtle curiosity. The ursine couple who had been fucking vigorously on the other end of the pool didn’t seem to care for subtlety though and boldly moved closer, hand in hand.

Eleanor emerged shortly after having washed away the seed that had marked her.

“That’s enough play, I think,” she said, reaching out and grabbing his stem once more. Her hand looked considerably petite about his girth, which was still hard as an iron rod even after climaxing. As ever, Svelok had plenty of miles left in the tank for his current mistress.

Tugging him gently into the water, it was Eleanor’s turn to lay back on dry land. She did so, spreading her legs shamelessly as far as she could and hooked her hands on her thighs to keep Svelok’s access as unobstructed as possible. It became quite obvious what she wanted.

Or so Svelok thought. When his mistress, Lady Ivy lay like that he instinctually moved his face to her cunny to eat her out. but this time, he moved down and speared her swollen and aroused lips with his tongue only to have Eleanor catch him by the face and lift him up.

“I said, that’s enough play,” she said, her grin growing a little desperate. “I

can hardly wait for the main event. Take me, pet. Fuck me silly.”

As with anything, Svelok nodded, eager to please. And with graceful ease he directed his glans against her mound. The lips opened and Eleanor gasped at the feeling of his flesh burning against her opening. She shuddered and clenched almost instinctively before relaxing, yielding about his cock and letting him ease in, inch by fucking glorious inch.

She nearly screamed as much, cursing to the high heavens as he speared her with nearly eight inches of rigid meat. Slowly, agonizingly sliding forward until his crown kissed the neglected depths of her core.

Eleanor lost control and screamed into her hand. A long, uncontrollable tremor ran from her hooves up to her lips, the electric surge of orgasm making her shake and kick as if trying to buck the human off her. Yet at the same time she locked her legs around his waist, her quivering canal of slick, silky flesh milking his entire length with a rippling sensation brought on by the sudden climax.

“You have not been taking care of yourself, mistress,” Svelok said gently as he felt the slippery heat of her squirting orgasm envelop him. “It isn’t healthy to deny your body its earthly pleasures. A woman as beautiful as a goddess should be treated as one.”

Eleanor hummed, setting her nails into his firm shoulder blades. “Is that how you consider your mistress, Lady Ivy?”

“It is also how I consider all the hard-working women who keep this paradise running.” He was of course referring to the Underhome as a whole. The Grand Matriarch kept a council of entirely female members for rule, with the positions of most advisors and ambassadors of the various districts filled by women also.

It of course put a lot of pressure on the female population, but it worked, and there never seemed any need to change it. Besides that, hard work came with many perks, Ladies Ivy, Gahya, Eleanor and many more being a testament to that.

That, and there were men, human serfs and anthros alike ready to treat them like goddesses, almost as thanks.

Svelok was no exception to that, and he dipped forward to trace a long line of tender kisses along Eleanor’s jaw and down her neck.

She gasped, surprised by the tender and romantic contact. She’d had a few serfs service her in the past, but none had ever been so bold... perhaps bold was the wrong word. There was nothing wrong with it.

“Relax, mistress. Let me take care of you,” he whispered, his voice making her ear twitch and a tingle of pleasure vibrate down her spine.

As Svelok set to work, fucking the gorgeous woman under him with long, steady strokes, several pairs of eyes cast jealously towards the couple. Some of the other women without partners in the hot springs let their fingers absently wander to the aroused slits between their legs. Others who had been in casual conversations with friends or partners began coddling closer to each other and letting their hands explore hardening rods or moistening clefts.

All of them lingered for a moment on the brand between Svelok's shoulder blades, then continued their self-gratification. They knew from the family crest he was a private serf. But while they weren't allowed to touch, they could certainly enjoy the show.

The young woman who had been chatting with her friend riding a serf had abandoned the one-sided conversation and was now propped up on her knees, fingers boldly exploring knuckle deep into her snatch. She rubbed her clit as she thrust her fingers between her silky walls, hips bucking back and forth as her pleasure watered the lawn.

The ursine woman had dropped to her hands and knees nearby. She was biting her bottom lip, eyes shut and eyebrows arched as her husband entered her from behind with a long, slow forward thrust. The woman dug her fingers into the soft earth between the blades of grass, rocking back to meet her husband's subsequent motions.

