

I gave a yawn, feeling fresh and clean from the shower as Kada and I flopped back onto the bed. It felt weird to not feel movement under my paws now, but the train had come to a complete stop, docked for refueling and resupply in Talgrand. I was a little disappointed that we'd arrived at the massive city when it was still dark. It would have been neat to see the huge walls on approach, but I suppose we'd get a good look when leaving instead.

The city was staggeringly huge, I knew that much. The biggest in Aion. Once we were through the walls, lamplight showed enough to know we'd traveled for almost a dozen blocks or more before even making it to the train station. This was the central hub for the train network, and had huge loops and rotating platforms to manipulate trains and their cars, as well as refuel and resupply.

It was surreal really. To know we were so far away from Larid now. I'd never traveled this far in my whole life. It felt like everything was changing now. Kada at least seemed to be taking it better than me, and was just relaxing on the bed. I rolled over enough to gently rub his belly, given we were both still nude from the shower, and he grinned.

"Mmm, holding up okay? Wanna game a bit?" His grin widened as he rotated to face me, tail bobbing behind him.

My nose bumped his, and he snuck a little smooch in before I chuckled and nodded. "I'm sure we can fit some in before breakfast. But we'll have to get dressed." The PEC was in the lounge, and while a brief trip through in just towel wraps was fine, there'd probably be people a bit upset if we just relaxed in there, naked. Kada flushed, but nodded at that, sitting up again.

"Probably wise. Um, I'm not as comfortable as you are, naked around others." I relaxed again and gave him a soft nod. Understandable. It had been a fun trip at least so far. Warming up a bit more to Exir and the girls had... helped, anyway. Being able to occasionally hear them when outside of our room, less so. But once we got to Kaldar, things should get better. Just had to put up with a few more... days...

I frowned as the lights flickered over us, then sighed. "Great. Do you know if refueling messes with the power, Kada?"

His muzzle scrunched as he looked up as well, then slowly shook his head. "Uh, no idea. But we can't play the PEC with no power..." Tch. My ears perked as I heard the door to the traincar slowly open, and I sighed. Probably Mom getting back after the security debriefing with-

Another flicker, only longer this time, before everything dimmed down to almost black in our room. I frowned, looking up at the lights again, until black shadows seemed to ooze off the wall in front of us, and my eyes widened. I snapped down towards the moving shape, seeing the cowled figure stepping out of the shadows, arms upraised!

I managed to get half of the words off to slow things down, when suddenly it just... whispered from all around me. "Standby." Everything stopped. It was like higher processing just... shut down. My arms fell limply to my sides, and I just fell backwards, lying on my back on the bed and staring emptily up at the ceiling. What... What was...? Was that True Alchemy?! It felt...

To my surprise, Kada's eyes dulled too at the same time. His jaw slacked and arms sagged, and he just slumped over sideways against my lap like a limp doll. What the fuck had they done to us?! Our room

door opened a moment later, and more figures entered, wearing black leathers and masked hoods! They paused, looking towards the robed figure as they approached, then gently pet Kada on the head.

Their tone was slightly feminine, but spoke in about four different tones at once. "Good Kada. Stuck close to Exes and led us right here..." W-What?! Kada didn't move, and I couldn't budge a muscle! The figure gave a nod to the ones just arriving, before gesturing to me instead, then stepping back into the shadows again, fading into darkness once more.

There was nothing I could do. I could barely even think as the figures pulled out a large blanket. I wanted to scream out; alert someone to what was going on, but my voice wouldn't work! Exia and Exir were literally right next door! The lead figure pushed Kada off me, then wrapped me entirely in the blanket. Everything went dark, but I felt myself being hoisted up and carried limply over a shoulder afterwards. Fuck! They were trying to kidnap me!

The words wouldn't come out. I felt confused, and tried to force it. There was just... Nothing. My mind wouldn't form the thoughts I needed to make it work! It didn't matter a second later, however, as I felt a light pinch to the side of my neck. Heat rushed into my veins, and I gave an involuntary little shiver as everything faded into a warm haze of rocking and movements.

It became hard to even stay aware. I was being jostled, but it felt like I was drifting, shifting about in the dark. It was almost soothing and it felt like I slipped in and out of sleep while moving about. Something felt... off though. There were lights that I could see through the blanket. Dull thuds and... It almost sounded like distant shouts and screams. The movements and jostling came faster for a while, before things went dark again.

