

The Twelve Divine Generals. Priestesses from every part of the sky that have come together to defend the balance of the world, by any means necessary. Despite their different races and their individual beliefs, they raise their weapons under that one cause. Legend says that not a single one of them has ever lost in combat... But today, that would change.

Two of the Divine Generals, Kumbhira of the North-Northwest and Anila of the South-Southwest, had joined forces to investigate a specific rumor that had crept its way across the sky. In fact, it was of utmost importance to the two of them in particular, as it concerned a strange disappearance of Draphs like them. The only thing that was left whenever the rumor swept a Draph heavy area, was their broken horns. It was as if whoever targeted their species thought to make a point about one of their most standout features.

This led the two of them to stake out near a village populated only by Draphs on an island otherwise rich and green with life. It was a strange place for their kind to settle down, at least in comparison to the bustling metropolis that was Valtz Duchy, but the desire to escape their lineage was something both of them were familiar with. Many previous candidates for their positions had abandoned the post, simply because they felt the responsibility too much to bear, especially given that they had been raised from birth to fill those shoes.

"Haaaa... Anila?" The tanned Draph, Kumbhira, was resting against her heavy-looking bamboo-shaped cannon as she shot a glance towards her fellow general. In contrast to most of the generals, Kumbhira's way of dressing was highly unorthodox... in fact, if somebody didn't know that she was one, they'd be hard pressed to believe it. She was dressed in apparel that was more fitting a patron of the Jewel Casino instead of a priestess.

"Mmmmmmm? What's the matter, Kumbhira?" The sheep-horned Draph smiled as she looked towards her companion, briefly taken out of her polishing trance. Unlike her companion, she was dressed in the traditional garb that most expected from the generals, while still not fitting entirely into it as a result of her racial traits. At least everyone was nice enough to not constantly point out

how her tits were practically spilling out of the garb.

"Isn't it about time for that culprit to show up? We've been waiting here for like what, a few days? You sure the rumor spread to this place?" The tanned woman said as she got up into a proper sit, her hands drumming along her knees impatiently.

"I'm certain. Mahira did me a favor and spread it to this place, just so we could lure in the culprit. Of course, knowing her she might've taken a little longer than I would've liked... But, she's reliable when she's not napping!" The ram roman smiled as she got onto her feet, giggling a little as she walked over to her lazier half.

"I wish I could have just as much unwavering faith in her as you do. She might be the most clever out of all of us, but that doesn't stop her from being..." Kumbhira trailed off as she rubbed her eyes... before pointing across the horizon. "Hold on a second, Anila, look."

The two Draphs looked straight ahead at the same silhouette that approached the two of them, both of them preparing their weapons in each their own way... before they exhaled simultaneously as the one that approached was nothing more than a little Erune child carrying a heavy looking box.

"Just a child. Thank goodness."

"Oh heck, I thought we were finally going to get some action..."

Their reactions couldn't be more different, and yet they were both relieved in each their own way. As the boy continued to approach, Anila stepped forth to meet him, spear in hand. "Excuse me, young man. What do you have in that box?" She asked quite politely, bowing before speaking

even.

"Oh! This is my collection of stuff and things, Draph Ma'am!" The wolf-eared boy replied with a smile despite the fact he was looking straight ahead at the woman's breasts, not even looking up at her for a split second.

"Collection? Perhaps you could tell me a little more about it if you looked up at me, dear." The ram woman chuckled a little, hoping that his gaze was just because of his young hormones. It was quite rude to stare after all.

"Hmmm, Hummm... Okay!" The kid replied as he dropped the box onto the dirt. He looked like an ordinary kiddo, but he was definitely a little more than that as the ground started to shake from the box landing. Just how heavy was it...?

The way the earth shook as the box dropped was enough to get Kumbhira on her feet, the gyaru rubbing the side of her neck as she hoisted her cannon over the other shoulder. "Anila, you oughta be careful. The kid's not telling us the entire story." She called out as she came closer, while the boy had managed to climb up atop the box while Anila wasn't looking.