"Holy Matriarch have mercy. Watching him work is nearly enough to make me cum!" tossing her hair she glanced over her shoulder. "Be a dear and take me the rest of the way, honey."

"Your wish is my command, my darling," the male bear said with a chuckle and he doubled his efforts.

As he brought his wife to shuddering climax, the equine male enjoying the body of his Purebreed serf waved a greeting to another mare joining them at the poolside. This equine, a paint horse of browns and whites greeted them back and took over for the Purebreed girl. Laying her down, the mare took her ripped boyfriend doggy-style and started lapping between their lovely serf's legs with her tongue, until all three of them were moaning with reciprocated ecstasy.

The fleeting moments of climax ticked by, dilated and stretched by the pleasure that made a second feel like hours. But eventually, bit by bit the spectators finished up and trickled away. A few lay back in the water with satisfaction, but before long the coupling had dwindled down to just Eleanor and Svelok.

They were still in the missionary position, Eleanor's limbs wrapped about his body and her nails set into his skin. Soft slaps of his flesh meeting her fur grew wetter with every progressive explosion of pleasure racking the mare's

body, her pussy now quivering and squirting uncontrollably with every inward thrust from Svelok.

“Please, pet. Please, I can’t...” Her third orgasm of the night rolled her eyes and made her shudder from the neck down with joy. Catching her breath at length she managed to let out a single shaky order. “Cum with me. I need you to fill me up, it’s driving me crazy.”

Svelok nodded, obliging with one final push. He thrust deep into her slick snatch until the glans gently kissed her core. She hardly noticed him swell the way she was stretched open already, and he erupted a moment later.

Pulse after pulse of thick, creamy seed was pumped into Eleanor’s belly. She felt it spray into her, practically injected through her cervix to paint her womb with sticky, slippery warmth. She cooed at the sensation of it as volley after volley filled her to the point of bursting. Whatever her body couldn’t hold oozed its way between her tingling walls and his wilting cock, bubbling out where Eleanor’s lips were stretched open.

Her limbs weakly slipped from Svelok’s body and the mare lay sprawled over the stony bank of the pool. Her breasts heaved as she panted with effort against the back of her hand. There were still electric shocks throughout her body, the aftermath of pure sensation causing her to twitch uncontrollably.

As she felt Svelok pull back to slide out of her, she instead quickly grabbed him by the shoulder to hold him in place.

Catching her breath, Eleanor managed a toothy grin. “I think the Grand Matriarch will be very pleased with you, pet. Very pleased indeed.”

#### **IV**

Far above, through layers of rock, sediment and arid dirt, the world took on a very different light. For the rest of the world, evening was not yet ready to set in, and the sun blasted the surface land with a merciless heat.

The land above was cursed, ruined by an old cataclysm that frightened away the old world and brought in a new age of suffering and fire.

It was here, high above the safety and pleasure of the Underhome where humans and monsters lived. But it was not a place the anthros from underground refused to visit; for where were they to get their serfs from otherwise?

The arid foothills marked the end of one endless desert, and the beginning of another just over the jagged peaks. The cracked earth stretched for forever in every direction about the cavern entrance that would take the trappers back down to the cool comfort of the Underhome.

Seven of them, anthros of varying species walked ahead of the wheeled cage they drew. It was with some relief they found the shade of the foothills, panting and chugging down the last of the water reserves they'd brought with them from below.

The hyena in the group gulped down the last pint, then corked her waterskin and donned it on her belt again. She carried a knife along with a baton like her fellow trappers, with some of them like the fox and the horse carrying additional ropes and whips.

Her leather clad chest heaving with the effort of the day's haul, she still managed a toothy smile as she looked over the carriage. Behind the bars were at least a dozen humans, Partbreeds for the most part, but she counted at least three unverified handsome Purebreeds in the mix. They were all dirty, a little dehydrated and clad in rags no self-respecting Underhome commoner would wear. But they were in otherwise good condition and would fetch them a pretty penny on the serf market below.

"Excellent haul, today. Good work everyone," she congratulated, walking up to the cage.

