

Atir picked me up and carried me somewhere else after I collapsed. All he told me was to 'explore' my new room at my leisure. Of course, I was still blind, and he left without turning my vision on again. It was just... too much. I stayed curled up into a little ball, my entire body radiating pain, and sobbed. There was just... nothing. I don't know how long I lay there before the whirlwind inside me slowly fell away to the dull ache. Eyes open but seeing nothing, all I could do was listen, and there wasn't anything to hear but my own breathing. Even the air felt dead and still. He'd mentioned a basement lab earlier... We were probably underground again. Could... anyone find me down here?

Shakily, I carefully sat up after another long while. My entire torso hurt, and moving made that glaringly obvious. Slowly, I caught my breath again and steadied myself, sitting cross-legged. Under me felt like... smooth stone. I could barely tell, with the bandages on my paws, but every... half a meter or so, there was a crack. Tiles. Stone tiles. Slowly, I felt around me, seeing if there were any walls around... but I couldn't find any. Middle of the room, then?

My butt and groin hurt way too much to move around on it, so I shifted to my knees instead and carefully inched around, following the lines in the floor. Eventually, I *did* touch against a wall, and I started following it along, trying for a corner. It took me... an extraordinarily long time, but I mapped the room out to a five-tile wide, by six-tile long area.

There was a modern toilet in one corner, but no shower or bathing pool that I could find. Instead, I discovered a strange... chair of sorts in the... I'll just call it the Northeast corner. That put the toilet in the Northwest one. The chair was... blocky, but had armrests and a really high back. It felt like metal or alchemic plastic. My paws ached, unfortunately, so I couldn't stand upright. I couldn't reach the top of the chair to find out any further information, but frowned when I felt the 'seat'. Dead in the center was a conical rod, maybe fifteen centimeters tall, and four or five wide, at its base. I sighed. Yeah, that was going to go right up my ass when I sat down on the chair...

It had slots in it, with a bit more exploration. Water, more than likely. It was for cleaning my rear. Probably just rinsing at this point, if they'd given me a Garkin anal mod. I slowly sat back down on the floor after that and exhaled quietly. That was... the whole room. There wasn't anything else here. The center of the floor was entirely empty, minus four metal grates I found. Guess I was sleeping on the floor, then. The door was on the southern side of the room, in the center, and it was sealed tight. Tenderly, I lay back down afterwards, to take weight off my rear again, and curled up. Fuck...

Keeping my limbs tucked about myself in a ball was the only sense of security I had. Atir... had been right, there. Without my eyesight and sense of smell... all I had were my ears to detect anything around me. I felt... vulnerable. And as injured as I was, there was no way I was going to escape anything, even if I wasn't completely blind.

I curled up as tight as I could, tail tucked between my legs, and just rested. I didn't... know when they were going to come back, or what they'd force on me next. But... if I didn't get my rest when I could, I had a sneaking feeling I'd regret it...

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In my dreams, I could see. I could taste, touch, and smell. But things had... taken a toll on me. That safe and secure palace in my mind had been shattered. The balcony had collapsed, with part of a train track

and burning, torn up train car smashing through it. I lay there with the frozen corpses now, under everything. I'd... fallen quite a ways.

Sitting up, I shifted a couple metal plates and beams off myself, then looked to the right at the creature. It was frozen now too, entirely unmoving. But it... felt like it was mocking me now, even chained inside of me. Yeah... Yeah. Here, at least, it was just us, though. Nobody could hurt me, here. But...

It wasn't just the terrain. Even with those bulbous pods and glowing veins showing through the snow, with growths of tendrils going up the palace of bone. I was moving... slow. It felt like the metal and glowing wire that made up my body here was lagging now, and not wanting to cooperate with my movements.

Slowly, I made my way up the broken remains of the balcony, then climbed back inside the palace, only to find the torches all put out, and it freezing and dark inside. Here, my mana responded. Here, I could cast my magic again. Faefire soon danced around me, lighting the decrepit and decaying hallway I stood in. It looked like the whole building had gone hundreds of years without maintenance, with carpets aged and faded, and the upholsteries torn and hanging loose.