"Story? What story? You asked about my collection, Draph Ma'am." The boy protested quite earnestly, snickering to himself as he got a nice view of the two women's breasts from his high seat.

"You may be right, Kumbhira, but we're not trying to be rough about things. As Divine Generals, we have to follow a certain order, otherwise we lose the support of the public. You know that very well, since your predecessor decided to try and prove that we held balance using nothing but might." Anila started softly scolding her partner, causing the boar woman to narrow her eyes and

tune the speech out.

"Yada yada yada... geez, you're not the holy mother, no need to talk my ear off..." The boar muttered as she took her eyes off of the boy...

That would prove to be their combined downfall, as they suddenly felt their muscles tensing up. They could hardly breathe or move even an inch as several shocks of what felt like electricity coursed through their bodies. Their grips failing them caused them to drop their weapons to the ground, both spear and cannon harmlessly falling onto the dirt below leaving them utterly defenseless should the culprit ever arrive... Or rather, it left them defenseless as they were now rendered his thoroughly tricked prey.

"Oh my. And here I thought normal Draphs were easy to trick. To think I could catch a couple of high-and-mighty girls on my normal Draph-collecting spree." The Erune boy laughed as he clapped his hands, leering down at the two women while he licked his lips in anticipation.

They could hardly speak with how much their nerves worked against them, only being able to mutter out a simple "Bastard..." in unison. Of course, the more they uselessly tried to move, the more their bodies twitched in just the right way to make their obnoxiously huge busts bounce around.

"I love the sound of domesticated Draphs trying their best to curse out their new owner, it's quite soothing... Ah well, let's have a little feel for the merchandise!" The boy chimed as he leapt down from his box and delivered a heavy slap to both girls' tits, the force of the motion amplified by the fall causing their tits to violently bounce around in response. The only part of their body that was allowed to move, and it was such an embarrassing type of movement too.

Anila felt especially defiled, as there was only one man she had ever bonded enough with to trust with her sexuality, having previously been chaste as part of their training. To think the precious feeling of consummating with another could be corrupted in a single motion. She couldn't admit it, but the droplets running down her leg were more than enough to tell the boy how she truly felt about the slap.

Kumbhira on the other hand was used to this kind of sensation. Just not from a kid. Sure, she had been a bit promiscuous with a few followers, and sure, she had gotten very frisky with certain people that wanted to donate and improve her shrine... But she drew the line at kids. She wasn't that kind of woman. Her pussy juice told a completely different story, a story that the boy had heard many-a-time.

"Oh my, you're both latent sluts. Already wet from just a single slap... I'm going to enjoy the two of you." The lupine predator licked his lips again as he dug his hands into their asses, every single finger pressing as far into their ass cheeks as it possibly could. The moment they moaned in unison despite attempts to keep their mouths shut, he let go, leaving behind a strange marking. A marking that was radiating with the same electric energy that kept them stunned and unable to move. A marking... that looked like a cartoonish imprint of a pig's nose.

Their eyes were still focused on the boy as he pulled out a little serrated dagger, their eyes widening as he licked the dull edge. "Mmhm, you two are prime pigs for my collection... But first, we need to get rid of those dumb little points of yours. I don't need handlebars on my whores." His words turned so sharp and dismissive of their positions as he climbed back onto his box, pulling on their horns to get them lined up side by side and exposing the base of their horns to him from his position.

The paralysis in their bodies was starting to go away, but the effects of being unable to move their bodies voluntarily was still going strong, mostly due to the magic mark he left as a 'brand' on their ass. They both knew that they could hardly blame one or the other for their current situation, but

they were also unable to rely on their powers as generals. Not even Kumbhira's supernatural strength for her kind was utterly useless in the face of a body she couldn't control.

The ram woman's eyes soon widened as she felt a sudden pain in the base of her horn. A pain that transformed into an incredible pang of pleasure. She nervously looked upward at the boy, and saw the source of the feeling that had just rushed through her. A serrated blade, specifically designed to hack into hard and tough surfaces like her horns...

