

Highway Men

An illustrated short story by laserpaints. Contains sexual themes, obviously. Furry, implied feral, implied (non-sexual) violence. Illustrations available in 8K resolution at patreon.com/hides. Support my creations there! twitter.com/laserpaints furaffinity.net/user/laser

version 1.0

The staccato of heavy hoof-falls came to a sudden stop, the equitaur's back half grinding low on the hardened dirt of the path, as it fought the inertia of his sizable rump. He stood up in a wide stance, readying to turn and sure enough, there it was again, whatever his prey instinct had first picked up on moments before. Ambushes were still something you had to expect beyond the outer reaches of the Thelm Regency's influence, although bandits and other lowlives were paradoxically more frequent the closer you were to 'civilization'.

Normally, Hull would've galloped right past any suspicious noise, but the Old-Growth Forest's underbrush made it too easy to lay an inconspicuous rope trap across the path. He scanned his wide field of vision for movement. His ears snapped back, picking up the rustling of leaves in his blind spot, and he swung his back around abruptly, the heavy cargo he was keen on protecting slapping against the sweat slicked, muscled meat of his thigh with an embarrassingly loud noise. That was probably instinct too, but he had been more preoccupied with his stallionhood than usual this morning.

Hull found his thoughts stray back to his earlier lodging and company. The human who puts him up in his shed whenever there is pulling work in the forest hamlet ain't a bad one. Doesn't even call Hull a half-breed to his face. Hull thanked him by not mounting that old draft mare that occupies the other stall, however juicy she might look in times of sexual drought. He fought against intrusive images of himself hilted deeply inside the dumb animal's well traveled passage, unloading his seed in the shameful union that many humans believed was the origin of his kind. The equitaur liked to think he had some pride left, somewhere.

Ah, yes, *instincts*. Now was perhaps not the time to think of a service animal's private parts, and he couldn't shake the suspicion that his preoccupation with pussy had steered him right into a trap. A flick of his tail betrayed his nervousness further. One hulking, cloaked figure emerged from behind a tree trunk, then, hesitantly, another one crept over a mossy, fallen tree a few dozen paces off to

the side. Hull's ears remained angled back, listening for more company as he sized up the two ragged black dog-hides.

"Morning, shanks" the bolder one of the two exclaimed, likely referring to Hull's overabundance of limbs. "Got anything to... trade?"

Such poise. "Hunters, are ya? Almost had me worried there" Hull said, playing along with the canine. The dog-man's paw rested on the hilt of a pitted sword, sheath slung around his hip. Not much else in the way of clothing adorned either of them, their hefty, *other* sheaths in plain view. Fur usually accounted for enough decency in the eyes of most rural hides, Hull was no exception.

If the dog-men had more company, he wasn't hearing them. Hull quickly glanced over his shoulder to confirm. Damn him, he had actually already gone past them on his way. Had he not stopped, they would never have caught up. He could still make a run for it, but the straggler had an arrow nocked in a crude, yet strong looking bow. That complicated things.

"What'ya got? Deer? Rabbit? Don't have much to offer in return, I'm afraid."

The sword wielder almost imperceptibly cocked his snout to the side, and his companion began widening the distance between them, as they closed in on the taur. Hull forced himself to stand his ground. If these two were truly looking for a fight, they'd not be having this stimulating conversation. He wasn't armed with a weapon beyond his hooves, spears were awkward to him and he was a shit shot. His mass was usually enough to deter scum like them, and even though they had some fair bulk on them he figured he still outweighed both of them combined, thrice over. They must be desperate. Although, he was not too keen on pointed metal or wood bits in his flank either.