Instead... Instead, I went to the library. I'd always felt... comfortable in libraries. Opening the double doors to the Aether terrace of books, I discovered it entirely unchanged. This room appeared... static compared to outside. Towards the front of it, before getting to the hanging bookshelves of distant books, there was a nice and rather cozy area with a writing desk, lamp, and smaller, floor-based bookshelf. It even had books on it that I could touch without them shying away from my paws! This was...

No, until I was rescued... If I was ever rescued... This was going to be my home. Not that nightmare when I was awake. This... This was reality for me. I decided that then and there, sitting down and sagging into the chair at the desk. It didn't matter if it was built by Demons, and was in an alien, eldritch landscape with shattered, bleeding moons overhead. It was... better than that black abyss of pain I had while awake.

I knew the book was still here of course. I looked to the right, and found it sitting on that side of the desk, right where I knew it would be. Once I realized what it was, it became a lot easier to manipulate and move around. Fuck it. I literally had nothing else I could do, and it... It was a distraction. I slid the book in front of me and opened it up again. This was in my head, so I doubted any protections I threw up here would matter in the slightest. Unsealing the Keyhole again, I felt my eyes start to tingle with energy, and the words shifted on the table of contents, immediately becoming readable again. I gave... a quiet thanks to whatever Gods might be listening at that. Losing my eyes hadn't caused me to lose the... sight the song had given me. I guess that was in my mind. Or soul...

Instead, I buckled down and just started reading the book, letting myself fall away into that familiar, comfortable focus...

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I'd gotten through the entire first chapter before being jerked awake suddenly, coughing and sputtering as water literally hosed me down from the ceiling, like a heavy rain out of nowhere. The fuck?! That... explained why there were drains in the floor. Coughing, I sat tiredly up at that and winced, shaking

there as the water just kept coming down. I guess this was my shower then. There was a clicking noise, and the sound of a light, high-pitched ringing, sounding like audio magic feedback. Atir's voice rang out afterwards, from all around me. "Don't mind the water! Your bandages are all waterproof. You'll be getting your showers like this, twice a day. Or whenever I feel like you reek too much. There's cleaning alchemy in the water. Anyway, it's mealtime, so get your ass over to the chair you've probably found already. If you haven't, well, good luck. I start shocking the water in twenty seconds if you're not in the chair by then..." Tch, asshole.

Wincing, I got to my knees again, then crawled to the Northeast, careful with my orientation. I missed by a little to the left, but my paws were enough to find the armrest of the chair. "Hey, you did know where it was! Good girl, Bitch! Though, actually I was just going to test the system anyway." Huh?

The sudden jolt that arced through the floor itself smashed through my body, and I screamed, feeling my muscles go rigid and tight burning radiating through my whole body! It just kept going, and I spasmed there, falling backwards and away from the chair as my body jerked and writhed on its own. Fuck! It just didn't stop! More and more energy cooked through me, from all sides, and I couldn't get away from it at all, even as I rolled over and slipped, hitting my head off the base of the chair.

"Oh, fuck, it's stuck on! Uh... gimme a second!"

I just screamed harder, feeling like I was on fire now! There was an empty throb through my chest, and I could feel my heart skip a beat, then another before everything blacked out again...

Everything was a haze, consciousness slowly drifting back. It didn't feel like it had been very long, as everything stung in pure agony, and I felt like I was soaking wet still. I was moving this time, though. Someone was carrying me, the touch of their fur against mine only bringing even more of the burning sensation. Oh Gods... fuck... make it stop...

I got set down on something cold and metal and shivered there before giving a low, whining groan. "Eh?! W-What... uh... what happened?" It was Callia's voice, and I was a bit sad she sounded only mildly intrigued. There was a lot more fucked up with her than just her neurological problem.

"Okay, so the engineers told me I'm not supposed to use the mana shock floor before turning the showers off and air venting the room. It shorted it out and got stuck on and uh, baked Bitch a little... Or a lot..." Fuck... Fuck me... Fucking dumbass...

