**Knight's Mare**

A wandering knight travelled through the cold northern lands, where the aurora borealis occasionally graced the night sky.

Alone, with only his snow-white mare Sorun. The knight was not attracted to the idea of a comfortable life on his domain. Instead, he chose the life of a nomad, traveling to help villages to get rid of the bandits that haunt them. He was a skilled warrior who could defeat several poorly trained bandits at once. But if things still got ugly, Sorun was always ready to help her master. The mare was of a breed of finely bred warhorses. Bigger and stronger than the average horse, trained to fight, and much smarter too. One look into her blue eyes was enough to make it clear to anyone that Sorun was no ordinary animal. Her master equipped her with a padded caparison (Special cloth armor for horses) with sewn-in steel plates shielding her vital areas. This provided her with enough protection from most threats she might face on her travels without adding too much weight. But what Sorun appreciated most was that the thick "coat" kept her warm while roaming the cold countryside.

The sun was already setting when the travelers arrived at a rather large village. The knight had paid for a room at the local inn for himself and the best place in the stable for his mare. Since it was not as cold inside as it was outside, he took off Sorun's caparison. As comfortable as light armor could be, it was better for his horse to take it off at least occasionally.

Meanwhile, three individuals were sitting at a table in the inn.

Two men and one woman, suspicious in appearance.

"Have you seen the horse?" The woman asked, taking a sip from her beer mug. "The one the knight rode?"

"Yeah... so what about him?" One of the men answered without a trace of interest.

"Are you dumb? That horse must cost a lot of money. I've never seen a horse like that before. If we snatch it, we'll make a fortune." She revealed her idea.

"Well, we'll wait until that noble fool is asleep, and then we'll run off with the horse." The other man said and ordered another beer.

"Should we kill that guy?" Suggested the first man.

"Too risky. He's a knight, he must be sleeping with one eye open. Let's just take the horse and flee." Said the woman. Her companions nodded, and continued drinking.

*Two hours later*

The door to the stable opened with a creak and three figures slipped inside. Several horses looked at them curiously as the group walked past them, heading to the back where Sorun was stabled.

The mare gave them a calm look and, without resisting, allowed herself to be led out of the stables and away into the dark night. Sorun gave the impression that she didn't mind being led away from her master. However, looks could be deceiving at times. Sorun was furious. These filthy dogs dared to steal her from her kind master. Her first instinct was to stomp them to death the first time they laid hands on her, but she didn't. She had a much better plan. If there had only been one thief, she would have done it right there in the stable. But since there were three, some planning would be needed.  
  
After about half an hour of trotting through the forest, they arrived at a simple shelter hidden among the bushes. One of the humans tied Sorun to a tree, while the others lit a campfire to keep themselves warm. Later, when all three thieves were asleep, Sorun set her plan in motion. She chewed through the rope that bound her to the tree and shook off the loop that hung around her neck. But at that moment, a rustling noise alerted her. One of the males woke up and went to take a piss. Obviously still drunk, he hadn't noticed that the mare was no longer restrained and was quietly following him. He was the first in the line.

She stood right behind him while he took care of his business, and as soon as he buckled his pants back on, Sorun striked. With a quick motion, she engulfed the man's head, preventing him from screaming. He punched her several times in the head with his fists, but with no effect. As a warhorse, she was used to taking blows from swords, maces, and other weapons that despite her armor were noticeably more painful than these pitiful blows from the drunken vagabond's fists. Still, it was quite annoying, and was only the first of the three, so she decided to step it up. She released her jaw and pushed her head down. The man slid on his back into her tight throat and his arms were pressed against his body making it impossible for him to keep hitting her.

Sorun's lips closed tightly around his waist and the strong mare lifted him into the air without much effort. His legs kicked through the air as the horse tilted her head and began to swallow. A large bulge moved down her neck as a pair of thrashing legs sank into her ravenous gullet. It only took a few hard swallows and the white belly sagged when the first man's entire body was stuffed into it. Sorun could feel her prey churning in her stomach and looked forward to adding another.