My eyes rolled in my head as the blanket got pulled off me. The chilly air of the room woke me up a bit more given I was still naked, but it didn't really seem important. I felt relaxed, even through the haze as the figure carrying me set me down against a wooden crate. He was breathing hard and shaking, and I could smell blood from him now. What was...?

"Fuck, fuck... fuck!" He snapped an arrow off from his thigh with that, with the cloth growing darker around where it stuck into his leg. He was alone now. A Vulkus, by body shape.

Hastily, it looked like he pulled a sheet of paper out from his pack, and started scribbling something down on it. Where were we...? The room was almost pitch black, but looked like some sort of storage or something. I gave a weak murmur as he balled up the note he was writing, then stuffed it into my maw instead. Rude! He lifted me after, opening the crate he'd rested me against.

Huh. I stared blankly into it as he did, now upside down in his arms. It was filled with naked people. What an odd thing to store in a crate. They all had black collars on, and their eyes opened, looking up at us as they did. An off-white furred Illan and an Inaga were piled together? Both had blue eyes. The figure holding me grabbed the Inaga female, hoisting her up past me. She moved about as much as I did, the black collar she was wearing glowing softly in the dark.

Then he stuffed me into the crate in her place, face down with my head resting against the Illan girl's breasts. Rude again! There wasn't any consent from her! I managed to look up enough to see him wrap the other Inaga up in the blanket instead, then lean down with a syringe filled with purple liquid towards me. Wait, was that...

There was another prick, and I shivered as everything melted away into a haze again, this time deeper than before. Which is good because he closed the lid on the crate afterwards, and everything went black. I... thought I heard distant screams and dull thuds, but it might have just been the drifting of my mind as my eyes closed again. The Illan girl made a nice pillow...

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I was awoken in a daze from a black, dreamless sleep. What was...? Someone was messing with my neck, and I winced, trying to move my arms to swat them away, but they felt heavy. Something clicked into place, then... throbbed through my head, causing my eyes to snap open to full width almost immediately! Wait, what?!

I was in a wooden crate, laying on top of a naked Illan girl, with my drool all over her chest. Another Illan female, with black fur and green eyes, was looking into the now open crate, and messing with a collar she'd just snapped onto my neck! What the fuck?! "Seriously, they're dropping you fucks off without even putting collars on you now?! Standards are seriously slipping! Can't just expect a mage to stay drugged forever... and mixing genders too now! Ugh. Assholes..." Dropping... what? I tried to move, but...

My eyes widened. It felt like... tentacles were crawling up into my head! Every order I gave my body just... They grabbed it and choked it until it died. This... Fuck, this was a slave collar! Nothing was responding at all! The Illan scrunched her face up in disgust as she pulled the note out of my muzzle a moment later, holding it with just a thumb and finger as she shook long strands of saliva off it.

"The fuck? Who leaves a note with...? Yo, Chir, can you read this?" She passed the unfurled note to a male Rapa who ran up and lifted an eyebrow, looking it over. They were both dressed in similar black leathers, and I had the sneaking suspicion they weren't members of the watch or government.

"Don't... 'Just'... Uh, nope. Other than that, it's all just a blob of ink. Fuck it. We have to get going, Niaaki! Guard Ukri dropped by a few minutes ago and said they're locking the entire fucking city down like, right now! These guys need to go out on the only remaining train out!" He made a panicked trill after, and Niaaki huffed. They were locking down the city? They knew I was missing!

"The whole city?! The fuck?! Fine, let's go!" She pulled out a rod with that, and snapped it down, causing a jolt to go through my entire body! What was...? She gestured with it after, and suddenly I felt myself climbing out of the crate, being followed by the other Illan female. My body was just... moving on its own! I felt hazy and detached now, unable to fight against those tentacles that curled into my skull...

The only thing I had left was True Alchemy. But... My chest was bare and sealed, I realized. I fought to push the Unseal command into it, but... there was no response at all. My mana... It wasn't... Fuck! They knew I was a mage! There was... a mana limiter stud in the collar! I could... *feel* the mana right there inside me, but it was quiet. Still. It refused to even budge as I tried again to unseal the Keyhole.

We were moving, following the Illan automatically. There were four of us. The off-white Illan and myself, plus a purple Garkin with green eyes, whose gender I couldn't really tell at a glance, and a male Vulkus, with black and charcoal fur patches, along the stomach, chest, and paws. He had dark brown

eyes by the looks of it. All of us were completely naked. Damn it! If I could even draw some attention or slow them down, I was sure that the city guards would find me!

