

Maze of Submission

By Blue Jay, Koron, OmegaGreyWolf9, and Periosha

So I have a habit of perusing the Roleplay Personals section, because you can find some interesting things there. I hadn't done an RP in a long while, so when I saw Omega's request back in early March for a roleplay about a prison maze that corrupts inmates into obedient whores, I was sorely tempted. I knew I had to get back into things, so I took the plunge and submitted my character.

With Periosha volunteering as the dungeon master, the lot of us ventured to our erotic doom. While things slowed here and there (some illness, personal issues, etc.), we had a blast overall. Being a writer and wanting to preserve the whole experience as more than just a one-time adventure, I requested and was given everyone's permission to put the whole RP into a story format and unleash it onto the masses.

Over 50 Word pages and 21k+ words of lusty labyrinthine action below.

Enjoy.

The squawking sounds of gulls flying over the rocky peaks echoed as the sun slowly rose over the sea. A creature was watching it rise atop his tower, seeing the first bright yellow rays shine through the darkness. He was watching it rise, like how he watches over everything else here.

It is watching. Always. Watching.

The stomping of sabatons through the stone hallways caught its attention. A canine guard swings open his twin doors, presents his sword and kneels before him.

"Good morning, Lord Warden," he says with a polite bow. "The guards are ready to begin their rounds. Are there any new activities we should be aware of?"

The creature turns to face him, making the lowly dog whimper and cowl in fear as its cold eyes stared at him. It walked toward the desk, pulling out several pieces of parchment, plopping them down in front of him. He was quick to pick them up and read through them, his eyes glancing over the words written.

"These are requests from... from all across the capital, Lord," he said, putting the parchments down. The creature nodded its head slowly, before opening its mouth to speak.

"Go. Choose."

He gave a quick bow and ran off, closing the doors behind him. The creature looked back out the window, looking down at the stone courtyard, seeing beyond to the walls, then over the cliffs, of his impregnable fortress.

Any, who live in the docks or travel by sea, have heard rumors of the Watcher's Garden. It is the Capital's most secure prison. Built to hold the most notorious of criminals, the Garden was established on a faraway island, countless miles away from any mainland. The only way to get to it was to travel several days by boat. The prison itself sits upon a large plateau, with jagged rocks placed there to kill anyone who would attempt escape. The walls were made with reinforced stone, and the battlements were armed with ballistae and catapults. Soldiers who volunteered to stand guard over the prisoners here were some of the most elite that the Capital had to offer.

Be that as it may, there comes a time when life here on this hell of a prison becomes boring; not just for the prisoners, but for the guards as well. To alleviate this boredom, every so often the Warden would create an event called "The Maze." This event was a prisoner's one and only chance at freedom. All he or she would have to do is survive, find the exit, and a boat will be waiting for them to return to the Capital mainland. Countless people have tried, but none have succeeded.

Perhaps this time may be different?

The prisoners were being pulled out of their cells, the guards unlocking and escorting them out into the courtyard. The canine who was with the Warden stepped up onto a platform, so everyone would see and hear him.

"Listen up, you worthless, disgusting worms!" he yelled out in a harsh tone. "The Warden has shown you mercy. The Maze, once again, is open!!"

The prisoners yelled out in grateful cheers, before he ordered them to keep silent. "This is your once in a lifetime opportunity! Three of you will have the chance of a lifetime. A chance of freedom!"

More cheers came from the prisoners, and then the guards clamored their shields with their swords to shut them up.

"You have until tonight to place your names into the Hall of Tribute. Once you are chosen, you will be immediately sent into the Maze. Now get to work!"

The guards then brought out their whips, snapping the air and at the prisoners, who were scattered and led by the guards to do various labor tasks around the prison.

Deftha had heard other prisoners speaking of the Maze, and when they did, they spoke in the kind of hopeful, wistful way one would about winning the lottery, or finding a bag of gold just lying unclaimed on the side of a carriage-path. Hope was a thing she tried not to think about of late. Even though her crime had been more or less accidental, it still carried a heavy penalty. Prison life under the lash of these guards tended not to engender a long, fruitful life, and she was certain that she would die here in this desolate dungeon otherwise.

Unless she offered her name at the Hall of Tribute.

The black and white panda stood over six feet tall, and her well-trained muscles were well defined under the ragged, threadbare tunic-like sack-cloth that had become her only garment, from her shoulders to her knees. But in here, that only meant she was good for hard labor. Seven months into a sixty-year sentence, she longed for the things she could no longer have.

The thought weighed on Deftha's mind as she went about her first task of the day: delivering bags of sugar and wheat to the guards' quarters. The prisoners would see none of the sweet sugar, but the guards would have all they needed. She carried the bags in front of her, tensing her muscles to carry them as she walked back through one of the cellblocks on her way to the guards' barracks. On her way, she looked left and right: were these prisoners also thinking of applying for the Maze? If it was a test of strength or skill, Deftha was confident she could do it, if she was so lucky as to be chosen. In the wilds of her homeland, she had been an expert hunter, and she suspected that talent would help her in any maze, where awareness of your surroundings often meant the difference between success and wandering lost for hours. But that also meant getting to the Hall of Tribute before the nightly lockup.

For the first time in seven months, Deftha thought about the idea of a future. Truth be told, her true home lay far away, across an ocean, and inaccessible to her as of yet. But if she could make enough money as a free woman here to charter a ship, then one day...some year in the future, she could actually see the jungles of her homeland, return to her people.

It was a nice thought, anyway. She arched her back and kept marching through the halls, intending to head to the Hall of Tribute immediately after dropping these goods off...unless some asshole guard straddled her with another menial task before she could get there.

