

Vendric tried and failed three times to rouse himself from bed following his rest with the cowgirl.

For his first attempt, he awoke to find himself with a teat in his mouth, hugged close to her body. Dazed and confused, he attempted an experimental wriggle to free himself from her grasp, but it was to no avail. She was on her back, holding him as a young girl would hold a stuffed animal. Despite the apparent tenderness of their shared sojourn, her strength meant that her arms were all but inescapable. The most he managed was a mumbled half-protest before his eyelids sank happily shut once more. He nuzzled against her and hummed, idly suckling from her breast.

The second try came around an hour later when the cowgirl rolled onto her side. The sudden movement jostled Vendric enough such that he blinked awake once more. The idea occurred to him that he ought to ask at least one or two questions of his consummately female captor. That being said, his attention faltered even more easily than before. Between her warmth, her softness, and the blanket she pulled over the two of them, it wasn't long until he sleepily resumed drinking her cream.

The third failure was perhaps the most egregious of all, given that Vendric had outside assistance. A hand shook him awake, the most alert he'd been ever since his first exquisite cumshot in his bovine paramour, and Vendric cracked one eye open to look up at the apparent source of his rest's interruption.

"You awake?"

The most he could see was a silhouette, but the horns -- as well as the refreshing simplicity of her inquiry -- at least proved it wasn't Valentina. He hadn't gotten too good a look at her before, but. Maybe the sheepgirl? Vendric grumbled, shutting his eyes tight and stretching his muscles as best he could in the cowgirl's grip.

"Hrmf."

She hummed with laughter. "Not quite sure either way, are we? That's fine, that's fine!" Vendric's vision focused bit by bit, and soon the shape of a wide, toothy smile framed in fluffy white coalesced before his eyes. "I just thought I'd pop in and make sure you and Martha were comfortable. Looks like you two are getting along *famously*."

What was her named again? Zoe? There had been Delilah and... "Zoe..." Vendric mumbled, planting one hand on the cowgirl's shoulder to prop himself up.

"Ah, think you need to get out of bed, dear?" Zoe leaned down, placing a hand on Vendric's shoulder. "Hungry? Thirsty, maybe?" Her voice dipped to a whisper. "Trip to the water closet...?"

Vendric blinked and went over the options presented in his head. He wasn't hungry, nor was he thirsty. After all, he had a font of sweet, wholesome nutrition to turn to if either appetite threatened to disrupt his rest. Two, in fact. And he didn't really need to go to the bathroom. Vendric shook his head, shut his eyes, and wrapped his arms around his partner as best he could.

Zoe giggled, apparently delighted at his refusal. "Perfectly fine! You just let me or Delilah know if you need anything, dear! We're going to be just around the corner. Until then, you just let Martha take care of you." She leaned down to pat him on the head primly, smiling wide. "Ta-ta for now!"

With that, she turned for the door and made her departure. Or she would have, at least, if the door hadn't flown open with the latest visitor to Martha's bedroom.

"*Master Vendric!*"

Vendric tried and failed three times to rouse himself from bed following his rest with Martha. In the end, it was Valentina who brought about his rude awakening.

Despite a yelp from Zoe and the frantic shushing that followed, Valentina's zeal continued, undeterred by frivolities such as "decorum" or "tact." "Patience, it is said, is a virtue. A platitude oft-repeated by the timorous, so freely given as to diminish its meaning to naught!"

She sidestepped a wide-eyed Zoe, effortlessly dodging an attempt to push her from the threshold. "And yet, this humble Fae sees now a grain of truth in this otherwise spurious pearl! For had I merely waited for our humble hostesses' explanation, I'd not need to depart so early! Master Vendric, I pray that you-"

"Valentina." Vendric had since sat up in the bed, brow furrowed. "Please just get to the point."

Valentina was silent for a moment. "But of course! You see, Master Vendric, this Fae is humble -- as all who yet live and seek to learn must be humble -- for many reasons, but a point of pride 'pon my proverbial-"

"*Valentina.*"

"She's set to run an errand with Zoe!" Delilah cut in, tripping over her hooves in her attempts to grab Valentina's wrist and lead her outside. "She- There was something of a *misunderstanding* earlier when the two of you came in, and she-"

"What our dear hostess is *trying* to say is that if splinters were gravestones, I've rendered the parlor a cemetery!"