Without mana, I couldn't use my magic or my True Alchemy, however. And thanks to my fucking self-conscious tendencies, I left the Keyhole sealed when I wasn't using it, because it made my eyes look messed up! Fuck! I threw everything I had at trying to direct my body elsewhere, but it was like I was just a passenger inside my head, locked in place and held there by tentacles from the collar, strangling me.

It was barely morning, by the looks of it, when we exited what seemed to be a warehouse. It was... a very run-down part of town, with the sunlight barely peeking through spaces in the heavy bridges running overhead. I could... smell oil and fuel, so we had to be near the train station still. My ears perked up, still able to move of my own volition, and I heard the hiss of steam and moving metal from above! Trains!

"Come on, faster!" Niaaki prodded us along with the rod, up a set of rusty metal stairs and around another bend, then up a second flight. My left leg, without my brace, was barely dragging along, and the Rapa grabbed me from behind and hauled me up the second flight instead. I winced, smashing my paw off the metal and feeling a sharp spike of pain through it as they dragged me to the top of the stairs.

"This one's a fucking gimp. Vulkus, haul him!" He stood me up again, ignoring the blood coming from my paw now, and the Vulkus gave a jerk, features twitching lightly, even as he bent down and picked me up instead.

The only train moving was already heading out of the yard. "Fuck, we're late! Go, assholes!" The door on this side was open, and two guards actually fucking waved us in! I felt a sinking sensation inside when the two Vulkus guards grabbed us and hauled us into the moving train, leaving the Illan and Rapa in black leather behind at the station.

"Can't believe they managed to get you lot here in time. Woulda been a shame to see you caught and sprung by the guard during the lockdown!" He *was* a guard! I wanted to scream it at him, but my face remained blank, and my voice completely suppressed. My paw ached horribly, but they hauled us further into the train car, and over to an open cargo container instead. It was one of the huge shipping ones, and seemed... modified. There were subtle slots for air along the roof, and minimal lights set up inside it. Worse, it had chains and manacles bolted to the walls of it, with messy looking pots underneath each. No, no, this wasn't happening! This was... They were fucking slave smugglers!

My wrists were both manacled to the wall after they adjusted them downwards for me, then they locked my legs in ground manacles, kept spread apart over the pot. The entire container reeked of blood and bodily wastes, and I felt a wave of nausea shoot through me. The brown and gray Vulkus addressed us after we were all locked in place. "Alright, simple instructions. You get a bit of food and water twice a day. Piss and shit in the pots. No, we're not undoing the movement or vocal restrictions. Otherwise, you're *entertainment* for us guards during the trip. Of course, I dare say, where you guys are going, this'll be a pleasure cruise."

The all-black guard Vulkus frowned at that. "This... ain't a boat, though. It's a train..." Uh...

The brown one sighed and shook his head. "Yeah, it's... never mind. Anyway, you don't need to know our names. It's better that way. See ya in a few hours after our launch duties!"

They closed the doors after that with a dull clang, and I heard the locks bolt on the outside of the container. Fuck... Everything went mostly black until my eyes adjusted to the dull, sickly orange lights strung along the roof. The smell was even worse after the doors closed, and I shuddered, somehow not managing to even get my body to gag. The Vulkus, unfortunately...

He spasmed, nose cringing against itself as his body trembled for a moment... then vomit just started sort of leaking out his muzzle and splattering down his chest as he stayed chained there. Oh... fuck. Right, Vulkus had amazing noses, which was... definitely not a good thing here. He sagged after, unable to even move as the brown and gray slime leaked down his stomach and into the pot below him. I cringed as I watched it sink into his sheath and over his balls too. Oh Gods...

My head was whirling. What was even... I'd... Cultists had kidnapped me... but... These clearly weren't cultists. They didn't even know who I was! Something had... I remembered the cultist last night, vaguely... He'd been injured! Their getaway clearly had fucked up at some point... His two friends were gone too. He... He switched me with the other Inaga! Clearly, he stashed me where he knew these... people... were keeping their other slaves. But nobody had come for me. Now they thought I was the other Inaga! Now I was being moved as a black-market slave!

The realization didn't change anything, of course. The Vulkus across from me continued to look miserable, leaking stomach contents over his chest. His legs were shaking now, and I could only imagine how badly that sucked to get *inside* his sheath. Fuck... It was harder to see the Garkin to my right, but the female Illan at an angle to me sagged a bit further, eyes starting to get watery. This was...

