

A Triple-Cross in the Halls of Rosarium
by Anima

(Contains rough oral vore and soul vore)

I woke in the gloom of pre-dawn, the smell of dewy grass drifting in through the open window. Chill poured off the stones of my chamber, penetrating my rich satin sheets. With a groan and a jingle of chains, I slid my rump to the edge of the bed, hooves knocking hollowly on the floor. Grabbing the poker from its wire basket on the hearth, I stoked the fire, tossing a couple of logs into the reluctant glow of the ashes. A year prior I would've been tempted to bundle myself up in a robe, but that seems so long ago. In my mistress's service, not a single scrap of clothing was permitted me. The only thing I wore was my golden collar, and the slender belt ringing my rounded hips. Two slender chains linked the two, making a convenient and attractive handle.

As I warmed myself by the growing fire, light seeped over the horizon, illuminating a cool fog. It hovered above the grass and the rose bushes which ringed the property. Despite my shivering, I welcomed the colder weather, still a novelty in these first weeks of autumn. When I felt sure my fingers were warm enough not to fumble them, I lit a pair of candles and ventured out of my chamber. My hoof-falls echoed in the hall while I made my way to the spiral staircase in the core of the tower. Down one level, I stepped into the kitchen, repeating my fire-feeding at the stove.

My mind wandered while I assembled breakfast, hands remembering the necessary motions. Mistress had been closemouthed about her plans for today. Was a family member planning to visit? My skin twitched at the thought. Gods forbid. Once or twice I thought her eyes had lingered on me a while longer than seemed normal. Maybe--

"Noresch."

I jumped and made a racket with dropped cookware, wincing. "Mistress?"

Golden eyes drifted through the stone archway, an inky body materializing around them. The sleek panthress held her hands clasped before her, midnight blue silks hanging motionless from her rigidly-controlled frame. She never stumbled, never fidgeted. Those who hadn't touched her would be forgiven for imagining she was carved from ebony. Even at her most excited, she gave little away. This morning, she graced me with a small smile.

"We'll be having a guest for lunch. Make the tower presentable, and see Lucien after." Mistress brushed past me while speaking, plucking a feyapple from the bowl on the counter.

"At once, Mistress." My control was nowhere near hers, and I felt a weight dragging at my groin as my sheath began to fill out. I squeezed me eyes closed, and forced my tongue to move. "My apologies Mistress." I tensed for the sting of an admonishing claw tip, but none came. I turned my head to find myself alone with the dancing shadows cast by the fire.

Making the tower 'presentable' wasn't a quick feat by any stretch. First I skimmed the moat, and trimmed the claret-blossoms floating upon the black glass of the water. Scrubbing the stones around the gates, oiling the gate hinges, sweeping the drawbridge (after which I had to skim the moat again,

cursing my stupidity) and dusting the first three levels of the tower took care of the exterior. Not once while I cleaned did I see Mistress, which I took as a compliment. She trusted me to do my job properly without supervision.

By the time I stumbled into Lucien's parlor, I was quite ready for a bath and a nap. The goat steward compressed his lips into a thin line at the sight of my dusty and grime-streaked coat. Without a word, he herded me towards a steaming bath. I snorted at the pleasant pain of the hot water, lowering myself into it inch by inch. Tension simply drained from me, letting Lucien pour water over my head and work lavender suds into my buttercream-colored mane. Strange salts and herbs went into my bathwater, totally unfamiliar to me.

"Lucien, what are those for?" I fished a sprig of some green leafy thing from the water, only to have it lightly slapped from my fingers by the steward.

"To make you smell nice, silly horse." His fingers curled around my hand, tugging it up out of the water for a nail-scrubbing. I relaxed back against the lip of the tub, knowing that was all the answer I was likely to get.

Serving lunch to an unknown house guest is partially art, partially diplomacy, and sometimes weightlifting as well. Two mouse servitors assisted as I roasted a pig, concocted a stew, chilled several wines, baked bread, and poached fish. My only real advantage in planning the meal was that there was no chance Mistress had invited an herbivore. She simply didn't 'invite' prey creatures.