Ryan took up his place at the prisons forge, planning to fill his quota before lunch so as to enter his name into the Hall at lunch, and rest the remainder of the day. Being the senior blacksmith amongst the

prisoner had its benefits for sure, but it was nothing compared to freedom. He was also, unfortunately, the ONLY master smith on the island, the other prisoners who worked his billows and shoveled his coal were roughly Journeymen in experience, and nearing mastery in skill. They started to work the billows and heat the forge, and Ryan started to read the work orders, mostly repairs on workers' tools, or manufacture of blades and tools for the crown. There was also a note to prioritize emergency repairs of his fellow prisoners' tools, to prevent undo rest, and return them to work as quickly as possible.

As soon as the metal was heated his hammer started to ring true against the metal between it and the anvil, shaping it to his will. It moved at a furious pace, matching the hopeful beats of the three smiths' hearts, who dreamed of freedom, only interrupted when the first emergency repair came by the forge. Ryan looked up to greet the poor sod, wondering if it'd be a new face, or one scarred by years of work in the garden. The wolf was bare chested, standing 5'11" and had scars across his back and hands. He was in strong shape, but not ripped, and definitely not a soldier.

When Defta knocked at the iron-reinforced door to the guards' barracks and was let in, one of the guards, a pink pig both short and round, snorted from where he sat and said, "Took you long enough. Too busy riding cock to serve your betters? Put 'em down on the ground, right there." He lazily pointed his finger to a part of the floor.

Defta wanted nothing better than to run a left hook across his lecherous snout, but the last time she had fought with a guard, it ended with a public lashing, which she endured with stoic dignity, and two weeks in the darkness of solitary, deep in the bowels of the prison, which she had no desire to go back to. So instead, she hung her head, said, "Sorry for my lateness, sire," and bent down to place the sugar and wheat bags down. She knew that he had her place them down there, because when she leaned down, he could see the cleavage of her generously-sized breasts, a DD cup at least, all the way down over her tunic from that angle.

But fortune smiled upon the panda, and she wasn't given any more tasks by the guards, for now. She walked through the cellblocks, and the sounds of the morning filled her ears: prisoners talking, arguing or bartering. In the distance, she heard the distinctive sounds of the blacksmith at work in the prison forge. She made her way onwards, hoping to reach the Hall of Tributes in good time.

Perry's interest had risen upon the announcement from the canine.

Heh, my stay here might be even shorter than it's already supposed to be, he thought. A sly look crossed his muzzle as he took in the nightfall deadline; it'd be easy enough to put his name into the running, so no worries there.

All of the other prisoners were talking among themselves, a good number of them planning to try their hand at freedom the same as he. Some of them were shaking their heads, though, and discouraging their fellows, warning of how the Maze was no place for softies and that only someone with balls of steel or no sense to them would try and run it.

Yeah, no, he was definitely going to try.

The hyena snorted and moved away, doing as the officer had ordered and proceeding about his own chores. He was behaving himself well enough, and he was already the envy of more than a few other inmates for receiving a light sentencing for accidentally humiliating his employers, but this opportunity was too good to pass up. He'd run the Maze, get back to civilization, and get his life in order while all the other chumps languished and waited for their lives to pass them by.

Adjusting his tunic and trousers, the spotted male returned to the dull task he'd been assigned by the prisoner's administration, eagerly anticipating hauling his tail over the finish line.

Many of the prisoners had finished their tasks early and had placed their names in the Hall of Tribute before the others could. One of them, a brutish gnoll and his gang, had just exited the grand hall, but were armed with spiked maces and poorly-crafted knives.

"If anyone is going into that Maze, it shall be me, Lathos the Merciless!" he cried out, to which his gang of ten prisoners cheered behind him. "Kill everyone you can! The lesser they are, the higher our chances of being chosen!" His gang cheered and they began rushing throughout the prison, stabbing and killing many of their fellow prisoners, while avoiding harming any guards or going into any restricted areas.

The Warden loomed over from its tower, seeing the beautiful chaos that was taking place. It breathed heavily, as if being enamored by the sounds of dying screams and blood being spilled all over his prison.

"Terror. Reigns," it said softly, breathing in an erratic way, as if it were laughing.

A prison riot was breaking out amongst his guests, and until its guards were injured, it had no intentions of stopping it.

Ryan was no soldier, as stated before, but he knew how to defend himself. He took up a short sword he had finished sharpening only moments before. He knew the ebony blade would shave a dragon without nicking the skin. It lacked a proper hilt, but he was a master bladesmith, and could adjust to wielding by the tang.

He stood between the younger smiths and the riot, the hot forge to his left, and a 30-foot stone wall to his right, at his back were the kids and twin 20-foot piles of metal and coal. He called out to a guard, saying, "If they kill us, who will fix your blade next time you chip it in an execution?" He hoped that would buy his help.

"Shit!" Perry hissed, eyes widening as the gang members spread out and raised hell.

He wasn't a fighter, not by far, so he wouldn't stand much of a chance going up against Lathos directly. His goons were also armed, and without so much as a sword, or preferably a spear for range, he wasn't about to last long.

But he was clever.

Thinking quickly, the hyena shifted his grip on the small wooden crate of mostly-empty beer bottles he was carrying and thrust forward, making sure to hold tight to the handles. The bottles flew forward and succumbed to gravity, shattering across the stone of the courtyard, fragments going everywhere.

One of Lathos's thugs, distracted as he was closing in on another target, ran right into the field of impromptu caltrops. As the shards of glass cut into the tender flesh of his feet, he howled in pain and forgot about his intended kill. Hopping from one foot to the other, he didn't even notice as Perry stepped forward.

Swinging with everything he had, Perry connected the wooden crate to the rioter's jaw. The blow sent the other male onto his back, rolling across the stone as the hyena quickly scoped up makeshift knife, being careful not to cut himself.