Nothing but darkness. Slowly, it sank in. This was really happening. My mind slowly caught up with everything that had just happened. How I'd gone from riding in the secure guard train, to this rickety cargo freighter in the dark, as an illegal slave. But... they had to have noticed the train leaving the station just before the lockdown, right?! This was... It was on a one-way track! It was easy to follow, so... it was only a matter of time until they found me. Everyone would be looking!

But... how far were they going to go with us before I was found? I didn't see what direction we were going in, unfortunately, when we left. But there was... nothing else I could do. My lower left paw ached, and I just sagged, legs unable to keep propping me upright. I couldn't even wince as my arms gave angry throbs, the only things keeping me up at all. Fuck...

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When they said hours, they meant it. Worse, the orders they gave us at the start were... for the collars, not us. When I had to use the bathroom, I just... went. Right here, just like that. Urine just leaked down my sheath and balls, and into the pot under me. Slowly, I swayed between being overwhelmed and crying, and just... existing in the dark, staring blankly at the floor. There were no sounds or sights except for the constant shaking of our container, and the breathing of us slaves locked inside it. Things... blended together after a while. The only disruptions were the ones that caused a nauseating wave of fresh urine or feces scents.

It was numbing, after a while. I couldn't feel my arms or legs anymore. I was so low I was practically sitting in the pot under me, and if it weren't for the padded manacles we all wore, I was pretty sure my circulation would be dead to my paws by now. It happened abruptly, however. There was a clang, and then an unlocking noise. I winced lightly as blinding light suddenly hit us all a split second later, followed by the rush of cold, but fresh air.

"Alright, let's see what we have..." A female Keld this time, also in armor. She was a tan color, with peachy white belly and sock patterns, and heterochromatic, blue and teal eyes. The two Vulkus from before were behind her, watching while leaning against the wall of the train car. She scrunched her muzzle up, then sneered at the now unconscious Vulkus, covered in his own vomit. "Ugh. Vulkus, dumbasses. You're supposed to give them nausea medicine. Fine. You get to wash him up now instead. Take him..." She gestured to the black guard Vulkus, and he sighed before reluctantly moving forward and unhooking the slave.

They hauled him off and away from the crate, and she turned her attention to me instead. "And nobody checked this one's paw, that's now bleeding all over the place and probably infected. Just fucking great. Dumbasses..." She rolled her eyes before unhooking my ankles, then paws from the wall, and simply shifting me to the left.

I was... distinctly aware of the collar not processing any commands other than that I couldn't move myself or make any noise, and I ended up just smashing sideways, right into the floor of the train car, like a limp sack of potatoes. Pain shot through my muzzle, and I shuddered quietly, eyes starting to water up again. Fuck! This... "I'll get him in a second. Take these other two and scrub them down. Don't forget the groins! Our pay gets docked for sick or injured slaves delivered!"

There was movement behind me somewhere, and the sound of more manacles moving, but someone grabbed me by the arm and yanked me upwards again. I looked up at the Keld, who seemed to size me up before shaking her head. "Fuck, you're practically a little fucking kit. Well, nothing else for it. Someone ordered you, somewhere. Probably a fucking pervert, like those two dumbasses."

She hauled me along by my arm, with my legs barely keeping up as she moved. We went up a train car, with me momentarily shivering in-between the cars as we crossed an open-air bridge. Mountains rushed past at high speed on the side I was on, and the wind practically froze me to the bone. But it was over a split second later, and she hauled me into what looked like a barracks shower and medical car instead. The Vulkus slave was already here, getting washed by the one that had hauled him.

"Well, scrubbing time." She left me sitting on the floor against the wall, and methodically took her armor, then uniform off. She didn't stop at the chest wrap or loincloth either, and was soon as nude as the other two Vulkus were.

She grabbed me again after, then hauled me over to the shower, dropping me at the bottom before turning the water on. At least I could close my eyes and avoid the spray of water suddenly coming down my face... A few peeks told me she was washing herself first, and taking her time with it as I just lay crumpled at her paws.

Rinsing the shampoo off, she gave a smirk down to me, before reaching down again and hauling me upwards once more, till I was standing. "Stay standing now. Your turn..." My body obeyed her, and she gave me an extremely clinical washing, even going as far as to push my penis up and out of the sheath to



wash it too, before letting it slide back in. I felt... a little heat drift to my cheeks, but mostly, I just felt violated instead.