By the time the table was set, Lucien appeared to dab me with towels, drawing off the light dapple of sweat. When I began to ask about another bath, he just shook his head, eyes drifting away from my gaze.

Mistress appeared, stepping out into the dining hall. She gave the table and me a single nod of approval, before striding to the front door. I heard it creak open, and a voice like gravel swapped pleasantries with Mistress. When the guest appeared, I felt my stomach fall into my heels.

What followed Mistress in was a dragon, a dragon that populates the nightmares of eighty percent of the people in the neighboring towns. Vincent Deveraux was royalty, and though it was wildly unlikely he would ever sit on a throne, he was given free reign to indulge his widely-known appetites. I, personally, knew three people whose lives had ended in that monster's gut. Counting friends of friends and stories I'd been told, the number rose to forty.

His gluttony showed: Vincent's gut rolled over the massive leather belt girded about his waist. He was of the Gregorian race of dragons, with little in the way of scales. A leathery hide—a beautiful shade of gold—covered his body instead, growing (or so rumor had it) as soft as satin along his belly.

Torture, pure sadism, was the thread that ran through all the stories about this creature. His presence in Mistress's halls was unthinkable, but the reality was undeniable. When his filthy orange eyes fixed on me, I thought my knees would buckle. His gaze didn't roam my height like other visitors' brazenly did, but seemed to convey I was small enough that my whole being could be taken in at the barest glance.

By the time I recovered from that scrutiny, he was seated, lazily pulling apart the roasted pig. He spoke to Mistress with his mouth full, something I'd never seen anyone dare to do at this table.

Inconceivably, Mistress didn't react, but remained calm and pleasant.

I moved mechanically, filling goblets and carrying serving ware. 'You can get through this, it's a finite amount of time' was my mantra.

"What wine complements pretty white stallions, Lady Jessica?"

My ears couldn't help but prick up in alarm at that. I forced myself not to stop, but finished carrying the soup tureen to the table, placing it between Mistress and Monster.

"I have just the vintage required upstairs, m'lord." Mistress smiled, beckoning me to her side. My legs felt like wood as I moved, clopping to her side of the table. The panthress clutched the chains running along my back, and forced me to my knees before planting a kiss between my eyes. "Sweeter meat you'd be sorely tried to find. Every day he sups upon elven grains and black rose petals. Every night he's been bathed in honey and cream."

The horror of the routine I'd grown so accustomed to was swift in coming. How was I to know though? I was taken from my family, where all I knew was sibling rivalry and barrel-making, then thrust into a fine lady's household. For all I knew, everyone in her household received the same treatment. Well, now I knew differently.

"Mistress?" I pleaded, only to be laughed at uproariously by that fat dragon. The panthress gazed deep into my eyes, and...suddenly my fear was gone. An emptiness reigned in its stead, as what other emotion could roll in to fill that void?

I was kept on my knees throughout the meal, and I kept my head down. I knew he was watching me, imagining he was devouring me with every bite of food he took. Even from across the table, I could hear the gross sounds of his massive stomach working. Finally he seemed satisfied, or at least no longer willing to wait for his equine dessert. The beast pushed his chair back and heaved himself to his feet.

"Come Noresch." Mistress tugged my chains as she stood, and led me to the stairs. I hoped Vincent would be unable to navigate the stairs with his twelve-foot height, but I was disappointed. The heavy footfalls of the dragon chased my heels up the steps to the third floor, his hot breath fouling my mane with every blast. The third floor was the Lady Jessica's workroom, where she performed the incantations and great spellworkings that made her a respected figure for more leagues than I could guess.

