

I was having more and more trouble focusing. It was like my thoughts were straying more frequently. I knew my libido was going up, probably thanks to the staggeringly high dosage of hormones they kept me on. Plus, I was... healing immensely quickly. The gash on my muzzle was completely gone in only a few hours, with only topical regeneratives. I'd been... moved in with the twins after. I was their bitch, in a literal sense, to be used whenever they wished between their own testing and training exercises. It... Honestly, after the initial mauling, it wasn't bad at all. I was starting to get used to having dick in one or more of my holes at any given moment, now. Probably the point.

My dreams, though... I always seemed to... *appear* in the same spot each time. Ever since the balcony's collapse, it had been in the corpse pit just under where it had been before. This time though, I just lay there in the snow, holding the sides of my head. It was... everywhere since I arrived. I couldn't seem to shut it out. I could...

It was a stirring in me. The moons in the sky had the cracked blue veins running through them too now. The flesh growth had consumed almost the entire bone palace, with heavy tentacles pulsing and wiggling all around me. I lay amidst them now, and they gently caressed me while continuously brushing snow off my fur. It was... oddly comforting. I could... feel them feeling me. Which was less comforting. I shivered again, clutching my fur as my vision pulsed and shook, watching the larger tentacles above, reaching for the sky. The air up there was... cold and gentle. I could... feel it. Another twitch, and my mind... turned to the right, causing the large, left tentacle to follow, bending just like I'd asked it to. Fuck... I could... feel them all. Everything!

The entity was entirely blue now. Gone was the malice and hatred. Now it watched me only with pity, which was somehow worse. Shakily, I stood, helped to my paws by the tentacles around me. The dark landscape was rife with them now; some frozen and some not. I was... Right, I was going to read more of the book. I had to stay focused.

I slowly made my way to the stairs, paws shaking as I headed for the second floor. Although, getting up there gave me a better look at the area in front of the palace. What were...? There were darker shapes over by the other side of the pit that the entity was in. They almost looked-

My world exploded, and I woke up with a shrill scream! It was beyond anything I'd ever felt, and my mind just blanked to white as every nerve seemed to radiate fire through my entire body! Muscles went rigid, and I couldn't even move beyond just trembling and twitching in place. It dragged on for almost ten seconds, each moment stretching out into a thousand, while my mind refused to just black out!

And then it was done, and my back fell against the concrete tiles again, eyes wide open now but seeing nothing. There was an... echo of the pain running through me, causing little spasms as I shivered there. What... What had...?

"Ah, good, it does work still. Gotta test it every once and a while, just to make sure." Atir. I heard a click, and my vision flicked back on, showing him standing over my prone form and presenting a... rod of some sort. It looked Demonic, with the upper half of it just past the handle covered in metal thorns, not unlike some flower stems. "Got this baby from Ignaus. I think he got it from the council. I put in the word looking for something to cause pain with minimal physical damage. They... *really* came through there. Called the 'Soulthorn', I think. Pretty stupid name, but it works wonderfully! I'm told it's the

most horrible pain possible, firing off every nerve in your body without a lick of damage.” Definitely Demonic. Great... a new thing to add to my daily experiences, I suspected.

He gave it a spin, then grinned down at me. “Though, now that you’re up, I think we’re ready to start moving on with our lesson plan. You’re getting along so well with my boys, after all! So onwards, with phase two!” Great...

The echoing agony was finally lessening, and I winced, sitting upright slowly and catching my breath. It was... still weird feeling my leg move exactly how I wanted it to, but... They’d actually fixed it. The experimental techniques had repaired the disability I’d lived my entire life with. Pity I had to get pulled into illegal slavery to do it. Seeing the breasts and nipples on my chest were also new, and significantly less pleasant. At least to me...

He knelt down, with me promptly leaning back away from him, but he just grinned, setting the Southorn aside and pulling a vial out of his pocket instead. Huh? The vial was one of the small ones capable of sliding into my neck panel, and was filled with a murky, off-silver fluid. Wait, it had a bit of a... sparkle... to it... Oh shit. My eyes widened, and I quickly scooted back away from him, but his grin only deepened. “Oh, you recognize this, hmm? I’m surprised. Though you’re far cleverer than I anticipated. Almost makes me curious as to what you did before all this. Almost. Yup, this is Moondust extract. Mixed with some... fun things that Callia whips up.”