I didn't realize that I hadn't even felt what violated truly was, yet. Not until she bent me over and made me grab the shower rail. "Alrighty. Don't worry, we're very thorough here." Uh...? I heard the showerhead side nozzle being detached, and metal screwing noises. She was swapping the shower head? Wait... There was a wet, squishy sort of noise after, like someone squeezing something out of a tube, and suddenly a gel-slick metal tip pressed right up against my tailhole! Oh fuck! No, she wasn't going to-

If my voice worked, I would have screamed as she suddenly shoved what felt like meters of conical metal right into my ass, without even the courtesy of a warning. It felt like I was being split in two, and she jerked it once, then twice inside me, before something clicked. Hot water suddenly rushed into my rear, and I shuddered against the wall of the shower, tears sliding down my cheeks again as I felt the hot water rushing in long streams down my legs. "There, preliminary cleaning... nice and fresh! Better get used to these. We wash you twice a day. You guys have a tendency to shit all over yourselves, after all."

My entire rear was sore by the time she pulled the nozzle from it. She didn't... move me, though. "Alright, this one's ready. Don't mind the bit of blood. Used to be a virgin back there, it seems. I'm going to go get the supplies for his paw. Don't take too long, and don't fucking knot..." W-Wait, no... they weren't...

There was a low, growling chuckle behind me now, as a different, larger shape loomed into the light of the shower. Oh Gods... "Relax! Virgins make me pop in no time at all. Plus, have you seen this knot? It ain't gonna fit in him anyway!" It was the brown Vulkus' voice. I screamed at my body to move, throw myself away from him... anything! But I just stood there, obediently keeping my legs spread and bent over...

"Uh huh. You're so big, yes..." He snorted behind me, and I slammed my eyes closed as I felt a throbbing, hot tip press up against my already sore tailhole. No, fuck! He couldn't! He was a guard! This was rape!

The gel lubricant she'd used for the nozzle didn't help much. He shoved his entire cock into me in one violent, single thrust. Pain exploded up my spine as it felt like he rammed a spear up into me, and my face hit against the shower wall and was stuck there, pressed into the metal. My breathing caught, tears sliding down my cheeks as the pain radiated outwards, and he pushed me right up against the wall, covering me entirely with his body. "Haaaa. Fuck, I love virgin boys. So tight! Mmm, could just nestle up in you all day." He ground against my rear, causing another stabbing of pain, before sliding backwards and out of me a little.

Then he slammed in again with a wet 'schlick' noise, hard enough to lift my lower paws off the floor. The searing pain rocketed up my spine again, and I was pretty sure I blacked out for a moment, face ground against the wall. But it didn't save me for long, as the jarring downwards snapped me out of it, and I stirred again.

For better or worse, he slowed down and became gentler after that. Both causing less pure agony, and not just causing me to lose consciousness and escape into the blackness. I just stood there, tail hiked and feeling him going in and out of me until I was numb. My mind refused to process it at all, instead

just focusing on the wall in front of me, and the metal under my paws until he shuddered and ground me into the wall again. Heat started flooding into my body as he bucked and twitched in my ass, reaching a paw down to grip his own knot and keep the flow going longer. He was... He just...

He gave a content sigh, and just pulled out of me after. "Hah, that was just what I needed after the shitty morning. Full city lockdown my ass..."

"What the fuck was up with that, anyway? Oh, you enjoy him?" The black Vulkus...

"Fuck if I know. Way above my pay grade. And yeah, nice and tight. Take a pop at him later if you want. I'm going to take a stamina shot and help myself to the cute little Illan cunt." Fuck... they were...

I was stuck here, ass out and sobbing now, feeling hot fluid leaking down my legs from my numb rear. There was... literally nothing I could do. The black Vulkus snorted. "You sex the Garkin yet? Don't wanna slide into their vent just to find a dick."

"Heh, yeah, I checked. Dick indeed. Stick to his other hole..." There were more sounds behind me, amidst the constant water spray noises. I heard a thud, then a familiar sounding wet schlicking noise. Oh fuck... This was a nightmare. This was just a nightmare. I was going to wake up sobbing next to Kada and hug him and never let go...

Unfortunately, the Keld was back. "Ah, didn't take you long at all. Oh, what the fuck? Did you *try* to knot him or something?!"

There was a laugh at that. "Nah, I'm just that big! Can't help it if his little hole got wrecked a little. We'll just lay off him for a while!"

"Fuck you! You fucking... No, if he's going to heal by the time we get to the drop off, lay off him entirely!" I felt her push me up against the wall again... then it felt like she was pushing parts of me back inside again after. A wave of nausea went over me again, and I shuddered, barely managing to hold back throwing up.