"What's the matter? Where did all of that bravado in your struggle go, Draph Ma'am?" The boy's voice sounded as cheerful as ever, but the way he made his words run through the two generals' heads was chilling to say the least. It was like their struggle was just another day to him. As if he had heard their entire spiel and shtick many times before. Anila could only swallow the spit in her mouth nervously as her boar friend grit her teeth in anger.

"Maybe a little more hacking will make you start to sound like a proper Draph. You know, the kind that knows her place in life. Below my heel." The Erune boy mockingly chimed as he let gravity guide his hand, delivering another chop to the point on the woman's horn that he had already hit. With little pause between the strikes, he continued the motion, slowly but surely hacking away at the connection between the base of the horn and the rest. With just the efforts of a mysterious young man, years of history displayed on the Divine General's horn was going to go to waste, just like that.

Despite the assault on her horns, Anila looked... much less worried than she truly should. Oh, she was definitely worried, but with every strike, the words that the boy had planted in her mind were starting to ring louder and louder. Did she really belong under his heel? He did manage to subdue both of them with the greatest of ease, and he was proving that he was more than strong enough to stake a claim on their bodies. It was as if her worried look was not one that feared what would happen if her horns broke, but rather one that was worried about her current state of mind

compared to her usual one. Maybe she really was useless.

Kumbhira was forced to look at her friend the entire time, her own expression wavering as her friend started to look less and less immediately worried at their perilous state. She couldn't scream, so she could only glare up and ahead at the boy. It was a glare that said it all. A burning stare with the boar General's hate for the boy more than apparent, as well as her bewilderment at her friend's way of thinking wavering.

"That's quite the stare you have there. Let me guess, you're wondering why Draph Ma'am is starting to look like she's enjoying herself?" The boy put the bewilderment in the boar woman's eyes into words, before he began to smirk. "Because she is. She knows that she's meant for nothing more than another's pleasure. Watch." He clarified that her worries were well-founded, before he delivered a stronger chop to the weakened rift between the base and the rest of the horn.

As the horn continued to crack, a loud moan slipped out from Anila's lips, her eyes starting to flicker between their normal state, and being filled with a pair of charmed irises. He was absolutely right. How could she have been so blind? She was no Divine General, not if she lost to a boy like him... She was just a woman that deserved to lose her horns and accept that she was meant to serve others. That's what the ram Draph was. A woman to be used...

As Kumbhira looked at her friend seemingly giving into her treatment, she didn't notice that she couldn't look away. It was as if she was completely transfixed on the sight of her friend being made a plaything, just with a bit of paralysis and a serrated knife to chip away at those curly ram horns.

The more she looked, the more it felt like something inside of her was reacting... But, eventually, she did notice that she was spacing out and focusing too much on Anila's losing battle... because a line of drool had been dripping off her chin, right into her cleavage. With all the energy she could

muster, she clamped her eyes shut and hoped that everything would come to an end... Hopefully sooner rather than later. She couldn't bear to watch a friend fall like this...

The boy twirled the knife in his hands as he snapped his fingers, the magic he had poured into the ram-pig's ass lightening up. "Come now, Draph Ma'am. Tell your friend what you crave. Prove that she's been wrong about everything." He almost commanded the ram-pig, and despite Kumbhira's wishes for her to stay silent, she couldn't stop what she heard next.

"Y...Yes... I, Anila of the South-Southwest... want nothing more than to serve... I want... I want...! I want to lose my horns...!" She started gasping as she let her hands dive into her nether regions, fingers immediately plunging into her untouched pussy lips, the juices spreading down her thighs as her gasps turned into moans, all sense of pride lost from the continued sensations of pain jolting through her brain and making it hard to think straight. The Erune's way of thinking had completely supplanted her own, and it was hard to go back. Especially as he delivered a swift strike to her other horn, making her moan ever louder as she fell onto her knees.

"Anila..." Kumbhira sobbed, her paralyzed lips barely letting her speak despite the willpower she was pouring in. She couldn't believe any of what was happening...