Great, now I gotta hide! he thought angrily, looking for cover. Attacking a gang member might have saved him, but it also stood to draw attention to him, and incite a thirst for revenge in the other rioters. He'd need to find a spot to blend in, and if he had to, pick a good target of opportunity so he didn't get himself killed in an unfair fight.

When the killing started, Defta felt her old instincts take hold. She wasn't worried that her clothing offered no defense whatsoever against blades. Back in the wilderness, she would often fight and hunt completely nude, or near enough to it that it hardly mattered. But she wasn't about to take on a gnoll bare-handed. She remembered hearing the sounds of the forge, and as soon as the slaughter began, she dashed toward the prison forge. A guard grabbed her tunic before she could enter, telling her he'd sooner send her out against the rioters as a meat-shield than let her have a weapon. In a voice heavily accented by her foreign origins, the panda shouted back, "I have no desire to kill you! But I am trained with a spear! If you have any lances in there that the smith just fixed, I can kill these men without breaking a sweat!"

She broke past the guard and entered the forge, where her gaze fell on the pile of weaponry that had recently been refurbished and sharpened. She said to the smith, "I need a lance! Something with piercing power and range!" She found what she was looking for and picked up a fine specimen, a silver-blade lance with a shaft at least seven feet long.

She said to the blacksmith, "That forge is still burning hot. We can try to force them onto it if we can, stab them when they're reeling in pain." Her weapon had the longest reach. She stood with lance poised and her feet wider apart, raising her center of gravity. She'd need it if that massive gnoll came breaking into the forge. She glared at the threshold, tensing her grip on the lance, ready to strike any rioters that dared enter.

The smith's words got to the guard's ears, and with a heavy sigh, looked up to the tower of the Warden. "My lord," he said, looking at the giant white eye that loomed over them all. "I will accept your judgement later, but for now, I need to ensure order in this prison, as you instructed before."

He then drew his blade, and with his fellow guards joining him, ran up to the rioters and began fending them off.

This gave Ryan and the other smiths to run through without any hesitation. Suddenly, Ryan could hear a menacing voice coming from the Hall of Tribute. He could not tell who it was or why he could hear it, but it was urging him to go there, and offer his name.

The hyena's antics went by unnoticed. While desperately searching for a place to hide from his foes, he could hear a desperate voice coming from the Hall of Tribute. He could not tell who it was or why he could hear it, but it was urging him to go there, and offer his name. He figured, "If it's a spot where no one else is going to find me, it's a safe place to hide."

While the panda readied herself to fend off any attackers, the guards that Ryan had already bribed with his words charged in ahead of her. The rioters fought back against the guards, but one managed to slip past and leap up to attack her. His blade had made it past her lance and cut her leg, but without warning, a large arrow ran through his chest, the force and speed of the arrow pinning him to the floor. Up from the tower of the Warden, the keeper of this prison loomed over his giant white eye. He held in his hand a great bow, large enough to be a part of a ballista, and arrows that were as long and thick as the lance she was carrying. She was bleeding, but it wasn't too deep of a cut, and luckily, the Warden was looking at her that very moment.

Then she heard an inviting voice coming from the Hall of Tribute. She could not tell who it was or why she could hear it, but it was urging her to go there, and offer her name.

Ryan made eye contact with Defta and nodded in thanks. Keeping his ebony sword with him he skirted the battle, prepared to defend himself if the need arose, but determined to offer his name, in thanks for the service of the guards that now protected his fellow smiths. He stayed away from the main body of the fighting. He had heard the voice, and didn't want to anger it further, and so he dashed into the hall and submitted his name. He hoped for freedom, but would pay the price for saving the other smiths if he fell to the maze.

Defta grit her teeth when the rioter's blade cut her leg, but other than the initial spurt of blood and the blood trickling down her leg, she knew it wasn't too deep. It was simply a flesh wound, not an artery strike or anything else that would require immediate attention. She had endured worse pain on routine jungle hunts. The rioter wasn't so lucky with the Warden's great arrow pinning him to the floor.

Defta hurried to the Hall of Tribute, entering shortly after Ryan did. She wasn't about to waste this chance, even though she wasn't sure who or what the voice in her head was. She submitted her full name as quickly as she could, still holding the lance out of instinct and muscle memory.

A shiver went up Perry's spine as he moved into the Hall: near as he could tell, there didn't seem to be anyone the desperate voice belonged to. He knew voices and faces didn't always match, but he just couldn't place an owner to the urgent voice that had gotten his attention.

Whatever's going on, I'll figure it out later, he told himself as he moved deeper into the Hall of Tribute. If he was starting to hear voices in his head, the prison wouldn't do much about it, so it'd have to keep until he had time.

Ahead of him were a female panda and a male wolf, the former ignoring a minor leg wound. The hyena wondered how many other rioters she'd taken out, but dismissed the thought quickly as being unimportant: both she and the wolf were finished submitting their names. Hurrying things along, the spotted male did the same, suspiciously glancing around as he moved off to the side, still holding the knife.

As they had submitted their names, slow, loud metallic footsteps came from the entrance to the Hall. A strange creature was casually walking toward them, clad in armor so thick that it was near impossible to distinguish gender, or species. It was also wearing a helmet that covered its head, the mask looking like that of a great owl. It wielded the same large great bow that Deft had seen when her attacker died back

near the smith.

The Warden had arrived, even in the midst of all the chaos. A doorway opened up from where they had offered their names. Several guards then came from behind him and surrounded.

"Go. Rest. I. Choose," it spoke, and the guards took Defta's lance and Perry's knife.