Moondust. That was one of the ‘hardest’ recreational drugs in Aion. Created a euphoric high, immense amounts of sexual sensation magnification, and increases in libido. Requiring at least two cycles of detoxing to get out of someone’s system once inside, and even more if they’re a long-time user of it. Heavily addicting, and its effects grow more permanent the longer you’re on it, until you clean up fully. I’d read at least two studies on long-term side effects of the drug, even after detoxing...

He chuckled though, and stood again, pocketing the vial once more. “It’ll become a critical part of your stay here. We’ve been introducing it to you slowly, mixed in with your other medicine, but now you get the full dose.” W-What?! Shit! Wait...

He just pulled out the remote instead though, and pushed another button. My neck plate clicked. Shit! There was already a...

I shuddered, eyes widening as I felt the rush of heat dancing through my neck and right into my head. It was... bubbly and soft, and that tension and panic I’d just felt eased slowly back again with a gentle haze. This wasn’t... It felt... sort of like numbroot at high extract levels and... I exhaled shakily, feeling like the room brightened a few levels. Oh, that was... Hah...

My hips shivered, and my tongue dipped out as I panted there for a moment. I stiffened immediately at the sensation, with just shy of seven centimeters now rising out of my sheath. Oooh, fuck... My paw snapped down to it immediately, stroking along the underside before I shuddered. It was a hundred times more sensitive than usual, and each touch felt like a burst of light going off in my head!

Atir smirked as he watched, then gave me a slow nod. “Figured you’d like it! Anyway, enjoy! I think the boys will be done with their current practice in... eh, can’t be more than an hour now.” W-What?

Then he left, the final click turning my sight off again, even as I gave a low whine. Oh no... There was nothing I could do to stop now, though. I fell backwards onto my back, legs spread wide as I furiously

assaulted my tailhole and dick at the same time, unable to stop the rush of... desperate need right alongside the sensations. I'd never been so painfully horny in my entire life! My paw furiously gripped at and rubbed and stroked my dick, while the other spread my puffy tailhole wide, fingers moving in and upwards as I ground there! Fuck!

The same problem I always had. I'd teeter up to the edge, then... nothing. The sensations would crest... and just idle there right at the edge, refusing to spill over. Fuck! If they'd been giving me this for a while now... Had they done something to me?! Worse, the longer I rode the sensation, the more pent up I seemed to get, and the higher the tension rose.

There were literally no other sensations to even distract myself with, though. My ears became filled with nothing but the sounds of my own whining and the thuds of my blood rushing through my veins. Sexual euphoria kept perfect pace with sexual frustration, and I rolled several more times, squirming and trying to get deeper, or rub harder. Nooooo!

I tried to stop myself a few times. Things blurred together in a haze. It felt like the floor was saturated in my fluids at that point as I spasmed and rocked around. It was just... I couldn't stop or make my paws stay still for long enough! It wasn't just being lightheaded. I was... constantly losing my focus and getting distracted, then remembering I was stupidly horny again! It wasn't enough! Desperation crested to even more desperation, feeling my cock throbbing almost painfully as I ground it against the tiles, rear now thrusting at nothing behind me, and my paws rubbing my breasts as my eyes rolled uselessly in my head.

After a while, the haze became a blur, and I... lost myself to nothing but the sensations of me stroking and touching everywhere I could. Even my ears felt like a sexual organ now as I twisted and writhed over the slick stone. The burning haze was everything, and my whimpers turned into sobs as I rocked there, desperately trying to fall over the edge or pass out, whatever came first.

It was too much. More paws were stroking me now, and touching me all over as I eagerly ground and nuzzled at everything. Even the very *idea* of sex became a release, and when a cock pushed up against my muzzle, I was immediately licking and lapping up it, before taking it into my mouth. "Haaaa. Fuck! Love phase two!" Kar...?

My rear squelched as another cock rocked up into it, causing explosions of sensation and me to push back against it hard, rubbing my tailhole over his knot. Kan, then... How long had I... been here?