Saliva was pouring from the Bowman's jowls, who by now had full view of Hull's equine backside. Perhaps they were looking for game after all. Get rid of the upper half and they'd have a convincing enough horse carcass to feast on. Arrow in rump wasn't sounding any more appealing, so Hull finally decided to make a move. Swinging around once again, he turned to face the bow wielding ambusher, who was so surprised by the uncannily nimble movement of the two thousand pound taur that he shot his arrow in the dirt with a loud yelp. Stumbling backwards, the mutt unloaded his quiver into the surrounding vegetation. He scrambled through the brush to find a single arrow and got ready to shoot again. The ridiculousness of the scene forced the urge to laugh up Hull's chest, where it fought with the sinking feeling of panic around his pounding heart. He turned towards the sword bearing alpha again, expecting him to strike during the diversion, only to find his scarred face staring at his companion in disbelief, weapon hanging limply by his side.

"You absolute fucking idiot. Why do I even take you with me anymore!"

No argument there from Hull. "Let's not get ahead of ourselves boys, No need to get violent over a little misunderstanding" The dog behind him was still fixated on

his ass, wide eyed, arrow nocked, pink poking out from his sheath. They weren't just desperate for food it seems. He had caught the old man in the village sizing his ass up like that on occasion. Hull didn't even want to imagine what the old pervert did to his mare. The human moral superiority over 'half-breeds' went only about as far as they could squirt their cum. Granted, Hull had considered letting him have a go for a few extra coins, now that the log pulling work was done for the season. He'd probably not have felt much considering the human's size. Maybe getting rid of that pride of his was the way out of this.

The equitaur forced himself into a more relaxed pose between the two 'predators', even flagging his tail a little for the would-be buggerer.

"I'm sure we can part ways as friends here", Hull said.

"Is that so? I don't think -" the dog's gaze fell upon something behind the stallion and his expression changed, from the already slipping mask of intimidation to open incredulity. "Are you getting a fucking hard-on... AGAIN?"

Hull's suppressed amusement came back as he saw the leader dog's own cock poking from his sheath at the sight of what was ostensibly his brother's manhood, already standing at full attention and leaking fluids, after mere seconds of horse-rump show. Hull felt weirdly flattered and unknowingly began spilling from his own sheath. Who knew that the prospect of a fight could be so unexpectedly exciting.

"Looks like we are becoming friends already!" Hull exclaimed with confidence, breaking the incredibly awkward silence.

The bandit's shoulders slumped in embarrassment over the hard pound of bright violet flesh hanging below him, his sword hand resting against his side, forgotten.

"I can't do business like this! Every time I tell you to backstab someone, you seem to think you should use your cock for it", scar-face yelled at the smaller dog.

The domestic dispute might provide an opportunity for Hull, both of the engorged canine cocks betraying the priorities of their animalistic minds.

"Let's say you each have a go, jerk me off a little, everyone's happy. Fair trade, no?" The equine proposed, not sure if this was actually happening. His doubts were cast aside when he felt two meaty paws greedily grabbing at the ample flesh of his rump.

The scar-faced dog stood there for a moment while his supposed brother was eagerly feeling up Hull's backside, probably weighing his options of falling on his own sword to get out of the embarrassing situation, or giving in and at least getting his rocks off. Already, a clear string of fluid clung to the alpha's cock, who absentmindedly began stroking its entire length. "Oh, fuck it, what the hell" he muttered, dropping his weapon and moving around towards the taur's business end. Running a paw along Hull's flank and buttocks, he used the other to brutishly shove his submissively whining companion away from the equine ass and

promptly began grabbing directly at the thick, protruding ring of flesh guarding Hull's exit - or, he supposed, entrance. The larger dog hungrily pressed his cock against the sweaty inside of the taur's thighs, perhaps enjoying the warm, wet ribbing the horse's veins made.

"How the fuck am I supposed to get up there?!" The alpha exclaimed.

Hull tensed at the sudden sensation of two padded fingers probing his inside. *Fair point*, he thought, and lowered first his back half and then his front onto the ground. Chuckling, he noticed how the dog's arm was yanked downwards, fingers still firmly lodged inside Hull's ass. This didn't feel bad at all.