"You heard the Warden. Go! Before we skewer you all here and now!" one of the guards said, aiming their spears at them

Ryan handed the unfinished ebony sword to the guards as he walked to the common area, almost casually, and completely unphased by the threat of being skewered on a spear, having faced similar threats if his weapons broke for the city guard back on the mainland.

He gestured for the other pair of prisoners to follow him, wanting a conversation with them while they ate. As he walked to the common area he saw the guard that had come to his aid during the fight and thanked him, then continued on to the dining area of the prisoners common.

Perry swallowed as he eyed the enormous plated Warden and his great bow. Had he not been so preoccupied with the administrator's presence, he might have paid more attention to his unusual speech pattern, or even noticed that he'd been disarmed.

He hurried from the huge creature's presence, glad to put some distance between himself and whatever...whatever the Warden was. *The sooner I'm out of this hell-hole, the better*, Perry thought.

He did notice that both the wolf and panda had also taken the Warden's dismissal to heart, and decided to take the chance to speak.

"I'm Perry," he introduced. "You two get any trouble with the rioters? I saw the guards practically taking their sweet time to get the matter in hand. What kind of prison doesn't value its prisoners being alive?"

"The kind where its prisoners don't normally leave alive," The panda answered Perry. With a respectful nod, she said, "My name is Defta. I was prepared to fight, but the rioter who attacked me was impaled by a great arrow, and...I think THAT was the thing that fired it." She glanced back in the direction of the Hall of Tributes. Her voice had a heavy accent, but she assumed they could both understand her. She never had a problem with being understood before, although it marked her as a foreigner.

After a short silence, she leaned in to Ryan and Perry, and carefully said, "Did anyone else...hear the voice? Telling them to go and submit their names? Or have I just had some sort of mental break?"

Just then, another prisoner had passed by them. An elderly lion, whose face bore the scars of his many years, and his graying mane a sign of his wisdom and age. He had overheard what the panda said, and had slowly approached them.

"You heard the voices?" He suddenly asked, before letting out a soft chuckle. "That could only mean that you were visited by the spirit of the Warden. No one knows what it is or what it looked like, but rumor has it that the Warden was once the King's greatest warrior. A noble ranger, whose sight was so clear, his arrows would never miss. Well, almost never miss. According to some of the older prisoners who were not chosen to enter the Maze, the Warden was originally sent on an assassination mission: to kill one of the King's rivals, and rescue his daughter."

The old feline paused for a moment, drinking from a small flask that he hid in his thin robes.

"Well, the famous Warden took aim with his great bow, aimed at the heart of his target. He fired his arrow with full confidence in his ability that it will hit. Heh. Hit it did, but not at where he expected. Just a few moments his arrow hit, the King's daughter stood in front of his target, passing through her back before hitting the rival's heart. Both of them died in each other's arms. For once, the Warden's aim wavered, and disappeared from the world ever since."

He then leaned in close, whispering his next few lines very carefully, so as not to let the guards hear.

"They say that the Warden lost his mind. The only thing that was keeping him alive was his impeccable aim. In his shame, he locked himself away in a suit of armor, and lost his ability to speak properly."

Some guards suddenly passed by, and the old lion looked away to avoid making contact with him. "If you heard his voice in your head, there's a good chance you'll be chosen to enter the Maze. The old Warden

must see potential in you. Well, I'll be off. The Warden is always watching, and if he finds out what I've told you, he'll kill me in a heartbeat."

The lion then began to glow green, transforming himself into a raven. It squawked and began flying away, before a great arrow shot it out of the sky, and the raven plummeted back down, landing outside the walls and into the raging sea. Guards suddenly appeared, and began herding the prisoners back into their cells.

"Come on, you maggots! It's lights out! Tomorrow's the big announcement, so get some rest! It could be you entering the Maze tomorrow!"

Deftha was just about to respond to the elderly lion, when he suddenly transformed into a bird, which was then struck from the sky. That, she hadn't been expecting. But he was a testament to the very thing she had said to Perry...that this was not the kind of prison where its inmates were expected to leave alive.

Any chance she had to talk to the other two prisoners, about possible strategies for the Maze and rumors they had heard about it, ended the moment the guards came to hurry everyone back to their cells. Usually prisoners got to roam around later than this, but they stood on the eve of a big event. Knowledge was power, and the guards saw to it that they didn't have too much knowledge of what was to come.

Eventually Deftha reached her cell, and heard the door slam and lock behind her, as well as the shadows of the bars cast over her. Her 'home' these past seven months had been this tiny, square stone chamber with little more than a bed, a chamber-pot, a rudimentary hygiene station and a writing desk, and she had nothing to write or write with.

The only hope she had remaining in life was to be selected for the Maze. With a sigh, she got down onto the bed and tried to fall asleep.

Ryan was escorted to his own cell, this one, being shared between the smiths, was warm, with an ebony door too finely fit to file at, and far too hard to break. He disliked the prison, but they knew how to hold

smiths. Ironically, they provided a workshop for the smiths, and allowed them to tinker if they wished, knowing that they could never escape the aim of the Warden. It was supposedly here that that great bow was built, and he didn't doubt it. He decided not to tinker this night, and went to bed.

Perry blinked at Defta. So he *wasn't* losing his marbles and hearing voices inside his head! Relief flooded through the hyena, but before he could ask her anything about the mysterious voice, the old lion approached and began telling the Warden's alleged history. Perry listened intently, but as the tale went on, he kept getting the feeling that he was being conned: it just seemed a bit too mythic, too classically heroic-tragic to be true.

Whatever the hell he is, he isn't normal, that's for sure, the spotted male thought firmly. He made a mental note to make absolutely sure not to anger the Warden, especially if he really was such a stupendous marksman, and even more so if he'd been handpicked to run the Maze. Then again, he had no idea what exactly he'd done to pique the Warden's interest, so far all he knew he'd screw himself over anyway, assuming anything was expected of him; the enigmatic overlord might not even have had a real reason for picking him and might have just been selecting at random.