"Eh, relax! The regeneratives work fast... He'll be ready for fucking by tomorrow, no sweat!"

The black-furred Vulkus guard coughed a moment later. "Uh, dude, you know... she's a bitch, right? Like, she's got a pussy. Why are you...?"

"Seriously, you know how tight her tailhole is? Mmmm, fuck... Way better than pussy any day."

I just forced it out of my head. I tried to listen to only the water falling down as the Keld messed more with my rear, then hiked my left paw up instead. I didn't... I didn't even look, just feeling her spray stuff over it, then wrap something tight around it. This was... I was just going to wake up. I didn't have to worry about any of this. It was just a really, really shitty dream...

The other two left after a while, with the Vulkus and Garkin. The Keld sighed, drying me off with a couple towels before looking me up and down again. I just stood there, shivering as I stared at her stomach, unable to move and not wanting to look up at her, for fear that it would draw her ire or direct more attention my way. It didn't matter, though.



She smirked after another moment, sliding her paw slowly down her own stomach before massaging her hip slightly. "Though... no, you *are* rather adorable. Maybe I'm a *bit* of a pervert too." Oh Gods, please no...

But there was nothing I could do as she pushed me down to my knees instead, and lifted my head up until she was able to press her groin right up to my muzzle. Sharp, feminine scents bombarded my nose, and I shuddered as she pushed right up against me, closing her eyes. "Mmm, maybe just a little. Alright, you convinced me. Pleasure me with your mouth and tongue..."

It was like a bolt went through me. The tentacles tightened in my mind, accessing memories both muscle and otherwise, and my mouth started to move. The female gave a low groan as I opened my mouth against her almost featureless slit entrance, tongue teasing upwards until it parted her folds. "Ah, fuck... This is... You've done this before..." I indeed knew Keld anatomy, and my tongue was fast to lubricate the way in slow, upwards jabs, spreading her wider and wider without rushing and hurting her. It ground against the roof of her tunnel, and her hips shivered, with her grinding down onto my muzzle.

I wanted to throw up again, but just closed my eyes and tried to hide away from what my body was automatically doing. The tentacles in my head and... this... felt like just as much a violation of my... everything... as what the Vulkus had done to me.

She was pent up, that was for sure. Her paws grabbed my head, and she pulled me tight against her pussy, tongue buried deep inside of her as she started to clench down on it. She was tight, and clinging to my appendage as more and more fluids started to rush out. She cried out, shuddering as her right paw snapped down and held my muzzle open, right against her crotch! I did gag this time, purely out of reflex, as her fluids rushed down my throat and she forced me to swallow it all, the entire time her body was shaking there.

"Hah... ah, fuck. That was... mmm. Definitely a little perverted. Heh." She giggled after, then backed up away from me again with a grin. Fuck... that was...

Her eyes trailed down my body, and the grin widened. No, I wasn't... No! This... My body just kept betraying me, over and over again. It was the collar! It had to be! "Oh my! Guess someone likes girls at the very least. Mmm, well it would be incredibly rude to send you back to the container like *that*."

Her eyes slowly narrowed a little, lidding as she licked her lips. Please, no... I just wanted to go back to the darkness at this point. I didn't... But I wasn't going to yet. I knew that much. She had something else in mind now, and grabbed the discarded Illan girl instead, hauling her over. Oh fuck... what was she doing...?

The Illan was a mess, clearing crying just like I was. There was dried blood leaking down her inner thigh, and the Keld looked her over before sighing and wiping at some of it. "Fucking dumbass, and his fascination with anal... Gods... Well, might as well clean you up while the boy gets another bit of exercise... You know the drill."

The Illan widened her eyes just slightly, then looked horrified for a moment as the Keld stood her up, and suddenly pushed *her* crotch right up to my muzzle instead. Illan had a far more distinctive, partially teardrop shaped labia, with the larger, upper lip of it hiding their typically half-thumb-sized clit. It was easy enough to nuzzle upwards into her, then slide my tongue out, lightly probing, then working my way

deeper inside. My wet nose pushed up into, then teasingly rubbed her clit as I did, causing it to wink suddenly, and her hips to spasm. “Mmm, good boy! This gives me time to clean up her rear anyway...”