Vendric sat up with more urgency, blinking the drowsiness from his eyes. Martha tried to pull him back down, and it was with irritation that he swatted her hands away. "Valentina!" He glared at the Fae, only to turn his attention towards Zoe. His gaze turned more sympathetic in the process. "What did she do? I'm so sorry; if it's anything major-"

"No, no!" Zoe laughed, panting as she slumped against the doorjamb. Her efforts were put on pause for a moment, but she was still eager to act as if everything was perfectly fine. "Nothing to worry about, I promise you! Just a few scrapes on the floor. Please, just lay back and relax!"

"Well!" Valentina laughed heartily and gave Zoe a spine-straightening slap on the back.

"Scrapes, of course! I fear, however, that the blow to your temple addled your nerves and memory *both!* As I recall, my misplaced madness made martyrs of many, if not *most* of the sitting room's residents." She pursed her lips and began to count on her fingertips. "There was the *table*, the *chairs*, the *book-shelf*. Oh, the soot stained the rug black, as well."

"*Val-en-ti-na!*" Vendric growled, finally rising off of the bed and- Oh, he was still naked. With a squeak, he looked around on the floor for his trousers, only to yelp, snarl, and rip them from Valentina's grasp when he found them in her hands, presented for his retrieval. "I cannot *fathom* why you'd see fit to do a thing like- Pardon me, I am *so* sorry for this; we shall leave *immediately.*" It's hardly recompense for such a *rotten* show of gratitude, but I have money, and-"

"Ah-ah-ah!" Valentina strode past the threshold, wagging a finger in the air with a grin. "Not a copper shall leave your coinpurse, Master Vendric. You'd *know* this, of course, if I hadn't been waylaid by detour after conversational detour. I came in here to *tell* you, Master Vendric," Valentina said, "that Delilah and I are off to fell a tree or two."

Of course they were. "But *why?*!" Vendric didn't know if he was about to scream or cry. Likely both.

"A proper Fae -- which I believe myself to be -- cannot be called as such without possessing three cardinal traits: elegance on the field of combat, grace of courtly decorum, and *craft!* In short -- though things worth saying are so *seldom* told shortly -- I'm going to rebuild them!"

Zoe and Vendric sighed in unison, both of them sagging with exhaustion.

"She's going to rebuild them," Zoe confirmed.

"Of course," Vendric repeated.

"As I've said!" Valentina had since turned down the hallway and was marching steadily further from the bedroom...and shouting louder and louder to ensure she was heard. "*And to do that, I'll need lumber! Until my return, Master Vendric, I bid you seek succor in the arms of yon milkmaid!*"

For a moment, there was silence. Then the sound of her voice once more, merely loud instead of deafening. "Hoy! Delilah! My message's delivered, and far quicker than I imagined! And now, into the woods!"

And with that, Vendric was left with far more questions than he could possibly find answers for. Among them, however, one stood out as particularly vexing:

How was it possible to be *so* exhausted that one couldn't possibly go back to sleep?

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"So I think it was a little bit after Dee tried to talk *around* it that she got suspicious," Zoe explained, stirring another cube of sugar into her teacup. "The poor dear thought you were in danger or something of the sort. She's *very* loyal."

"To a fault," Vendric grumbled. They'd since left Martha to her sleep and moved to the dining room for tea. The sitting room, as Vendric feared, was all but in splinters. The rest of the house, Zoe politely explained, was off-limits.

"Oh, please; I've already *told* you that we're not *upset!*" Zoe giggled, tapping her teaspoon on the rim of her cup. "Trust me when I say that what *you* did was far more helpful than any harm *she* did."

"Ha." Vendric's laugh didn't quite sound insincere, but it didn't sound genuine, either. He glanced to the side and took a sip of his tea. "I'm still at a loss as to what I, um. Did. Rather-"
" He looked at the table and felt his face glow with heat. "That is to say. What I *accomplished.*"

"Mhmm." He didn't dare meet her gaze -- not *now*, at least -- but Vendric could practically feel the amusement in her voice. "Well, if you'd like, I could go into specifics. I can't really go into *details*, given that I wasn't *there*, but..."

Vendric glanced up at Zoe, only to find her leaning one elbow against the table and tracing the rim of her teacup with one fingertip. Her smile was wide and kind, but the twinkle in her eyes was pure mischief. "...If I can't give the 'how' or the 'what,' I can at least tell you 'why.'"