Before he could ask anything of the old lion, the latter displayed a degree of magic the hyena had never seen before, casually transforming into a common raven and taking flight. Perry's eyes widened, and then nearly popped from their sockets as the bird was casually shot down, the feline's warning of the Warden's murderous temperament becoming a fulfilled prophecy.

"Damn..." he muttered as the guards began herding everyone back to their cells, clearly intent on restoring order.

The hyena complied, eager to give them or their master any reason to find him wanting. As he plopped onto his cot in his bare-bones cell, he turned the events of the day over in his head, trying to discern a good plan to make the most of this one-in-a-million shot at liberty.

"Split up? Stick together? Will we even be released into the same starting spot or at the same time? Feh; the one time I *don't* want to be on the inside of someone else's thoughts and see what they're planning."

Grumbling, he tried to make himself comfortable and get some rest for the next day.

It was hardly even dawn when the prison cells began rattling all over the prison. Guards hurriedly awoke the prisoners and rushed them out of their cells.

"Come on now, move it! The Lord Warden is out there waiting in the courtyard! Don't keep 'im waiting!" One of the guards yelled, thwacking his whip in the air as they were herded outside. As he said, the large armored living statue that was the Warden stood coldly on top of the platform. Guards surrounded him completely, and several prisoners shook and quivered with fear as they looked upon those lifeless owl eye sockets.

"The Warden has chosen three names to join the Maze!" said the head guard, to which the prisoners cheered. "These three now have a shot at freedom!"

He then pulled out a piece of parchment, with the name written on it with blood.

"Ryan! The Smith."

Several of the younger smiths cheered for their friend as the guards came for him and dragged him forward toward the Warden.

"Defta! The Foreigner."

The pig guard grunted in spite, causing the Warden to look at him. In fear, he prostrated himself before him, while guards came to escort the panda toward the platform.

"Finally, Perry! The Madman."

Several of the other prisoners looked strangely at the hyena. They had heard of the charges he was brought in for. He was only supposed to be locked up for a short period of time. Why would the Warden suddenly show leniency towards him? The guards dragged him along to where the others were.

"Rejoice! For when another time comes, the Maze will open for you!" And then the head guard pulled on a lever, and the three of them, with the Warden, descended down on a lift to a place underneath the prison. When they had reached the bottom, they could tell that they were in a massive cave system. The four entrances they could see looked as though they stretched for miles on end. The Warden then stepped off the lift, and showed them the entrances.

"Choose. Go. Run. The Maze is yours to explore," he said, his cold eyes staring at them.

Ryan heads down the southern path, deciding on caution rather than rushing headlong down the maze. He'd done that before, taken for a blessing what might just be a curse, and that's what got him in this situation in the first place.

As he walked down the path he looked around carefully, sure that if a trap was present it'd have a telltale sign. He sniffed the air and perked his ears, trying to get a sense of the maze around him. When he finally reached a corner he rounded it and marked the wall with charcoal, drawing the top and left parts of a square, with a dot where the center would be, careful to remember that the mark indicated the path he came from.

Not being an early riser, Perry wasn't happy when he was awoken at such an hour by the guards, but like all the others went along with it. As their names were called, he didn't find anything particular about the little titles they were given, save for when his own name was pulled.

...*Madman*? he thought bemusedly. Maybe it was because of rumors of his experiments, maybe it was because of his species, but the epithet struck him enough to warrant a raised eyebrow.

Nonetheless he descended on the platform with the Warden and his peers. Upon seeing the entrances of the massive underground labyrinth, the wolf and panda selecting their own paths, he silently nodded good luck to them and moved to the eastern tunnel. Without any way to mark the path, no method of denoting his choice of twists and turns, he knew he'd have to rely on his wits to survive.

It's not like they can mess with my mind in here, he told himself.

Defta's mind flooded with elation when she was selected. The three of them being herded into the Hall of Tributes yesterday at the same time, and now to be selected...there was no way that was coincidental. As she stepped onto the platform with the Warden and her fellow maze-runners, she heard some good-hearted prisoners calling out for the best of luck to them. Of course, it was an empty gesture, because they all knew that only one of them could win the maze and earn their freedom. Some less-charitable inmates shouted that it should have been them or their life-sentence brethren instead of the hyena in for less than a decade, while others shouted that it should have been them instead of the

'savage foreigner.' However, nobody seemed to raise much of an objection when Ryan's name was called. A blacksmith needed to have social utility and a good working ethic, after all.

The four descended into the caves.

Defta took the western tunnel, which like the others, seemed to stretch on endlessly. Once out of the Warden's immediate presence, she slowed her run to a brisk walk, to conserve her strength and stamina. She was sure this place would test her wits, and she kept her attention on any sounds echoing through the caves. Right now, as the echoes of the pounding footsteps of the other prisoners slowly faded away down the other halls, the only thing she heard was her footsteps and her own beating heart.

Some prisoners got themselves a decent pair of trousers and shoes to go along with their tunic, but Defta typically just wore the prison-tunic, and nothing else, which probably made her footsteps quieter in here than the others if they had shoes pounding the floor. She counted that as an advantage, but kept alert. Without any personal way to mark the corridors she had passed, all she had was her memory and her wits. Her muscles tensed as she carried on along the cave path.

The tunnels looked as though they could go on forever. The air inside felt hazy and different. A foul smell lingered all around. Each prisoner found a sudden fork in the path. To the left grew moss, and the sound of soft screams could be heard. The right side was quieter and cleaner, but it was so dark you couldn't see what was coming at you. Both look like a trap, but a decision must be made.