The boy whistled and giggled childishly, before sheathing the knife into a holster. "Well, she seems to be just about done. Tell me, Anila. Tell me you want to submit wholeheartedly. Fulfill your true destiny and let me have my horns." Their captor rubbed his hands together, waiting for the slutty ram-pig to say the magic words as he blatantly claimed that her horns had always been his.

"Don't!" The gyaru Draph cried out, tears streaming down her cheeks as she opened her eyes, staring right ahead at the madly masturbating Anila with fleeting hope in her heart.

"I DO! BREAK MY HORNS AND MY MIND! MAKE ME NOTHING MORE THAN LIVESTOCK, A SLUT FOR COCKS BIGGER THAN HER STUBS!" Anila screamed as she pinched her clit, tongue hanging out as she tried to edge past her breaking point and hit her climax. "TAKE THE HORNS THAT NEVER DESERVED TO BE ON MY HEAD AND THROW THEM AWAY LIKE THE USELESS CHUNKS THEY ARE, JUST LET ME CUM AND BE USEFUL!"

"Well said." The boy said as he leapt from his seat atop the box, and then...

CRACK

The horns fell to the ground as the last physical sign of the General's resistance broke away from the boy's gravity-aided momentum. Just like that, they had snapped... and Anila's climactic scream spread across the plains, a scream so powerful that the waves of her voice made the grass blow away from her. It was such a powerful sound... and the last powerful thing that would ever come out of that useless pig.

Kumbhira could only stare in horror as her friend fell onto her knees, drool dripping down her tongue as she started to giggle like a brainless buffoon, a far cry from the firm believer that she had once been. It was an embarrassing sight, and one that caused dread to creep up throughout the dark skinned pig. It was... exactly how she was going to end up, wasn't it?

The broken-horned Draph was knocked out of her giggling fit as she felt her master's foot hit her thigh. "You've enjoyed yourself for long enough, Pig. Strip clean and present yourself to your fellow pig, tell her how good it feels to let go." The wolf-eared boy continued to talk down to her in the same happy tone, but it was nothing more than an effort to keep his condescending attitude in the forefront. She was nothing to him, and that made her happy.

The boar Draph's fears continued to become reality as Anila nodded with a dopey smile, bouncing to her feet and throwing her priestess garb onto the ground. "Pig'll be happy to!" She chimed in a sing song tone, drool still uncontrollably dripping onto her bouncy bosom. Her gaze quickly turned to her friend, and the brainless idiot shifted gears as her master had commanded.

"Kuuumbhyyy... You like looking at Pig, don't you?" Immediately, that tone had changed to a more seductive tone, one that sounded not far from the kind of tone she'd use when she was out being promiscuous with the locals. "Pig's just like you, Kumbhy. Just a slut for cocks. But Pig's happy, and Kumbhy's not. Kumbhy should just let it all go and be a happy slutty pig just like Pig! It'll be fun!" Her advocacy was... not the best, to say the least, but there was something within the dark-skinned Draph that resonated with what she was saying. They... weren't that far apart, when you think about it.

"Alright, that's enough out of you, Pig. Go play with MY horns until you knock yourself out." The Erune commanded, causing the idiot to shift gears again and happily lean up against his box, horns in hand as she began to play with herself using them. Of course, Kumbhira hadn't bothered looking at her pitiful display, as she was too busy trying to think if she really was any better than a slut with a broken brain. A broken-brained slut that was currently busy penetrating herself with her own horns, and cumming quickly as a result of it...

The train of thought that compared the two was soon derailed as she caught a whiff of something familiar. Something... masculine. Something she was all-too-into. Kumbhira looked straight ahead at a white-cloth covered bulge, and immediately realized what was happening. Cock. Cock was right there, right where she could taste it...

The clang of metal hitting her horns knocked her out of her cock-induced 'coma' as she was forced to look up, seeing the grinning Erune boy having taken up a seat on her tits. "Surprised? You shouldn't be, since Pig was more than happy to spill your secrets." The boy chimed in his ever-annoyingly cheerful tone. It was... disgusting to see him try and play around with her sexually. She

didn't do those things with kids like him, only consenting adults that didn't plan on breaking her brain through her horns.