Callia gave a sigh, and Atir huffed. "Look, it's not like I did it on purpose! Even if it was hilarious to watch. Can you... uh, fix this? And maybe put her fur back on? Or grow it back, or something?" I tensed, shuddering again before trying to curl up into a ball on the table. I... was indeed furless, by the sensation of burning right against my bare skin touching its surface.

"Y-Yes... F-Fix... They're f-fixable. Burns aren't ba-bad. Shouldn't... b-brother shou-shouldn't have... d-don't hurt until the a-aug-augments are healed. Da-Damaged..." Oh, gods... did that mean...?

There was a grunt, then a sigh. "So, we might have to reinstall some?" No... Please no, not again! I weakly tried to lean myself off the table, but his paw grabbed my arm and effortlessly pulled me back onto it. "Actually, this might be a blessing in disguise. Did those leg and spine augments come in yet? It's been a couple of days since Ignaus ordered them." W-Wait, what? ...fuck.

I realized then and there that I had no idea how long it had been since they transferred me to Atir and Callia. Between irregular sleeping, and losing consciousness so much, I'd completely lost track of time. Fuck! There was a long pause, then Callia clicked her tongue in her muzzle, by the sounds of it. "Checking. Mmm... yes. They're h-here. I'll in-insta-install those, t-too."

Someone touched the metal plate on my neck after and opened it up. All I knew was that it opened upwards, and contained vials of things they wanted to inject into my circulatory system at any given time. Like the collar's locking mechanism and mana regulation stud, those... black tentacles in my skull wrapped around me whenever I tried to touch it. My paw... I couldn't even will it within half a dozen centimeters.

There was a clicking noise against my neck a moment later, and everything got hazy again, before fading away into darkness once more.

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The first chapter was pretty much memorized, anyway. I silently thanked whomever it was for just putting me out during... whatever it was they were doing. I woke up with my left thigh and back hurting too, and just lay there on the metal surface I was on, not bothering to move. Everything... kind of hurt, actually, and it felt like there were bandages over most of my body. Ugh.

I tried to pull myself inwards instead, away from the pain. The book... I focused on that instead. The first chapter had proven kind of uninteresting, admittedly, but was still valuable information. It gave a bit of information about the scope of the apparently three-part series. It was about artifacts. In particular, True Alchemy artifacts, and how to construct them. This second book was dedicated towards the cataloging and construction of minor physical artifacts. The goggles being one of them, turns out.

These were the 'mass produced' artifacts that the Demons clearly made on the regular. I imagine a large amount of them survived to this day, and might have even been incorporated into our own technology, and had their identity cleansed to some degree. Communicators I knew to be were in the book, in a slightly altered form, as those were mentioned by example in the chapter, which served as a sort of foreword, really.

Also importantly, it stated what the other two books were in the series. The first one being a catalog and instruction manual for all of the enchantments and spells made directly from True Alchemy that they'd used. That sounded amazingly useful, admittedly. But the third book... I *really* wanted that one. It detailed greater artifacts, grand rituals, and grand enchantments using True Alchemy. *That* was where the Keyhole was located. Apparently, the image on the first page was just a stylized rendition... Pity.

The other two books were right there in the library. Unfortunately, I didn't have the 'passwords' to touch them. Even more unfortunately, the 'black' series of Figments was considered stupidly high security. Go figure. So, my chances of just blundering into the passwords for the other two books was... pretty minimal at best. Only high-ranking members of Demon society apparently could even research True Alchemy, and only the heads of clan research had those passwords. But... where had the Cult gotten theirs? They were memetically shared. A sort of cognitive virus, that mentally infected new carriers for it... How does one even *store* something like that?

My ears flicked as I heard pawsteps approaching from somewhere above me. Great. “Ah, y-you-you’re awake. The pr-procedure i-is done. Yo-Your l-leg should b-be strai-straightening out s-slowly ove-over a f-few we-weeks.” Oh, it was just Callia. As much as she was pretty sociopathic, she also didn’t seem to do anything without her brother’s confirmation. Plus, she seemed to be the business-oriented one that was keeping me patched together, anyway. Definitely the brains...