It... took her an unnaturally long time to wipe down the Illan’s legs and clean her tailhole. My tongue teased deep, pressing upwards almost to her cervix as she stretched and widened out under my touch. She actually tasted rather good under my tongue, and her own fluids started to drip down my muzzle and chin as she spasmed there, shivering against me. More winks, and her clit throbbed eagerly against my nose. She was... just as miserable as me, and I didn’t want to do this to her, but I couldn’t tell my body to stop!

Another spasm, and she clenched down on my tongue, rush of fluids splattering over my muzzle. “Ah! Drink it all down now!” My mouth opened automatically, and I swallowed down the Illan’s fluids, the extra spilling over my chest and down my stomach. The Keld was... She was watching us and grinning, paw over her own groin as the other massaged her breasts. “Mmm, fuck... No, I can indulge too. Besides, I promised you that you wouldn’t go back to your container like *that*.” There was something about the way she said that, grinning down at my stiff erection... I swallowed the tension in my throat, as she stepped up and grabbed the Illan again instead.

The Illan’s eyes were dilated a little, and she panted there, clearing coming down from her orgasm still. “Good girl. This’ll get you used to your treatment as a slave anyway, soon enough. This nice boy just got you off... and got you nice and ready. So here... Don’t stop until you’ve taken his knot.”

No! This wasn’t... She couldn’t do this! They were supposed to be guards! They were supposed to uphold the law! They... But... no, guards had tried to kill me now. Twice. Guards... were also people, and could be just as... evil as that entailed. I couldn’t... not face that truth anymore. Even as I couldn’t look away as the Illan lowered herself down into my lap. She was crying again, eyes shut, even as she pressed herself up against my length. The Keld watched gleefully, wild energy in her eyes as she pushed two fingers up inside of herself. Fuck... This was...

My breath caught as I felt my tip slide into the Illan. Fuck, it actually felt good... But this wasn’t... They were making me rape her! They were forcing me to... The Illan shuddered sliding further down as she flushed again. No... they were forcing her to rape *me*, too. And she was fighting against her body’s sensations and instincts just like I was.

Her collar was glowing. Her body was moving by itself, just like mine. Her folds squished down against my knot, and she shuddered there, grinding against me. I felt her clenching all around my length as she rocked there. “Mmm, good girl. No rush. Hah... ride him, just like that. Pop your cork on his cock, then take his knot and get him to breed you!”

The Keld’s tone and voice got more lurid the longer she watched. The Illan shuddered, rocking her hips against mine as she lifted again, then dropped back down, grinding me deeper inside of her. Ah... f-fuck, no, this wasn’t supposed to... We were being forced to rape each other! This wasn’t supposed to feel good!

I saw her jaw clench. She was fighting it too, but she gave a little gasp after, flush deepening as she bottomed out against me again. Fuck... This was so fucked up...

“W-Whoa, you’re having them fuck each other...?” The brown Vulkus again, off to my right somewhere.

“S-Shut up! Watch if you want, leave if you don’t!” The Keld hissed.

“Heh, I don’t care. They both have tailholes for me to use. Mmm, they’re trying so hard not to like it! Hah!”

The Keld didn’t reply, instead giving a breathy moan as she watched us. The Illan’s eyes were open now, but lidded as she rocked there on me, riding my cock. She ground against my knot, with my tip almost teasing her cervix, hips trembling as she did. Something... in her eyes just gave up, and her arms slid over my shoulders, breasts pressing into my chest as she ground and thrust downwards.

“Hah, I k-knew you’d love it, you fucking whore... Breeding bitch! That’s all you’ll be doing for the rest of your ride, cunt! Riding cock...” The Keld shuddered, biting her lower lip as she watched. This was... I couldn’t...

The Illan was coming again, starting to spasm as she ground down on my lap hard. She stretched wide, shuddering again, before my knot suddenly pushed up into her, and her lips clenched down around the other side of it, locking to my root. Fuck! My vision danced white, no matter how much I tried to hold it back, and I felt myself start to buck and twitch inside of her.

I... gave up too. My hips pushed upwards, driving my cock as deep as I could, and teasing my tip right into her womb before the rush and spasms hit. Ribbons of seed flooded up into her, and she milked me upwards, massaging my shaft for every drop. My head spun, feeling the fatigue hit me instantly from trying so hard to pull back and fighting against the tendrils working their way through my skull.

The Keld didn’t pay us any mind though, panting herself as she sagged against the shower. “Mmm, fuck, that was amazing. I think I needed that. New rule. We have three males, so every waking hour she has, she’s going to be riding cock. One of them or the other. Keep cycling them. She’ll be the bottom bitch until the drop off...”