It didn't matter though when his length sunk into my rear. I wantonly moaned into Kar's cock, bobbing more fiercely and suckling around the top of his knot, causing him to buck up into my muzzle and moan himself. Paws stroked over my rear, feeling the swell and cushion, and then moved to my now far wider hips. "Mmmm, fuck, good girl! So needy. In heat! We sate you..."

My thoughts turned to bubbles as he turned me over, staying inside me but now leaning over and gently suckling at my right breast. That warm, happy swell mixed with the sparking pleasure tearing up my spine and exploding like fireworks behind my eyes. Fuck, yes, good girl! I didn't care! I'd be their girl if they just fucked me!

And that they did, holding my hips there and sliding out, then driving into my body right to the knot. Another groan, from one of us anyway. It felt too deliriously warm in my mind for me to even tell while

I bobbed and suckled on the second cock presented to me. The urges mixed with the concept, and the pre he was pumping into my muzzle felt like... success. I was being good, and making him happy. This was his happiness.

I was making them happy. The very thought was causing me to arch my back and grind my rear against the hips pressing firmly to it. I took him even deeper, feeling the pre spitting out of his cock and deep into me as I shuddered there. Happy. They were happy and in me and... haaaa. It blurred together again, with him pushing deeper into me, until I swelled, and stretched, and then his tip nudged right into my inner ring, knot lodging firmly in my tailhole.

He cried out, seed rushing into my ass, even as it bubbled up and filled my muzzle, me swallowing it down as fast as I could. I couldn't taste it but it tasted like euphoria. Their happiness that I'd caused. It crashed over, and I felt myself actually spasm, then grind down against the cock buried in my rear. It was... it! Everything exploded, and I practically screamed around the cock in my mouth, gurgling on seed as my rear started to shiver, then clench down wildly on the thick meat inside of it. I milked it hard, up and into me as fluid leaked out and over his balls.

The spasms and coiling pleasure were so intense that I might have passed out, my entire body writhing as they both snuggled up to me and rubbed and touched everywhere. "Mmm, good girl. Enjoy it. Good girl! So amazing..." Good... girl...?

I really did fade at that, but only partly. I was on their mattress afterwards, and I could tell they'd taken more vitality tinctures. But it didn't matter. I woke up warm and sweaty again, but this time they were right there to slide into me. I suckled and touched and ground against them, slower this time and just enjoying everything. It was beyond anything I'd ever felt...

In and out. More cocks slid into me. The bubbling heat and strokes and licks and nuzzles... They were just as enthralled with me as I was with them, it felt like. They couldn't get enough, and I just kept giving. They shifted from sturdy and wanton, to frantic, to lagging and slow, then snuggly and affectionate instead.

The last thing I remembered was wrapping my legs around Kar while he knotted me, and made me orgasm for the... I didn't know how many times I'd come. Kan hotdogged me at the same time, rubbing between my cheeks and Kar's thighs from behind me, and then both boys just snuggled up, nuzzling me under Kar's neck, with Kan licking over my own. It was blissful. Amazing. Warm...

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Sleep was black afterwards, and I woke up aching and sore, in both my body and my head. But that... hunger didn't leave. The boys were gone again, presumably to do more training or something. I could... It was like I could still feel them against me, touching me and nuzzling me and... I think I'd kissed them several times, with them kissing back rather intensely. Fuck...

I rolled over onto my side, rubbing at my temples. Just the darkness and throbbing. No other sensations. I tried to steady myself as best I could, but it was difficult. It was hard to think. I should... probably try to get some more rest instead and just center myself again. Maybe read some if I could.

But I couldn't. That tingling urge was still there. The underlying horniness bubbling at the edges of my mind. I found myself touching my breasts, and shivered. They weren't nearly as sensitive as before

now. In fact, things felt... dull now in comparison. The... The Moondust. It had to be it. It was dwindling in my system now... Tch. I just needed to... ignore it and get over the hump. Think past it...

I don't know how long I lay there, feeling frustrated as I touched my nipples and rubbed at my tailhole. Those were what felt the best now, and I just left my cock alone. Damn it! I tried to go over what I'd read in my mind, but the chapter seemed distant now. It was more interesting to try to get those feelings back that were so amazing!