Ryan, reasoning that the cleaner path was more traveled, decided that the path less traveled would be wisest. It also took him towards screaming, which mean potential allies if he could help. So Ryan went left after marking the wall, same as before, hoping to use the classic adage of sticking to the left-hand wall. He could only hope he made the right choice.

Perry bit his lip, weighing the decision. He had always hated traveling at night, the total lack of visibility of his surroundings making unwanted surprises more likely and more difficult to avoid. That ruled out the quieter route in his mind: he didn't know what kind of dangers lurked in the Maze, and impaired sight meant they'd have a far easier time sneaking up on him and spoiling his chance of escape.

While he didn't love the weird sounds emanating from the moss-ridden path, he could at least get a look at what he'd be facing, and if someone was already in its clutches, that meant whatever was doing the catching might be distracted enough not to come roaring at him.

And if he managed to get an ally, then that was fine too.

His caution rising, Perry proceeded down the left path.

The right path, leading into the dark abyss, reminded Defta of a rule that her old tribe lived by: don't hunt at night. There were things in the dark with keener eyesight than you, who would use the dark to find and break you.

The second rule: when out on a hunt, trust the hunter next to you. The screams to the left meant that they were caught in some sort of trap, but if Defta could get them out, she might have a valuable ally who knew more about the Maze than she did.

She ventured down the mossy path to the left with caution, and if the trap ahead seemed too overwhelming, she was prepared to run back and take her chances in the dark. But for now, she steeled herself and went left.

Ryan's logic would have cost him, as the path he decided not to go through was shut with a collapse of rocks that sealed it. Traveling through the moss, the wolf could feel the air around him getting a lot warmer, and hazier. It was as though he was standing a bit too close to a furnace.

From out of nowhere, a patch of moss burned through his pants, and another placed a fiery hot mark on his rump. The heat from the brand was so hot that it singed through his fur, leaving a permanent marking on his rear. The marking was similar to that of the Warden's owl eyes, and before the wolf

could discover anything further, he found himself now out of the mossy path, and stuck in between three more.

Perry's caution to take the mossy path seemed wiser, as the moment he entered, a snapping sound came from the other path. But as he crossed through the moss, something didn't feel exactly right, and the hyena couldn't exactly determine what. The air was hazy, and beginning to make him spin.

Out of the corner of his eye, he could see where the screams were coming from. It was from a girl, or at least, a girly-looking boy, tied up against the moss. He was a very young and cute little mouse, his body very effeminate and his clothes fur-tight and revealing his assets.

Driven by his desires, he dashed forward and tried to reach for him, but the moment he leaped at him, he vanished. Perry then realizes that he had cleared the moss. The screams have disappeared, and now he finds himself trapped with four paths to choose.

As the panda headed down the mossy, damp path, she could smell something burning all around her. The fumes weren't aggravating in the slightest, rather the sensations all around her were tingling and soothing, as if all of her problems were melting away. Much to her dismay, or comfort, most, if not all of her clothes have literally *melted* away, leaving her completely in the nude for anyone to see. The moss that she passed seemed to have melted through her clothes, but left her fur and body untouched. But as she cleared the tunnel, the screams seemed to have stopped, and she found herself stuck with three paths to follow.

Defeta looked around, trying to find the source of this apparent sorcery. The moss itself? A spell weaved upon the passage? But at the same time, she found it somewhat liberating: her huge breasts bounced free of the stifling tunic, and she took a second to stretch, now completely naked with no chance of gaining back her tunic. She understood that nudity norms in this part of the world were different, but hunting in the jungles, she would often go about in just a loincloth, and sometimes totally naked, when the air was hot and she needed as much mobility as she could get. In truth, she was more comfortable like this than if she had been covered up.

She strode to the next junction, where three new passages opened up before her. She looked down each, before steeling her nerves and going down the center path.

Ryan yelps loudly and grits his teeth, the mark reminded him of those of brothel girls, placed in a spot to be both sexy, and a reminder that they were lesser, owned beings. He then examined the three paths ahead of him, and decided once again to go left, rubbing the still-hot mark of ownership that now adorned his rump.

The suspicion Perry had of the Maze itself being loaded with cursed traps was confirmed with the collapse of the right-hand path, inclining the hyena to hurry along his chosen route. Moving quickly, he followed the cries, forcing himself to ignore the rising heat. It somehow felt like he was becoming a bit more...alive? Perhaps the air itself was hazy from something mixed into its misty vapors?

Either way, upon seeing the femboy rodent, he felt a throb in his pants as his eyes widened in delighted surprise. Not just a potential ally, but a good lay?

Score! he thought, leaping to the rescue...

...Only to splat onto the floor of the Maze, no femboy anywhere and now with twice as many options going forward.

With an annoyed sigh, he thought for a minute before choosing the third path, his tensions raised all the more from the trickery he'd just suffered.

The panda woman walked down through the path she chose when her hunter instincts told her that she was no longer alone. But before she could react, a strong body grabbed her by the neck and slammed her against the wall. With what light that entered the tunnel, the panda came face-t- face with the

Warden. But he wasn't in his armor: rather, the Warden was a great dire wolf, with jet-black fur and white eyes. He didn't look very muscular, but with his size and strength it was clear that he was much stronger than he appeared.

He then grabbed her and dropped her, pressing her back against a wooden bench. He grinned wickedly, binding her ankles and wrists to the bench. He grabbed a thick leather whip, and began whipping her body, her chest, breasts, and even her vagina were not spared the powerful strikes from the whip. He was smiling the whole time, enjoying the torture.