"So." Zoe straightened up in her seat. "I suppose you must've noticed Martha's *endowments* earlier. She's one of the -- more tea? There we are -- one of the *permanent* residents. Every now and then we'll take in a wanderer or somesuch. They'll help for a season and be on their merry way, but Martha, Delilah, and I are here more or less year-round."

"For Delilah and I, it isn't much of a problem that it's just us three. But Martha has..." Zoe held her breath for a moment as she searched for the right words. "*Needs*, shall we say." She paused once more, grinding her teeth in thought. "Perhaps 'cravings' is a better word for it, but that's neither here nor there. In *any* case..."

"Martha is a *consummate* woman. She's bovine, as you could probably tell, and every now and then she tends to snub our company in favor of a more *taurine* partner." Zoe drummed her fingertips against the side of her teacup. "One that doesn't really happen to...exist. You see-"

The smile on her lips turned to an exasperated moue, and Zoe rolled her eyes. "Martha, as a full-blooded bovine, goes into heat. And when she goes into heat, she's *useless*. She just spends *all* her time masturbating in her room, and the whole house begins to *stink* of her, and so help you if you try to get her to do anything but whine about how she needs a *man* to bed. The most you can really do is try and find some poor sap to be her plaything for a bit, because otherwise it's nearly a *month* of her just mooing and dripping *milk* everywhere, and-"

She looked back to Vendric. His expression was one of concern. For whom, it was difficult to tell, but the occasional glance towards the door was something of a giveaway.

Zoe laughed and shook her head. "Oh, but that's the *worst* case! See, when Martha *does* have someone to help her..." She winked, and her voice dipped into throaty exaggeration. "A fit, *strapping* young man to attend to her *needs*. She's a delight!" She took another sip of her tea and smiled. "I give her a day before she's back to work in the fields. Two at the *most*."

"Mhm." Vendric was less than convinced, but he certainly wasn't about to say as such. He finished his cup of tea and raised it to Zoe when she moved to refill it. "I suppose I ought to be writing this down, but, ah..."

"Ah?" Zoe blinked at him, leaning in as she set the teapot down once more. "Whatever for? Oh!" She giggled, waving a hand. "Don't tell me that your friend was telling the *truth!* Are you *actually* trying to bed one of each kind of woman there is?"

"No! No, no!" Vendric sputtered, shaking his head. "Nothing of the sort! I'm-" His face went red once more, and he groaned. "It's complicated. Against all odds, it's complicated. You see, ah. I'm a scholar. Of sorts."

"Of sorts," she repeated.

"A-And my field of study is, um. It's *supposed* to be the cultures of. You know." Vendric waved a hand in the air. "'Magic species.' I still don't know what to call them. It's very

frustrating, you know. I started out calling them beast-men, but I met this lovely goblin maiden, and the whole idea of calling her a 'beast' left a foul taste on my tongue. Ugh."

Zoe watched him quietly, and her silence left a vacuum that Vendric saw fit to fill.

"So, you know, initially this was going to be a sort of journey around the continent to record the particulars of different peoples. I'd get to prove my worth as a scholar *and* finally get out of that *damned* city. But then my father caught wind of where I'd gone, and..." He rested his head in his hands with a sigh. "He hired a Fae to come bring me back. Only..."

Zoe had taken to slowly stirring her tea, listening intently to Vendric. "Only?"

"Only she misunderstood him," Vendric grumbled. "And now I'm being protected from anything and everything as Valentina carts me from one bed to the next. Thank the *gods* that she's as cavalier as she is, because if she wasn't so ready to bend over backwards at the drop of my hat, she'd have probably found an ogre to break my hips by now."

"Oh, dear," Zoe offered quietly. "Sounds like quite a lot of burdens for one back to bear."

Vendric could only laugh at that, shaking his head after a moment. "No, no. Trust me, this is better than how it would be otherwise. I'd rather be a bird in the bush than one in the hand, even if I've got a..."

He trailed off. Eyes shut. Mind stalling. "I don't know, some kind of very loud bird beside me. The metaphor's falling apart." Vendric groaned, shoulders slumping with another sigh. "I'm too tired to think of something as clever as I'd like to think I am. The point is that I'm out of the city."

"And you get to learn about other peoples!" Zoe added with a smile.