I was distinctly aware that I'd lost track of time again. Between bubbling urges and falling in and out of a half-sleep, Kar and Kan had come back. They were sweaty and tired, but eager nonetheless to sate my needs again. This time while we showered, they took turns with my rear. While washing me, even. Gentle suckles and licks, and nursing against my breasts while nudging and licking my neck.

It was... warm and happy, but a more relaxed sensation. The urges rose in me, but didn't crest this time. Instead, they just bubbled there as I took them again and again, ass and tailhole saturated in seed and spilling over my dock and over the floor. Indeed, we kissed, long and drawn out now. They kissed back, competing for my attention now. It was a sweet and intoxicating sensation, with both males eager to tease and lick over my body.

I fell asleep like that, with Kan holding me from behind while tied and pumping me full of his seed, and my face buried in Kar's balls, softly nursing around the knot wedged in my muzzle, with his seed pouring down my relaxed throat. It felt like all I really needed now. Warm and relaxed and happy.

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Sunken, yet not. Everything was contrary then. My rough, steely metal arms extended towards the bleeding, broken moon. Blue moon-blood saturated me, leaking into everything in the brightest, most brilliantly luminescent azure. The runes carved into my metal absolutely burned with the stuff, and I let the Keyhole expand upwards over me, the liquid splattering over the glowing energy rings and runes dancing in the air. My back rested against the Keyhole at the same time. Or at least, the entity version of it. It billowed out under me, forming a warm, soft bed for me to relax on as I wiggled and waved my paws, constantly re-adjusting the stars in the sky.

It wanted to exist. It wanted to live like everyone else did. I couldn't blame it. Now, it understood that we were permanent. We were allies now. My survival was its survival, and vice-versa. I giggled, feeling the absolute, frigid fluid splash over my cheek. Everything was so indistinct now, as bits of ice and rock floated in the air all about our crater. No, *reality* was indistinct. But it always had been, hadn't it? The moon was a hole. The stars were the gaps and bubbles in cheese. The other moons jealously guarded, and righteously warded their big brother, at the same time. My mind felt relaxed as her song lilted on the breeze all around us.

There were secrets in her silent, static-white words. Sorrow, and a story of loss. A loss that brought others along with it, transcending and opening until everything was one. We all shared empathy and sympathy then. All the ones who came before me sang along, all around, as bony, frozen claws reached towards the moon with me.

We came here to die. But we also came here to be born. I was stuck somewhere in-between. Maybe I was supposed to be? The shattered hole that was a moon blazed above me, just like my eyes did

looking back up at it. A mirror in my soul. Tentacles reached past me, my will spread out amongst them like the broken, floating rocks and ice. I willed, and they moved. Like everything here. My grin widened, and more moon-blood splattered over my eyes, neither blinding me nor removing the blaze. I could see here. Here, I wasn't alone. The flush, and another lilted laugh from me as I sat up, wiping my face. Tentacles helped clean the blood from me, growing from the metal of my bones now.

Blazing eyes danced with light, boned forms around me sitting up and sharing my grin as I looked behind, over my shoulder. Never alone. We were *all* connected. I saw the forms of the twins here now too, held by bony claws and tentacles alike, writhing in pleasure just like I had as *they* were filled with my essence, just like they'd filled me with theirs. Empathy and sharing. Tentacle, blood, bone, veins... it all wrapped together. Like a body. It was a *nexus* of power, woven through the air itself here. Power...

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Indistinct. My head swam as I woke up again. Was it the first time I'd woken up since? I couldn't remember. I felt dull and empty, but someone must have replaced the vials in my neck while I slept. Atir greeted us, grinning as he woke us all up with the water. Then he activated the vial again, and everything faded into a blissful haze.

The twins were still here, thankfully, and took their supper while taking me. And giving me my own supper, I suppose, as I eagerly drank it down from throbbing shafts. They were wanton, yet affectionate now. I felt them. I was dizzy. Confused as things blurred about. I could hear her song dancing through my mind. Both twins grinned as they kissed and nuzzled over my body, lapping at my nipples and fur while filling me again and again.