Torches had been lit in the chamber, showing the sparkling lines drawn on the stones of the floor. A spiderweb loom perched in a corner, its gruesome spiderian architecture perhaps my least favorite item to clean. Wire racks held rank upon rank of stoppered vials, some sealed additionally with wax, and others collared in iron to keep in particularly nasty substances. What was new was a massive bed, covered in thick red quilts stitched with gold. Strange designs entwined the bedposts, and arcane glyphs seemed to surface from the wood grain on its headboard.

Vincent didn't wait for Mistress to give her approval explicitly. He seized my chains from her hand, and hauled me along to the bed. "Pretty little stud," he growled, before hauling me into the air by my chains to toss me onto the bed. I lay there, gasping, throat bruised by the collar. To the side came the jingles and shifting cloth of a being undressing, before the bed creaked deeply beneath Vincent's

weight. He straddled me, massive thighs wedged around my hips, and entered me without an ounce of prelude.

If he was hoping to tear me in the process, he was disappointed. Mistress had worked far too long on me to allow a mere three foot-long penis to ruin my rear. My soft pucker embraced him, as my fleshy depths did likewise, smothering his spade-headed prick in velvety comfort.

“Feel my belly, little stud?” He rumbled, as his gut bounced against and mooshed around my back. “Learn to love it slut, 'cuz that's where I'm shoving you next. Your pretty pretty prancing self is just going to be more **me** soon. Everyone else I find after, you'll be helping me fuck and devour.”

His rough thrusts punished my ass, while rich sucking squelches filled the chamber. My own shaft hardened beneath me, inevitably, pouring its precum over the luxurious quilts. Vincent reached beneath me then, and did something my mind refused to acknowledge. I lost my erection completely before my scream had finished dying in the halls.

I knew Mistress was there, watching, even as the beast laughed and licked my blood from his talons. When he came, he pulled free, pawing me onto my back to stuff the spewing organ past my lips. His jizz burned my mouth, caustic and sulfurous. When I gagged and lost some of his cream, his fist collided with my temple, making my ears ring and vision dim. I swallowed the rest.

Stunned from the abuse and exhausted by a day's work, I could barely twitch when the dragon hoisted me up again by my chains. Mistress stepped in then, laid hands on collar and belt, and uttered a word. The chains flashed, spinning in a golden blur, shrinking into a torus that encircled her wrist.

Vincent grabbed me once more beneath my arms, snuffling the length of me with his brutish snout. In a mockery of tenderness, Vincent licked the rose rounds of my nipples, and nibbled the arch of my neck. He flexed his arms, lifting me up above his head. His tongue slithered from his lips, twining around my hooves, binding them together. He sank me up to my calves in his throat, and I was reminded of the swamp where I used to hunt armor-shrimp. The sucking squelch of mud was a good match for the feel of Vincent's gullet, but for the temperature. He was so hot inside, hotter than the baths Lucien dunked me in. A lewd 'glurtch' heralded the first swallow, dragging me knees-deep into that yawning maw. I could hear the beast's gut churning and growling, demanding more though the sumptuous lunch still lay within it. Just like the oaf's full mouth at lunch.

Vincent's teeth closed on my belly, sinking an inch of yellowed ivory through my hair and skin. I cringed, trying to double over, while rivulets of my blood coated the bastard's tongue. Every other swallow he would repeat this, pricking me back and front with his fangs. Soon his lips collared my throat, and thick red-tinged saliva welled up around my face from that oral pit. His throat bound my body tightly, flexing around it, massaging it deeper. He turned his head, letting me see Mistress one last time. There she was, my beautiful elegant Lady, relaxing in a chair as her closest servant slid down the throat of a murderous glutton. Words failed me in that moment, only a panicked whinny spilling out. Drool forced my eyes shut, the hateful warmth of it sliding in rivulets down my face. I pried open my eyes in time to see her smile and nod, but it seemed directed more at me than the monster devouring me.