"Mm? Oh, yes. That, too." Vendric nodded absently. "I'll probably have a word with you sometime in the next few days, if only so I can touch up the notes I'll be writing on Martha and Delilah. You'd be, ah...ovine, yes? That's the term for sheep beastkin, I think?"

"Hm? Oh, no." Zoe shook her head. "I'm human."

Vendric blinked at her. Specifically, he blinked at her horns. And the ring of wool around her neck. And her wrists.

"I beg your pardon?"

She laughed and tucked a few stray hairs behind her ear. "Confusing, isn't it? Here, one of the ways I've learned to tell the difference is the ears. See?" She turned her head to showcase a perfectly mundane ear. "Martha's are all floppy. Same with Delilah. I expect any girls I might have in the future will be fully ovine, but I'm still just on the precipice."

Vendric nodded. Then he shook his head.

"I beg your pardon?"

He pointed to his head, where Zoe's horns were on hers. "But you've got, ah-"

"Oh, well, of course! Things like that come with the territory. Oh, this is more of a womanly thing, isn't it? We can go over it more when we chat later, but it's, ah..." She clicked her tongue. "Succinctly, 'form begets function.' I'm the only one around here who knows any *magic*, so I have to use it quite a bit. When you dabble with that sort of thing for long enough, you end up touched."

"If you're a *woman*, that is," Zoe added quickly. "I don't know how it is for men. But yes, in any case, I'm more or less 'dyed in the wool' at this point. I don't get any of the perks that 'real' ovine beastkin do, but that's perfectly fine with me. I still know all the magic *they* do."

It occurred to Vendric that this was a lot to take in, especially considering there had been the explanation of Martha's needs earlier. So it could be forgiven if he was more than a little confused by all this. He nodded, more in acceptance that they'd go over this again later than anything else. And pinched the bridge of his nose.

"I think," he began haltingly, "that I should quite like to take a break from my academic pursuits for the rest of the evening."

"Oh, of course, dear!" Zoe reached out and squeezed Vendric's forearm reassuringly.

"Darling, I hope I wasn't coming off like I was *making* you talk about this kind of thing."

"No, no, not at all," Vendric sighed. "It's just...there's a good deal of *encouragement* from certain unnamed parties that leads one to feel." He trailed off once more. "Something. I'm so sorry, I'm usually so much more eloquent than this. I'm having trouble stringing together two words at this point."

"Stringing *along*, dear."

"Yes, thank you. See what I mean?"

"All too well, I'm afraid." Zoe had since risen from her seat, clicking her tongue and stepping behind Vendric's seat. Her hands found his shoulders and began to gently knead his muscles. "Oh, darling! You're all knots back here! Poor thing. I thought your Fae-in-waiting was supposed to be taking care of you!"

Vendric lurched in his seat with bitter laughter. "I think her attention's more evenly split between my groin and any women apart from herself in the area."

Zoe giggled behind him, and the combination of her gentle voice and the slow, rolling circles of her hands made it all too easy to just...relax. Vendric took a deep, long breath and let her work the tension out of his muscles. He would've reached to have another sip of tea, but the effort seemed just a touch more than it was worth.

"You're quite good at this, as I'm sure you already know," Vendric murmured, his eyes falling shut.

"Oh, I get plenty of practice," Zoe said quietly. "Delilah and Martha spend so much time working in the fields that there's hardly a day where I don't have one of them asking me to use my *magic touch* on them. One of the perils of knowing spellcraft, really."

"Magic touch?" Vendric repeated, cracking one eye open and glancing back over his shoulder. "I assume that the magic here is literal, then?"

"Oh, absolutely! I don't like to spring it on people I've just met, if only because it's a bit much for the unfamiliar. Delilah and Martha are both used to it by now -- I doubt that a *regular* massage would do much for them -- but they still love it when I use my...*skills* on them." She trailed off for a moment. "You know, if you're *curious*, I could give you a more hands-on demonstration."

The idea, Vendric had to admit, was a tempting one. And as he sank back further into the seat, he had a difficult time coming up with reasons *not* to. He had plenty of time to spend here, after all. Valentina had made *sure* of that with her rampage. And even if Zoe and

Delilah had been a bit duplicitous in the pretenses of their welcome, they didn't seem *malicious* by any stretch of the imagination.

And, some small, quiet part of him chimed in, it would be an *excellent* exercise in better understanding the effects of ovine magic. Or maybe it'd be more accurate to say "ovinesque." Either way, Vendric nodded.