Paws gently started manipulating my bandages, adjusting them carefully before checking along them. I just lay there, with my ears rotated to face her as best I could. “He-Healing... r-r-really fast. O-Oddly fa-fast. B-But tha-that’s a g-good thing.” For them, maybe. That just meant they could maul me more after.

She moved away from me after that, and I heard her talking a bit further back to Atir, with the distortion of a comm audible. My... hearing was definitely improving, it felt like. Or maybe I was just paying more attention to it now. She gave a full report of my condition, summarized as ‘half dead but healing’, and warned him about the accelerated regeneration. Idly, I wondered if it would alter their plans any. I... couldn’t bring myself to care regardless. Pain had become just... inevitable here, the longer I stayed captured by these fucking monsters. I couldn’t see it coming, or escape it in any way. There just... wasn’t any point at all in trying.

Instead, I just closed my eyes and tried to get more rest while I could. And slip away into the eldritch darkness of my dreams again, whenever I was able to...

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Chapter two was a lot more exciting, admittedly, and detailed all sorts of items able to be worn. The goggles and portable comm units were just the tip of the iceberg there. Effects could be tied into accessories for one. Small things like jewelry and clothing accessories. Effectively, it was like an enchantment system specifically for items, but with True Alchemy instead. If I could ever do True Alchemy again in the future, I had all sorts of ideas lined up! The fun ones were the effects that really only worked as a wearable item in the first place. The most interesting ones I wanted to try were the True Alchemy warding one could put on metal items, and boots that could be enchanted with something called ‘wrinkle walking’. It was... hard to wrap my head around, but it seemed like something to do with the folded spatial enchantment that the suitcase had. Only... temporary, and moving through it in order to... ‘shortcut’ little jumps of movement. Relocating yourself short distances in an instant!

It was hard to focus now, though. Everything was... itchy. Between all the new skin, and the new *fur* on the new skin, my everywhere itched. But the rest of me was healing too now. I was able to stand up on my paws again, and touch things with my forepaws without any pain. It was... weird not having my nails, but compared to everything else they’d taken from me, that was almost inconsequential.

Sighing to myself, I walked through the drenching downpour of water, and turned, sitting down slowly onto the chair in the corner. A shudder, and I felt the nozzle slide up my rear rather effortlessly. My outer anal ring was pretty stretchy and pliable now, if not more pronounced, and the tight inner ring served as a sort of locking mechanism for any waste I produced anyway. Once I was done using it, it just sealed the inner ring, and used the fluid production of my colon to self-clean and vent any remaining... bits... out of my body. It had taken me a while to adjust to the... slickness that leaked out sometimes, especially when I got turned on. The fluid produced was like a female’s in that regard.

The nozzle rinsed out my insides, and I just leaned back against the backrest, letting the upper nozzle lower and push inside my muzzle. Of *course*, they'd made it phallic-shaped. A rather generic Vulkus shape with a fake knot at the base. I just rested my paws on the armrests and slowly swallowed as the nozzle started pumping my mouth full of the gooey nutrient paste. That was my meals, now, and they kept it extremely carefully monitored. Enough to keep me moving... but it felt like nowhere near enough to fill me up.

The hunger pangs had become a constant thing, and I was shaky and weak most of the time. I was probably losing weight like crazy, but that might have been the point. I knew I could feel my bottom-most ribs now. I'd also gotten in the habit of just keeping my eyes closed and using my ears to figure out where sounds were coming from, instead of turning my head to look. It was like my mind finally realized that it didn't help. Even slightly. Sight wasn't coming back...

"Alright!" Atir again from all around me. I winced, shivering a little, but kept eating from the nozzle until it turned off, and raised again. That meant I could stand up again, and promptly did so, to get myself off the nozzle. I felt a little... stiff from the sensation and brushed my paw over my rising shaft. My length there had almost been halved now. That must have been one of the bones that had gotten the uncapped regeneratives.