The alpha was less amused - but still horny - and violently shoved his footlong, pre-slicked shaft into the taur's insides with a wet squelch. The sudden intrusion was uncomfortable, but what's more, he was some incompetent highwaymutt's mare now. That felt *just* a little degrading. Hull's equine cock surprised him by slapping against his belly and then onto the ground. The image of the mare getting seeded by a stallion returned before his mind's eye, only he was the mare now.

"Uh, name's Hull by the way, figured we should get acquainted by this point - Oh, *Truth!*"

The dog was already humping him in furious, short, uncontrolled strokes, strings of foamy spit began coating his buttocks and unfamiliar but not unpleasurable sensations began radiating inside him..

"Char," the alpha replied, short of breath. "And that - over there - is my - idiot brother".

The eagerness with which the larger dog was pounding into his velvety hole was oddly arousing. His gaze fell on the beta's dejected form, who was furiously stroking himself and desperate to get a glimpse of his sibling's fuckmeat sliding in and out of the squelching hole.

"Come over here, Idiot Brother" Hull commanded. Really wasn't much of a name, that. "Let me see what we can do for you".

The beta dog obeyed hesitantly and moved just into reach of Hull's arms, who was sufficiently turned on to slide his hands all over the smaller male's ample curves. Wasn't too different from the Hide whores he'd occasionally blow his hard earned cash (and other things) on. Just a little less tits and a little more - "Oh, right." He enclosed the dog's cock and entire paw, which was still stroking it, in his own hand and worked it in slow, deliberate movements. He'd learned enough from his own treatment at the hands of aforementioned whores to get a good idea of what to do. The Dog's puppy maker provided a curious sensation in his hand. Very hard to the touch, yet yielding under pressure from his grip, he could feel the fluids inside it rush under the slick lubricated texture as he loosened his grip again. All that made him more aware of other needs he wanted fulfilled. He pulled the canine closer to his prone body and his free hand moved down between the mutt's shapely buttocks.

“Wait, I don’t think we agreed on-” The dog was promptly shut up by the horse lips engulfing his muzzle, long equine tongue shoving into the cavity while fingers were probing the one at the other end.

Ignoring his whimpers, Hull wondered whether the alpha would take his brother as a bitch whenever the urges overwhelmed him, and whether he was broken-in enough to fit the girth of the nearly three feet of horsecock that were already bumping eagerly against the canine’s legs. The dog’s tongue began reciprocating in their shared wet cave, which the Stallion took as encouragement.

His hand still around the cock of the smaller male, he began pushing back against his sheath, trying to guide him onto the shaft that was bobbing up and down under the force of Hull’s pelvic muscles. Squirted copious amounts of precum onto the dog’s backside, the cockhead implanted itself into the supple meat of the beta’s cheeks a few times, until finally finding its mark. Breathing a helpless whimper into the Stallion’s mouth, he was forcefully pushed onto and over the flat tip of the gigantic organ. A massive squirt of warm wetness burned on Hull’s side. Clearly the dog would enjoy being his slut.

Speaking of, he almost forgot about Char until the canine, motivated by the vista of his little brother getting impaled on stallion cock, clutched the taur’s muscular leg for leverage and embedded himself extra deep into his soft and vulnerable backside. The sudden, impassioned thrust transferred directly through Hull’s shaft into his brother, and the Stallion had to stop himself from bucking into the smaller male unrestrained.



They shared a moment of unashamed lust, and when Char went back for another stroke, Hull could feel a big lump of hard flesh pulling against his insides. *They do that*, he remembered. By necessity, the alpha's thrusting became shorter and more intimate. He softly embedded his teeth in the saliva-slicked flesh of the Stallion's thigh, as he would perhaps do with the neck of a bitch in heat. Each pullback tugged the soft skin between the equine's buttocks with it, and each new thrust hit a secret spot that sent unimagined sensations of pleasure into his cock and ounces of precum into the dog's brother.