"Ah, you *do* want me to use it on you?" Zoe's voice held a note of excitement in it now. "Wonderful! All right, just give me a moment to prepare, and..." She pulled her hands away...only to place them upon his shoulders once more a moment later.

When she did, Vendric *melted*.

It was more than mere touch, just as she'd said. It was pure bliss, the kind of immediate relaxation that sent Vendric sagging bonelessly in his seat. Her hands almost seemed to radiate a kind of enervating warmth, the wonderful type of heat that forced the body to go limp in the best possible way.

Vendric blinked. He'd started drooling almost immediately and all but fallen from his chair.

"Easy, boy!" Zoe laughed, straining as she hooked her hands under his armpits and did her best to heft him back up into his seat. "Serves me right for giving you the kind of treatment Martha gets! Poor thing, you practically collapsed!" She leaned over and gave him a pat on the shoulder once he was sitting up straight once more. "Let's pause there, then. Once was too many, it looks like."

"No! That is to say-" Vendric protested just a bit too keenly for his tastes, but she'd barely laid her hands on him at all! And that heavenly relaxation... He shook his head. "I'm perfectly fine, I swear. It was simply...surprising. Truly, it's nothing I cannot handle. I just." He gulped. "Perhaps a change of settings is in order? It's. You know, it's the sort of thing I'd find myself happily taking 'lying down,' so to speak."

When he glanced over his shoulder, Vendric's eyes met Zoe's. She was grinning from ear to ear, and he found himself flushing at the sight.

"All right, then. If my guest insists, I'd be a poor hostess indeed if I refused him. But before we relocate."

She pressed one fingertip to his forehead, and Vendric's eyes fluttered in response. This was more than his body relaxing. This was his *mind*. A pulse of heat and pleasure expanded from the core of his head outwards, and it pushed his thoughts out with it.

"Finish your *tea*, dear."

She lifted his half-full teacup to his lips, and Vendric sipped it. It wasn't obedience so much as it was passive acceptance. It lacked the conscious recognition of her command, and a second touch of her finger to his forehead ensured the same complacency a moment later. She gently roused him from his seat and began to walk with him down the hallway.

It wasn't long before the intoxicating aroma of feminine arousal filled Vendric's nostrils, and he found himself savoring the scent as Zoe guided him back to his apparent quarters. Sure, they were shared, but...Vendric wasn't quite sure why he'd mind.

And Zoe seemed keen to make sure he wouldn't. She whispered in his ear with every sluggish step, each plodding lurch forward to his bed. "Such a darling boy, so *helpful*. You know, I think Martha's really taken with you." They were nearly at the threshold to Martha's room. His room. "It was so *precious*, the way you were sleeping together. Like a

girl and her favorite toy. She's had plenty of boys before, but hardly any of them let her treat them like that."

They stepped into her room, and Vendric could all but taste Martha's arousal in the air. His bovine bedmate shifted on her mattress, the prodigious curves of her body tantalizing. Vendric suddenly realized he was thirsty.

"Give me just a moment, dear." Zoe stepped away from Vendric and gave him a peck on the cheek. "It's a silly little habit of mine, but I simply *love* playing matchmaker. You just stand here, all right? I'm going to have a chat with Martha."

Vendric swayed on his feet as Zoe nearly pranced over to Martha. Giggling, Zoe reached down...and pulled back the sheets covering Martha's body. Vendric whimpered at the sight of her milk-drooling teats and staggered forward on pure instinct.

"Martha, honey?" Zoe whispered, leaning down to speak right into Martha's ear. "Shhh. No, no. No need to get up. I just wanted to let you know I brought your friend back over, mm?"

Martha hummed in her sleep, eyes closed. A smile spread across her face...only for her lips to part with a gasp when Zoe pressed her hand just below Martha's navel.

"That's right, your nice little playmate. I made sure he knows all about your needy little cunt and your naughty little womb, all right?" Her voice was a soothing whisper, slight enough to preserve the placidity of both Martha's relaxation and Vendric's. Zoe rubbed small circles below Martha's navel, and the cowgirl began to whine in need at her touch. "Shhhh, shhhh. Don't worry, honey. Your boy's going to take good care of you. He's going to drink up all your milk and make sure your naughty little womb is packed full of hot. *Thick. Seed.*"

Martha whimpered with each word, and Zoe punctuated them with a gentle pat to her belly. When Zoe looked over her shoulder at Vendric, she found him blinking at her, dazed. She smiled at him and crooked a finger. Her other hand stayed on Martha's belly, alternating slow, smooth circles and gentle pats.