They were actually reluctant to go to their training. Atir had to come and get them when they refused to leave me, then actually use their collars to force them to leave the room. I was infinitely pleased that I'd captured their interest and attention so thoroughly, though I was also tired and needed my rest.

But I wasn't about to get any this time, as Atir came back afterwards, turning my vision back on. "Damn. I've never seen them grow so attached to one of the bitches. You're really something, Bitch. Still, I've gotten something special planned for you today. We're nearing the midpoint of your journey, as the weeks go past." Weeks? Had it... been weeks since I'd come here?

It didn't seem important now. I wasn't getting rescued. Nobody knew where I was, or maybe they didn't care. Maybe Exir just replaced me and took over for my pack instead, permanently now. Even Kada, probably. It didn't matter, though. Nothing did anymore. Everything felt indistinct and drifting. Atir led me by the paw this time, careful to steer me along and not let me trip or stumble. We walked for a while until we got to a different room entirely.

Her song wobbled in my mind, and my eyes tingled. I could see the gaps here. Past the black slab splattered with dried blood that he set me on. It was... Someone had died here. They died here in absolute, pure agony... and they still lingered here. They sang along as he laid me back. The stone was warm under me, with little pin-pricks and hooks latching through my soul, it felt like.

"Bear with me here. This process is where we goofed a few times. But I'm pretty sure we have it perfected, in duration and timing. This stone is from the tower in the center of town. Another fun... present from the council. Turns out they're interested in my work. It's a... safeguard. Didn't help the



second slave, but it did the third anyway!” The second was still here, and nodded in agreement, smiling next to me as the blue moon-blood leaked out his eyes and muzzle. A Vulkus male.

The shackles held me in place, and the stone slab held my... soul in place. No, like an anchor for a boat during a storm. A really, really bad storm. My eyes widened as Atir slid another vial into my neck. That familiar, euphoric warmth drifted into me, and I shuddered, my entire body lighting up and... sensitive... Oh fuck.

He grinned, watching my expression before reaching to the side, just out of view, then coming back with the Soulthorn. No, no, *no!* But I didn't even get a chance to shake my head before the rod flared with a red light, and he touched it to my stomach. A prick, pushing through into my soul and erupting into a rash of blistering lava, rushing through my veins as I screamed! The euphoric sensitivity mixed with black nightmare, the room and reality falling away.

Time was nothing, with me frozen there, living every split, fragmented second with a thousand burning needles sliding through my body with each new frame. I strained, heart flailing in my chest as my body writhed against the stone. It was absolute. Every centimeter of me that existed felt the worst pain I could have ever imagined, over every frame of time, overlapping.

It never ended. It dragged on forever, through blackness and back, as the song strained at the edges of my skull and the Vulkus bleeding and sitting next to me laughed, spraying blue through the haze of red in my sight. Then black to gray monotone, the world snapped back into normal as the echoes of agony shredded through what was left of me, laying on the stone and trembling there. Blood leaked out of my limply open muzzle, and the ghostly image of the Vulkus licked my cheek.

“There. Five minutes. The slab's definitely working nicely! Your heart only stopped twice, and it kicked it back up immediately. Looks like you shredded your vocal cords though.” Atir nodded as he looked down at me, moving with afterimages. Time was weird, and the gaps and holes in the room seemed more pronounced as I suddenly realized he had unstrapped me.

I was empty, with the high bubbles in my mind having turned empty and gray, and a numbness settling over me, being carried back to the infirmary. Having felt *everything*, now I felt *nothing* in contrast. It was too much. Everything was black and gray and empty now, even as Callia sighed and started regenerating my throat. I'd... screamed until I bled.

“Good girl! We'll be giving you regular doses of that from now on, so I hope you enjoy it.” His voice was distant, even though I could hear him right there.

My vision left then, and he equally left me back in the twin's room. They came back again sometime later, and this time I didn't move as they used my holes. They seemed to... understand. It was... an odd mix, given another dose of the drug after. Every centimeter of me had gone from agony, to nothing, to pleasure now, all melting together as they fucked me until unconsciousness.