Spittle exploded outward around my head as Vincent barked a choked laugh, then swallowed me back behind his teeth. There in the slimy darkness, I could feel as much as hear his pulse, the locations of his veins made obvious by the ropes of greater heat against my drool-soaked body. Vincent held me there, tasting me endlessly with that fat tapered tongue, making me breathe his own breath. When he swallowed again, it was a horrible shock. I'd been suffering so long in his jaws, I'd

forgotten there was worse to come. The slide down was swift, gliding greasily through his throat to spill into his fat-padded gut. I squirmed and struggled to make every inch as hard for him as possible. The press of his flesh around me was insufferable, an embrace that went on and on...finally loosening around my hooves as esophagus gave way to stomach. My legs crumpled beneath me, splashing with my rump into the stew of digesting food. I gagged in the scorching-hot darkness, beating at the walls with my fists. His acids stung in every wound he'd inflicted on me, and even worse upon my orifices. Every scream that tore itself from my throat was met with laughter from the dragon, a Pavlovian response that made me hate him all the more. He spoke to me, and I hated myself for holding my cries to listen.

"With a good meal in there with you, I wouldn't be surprised if it's this time tomorrow before you die, little stud. You were delicious though, my compliments to your Lady."

I collapsed back against an ooze-covered stomach wall, sobbing. A poet might say the betrayal was more painful than the digestion, but I couldn't even pretend to believe that. I wasn't even permitted to mourn uninterrupted, as the wine Mistress had mentioned came cascading down the beast's throat to splash my face.

You can only focus on the pain for so long. I found myself thinking of Thomas, Speckles, and Jude, the friends who had spent their last hours in this foul sac of flesh. It was unbearably unfair to think that they, and soon me, would be just more pounds of lard jiggling on Vincent's thrice-cursed body. Surely evil like his must be cleansed at some point! Surely he couldn't roll through life like this, using people up 'til the day he dies quietly in bed! I would have screamed at the gods, but for the laughter I knew would ensue.

I couldn't feel myself dissolving, but I knew there was less and less of me to squirm in that horrible place. A resounding belch rolled from the monster, I don't know how many hours later. His flesh crushed in around me, binding me in a cocoon of suffocating fat and mucus-slathered skin. Seconds later, darkness took me.

It was difficult watching my pony die in that filth's gut. Fortunately I had my ultimate goal to distract me. Seated in my favorite chair, I watched as Vincent dozed, gluttonous depths tearing Noresch's physical form to pieces. My timing was vital here, and I pegged the moment of death precisely. A sub-vocalized word halted the ascension of my pony's soul, a bluish-green orb of beauty. Trapped, the soul spread through Vincent's body, seeking escape. But everywhere, it was met with the wards I'd placed.

"I'm sure you got some jollies out of that," Vincent chuckled, sitting up and getting his feet beneath him. "But I'm still hungry my dear, and I want some bluer blood sluicing down my throat tonight."

Vincent's own soul was a muddy orange encrusted with blood red and black, the least palatable soul I'd ever set eyes on. Noresch's essence began to blur, sinking into Vincent's, tempering the horror of the dragon's being with the gentle purity of the horse's. Now was my moment.

"I'm absolutely thrilled to disappoint you, Vincent." I ducked his ham-fisted grab, and lashed a paw at his chest. Though I never touched him, he stiffened as if impaled. In my hand I clutched the fabric of his soul, keeping it taut, straining against its various anchor points. Breath caught in his throat, the barest "E-errk--" escaping his glistening lips.

"Vincent, you're more gorged than you know. While you have no power to hold souls, consuming your prey whole as you do grants you a large measure of the power they held in life." Using my grip on his essence, I forced him to follow me towards a mirror hung between two windows. "Do you see what I see now, you sadistic child?"

I watched Vincent's eyes, eyes full of fear, but more of hate, focus on the mirror. He could see my own soul, a blue bordering on dark, shot through with emerald threads. His own soul was a bloated monstrous thing beside mine, sickeningly swollen. With my free hand, I made a show of caressing the fat bulk of his soul, my own stomach growling its interest in such a prize.