"Here, darling. Martha's ready for you. And you're ready for her, aren't you?" She reached out and grabbed Vendric's wrist as soon as he was close enough, and with that golden touch filling his body with pleasure, Vendric couldn't do much but gurgle and sink forward.

Right into Martha's arms.

Zoe stepped to the side as Vendric slumped towards her, and soon enough Martha had pulled Vendric tight into her embrace. Even if she was more inclined to just hump against him, Zoe was there to help the two lust-drunk lovers couple properly.

"See, part of the job here is..." Zoe trailed off as she tugged Vendric's trousers down and off.

"Let's call it 'animal husbandry.' Part of that is making sure that the livestock gets everything they need. Part of that is making sure they get along well."

With his stiffened prick pressed once more up against Martha's slit, Vendric felt good. So good that he didn't object to Zoe's fingertips going to his temples and tracing little circles on them with her golden touch.

Thoughts were impossible to form. He was so relaxed. And he felt so good, too. A heady blend of pleasure and soporific bliss, one that mired his mind in delicious sensation. His lips parted and pressed kisses against Martha's heaving tits until he found the stiff peak of her nipple. Then all he wanted to do was suckle. And drink. And feel good.

"And all you ever want to do is suck on her tits and fuck her cunt. You feel so good right now, don't you?" Zoe whispered in his ear, and Vendric nodded distantly. They seeped into his mind. Shaped it. In the face of such unadulterated luxury, what possible reason did he have to disagree? He felt good, and it was all thanks to her. "So that means you'll always listen to what I have to say," Zoe continued. Vendric nodded. Martha cooed. "You know that I want you to feel good, so you'll always listen to me. You'll always believe me. And you'll always trust that I want what's best for you."

"After all," Zoe purred, "this is good, isn't it? A nice, warm bed. A beautiful, soft woman to hold you close. As much milk as you want to drink. It's all you've ever wanted. Working. Studying. Writing things in your silly little book. That's not what you really want. You just want to cum. You just want to feel good."

Her words and touch, Martha's milk and sex. Heaven. Zoe continued to massage his temples, and Vendric sank further into sensation. He couldn't think. He couldn't protest. He couldn't do anything but drift closer and closer to a mind-blanking orgasm, and-

Oh. Oh.

One of Zoe's hands had moved from his forehead and drifted down. Between his legs. She cupped his balls and rolled them in the palm of her hand, and Vendric could all but feel them begin to bloat up.

"You're Martha's bull," Zoe whispered into Vendric's ear. He panted and groaned, but nodded all the same. "You're her cunt-addicted breeding boy. All you want to do is fuck her. You want to make sure she's satisfied. You want to make sure she always has a cock to ride and a pair of big, bloated balls to *empty*."

"You're *addicted* to her," Zoe all but hissed. "You *need* to fuck her, because you know that whenever your cock gets stiff or your balls get heavy, *she's* the one who knows how to calm you down *just right*. And every time you fuck her, every time you pump your seed into her, you lose yourself that much more to your *urges*."

Vendric groaned and gurgled and grunted, all but insensate. Mind empty, save for her words. Balls uncomfortably full. Cock stiff. Mind empty. Balls full. Cock stiff. Bulls didn't have to think.

"Addicted to milk. Addicted to her hot, tight cunt. Falling deeper into addiction every time she fucks you. Letting your memories drift away that much more every time she fucks you."

Even if he had been trying to, there was no way Vendric would've been able to resist past that point. Zoe's words had worked to shape his lust-addled mind, and then, with one final clench of Martha's sex around his shaft, it all clicked. It all made sense. Wonderful, perfect sense.

And he came.

Vendric's eyelids drifted shut as he pumped his load into Martha's sex, and even as pleasure washed over him, Zoe cooed words of encouragement to him. Even as he lazily suckled from Martha's teat, Martha hugged him close, lost in their shared pleasure. Even as he emptied himself in her body...Vendric lost himself in her presence.

As Vendric eyes fell shut, Zoe repeated her assurance that everything was fine. That this was his choice. That he wanted nothing more than to be Martha's bull-toy.

Vendric's body went limp in Martha's arms, and as they both drifted to sleep, Zoe finally pulled away. And smiled.