The humans inside recoiled in fear, making the hyena smile a little broader. One of their captured Purebreeds was male, devoid of the aesthetic-marring mutations that gripped the majority of humans they trapped. He wasn't very large, but nice enough to look at. He was clearly not matured yet, but that wasn't going to stop the hyena from giving him a whirl between her thighs before handing the haul off to the market.

The work of the Underhome's reclaimer teams, while dangerous, had its benefits. And no doubt some of the lads in her group would give the Pureblood women in the haul a good introduction to the life that awaited them below. It

didn't bother the hyena, so long as they were gentle. The market handlers didn't pay for damaged goods.

She was musing to herself what the Purebreed boy's seed might taste like when a sudden sound nearly made her jump out of her fur.

"Well isn't this a mighty queer how-do-you-do?" an unfamiliar voice said suddenly, chipper and friendly, though tinny and muffled as if trying to talk through a cooking pot.

The anthros whirled towards the source of the sound, and were surprised to spot a figure standing not even twenty feet away. The stranger was quite obviously human, but not in a way any of them had ever seen before. And in the shock of his sudden appearance all they could do was stare as his soulless black eyes stared back.

A frightful beaked mask like the aspect of a raven covered his face, black circular lenses hiding his eyes from view. Adorning his body were fine, albeit slightly rough around the edges clothes. Sturdy boots on his feet, a pair of brown trousers and a faded khaki shirt and black waistcoat, over which he wore a long faded blue coat, the tails reaching down to his ankles and concealing much of his athletic frame. The coat in particular seemed regal, embroidered with silver thread, but repaired over time with a patchwork of leathers and coarse hides.

Tearing her gaze from the masked stranger the hyena looked over the cage, still locked, then to her fellows. "How did that human get out of the cage?"

The wolf in the group let his hand drift down to the hilt of his baton. "I don't think he was in the cage to begin with."

With a scoff the hyena then gave the wolf and the fox a shove in the back. "Well, go get him then. He looks like a Purebreed, but we won't know until you get that weird mask off."

The wolf and fox looked at each other and shrugged before the fox unencumbered his whip. The wolf drew his baton and at the same time they advanced on the stranger.

He didn't budge, and halted them with his voice when he calmly told the anthros, "Good sirs, I would advise against doing that."

Stopped, the wolf chuckled. "And why is that then?"

"Allow me to explain. Do any of you know what a pistol is?" His gaze canted between the anthros slowly, and when none answered he said, "No? Good. I will elaborate. A pistol is a finely tuned device that uses a controlled explosion to propel a small projectile at a target of the wielder's choice in the blink of an eye. It is said that a person shot by a pistol is dead before they even realise what has happened. I tell you this for I am the owner of such a device, which is why it is ill advised to approach me with the malicious intent you all

currently harbour.” Pausing as if to take a breath after that lengthy and rapid explanation, the stranger then pointed at the humans confined in the cage. “Release these people immediately. I will only ask you once.”

Behind the leading anthros, the hyena and the others burst out in raucous laughter. Encouraged, the fox unspooled his whip and led the wolf forward.

The stranger tutted. “Oh, very well.”

It was practically over before it started, that was how fast it happened. The hyena, watching the whole thing blinked and she missed it. The stranger only took a step back with his right foot. His coat flared open and she caught the shimmer of steel. At first she thought this human had a blade on him, but swords did not summon fire and thunder.

BANG!

The noise practically deafened her, and the flash left spots in her vision. The fox jerked sideways and collapsed. The stranger then adjusted his aim, feathering the trigger with practiced dexterity.

BANG-BANG-BANG!

The wolf was flung backwards and three of the other men the hyena had worked with for the better part of a year were thrown into the cursed earth.

BANG-BANG!

Two more thunderclaps, and the last of her fellows went down in bloody pirouettes. Something warm splashed the side of the hyena’s face and by the time she realised it was a mist of blood that once belonged to the horse – now it belonged to the arid soil – the stranger had turned his ‘pistol’ device on her.

The finger tightened on the trigger and the hyena braced herself.

Click-...

A breath of relief exploded from her lungs as the hyena realised the weapon failed to fell her. It was perhaps broken? She didn’t know, but either way she wasn’t going to let this insolent human have her friends’ lives lightly. Her hand darted downward, past the grip of her baton and to the hilt of her dagger. She didn’t need to kill him... not yet anyway. And he didn’t need to have hands for him to service her on the long journey down to the Underhome.