"Your recovery is going lightning fast! You're also adapting to the female hormones even faster than expected! Quite the metabolism you got there, Bitch! But that means we're finally ready to move on with phase one of our program." Fuck. I didn't know what *that* entailed, other than that I'd probably be in agony for it. "That said, I have some friends for you to meet!"

There was a click, inside my head this time, and light started pouring in through the underside of my eyelids. Huh? Slowly, I cracked my eyes open, wincing at the brightness of the green-shaded room. It was... just as gray and nondescript as I thought it was, with a single light in the center of the ceiling, casting rather dim illumination. They'd been keeping me in a stone box. Eh...

The door opened, however, sloshing water backwards away from it. Atir grinned in the doorway, then hit another button and let air blast me from all sides. He watched in amusement as I winced, fur blowing every which way and the water rapidly spraying off me and into the drains again. If there was an alchemical mixture in the water, I probably smelled like nothing *but* by now. Maybe he was right about it being good my sense of smell was gone?

"Alright then. Come with me, Bitch." The collar pulsed, but I'd already started moving anyway, so the tentacles didn't pay much attention. I knew I didn't have a say in the matter anyway, and complying just kept them out of my skull as much as possible. Of course, Atir kept talking the whole way.

"See, you're actually our fifth slave to attempt this experimentation. We uh... don't talk about the first two. The third went... badly, and we tried to push variables in the other direction, causing the fourth to be considered a failure as well. But now I think we have things *just* right. Still, the third slave was useful for a few things. For one, she's fucking hot, and *mmm*, tight. Well, she was. Probably not so much anymore after popping out two pups, but I kinda lost interest in her after that anyway, so I guess it worked out." I... kind of wanted to throw up a little listening to him. He'd raped *and* impregnated her. And the way he talked; she was just an... object. A toy.

We headed to the left and down a corridor a little ways. Everything was the same featureless, stone tiles, and I recognized the designs from the other basement I'd woken up in... however long ago. So... we were still in the Agency. Probably in the basement. Wherever the Agency was. But... I had my suspicions. Pretty sure it was the only place I could have actually gotten *lost* in. Nulidia.

I didn't know much about Nulidia except textbook information and a small collection of vague horror stories. It was settled right on the border of Keldonia and Koramir, and considered itself neutral and outside the laws of both nations. Maintaining that premise, it aimed to be as self-sufficient as possible while focusing on 'complete freedom' to basically do anything you wanted. Its 'Council of Seven' was entirely anonymous, with shadowy figures ruling in secret over the city.

That was almost two thousand years ago, of course. It had grown substantially since then, and from what I gathered, had just devolved into an absolute cesspit of organized, and not so organized, crime. Talgrand was technically the larger city, but only by technicality, given I don't think anyone bothered taking a population count, or measuring Nulidia's borders. It was sprawling markets, slums, and pleasure districts all mashed together, in multiple layers, actually. The massive central tower was of Demon origin, and probably close to a hundred stories as it rose out of the mountain edge itself. The huge spines that came off it were taken advantage of to create massive platforms, supported by the building structures underneath.

Now, the city was a wide, conical nightmare of stone, and rotten to the core. I'm pretty sure it existed mostly because nobody wanted to wade in and deal with the mess, from either nation. If the Agency was located in Nulidia... I might not be getting rescued at all.

We came to a stop in a larger room. It seemed to have some sort of exercise course set up in it. A training area, including a sparring ring. Atir gestured towards the ring, and two Vulkus stopped their wrestling, standing and walking over towards us. Oh...

Both were male, and very naked. They both had black fur as well and the same distinctive dark blue eyes. They... He'd kept the pups he'd made with the third slave. Their fur was poorly maintained and scruffy looking, and they were *covered* in various scars here and there. Both wore slave collars, but neither seemed particularly bothered by them, grinning instead as they eyed me up. Oh fuck... I was starting to see where this was going already.

"Like I said, I had new friends waiting to meet you. Kar, Kan, this is Bitch. Bitch, these are my boys, Kar and Kan!"