"Sadly for you, I'm a glutton as well. And I've never seen a fatter soul." With that, I tore his very being free, letting the empty shell of a body crash to the floor. The dragon sprawled as if deboned, eyes rolled back in his head, tongue protruding from his lips. His heart still beat, lungs still working, but no one was home any longer.

The orange mass of vital energy clutched in my fingers swirled and settled into a form mimicking Vincent's shape, sparks dripping to the floor and flung against the wall by its violently thrashing tail. My grip was implacable.

"Perish in my guts, you miserable wyrm." Pursing my lips, I brushed them against the ethereal snout...and drank. The mingled bitterness of Vincent and the blue sweetness of Noresch teased my tongue, throat swollen around the girth of the soul flowing down it. My stomach expanded, saliva helplessly dribbling down my chin and throat as I devoured the best meal I've had since Uther's time.

Vincent fought every inch of the way down, but nothing could stop his descent. As wide and massive as his soul struggled to stay, he compressed past my lips as easily as spun sugar. I confess I took my time on his stomach, slathering it with my tongue as I drew it in, admiring its spiritual heft as I swallowed it. It went too quickly, as intensely pleasurable moments always do. Before I knew it, his tail slurped past my lips with a last shower of sparks, the illumination completely cloaked in my midnight fur. The last of him slid down to fill out my belly, and I retired to my armchair to caress that swollen mound.

"Do you know what makes it all the sweeter, disposing of refuse like you?" I growled at my stomach. "No one can make you disappear as thoroughly as I can. Hell will have to give your reserved suite to someone else, because you're going missing!"

The fingers of one hand strayed across my belly and lower, clutching my dress's folds, gathering them up to delve between my thighs. Two digits squelched into nectar-soaked heat, while my other hand remained splayed across the dome of my stomach. My inner muscles fluttered and tugged at my fingers, and I strummed my shining clit with my thumb.

With a fresh word of power, I released the wards binding my pony. Aqua essence leeches from the screaming, struggling bulk of Vincent, floating up my throat. With a far more lady-like burp than the dragon had managed, I released Noresch, the orb expanding from my lips like a blown bubble. It stayed to watch as I digested Vincent, silvery fluids lapping at his balled-up soul, eroding it. Do you have any idea how much energy is bound up in a soul? A thing meant to weather the sea of eternity intact? Not even I can make use of more than a fraction of it. The rest is lost, leaking through my flesh and fur to radiate into the world. It feels like warmed honey is pouring through your body, saturating every cell on its way. I can't help but squirm, arch and moan in the throes of this...the greatest pleasure a mortal could ever know.

When I came to myself again, my legs and seat were soaked in my bliss. My belly remained swollen, and would remain so for months to come. I'd glut myself upon Vincent's soul continuously

until every trace is gone. Noresch hovered at my hip, and I just couldn't bear it any longer. 'Still he stays, after my cruel use of him.'

"Very well, my sweet pony. I'll look after you." I scooped my paw around the back of the orb, and shuddering, spread my thighs wide. In I dragged him, and met resistance. He'd seen what happens to souls I engulf. I persisted for his own good, squashing the beautiful sphere against my flushed and soaked crotch. My ebon labia spread wide against its curvature, and I was forced to bring my other paw down to help cram him in. Finally his orb plopped inside, and I found I had to clutch my mound to keep him from being squirted right back out as another climax wracked me. Biting my lower lip, juices leaking between my fingers, I patiently worked my inner muscles...milking him further and further up that honeyed pipe. My cervix melted aside for him, and Noresch rested in my plush womb's embrace like a pearl rests in its oyster's. I couldn't help but lick my fingers, sucking them clean of the residual flavor of that perfect soul.

"Someday Noresch," I murmured to my belly, "I'll find a proper home for you. Then you'll experience a meteoric rise in rank, lover. No more chains for you."

Not even my midnight coat and bulk could mask the ecstatic flash his precious core emitted.