The second man slept on his belly, snoring loudly. Sorun crept quietly up to him and lowered her muzzle to his head. Muffled screams and cursing came from underneath the skin of her bulging midsection, but thankfully they weren't loud enough to wake her future victims. The mare stuck her tongue out and slid it under the thief's face. The man shuddered but did not wake up from the wet sensation. Sorun took his head into her mouth and with a gentle forward motion, she pushed it down her throat. The tight grip of the throat walls around his head forced the man to wake up. He had no idea what was going on, so his drunken mind convinced him that whatever was happening was probably just an unpleasant dream. For that reason, he didn't even resist much while the horse stretched her lips around the man's shoulders, pulling her second prey into her gullet. She didn't even notice that the human had woken up, as he was only squirming lightly. Sorun certainly wasn't complaining about it though. Cooperating food was a good food.

When her jaws closed around his waist, she followed the proven method and tilted her head. Sorun was surprised by the sudden surge of movement in her gullet. The man seemed to realize that this wasn't just a dream. He began to scream loudly and struggle against the slimy flesh that held him from all sides.

But it was futile. Sorun is a skilled predator, and even if his prey had started resisting from the start, it would have made no difference. However, his screams, even if muffled, woke up the woman lying nearby. The first thing she saw was a pair of human legs disappearing into the white mare's mouth. A large squirming bulge, resembling a human body in shape, was descending down the animal's long neck into its belly, which was already quite large before the second prey had completely slid into it. And when it finally did, the horse's belly grew even larger. In addition to the clearly visible movements of the two living people inside, muffled voices that the woman recognized as those of her companions could be heard.

Sorun looked at the woman frozen in horror. The woman could have sworn that when she made eye contact with the mare illuminated by the campfire, that the animal smirked. At that moment, the survival instinct finally kicked in, and the woman tried to stand up to escape. But in her panic, she tripped and fell face first to the ground. She looked over her shoulder, only to see the horse's mouth engulf both of her feet. She tried to pull them out and crawl away from the unexpected predator, but the throat muscles were already clamped tightly around her feet. She felt the horse swallow and lick her feet with its wet tongue. She screamed for help, but no one heard her. No one but Sorun and the two men trapped in the huge stomach. The mare swallowed her legs whole, spread her lips around her ass, and stuffed her pelvis down her already bulging throat for the third time.

The mare once again lifted her prey into the air and now with the help of gravity began to devour the woman even faster. Woman braced her hands against the mare's snout and tried to pull herself out. But Sorun's neck muscles held her tight, and each swallow pulled her in deeper. The woman fought with all the strength she had left, but the horse's lips were slippery with drool, and it caused both of her hands to slip inside the mare's mouth. Now, with her arms pressed against her body, she could do nothing but squirm, scream, and curse.

Sorun was looking forward to stuffing her third prey into her stomach. However, when only the woman's shoulders and head were sticking out of her mouth, she encountered an obstacle. No matter how hard the mare swallowed, the woman in her throat didn't move. The contents of her stomach must have stood in the way. Sorun hadn't expected that. Even though this wasn't the first time she had humans on her menu, she had never tried to swallow so many at once. Two she had, but never three. Then she got an idea. She went to the nearest tree and pressed the side of her huge belly against its trunk. Sorun felt both men shift in her stomach. A hard swallow followed and the woman finally resumed her journey into the horse's belly. Only two more gulps were needed and the last human was packed into the now huge white belly that was almost touching the ground. It swayed wildly from the movements of the three thieves trapped inside. Sorun looked at her belly with a sense of satisfaction. Every once in a while, the imprint of a human hand, foot, or even face would briefly pop up while the overstuffed stomach gurgled softly. It was time to head back to her master.

Sorun walked slowly. Her belly swayed from side to side with each step and the mare enjoyed the sensation of the frantic movements in her satisfied stomach, which slowly began to digest its futilely protesting contents.

It was a chilly night and under other circumstances Sorun would have been cold, but the body heat of her prey keeping her warm from the inside made it quite bearable. As she walked out of the forest and into the meadow, a beautiful aurora borealis lit the sky on her way back to the inn. Overall Sorun found it a very pleasant night walk with a midnight snack.

After a few dozen minutes of leisurely walking, the mare arrived back at the stables. The movements in her belly had calmed down, but it was certain that all three thieves were still alive and overall unharmed for the time being, just exhausted from fighting against her strong stomach walls. But even if it wasn't happening soon, her stomach would eventually digest them without any trouble. Sorun has returned to her spot in the stable, where she can wait for her master to come check on her at dawn.