Eight ears perked up at 'bitch', and they both licked their lips, looking me up and down. "Ooo, new bitch for us?" The left one stepped closer, and I took a step back, eyes flicking down to the bright red tip starting to peek out of his sheath. They looked... a little older than me, and were clearly ready to go, sexually. Wait, how long had this project been going on?! If they were older than me...

Atir held his left paw up, however, and they both stopped where they were. Eh...? "Actually, I have an offer for you, Bitch." I frowned, looking over and up at him instead, and he gave me a grin, walking to the left. All three of us watched as he headed over the sandy area of what appeared to be a sprinting track, then grabbed a pole from the side and stepped onto the track, sticking it down right on the twenty-meter mark. What was...?

“This pole...” He gave it a tap, then walked back towards the three of us afterwards. “Twenty meters from where you are, right now. If you can touch the pole, I promise to set you free. I’ll even send the boys back as far as the practice ring first.” ...what? I frowned, looking intensely at him, and his smirk widened. A glance at the twin Vulkus showed them both grinning now and watching me intently too.

“Free. In fact, I’ll even pay for your complete surgical reconstruction. You then can leave, with everything intact again.” He crossed his arms and leaned up against the wall instead, smiling as he watched me.

Kan, the one on the right, nodded enthusiastically. “Yeah! Inaga is way faster than Vulkus. You could easily make it!” His brother nodded rapidly to back it up. That was... Normally Inaga were, yeah, but I obviously wasn’t in the best of health and injured. Plus, he’d probably fucking turn my vision off as soon as I tried.

I looked back to Atir, who slowly licked his lips. Ignaus would be *pissed* if he lost me. There was no way this was legit. He was lying, and only trying to make me run for it. And as eager as these two twins were... I had a sneaking suspicion I knew what would happen if I did. His ears flicked lightly, and he shifted to looking amused instead. “Well, Bitch? One twenty-meter sprint and you’re free. Of course, if you fail, you get to be the new bitch for my boys for the rest of your training. What’s the harm in trying? Or are you just going to lay down here instead and accept being a bitch anyway?”

My eyes narrowed a little towards him, and his grin widened even more. That’s what was going to happen, then? So really, my choice was to run and get caught, mauled, and raped, or just save my energy and get mauled and raped right here instead. I closed my eyes, then gave a little sigh before opening them a little again. His own eyes widened a little as I lowered myself to the ground instead and just sat down in the sand. No, I wasn’t going to fall for this.

Kar and Kan looked surprised too, then glanced back up at their father, who gave a slow chuckle after another moment. “You’re... smarter than I thought, Bitch. The last three slaves went for it right away. One even tried to fake me out first then make a break for it when I was distracted. But no, you wouldn’t have made it to the pole...”

He leaned off the wall again after, then gave another nod and walked over to where I sat. “Here. I’ll show you...” Wait... no! “Run.” Shit!

The collar activated, and despite my flailing and trying to move myself backwards, my body complied. I moved to all fours, and messily scrambled in the sand before taking off running towards the pole! Fuck! No, I didn’t-

I only made it six or seven meters before something hit my right side. Blinding pain shot through my torso, and I was pretty sure I heard something snap inside of me as I was tackled sideways by the heavy, fast-moving Vulkus pup. Kan was on top of me after we rolled once in the sand, growling now before slamming me down hard, with his right paw on my neck! I gasped, choking and spasming under him, even as his brother smirked, walking up next to us before suddenly whipping his leg forward.

A blinding spike of pain shot through my muzzle, with my head snapping to the right and a spray of blood hitting the sand from where his sharp claws gouged into my skin! I let out a shrill, choked scream, spasming again under Kan, who ground his stiffening crotch against my own. Fuck!



“See? They’re quite fast. Experimental muscle and bone augmentations. Among other things. Good boys! Of course, that was mean. You obviously didn’t make that choice, so go easy on her. She’s submitted to you both, clearly...” They both gave low growls to that, then Kar snorted before falling to his knees to my right. I shivered, eyes watering now as I shakily looked over at him, Kan easing off my neck as he did.