“And you said *we’re* perverts... damn.” She gave him a glare, but he held his paws up to her and nodded, before reaching down and grabbing me by the arm. “Well, you two are stuck like this, so you’ll just have to stay that way until ‘rotation’.” He pulled both of us along after that, while the Keld recovered, and hauled us back to the container, still tied together. Fuck... Please... Please wake up, Exes... Please...?

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I didn’t wake up. Worse, it didn’t stop. It was... exactly like they’d said when we got here. We were their *entertainment*. Their playthings. I didn’t know any of their names. They avoided using them. But I did, unfortunately, figure out their tastes. The Keld female was... sadistic almost. Instead of outright pain, she seemed to get off on making us do things we didn’t want to do. Both of the Vulkus were amused by her antics, but clearly just here for our tailholes. The black furred one intentionally so, and only with us three males. The brown furred one... some sort of specific denial to himself, more than likely.

It didn’t really matter, though. What the Keld said, went. She was clearly their superior officer, in some regard. The Illan was passed between us on an hour rotation. They didn’t bother cleaning her between, and kept feeding us stamina tinctures to keep going. The Garkin would just go until he filled up both her

holes, then she'd alternate to being tied to either me or the Vulkus. The... second time I had dick inside of me, it... didn't hurt as much. Maybe because I was tied to her at the same time this time.

They either didn't know about the side effects of the tinctures, or didn't care. All three of us were ravenous by dinner time, for food and water. Of course, all we got was water, bread, and some salted meat scraps. The Illan ate, but it was a token effort. She was completely out of it by then, and seemed almost drugged. Didn't help that the Keld kept 'ordering' her to enjoy it and want our dicks in her. I... didn't know much about how the collars worked. All I knew was that they were True Alchemy. Could you really force someone to enjoy something using one? Fuck...

We were washed again after supper, then she was passed to the Garkin again, before ending on the Vulkus, tied and bound to him for the night, it looked like. They simply used the chains to tie her to him by the legs, hips, and under her arms, while they were tied. Not that it mattered, thanks to the orders from the collar forcing us to not move...

Most of the time was spent reeking of sex and urine. The Keld had migrated up to forcing us to scent mark the Illan too, by spraying her down. Part of me just... shut down I think. I didn't want to be here. I kept begging to wake up, but it never came. By day two, things were starting to get colder in the car, and consequently, the container we were chained up in. I'd gathered we were moving north now. Where I was originally intending to head. Were we going to Kaldar? Did it matter? If they brought me to Kaldar, I didn't see how I *wouldn't* be found. I... didn't have any tears left at this point. We were just toys to them. And from what I gathered by listening to them talk, they'd been doing this for *years*. What... the fuck was wrong with Aion?! I didn't... How was this allowed to still happen?!

We were all shivering in the container when the doors opened yet again, this time by the Keld, with a mana heater of some sort. "Wakey Wakey. More fun planned for you today! But first, breakfast and your morning wash!" Fuck...

We were scrubbed down, and this time the brown Vulkus took me from the front. I was still... numb, but there wasn't any pain this time as he pinned me to the floor of the shower and forced his tongue practically down my throat. I just lay there limply, of course... but on the inside too this time. Was I already... getting used to this...? Why hadn't anyone found me yet?

The Illan was transferred to me after, now eagerly riding my cock and grinding there as her eyes rolled back in her head. It was... The collar was just making her do that, right? I couldn't... I stared blankly up at her as I was repeatedly jarred there, until it was too much, and I filled her up yet again as she took my knot. She actually looked... euphoric now. What... had they done to her head...? I wanted to throw up, but I couldn't look away at the same time. This was... No, it wasn't a nightmare. We weren't waking up. This was actually happening to us, and nobody was stopping it.

For the first time since I got here, I threw up. The Keld snapped to attention and forcefully rolled us over, making me empty my stomach out all over the Illan's chest. She just shuddered, as if it felt *good* to her. I gagged again, but there was nothing left to empty out of me. "Whoa! Someone's breakfast didn't agree with them! Well, we got more scraps to give you, don't worry." The Keld stood from where she'd been masturbating with that, and went to get more food, not bothering to clean us off first. It was... just that nonconsequential to them. They were...

Monsters. All three of them were monsters. But they were actually guards, and given authority over this train. They weren't arrested, or in forced therapy or memory alteration. They were guards, and people were letting them do this. I managed to find some more tears again, finally, even as the Illan started rocking her hips slowly against mine, trying to get more of my seed...