What coherent thoughts she had were soon bashed out of her head as she felt a couple of shocks pierce through her mind, a result of the boy properly sawing into the horn instead of just striking it with his knife. Her limits were being pushed back further and further as... Maybe... Just maybe, boy cock wasn't such a bad idea after all. Maybe just a little bit of shota cock would satisfy the need that was growing in her nether regions. Maybe she just needed a lick of his humid nuts, so if she just stuck out her tongue...

As the sensation of rippling pain stopped assaulting her brain, she almost started thinking clearly again... only to immediately stumble back down into a depraved state of mind as he started working on the other horn, loosening the connection between the base and the skull with just a few back and forth motions. "You know, I could feel you tremble when I was sawing through your horn. Were you falling like that Pig friend of yours?" The boy asked as he shuffled himself a little closer to Kumbhira's nose, the tip of his underwear-covered cock pressing against her nostrils. "Don't be afraid to admit it. You're just a pig like her in the end."

With her mind in a state of putty just like Anila's had been, it was easy for the boy to stir it around with his words in the center. The tanned Draph's breath brushed against his sack while her thoughts started to race. Shota cock filled every crevice of her fragile mind, so the more time she spent pressed up against that delicious bulge, the more she started to drool with a desperate need. It was... everything she ever wanted.

Her entire body rumbled as she suddenly felt the spell the boy had cast on her body fade away... She was... free? At least, that's what she thought, before she felt the boy's hands around her horns. Panic immediately filled her entire being as she stared into his eyes and started to beg for her life.

"Please! Please don't, I beg you, I just want to go and never come back ever again! You can keep Anila, she's more than happy to be your slut, just let me go and I'll make sure nobody bothers you ever again!" She started to spew words from her lips in an attempt to buy her time and let her run away with her life still intact, but the boy just started to bend her horns, causing her eyes to roll into the back of her head.

"If you want to run so much, then why haven't you? I'm just bending MY horns a bit, surely you can go without them. Unless it's because..." He paused as he twisted the legs backward, causing the sow Draph's tongue to spring out of her mouth with a loud moan. "You're nothing but a child-loving slut who can't resist a little boy like me?" The Erune child chimed, as he looked into the tanned Draph's eyes, his irises reflected off her hearts.

"I... I..!" Kumbhira paused as she weakly raised her hands towards the boy's own... before they dropped down, completely drained of the will to resist. She couldn't even muster up a defense before him, and with that...

CRACK

The useless horns fell to the ground harmlessly, and another climactic moan echoed across the island. Another general had fallen, in record time too. The boy gently slid off the sow's tits as she fell onto her knees and started to drool and giggle, idly picking up her own fallen horns as she started to push them into her tits to try and make her feel that little bit better. His sheer presence had rendered her even more stupid than the Pig, and the Pig was already knocked out by her own continued masturbation.

"Well, now that you're both made nice and useless, I suppose I'll have to find a buyer for the two of you. Maybe one of those fancy rich kids will enjoy you, Sow, while the high class entertainment will enjoy Pig for how much of a masochist she's become." The Erune boy talked to himself as he

paced back and forth in front of his decoy-of-a-box, before looking towards Kumbhira.

The dark skinned sow oinked pathetically as she crawled towards her current master, drooling as she pressed her nose against his bulge before being slapped aside. "No touching, Sow. You have more important cocks to gush over soon enough." The victorious Erune said, eliciting a horny whimper from the slutty hornless Draph that he had just hit.

Both of the generals had been reduced to nothing more than mockeries of themselves, and now their fate was to pleasure others instead of keep balance. Perhaps somebody might actually realize that they were gone... but by the time they did, it would be too late. Anila would be left as nothing more than a bouncy slut-bunny on some airship, and Kumbhira would be a young boy's sex-pet until he would be able to pass her down to his son, and so on and so forth. Both of them wouldn't even come close to questioning this...

What a pair of Divine Dummies.