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Cracks. There was something... *wrong* now. The Keyhole entity felt it. I felt it, shivering there as her song screamed through me. I grinned, bleeding glowing blue blood into the snow as I looked down at the twins. They both knelt in front of me now, forced to their knees as the tentacles worked their way

into, then *through* them. Power. We were all together, in one. We all *suffered* as one. Things were becoming... indistinct.

Time and reality were indistinct. Time... I was losing it everywhere. How long had it been since he'd started the Soulthorn treatments? How many times had I seen that room of holes now? He'd become fascinated with me now, and every treatment became longer as Atir grew... curious. The room was indistinct, and even *he* started to notice it now, with his dull eyes filled with meat and blood. Useless.

Things had started to float in reality too when he played with me, getting me to scream until I spit blood. Cracks and gaps here and there, and the amorous ghost Vulkus, gently caressing and nuzzling me. But he touched me. He *ouched* me. And now he was here too, singing along with a thousand bony Inaga, all to her song. We were all together now.

Both twins grinned, eager to receive my affection as I cupped both their cheeks, metal, bony claws stroking their cracked-blue fur. They'd fragmented and were glowing like the moon now, but both wanted to be here. Here was always better than *there*. Even for them.

I should probably go find the library again at some point and do more studying. But we had eternity here for study, and listening to her song was teaching me so much anyway. I wanted to play with them, and get them inside me again while I was inside of their souls... Cracks. Cracks and everything bleeding *together*.

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Time moved faster and was lost at the same time. Half the time I was miserable. Half the time he gave me drugs and things were amazing. Then screaming and agony. Then amazing again. Back and forth, faster and faster. I didn't know how long I'd been here for, and it didn't matter. I didn't even care. This was all of existence now.

Atir had been pissed off this morning. Whatever 'morning' meant. Kar and Kan had growled at him when he tried to pull me from them. Actually growled. He had to use their collars again, which he seemed to *hate* doing. Then he took it out on me instead. I tried hard not to laugh. But things had changed again. Maybe he mentioned a phase three, but I couldn't remember, or be sure. Time was speeding up, and I didn't even know if it was the same day they'd growled or not.

He forced them to be here this time, after putting another dose into me and drawing the Soulthorn. He made them fuck and pleasure me, while hitting me in the stomach with the rod until he drew blood. This time, I screamed around Kar's cock, body rolling in both ecstasy and agony at the same time. Or maybe it was different times, or even different days? My memory was full of as many holes as the room now, it seemed.

"More! Keep going!" I heard him in my dreams now, mixed with the song. "This keeps up until you feel through it! Until you stop screaming!" Quiet. That was the lesson I was supposed to learn. He'd explained it to me. Good girls were quiet when in pain. Only happy noises. No talking, no sound, just happy noises. Feel through the pain. Ignore it. It didn't exist. Just happy.

That was the new norm. Let them fuck me while punching the magic through my soul. The pleasure and pain mixed together into just sensations the longer it went on. Atir laughed the whole time, giving



me an even bigger dose. It was... There was just nothing else. I knew what he was doing now. He was trying to kill me. Me. Not my body. Me.

There weren't any thoughts, even as he turned up the energy from the rod. I was orgasming again, with both twins inside my rear and just staring up at Atir instead. He grinned back. "Good girl. Quiet. You finally stopped screaming." Quiet. Good girls were quiet. Pleasure through anything.

Everything was numb and black again, yet bubbling and pleasant as I rode on top of them. It was... I didn't want to do this anymore. I didn't want to be here anymore. I didn't even care. There wasn't... Another orgasm. I think he blasted me again with the rod, but I didn't even feel it through the thick black heat. More laughter from him.

I was done. There was no rescue coming. None that I could hope to see anyway. I gave up. I give up. But... I couldn't answer for it. Its tentacles wormed over me, as the Keyhole in my chest made a click, rotating again. It... wanted to live, even if I didn't. Even as my body writhed in pleasure and my eyes rolled back into my head, the power of the Soulthorn tearing through me.

My friend's tentacles wrapped around me, even as my eyes closed and I fell backwards. It pulled me away and down, sinking into the murky moon-blood, while the surface frosted over in an apocalyptic blizzard. No, it was time to... rest. And be very, very quiet...