Hours later, as the sun illuminated the cold land, the door to the stable opened, and the wandering knight stepped inside.

"Good morning, Sorun. How was your... night..." He paused when he saw his mare.

"Ahhh… someone tried to steal you again?" He asked with a sigh. Sorun nodded. The knight came closer and placed both hands on the side of her stomach, which hadn't shrunk at all yet, but judging by the sloshing and gurgling sounds coming from inside, the digestion was in full gear. Inside, he could still feel the faint movements of his unique horse's prey.

"Wow... how many were there?" He asked her, since he couldn't remember her belly ever being that big before. Sorun stomped her hoof three times.

"Three? That's your new record. Good girl.... I wish I could have seen it, hehehe..." The knight laughed, impressed by the performance of his loyal warhorse. The mare snorted happily as her master praised her. The knight noticed that Sorun looked very tired. Though she was certainly very happy with her current situation, the constant movements in her stomach must have kept her from sleeping and resting. The knight sympathetically scratched her behind the ear and was about to leave to let her rest, but before he could leave, something unexpected happened.

Sorun's stomach suddenly swayed wildly, and a loud gurgling sound came out of it. The mare suddenly looked very nervous and uneasy. Then a large bulge appeared in her neck, rising up to her head. The knight knew horses couldn't vomit, so whatever was going on was against her will and she was probably too tired to keep her food down inside. When the human-shaped bulge reached the horse's head, Sorun opened her mouth. Between her lips appeared the slimy head of a woman. She gasped as she got some fresh air after many hours. She opened her eyes to see the surprised face of the horse's owner standing before her. Hope lit up in her eyes. She opened her mouth to say something, probably a plea for help. But she was silenced when the knight placed his hand on her face and shoved it back down his steed's throat.

"No no no... You stay inside. Nobody steals my horse." The knight said, rubbing Sorun's expanded neck with his free hand.

He knew that Sorun would never swallow him, so he slipped his hand into her muzzle up to his shoulder without fear. He wanted to make sure Sorun could send her prey back into her stomach. He felt the mare's throat tighten around his arm as she swallowed hard. With a muffled yelp, the weakly squirming bulge slid back into the gigantic belly, which once again jiggled restlessly. The knight pulled his arm out of her mouth and wiped the horse slobber from it.

"Hold on, I'll make sure she stays where she belongs." The knight said with a reassuring smile and reached for the rope hanging from a pole nearby. He tied a loop around her neck to serve as a barrier for anyone who wanted to get out of the depths of the horse's belly. He made sure it didn't choke her, though. A few moments later, her neck expanded again, but the bulge was stopped by the makeshift collar. Both the knight and Sorun were glad it worked. The mare gratefully licked her master's face.

"Rest and digest your food in peace. We have to stay here for a few days anyway, because you won't fit in your armor with that gut, haha." The knight laughed and patted Sorun on her midsection. Sorun nodded in agreement and was glad that her stomach would have plenty of time and peace to digest.

Within a few hours, all the movements in her belly finally stopped, and Sorun was able to get some sleep. For the next few days Sorun did nothing but digest her biggest meal yet and her master spent most of his time with her in the stall, massaging her working stomach, for which she was very grateful. On the first day after her feast, her belly was smoothly round and soft as the bodies of the thieves mostly melted down. A day later, the contented belly had shrunk by half and the day after that it was only as big as if she were expecting a foal. A big indicator that the mare was not pregnant were the small lumps all over her belly, caused by the still solid bones pressing against her stomach walls.

At that point it was possible to put Sorun's saddle on and fit her with her armor, even if it was a bit tight. It was time to get on the road again. The knight figured a little movement would help Sorun process the rest of the three thieves' remains. The mare didn't protest, she probably felt the same way. The two travelers left the inn. Her master was sitting on her a little awkwardly because her belly was still visibly enlarged. With each step the horse took, there was a loud rattling sound as the bones in her stomach rubbed against each other.

The knight petted her neck, wondering what his horse's limit might be. Sorun wondered the same thing. But she knew that there would surely be opportunities to find out on their travels. The thought of the many rogues, thieves, and assassins she would eat in the following months or years made her drool. Sorun hoped they would encounter a larger group of bandits who would help her discover her limits and her belly touch the ground for the first time.

**THE END**