His red penis fully slid from his sheath at that, and he snorted again, eyes dilated as he aimed it down at me suddenly. Wait-

The hot, steaming stream hit me right in the face, and he shuddered as he splattered my now stinging muzzle. His free paw shot down a split second later and held my muzzle open, spraying right into my mouth with urine, before directing it further down my chest. ...fuck. This was...

My ears lowered, tail trying to flag between my legs, but Kan had slid backwards and sat on it instead, hoisting my rear up before releasing his own stream all over my ass and groin. They were... claiming me. Claiming me as their bitch. Like... nonsapient. I coughed, feeling it leaking out of my muzzle as Kar shifted up again to spray over my face and ears.

“Good. Very good! Once you’re done with her, bring her to the infirmary. See you all later!” Atir grinned and waved to us, before walking off the way we’d come from. But Kar covered my entire vision instead, suddenly pushing his still wet cock right up against my muzzle.

“Clean, bitch. You’re ours.” He pushed it right up against my muzzle, and I shivered. There... wasn’t any order to the collar this time. They... couldn’t give orders to it. This was... But...

He gave a snarl, and I flinched again before opening my muzzle and licking slowly at the underside of his length. He shivered, but kept growling low as he pinned me there while I licked. Kan instead hiked my rear up, grinding his length between my cheeks before snorting. “Look at the adorable little clitty she has!” Heat flushed to my cheeks at that, and my ears flattened back. It didn’t stop him from pushing downward instead, though, and I gave a shudder as his length pushed into my tailhole. Tch!

I knew I was getting hard now, and they both grinned as they watched it. “Aww, she likes your cock! I’m breeding her next! Mmm, fuck... suckle, bitch!”

He aimed downward instead, forcing his tip, then half of his length into my sore muzzle. With his paw pinning me by my neck, I didn’t have any choice but to try suckling on him and licking him inside of my mouth. He gave another snort, working his thumb into the side of my muzzle and prying me open a bit more before suddenly whacking me on the side with the gash on it.

I yelped again, wincing and flinching away from him as he held me there, grinning now. “Learn how to suck properly, bitch! Dad’s giving you to us. We have fluid thingies. Eat a lot, but our seed is tasty food. Only food for you, now...” Oh fuck... I... No, it didn’t honestly surprise me, as he shoved his cock back into my muzzle. His grin widened as he forced it almost to the back of my throat, and I gagged. “Don’t spill. Suckle nicely, and drink down meal like good girl. We’ll save up, and give refreshing drink each time, too!”

My eyes closed, cheeks burning as he grabbed my ears and sat on my head instead, pushing in and out of my muzzle. Kan ground into my rear at the same time, and I shuddered, actually throbbing and

starting to leak from the sensations. Fuck! This wasn't... No, this... It was just like the train. My body was betraying me again and actually *enjoying* this.

"Mmm, get fed in this hole too, bitch. But clearly need oral practice..." Kan added.

They were unrelenting, my torso screaming as Kan ground down into me, letting my own fluids leak onto my stomach. Something was... off. The tension was rising, but I was just oozing and splattering myself with watery liquid. There wasn't any...

There wasn't an orgasm. I just leaked all over myself the longer they fucked me. The tension just boiled to a head and never spilled over. Fuck! I felt Kan tense against me, then groan as he pushed his knot right up against my tailhole. His paw grabbed it instead, though, and he shuddered as he started pumping seed into my ass.

Kar didn't last much longer, shoving his knot fully into my muzzle and holding my head there as he bucked and throbbed, pouring the seed right down my throat as I tried my best to swallow and suckle at his cock. My 'breakfast', it would seem.

They... lasted a long time. I felt like I was starting to... swell, the longer they flooded me with seed. Their augments must... heavily increase that. Kar finally slid out of my muzzle again, then presented his length to me. In my daze, I frowned, until he whacked my muzzle again and I winced. "Present cock. Always mean clean. No matter what, bitch. Say suckle, suckle. Bend over, bend over and present. Then we won't hurt."

I shivered again, then carefully started licking at his shaft, this time cleaning it of the seed still on it, as he grinned again. "Can't believe have to teach such basic bitch lessons, Bitch. Better learn fast!"