Hull could feel his seed churning in his balls, as they jiggled freely across his thigh. His own cock began to do its "magic transformation" inside the beta's slicked passage and the lovers voraciously explored each other's mouths. He had pulled the canine into a tight embrace and his forgotten cock uselessly bounced up and down against the taur's side. Now adorned by its own engorged knot, it began showering Hull and the surrounding vegetation in ropes of sticky white seed. Astonished by the fact that his cock alone could give another male such pleasure, he pulled away from the kiss to watch the dog's shaft unload all over him, seeking in vain a bitch to impregnate. Slutty, desperate moans accompanied the beta's prolonged orgasm.

The sights and sounds did enough to push the other two over the edge, and their thrusts became nearly imperceptibly short as the pressure inside of them built to unbearable levels. Hull's testicles were pulled up tight by the leathery skin encasing them, until they almost lifted up off his thigh. Not being able to restrain himself any further, he implanted his flared shaft deeper in in the beta's tight passage, a torrent of hot horse cum began ballooning the mutt's insides. A loud yelp of pain and pleasure escaped the canine's jowls past the renewed kiss, and clinging onto the Stallion's massive chest, he lifted his legs off the ground in a vain attempt to escape the broad flare sealing his entrance. Pushing a hindpaw on the stallion's cock, he felt the jets of seed pumping through its length, all the while ropes of his own cum were still spilling from his own, needy cock.

Char was torn out of his lustful stupor by the unexpected sensation of the powerful, muscular rings surrounding his meat, constricting in the waves of the taur's orgasm. The milking motion did its job, and he barked out a primal yell as his seed struggled through the massive knot, compressed by the vice-like walls of Hull's rump. The three of them continued unloading themselves into and onto each other in a symphony of sonorous moans and heavy breaths. Small rivers of cum were flowing along their cocks out of the plugged holes, and they shared another moment of lascivious unity, their earlier adversity forgotten.



Hull hooked an arm under the impaled dog's leg and lifted him up, pulling on his own shaft as the massive flare struggled to break free of the stretched, undersized asshole. With a shivering "Urgh-h-h" from the canine, the horsecock popped free of its delicious prison, a thick stream of cum following its sudden exit from the abused, gaping hole. Incredibly, the beta dog was still leaking from his own pointlessly knotted dog-hood, and the Stallion's white painted cock began retreating into its hefty sheath. Finally, Char managed to separate himself from his luxurious horse rump bedding, and tried to remove himself from the ring of muscle gripping the base of his cock, unsuccessfully so. Hull's backside seemed entirely uninterested in letting go of its new stud. The mutt shifted his weight onto his back, planting both hindpaws on Hull's supple ass.

"Woah, what do you think you are doOWww", the taur attempted to interject as Char extended his legs and pulled free of his velvet prison with a loud *pop!* A gush of steaming cum erupted onto the canine, as the Stallion's muscles quickly worked to restore their usual tightness. "Friends, remember?", Hull said in unconvincing indignation. The younger brother slumped against Hull's belly, which was slippery with sweat and seed, and Char did the same over his ass, gently massaging the equine's ring in an uncharacteristic display of tenderness.

"Wow. So, uh, you got any coin on you?" Char asked casually.

"Really? If anything, I should pay your brother, you asshole" Hull replied, realizing with a sting of remorse that he still didn't know the name of the poor dog he had just pumped full of his seed, which was now forming a pool in the dirt beneath the wide open canine. He'd probably not walk right for a week. Post-orgasmic contentment was doing a number on them.

“Want a job then? I could see this, uh, working as a lure.”

The equine got up on his hooves, abruptly throwing the brothers into the underbrush surrounding them. Strings of cum were still leaking from his messy sheath and hole.

“You think everyone is as horny for horse ass as you lowlifes?” Hull asked incredulously. More outrageous even, was the fact that he found himself considering it.