At the same time the stranger drew back his weapon and slammed it back into the holster on his hip. If that was all the stranger had, the hyena was slightly disappointed, and she secretly hoped he had more stamina to give her than he had honest to goodness fight.

However, as the steel of her blade rasped out of its sheath, the stranger’s hand came back out from under his coat, holding another one of the infernal pistol devices. The hyena froze, then dropped her dagger, something in her expecting an iota of mercy from this mysterious human.

“You should have been civil,” the stranger said, the leather of his glove creaking as his finger tightened on the trigger and took aim. “Now your soul is forfeit.”

The hyena saw the familiar flash of light...

Darkness swallowed her before she even heard the shot.

The masked stranger stepped over the still forms of seven anthros on his path to the cage, and with another flash of artificial lightning and thunder blew the lock clean off the door. It swung open, but the humans in the cage hesitated, taking in the stranger’s unusual handheld device and the fierce appearance of his mask. None of his aspect bar the short white hair on his scalp was visible. The scarf about his neck, his heavy coat and his gloves hid every inch of his skin, and the black lenses of the beaked mask gave nothing of his eyes away.

Still, his kindly voice rang out through the hooked faceplate.

“It’s quite alright,” he said gently. “Come on.”

The young boy who the hyena had been ogling scrambled forward first and took the stranger’s hand. One by one, the dirty and weak humans followed, took his hand and he helped them down to freedom. Some scattered immediately. Others perused the vast desert laid out before them, unsure what to do next.

The stranger in the meantime took the time to top up his secondary pistol, then re-drew his primary pistol for a reload. One of the women from the cage, a rather pretty thing devoid of the mutations commonly seen in these parts watched with amazement as the stranger flicked open the cylindrical part of his contraption and fed it ammunition preternatural dexterity. The device was beyond her comprehension, but the stranger’s intent seemed obvious enough.

“Thank you,” the woman breathed. “If not for you the Underbeasts would have had us.”

Shutting the pistol with a flick of the wrist, the stranger twirled the weapon about his finger a single revolution, slotted it back into the holster and smoothly straightened his long coat again. Watching her, the stranger regarded the woman with a curious cock of his head.

“Underbeasts?”

The woman pointed at the creatures the stranger had laid to rest. “These people. The ones who resemble the beasts of the old world. They live underground.” Her shaky finger directed towards the cavern now. “But there will be more to come and cull us. There are always more.”

The stranger silently regarded the woman, then slowly turned his gaze to the cavern. There was something thoughtful about his body language, something kind-hearted about his voice and something noble in his appearance. It was unlike anything the woman had ever witnessed, and were he not wearing that

frightful mask she surely would have wrapped her arms about him and kissed him on the lips.

However, with the mask on, she jumped with mild fright when he turned his gaze to her again. He pointed off towards the horizon, and said, "I came from a village not four miles in that direction. Go there now. There are good people there, they will take you in."

"Four miles..." the woman mused following his finger to eye the horizon.

"It is not as far as it sounds. You can make it."

She shook her head then locked eyes with the stranger's mask. "It is not that. It is not far enough from this place. More Underbeasts will come. They will take us again."

To her surprise the stranger gave a small chuckle and turned away. "I promise you that they will not."

Pulling open his coat again, the devil drew his pistol and moved into the cavern.

"Not once I've had a talk with them."

###

Like what you see? You can support me by buying one of [my stories on Smashwords](#)

[Curse of the Caller](#) - ISBN 9781370248896 [Name your own price or just read it for free!]

[Hard Vacuum](#) - ISBN 9781370304370 [Get it for \$0.99 with discount code "PJ85V"!]

[Nikki of Earth](#) – ISBN 9781370887996 [Get it for \$0.99 with discount code “ZH69P”!]

[Sucker for Pain](#) – ISBN 9781370971800 [Get it for \$0.99 with discount code “JG87F”!]

[The Romantic Antic](#) – ISBN 9781370074105 [Get it for \$0.99 with discount code “AE88F”!]

[Going Hag Stag](#) – ISBN 9781370933426 [Get it for \$0.99 with discount code “QQ39D”!]