Kan slid out of my tailhole, then grinned as he watched. Kar gave a content sigh and backed away again, moving down to my still leaking bottom instead, and his brother took his place. Oh Gods, that was just inside my...

"Clean. Now." I cringed, then just closed my eyes and leaned forward, starting to clean the slick seed from his shaft. Fuck! Fuck... this was... He gave a content sigh, easing his length over my muzzle and tongue as I lapped up the mess, even as Kar raised my rear again and just slid into me, using his brother's seed as lubricant.

"Oh, fuck... Make up for with tailhole pussy, bitch. Mmm!"

"*Right?*" Kan gave a grin and wag to Kar, who ground into me and caused me to shudder again, leaking more fluid. I wanted... I wanted to *orgasm* so bad and it *disgusted* me! But it never came! It... It was feeling so good!

I caught myself pushing back against his cock and winced. He grinned but... actually didn't say anything about it, grinding me harder before starting to slowly pump in and out of my rear. "Mmm, good girl. Good bitches treated nice. Remember."

Kan smirked and nodded, dipping his length in and out of my muzzle a few times before sliding back again. "Yes! Getting better at cleaning. Now clean here..." Huh?

My eyes widened as he turned around instead. W-What? No! This... I couldn't stop him though, as he pushed backwards and sat down right on my muzzle. His tailhole was damp from sweat, and he pushed it right up against my muzzle and nose. Ugh, fuck! "Clean! Use tongue inside, too..."

My ears lowered again. This... was my life now? Slowly I started lapping, cleaning up the sweat around his tailhole and dock before pushing further inside. He wasn't augmented, so it was a tight fit, with him clenching down to my tongue as I pushed it into him.

"Oh fuck, that hot. Have to get her to clean butt later, too! Gonna knot first, though!" He ground up into me again, working his knot against my swollen tailhole, even as his brother ground back against my muzzle, with my tongue deep in his ass. His paws slid down and gently cupped my now slightly budding breasts, and he tweaked my nipples, causing another shiver to go through me. Oh fuck! They were... really, really sensitive!

"Mmm, breed so much that body thinks it knocked up! Bet swell here, start leaking milk..."

"Mmm, can't wait! Can feed *us* too! Like Mom!" I gave a low whine, even as he ground into me and slid his knot in finally. It ebbed through me, bucking cock filling me up again with even more seed as he rocked there under my tail. It felt *amazing*, but I couldn't orgasm! I just shook there, riding out an even higher sensation, before Kan sat up and moved off my muzzle again. I licked at the air for a second before pulling my tongue back and flushing with even more heat in my face. He just smirked though and sat down next to me, gently petting me on the head while Kar throbbed in my rear.

"Don't worry. Instincts tell how to be good bitch. Good bitches don't need orgasm. Feel how amazing cock feels? Making us feel good and knowing good girl, all you need..."

I shuddered, maddening sensation pushing at my mind, before slowly dying down again as the cock in my rear switched to just a gentle churning. Fuck... That was... I was confused. The buzz was making it hard to think, and all I could feel was the throbbing in my rear, and the soft pets against my head. Kan laid down next to me instead, gently massaging my breasts with his paw before kissing my forehead rather affectionately. "Don't worry, Bitch. Take good care of our new girl... Let us do everything..." I winced away from his lick over my wounded muzzle, but... admittedly, his touches and gentle pets felt... nice anyway. Which was a fleeting feeling compared to what I'd had for the last... Gods know how long.

Kar eased over me, wagging his tail as he relaxed on my chest, giving me a kiss and nuzzle just under the neck before latching onto my right breast and nursing the nipple softly. Oh, *fuck*... It wasn't the spark of electricity earlier, instead causing a bubbling buzz again to rise in my mind. Lazy and warm, and relaxing... and he nursed from my chest while slowly filling my tailhole with more warm seed. I... No, I didn't care anymore. This was... so fucked up... but this was better than being in agony. I just let them both snuggle me, resting there and shivering until I fell asleep...