As the wolf traversed down the path, he could feel that he was no longer alone. Somewhere along the path, he could feel a presence. But without any warning, he felt something grab him. They were much stronger than him, and the wolf twisted and turned about. When he came into the light, he found himself in a garb meant for whores, a light grey dress and a muzzle around his mouth. Before he could react, several vines sprouted and bound around his wrists and ankles, keeping him suspended in the air.

A woman came appeared from the shadows. She was wearing a harness with a big black baton attached in front.

"Bad girls deserved to be punished," she said, as she tore through 'her' dress and poured some cold liquid lubricant against his tail hole and the baton. "You've been a bad girl, and for that, you need to pay the price," she said again, before forcing the thick phallic object into his tight anal ring. The baton was as thick as a horse's shaft, and the way she thrust her hips made it agonizingly pleasurable.

The sexually tense hyena entered the path, still having a throbbing in his pants as moss grew all around him. The plants then began excreting a serum that began burning through his clothes, but not his fur. As he crossed, he was completely naked, his shaft now exposed to the cool air from the cave. When he exited the path, the only piece of clothing he found was a faded blue thong. He didn't know exactly why it was there, but it was the only piece of clothing.

"Hey, what the--?" Perry exclaimed.

The secretion from the moss was spreading all over his tunic and pants, and to the hyena's shock it began to actually dissolve his clothing. His frantic attempts to brush the acidic fluid off were for naught as he was quickly left completely naked.

Cock twitching in the open, he growled in frustration. "Now what am I going to wear?" he asked himself, stalking down the path.

To his surprise, he actually found a piece of clothing at the end of the route. It was a little worn, but the thong looked like it would fit just fine, and he quickly slipped it on.

"All right, small victory for me, I suppose," he muttered, though he couldn't shake the feeling he'd just played right into someone's hands.

Ryan was terrified when the strong force had grabbed him, and shocked when he found himself in the dress and muzzle of a whore. Vaguely he remembered the masters of the whores telling them that their mouths were not for speaking, but for pleasing.

The woman that appeared before him confused him at first. Her words only made sense when she thrust the baton into his tail hole. Ryan struggled against the vines and moaned shamefully at the penetration.

Defta had never seen the Warden outside of his armor before, but she reacted as though any warrior would when confronted with an enemy, and struggled against him. But he was simply too fast, too strong, and within seconds, she found herself bound and prone on the bench that stood here.

Her screams echoed through the cave network as the whip harshly came across her flesh. When it struck her breasts, they bounced vigorously at each hit, nipples stiffening. But soon, her screams of pain turned to...moans? She moaned at the Warden, as though daring him to go harder. Even though this was one of the heaviest whips she'd ever been lashed with, and she knew that it would leave fresh scars under her light fur. He did coax out another scream from her when the lash struck her bare vaginal lips, but it

caused a little bit of wetness to trickle onto the bench between her legs: whether her tribe back home valued pain-endurance or she was just into this, she was clearly getting perverse enjoyment out of it.

The hyena then found himself in a clearing with three cave entrances. Two of which he could hear distant, yet somewhat familiar moans and screams. The one in the middle, seemed the safest, but also was very quiet.

The shadow woman chuckled softly, reaching around to stroke the wolf's strangely rock hard member, her thrusts beginning to speed up and thrust in deeper.

"Ooh, what's this? Are you enjoying yourself, little girl?" she asked, growling softly as more vines sprouted from the ground, spanking and whipping his rear and balls, while she began to thrust in harder and deeper. The tip of her phallic shaft hit his prostate as she yanked on the vines that were holding him, making him bend forward to take it in like a real whore.

The crazed dire wolf grinned, catching a scent of her arousal from being whipped about. He then lashed at her breasts and thighs before tossing his whip aside and mounting atop of her. His giant twelve-inch shaft was enough to put even the greatest of stallions to shame. That, combined with his melon-sized knot, he was going to ravage anyone he desired. Right now, it was the panda. He tightly gripped his hands around her neck, choking and squeezing the air out of her while he lined up his shaft against her around feminine lips.

"Remember: you are *MINE* , " he snarled, before thrusting and plowing in deep inside her. He wasted no time ravaging her, a devious and sinister grin plastered on his face as he mated with the panda woman.

Ryan moaned lewdly and shamefully as she fucked him, pulling on the vines and acknowledging his shame. The whipping of other vines made him yip softly in the muzzle, but what was worse was when the shaft pressed against his prostate as she bent him over like the whore he was dressed as. His moans took a surprisingly feminine tone as his body was rocked by an orgasm, and his body shuddered like a breeding slave filling her purpose.

Even if the panda wasn't of a mind to understand at the time, the dire wolf's words were the literal truth. She had been his prisoner for the past seven months, and simply had never seen him outside his armor until now. She was his in every way that mattered.

Defa made some unintelligible gasping sounds as the Warden's fingers squeezed her throat, but they were mixed with lewd moans of pleasure escaping her trembling lips. Her vaginal walls shuddered and closed tight around the Warden's huge cock, her wide hips a perfect fit for his thrusting manhood. She was already slick and wet from her shameful lashing, as though inviting his cock inside.

The whip-lash marks on her breasts and thighs still burned, and she felt each and every one of the Warden's powerful thrusts as he slammed again and again deep into her slick cunt. Some saliva dribbled down the sides of her mouth as he choked her, and she gagged as she looked up at him. In that moment of pure masochistic ecstasy, she only barely thought about the fact that she was still in the Maze. Her only conscious desire was pleasing him to whom she belonged. She ran her tongue along her lips subconsciously, even though she didn't know how much longer she could stay conscious with his powerful hands around her throat.

Maybe it was the Warden's tight grip on her neck, maybe it was the pain filling her body with lewd sensation, or maybe it was just the hard, vicious pounding of the massive cock deep in her cunt, but the panda prisoner's whole body clenched up, her fingers and toes curling as the hot waves of a massive orgasm rolled down her spine, drenching her lord's cock in wave after wave of feminine cum. She would have screamed in ecstasy if she could, but instead she just moaned loudly, trembling in such sweet submission as the last waves of cum trickled through her cunt.

Pausing, Perry listened for a moment to the moans and screams, his gut twisting the entire time. He knew the Maze played tricks, baiting prisoners into running deeper into its clutches, and he doubly knew he wasn't fool enough to fall for the same play twice.

"Sexy femboy or no, I'm not falling for that gag a second time," the hyena scoffed.

The sounds may not have had the effect of drawing him towards their sources, but they *did* have the effect of coaxing his member to full-mast again. Perry grumbled and adjusted the thong once more as he started down the quiet path. Maybe if he had a chance at some peace and quiet, he could get off, but until then, he'd just have to hurry towards the Maze's exit.

Wherever that was.

When the wolf came, his cum spilled all over the floor, while a soft, dark cackle could be heard all over the Maze. The shadow woman's pearly white teeth shimmered in her grin, contrast to her black-grey body.

"Heh. Did you cum, little girl?" she asked, before the vines continued whipping him, er her - no, him - a few more times before letting Ryan go, dropping him down on the floor. The woman then picked him up by the collar of her - his dress, removing the muzzle. The vines then suspended him up by his wrists, and began whipping her - his - ass and thighs a few more times until it was beet red, and his thighs covered in whip marks. Without the muzzle on, Ryan's effeminate screams and moans could be heard all over the Maze.

"That's a good, good girl," she said with a grin. "You're a good girl, right Ryan? You only want to please others with your body, yes? Heh. Of course you do. Because you've been a good girl, I'll let you go." The vines then let her - him - go, plopping Ryan back down to the ground unconscious from the severity of his beating.

When he came too, Ryan found himself at a crossroads, with three paths to choose from. Even with his logical abilities, after such an intense beating and mind manipulation, he couldn't come to an immediate decision.

The dire wolf pulled out just in time to watch the panda girl squirt out her cum all over his cock. Even as she was reeling from the powerful orgasm, the direwolf continued his onslaught, grabbing a crop and whipping her breasts and chests nonstop, while pushing his massive shaft back into her abused pussy. He snarled and growled, his one hand keeping a tight and firm grip around her neck while he whipped her whole body with the crop. His final few thrusts then began rapid and uneven.

A dark, threatening snarl coming formed in his throat as his knot began pushing into her slit with each powerful thrust. He then tossed the crop aside, her bruised and whipped body red with whip marks. With one strong push, the dire wolf's massive knot forced itself inside her, slipping inside and growing much bigger inside her as they tied. A blood-curdling howl escaped his lips as the Warden arched his back, the frightening sound echoing all over the Maze just as he began unload thick, hot globs of his seed into her womb. He then lurched forward with a loud snarl, sinking his fangs into Defta's neck. The pressure was so hard and painful that his bite immediately drew blood.

The Warden was enjoying himself, though, especially the feeling of this panda's blood trickling down her body against his fangs.

When he had finished cumming, he released his fangs, leaving the wound open and bleeding as he forcefully pulled himself out of her well-abused pussy. Each tug of the knot was painful, as if he were trying to pull her pussy along with his knot. With a wet popping noise, the Warden pulled his still-large knot out of her, painfully stretching her pussy wide and letting his cum leak out like a broken dam. He then removed the bindings on her wrists and legs, and then walked back toward the shadows.

"Remember," he said with a deep, dark growl. "You. Are. *MINE*." He then vanished away into the darkness.

When Defta came to, she noticed a bandage was left by her beaten body, to treat the still-bleeding wound on her neck. She then found herself in a clearing with four routes to choose from. Even with her warrior instinct, after such a beating and intense sex, it was impossible for her to come up with a decision.

The hyena's erection proved too much of a distraction for him. While he walked down the path, he accidentally stepped on a trap button. The sound of turning gears could be heard all around him, and without warning, a vat of black goo fell all over his body. It was hot but not scalding, and strangely, it did not burn any bit of his fur. The goo however, stuck around his body, flowing all the way down to the floor before fizzing away entirely. When it all disappeared, he was wearing a strange plastic-like suit, which matched his thong almost exotically well.

When he exited the clearing, he found that it was quiet, and a perfect spot for him to "take care of business." From there, there was a fork in the road, but he was too hard to make a good decision.

Ryan shuddered and looked around waiting for some time... a long time, before standing and stumbling left. His tailhole hurt for all the gods and stars above and it clouded his judgement for sure. As he walked he tried to take off the dress, and so was not as alert or cautious as he should have been. He just hoped to meet up with Perry or Defta and not that woman again.

He was also struggling to think of himself as a male at the moment, the phrase "You're a good girl, right Ryan?" seemed to echo in his mind, distracting him

When the panda came to, the first thing she did was to breathe in, and out, and in. When she did, she noticed the wound on her neck still bled, so she took the bandage and pressed it against her wound, letting it soak up the blood. During her seven months in prison, she had masturbated plenty of times despite the lack of privacy, but she hadn't been fucked that viciously since before the prison. Even before the Garden, she had not been a free woman. Whether imprisonment was a step up from slavery or not depended entirely on who her master happened to be. Her crime: stabbing a guard, more-or-less accidentally, during a riot at the slave market.

The Warden's vicious, merciless thrusting, absolutely domineering her every movement and thought, reminded her of a master who purchased her at one point as a pleasure slave. He had been a merchant,

kind to his customers but completely driven and savage in bed. What was more, by the time his business was bought out by a competitor and he was forced to let go of his possessions including her, she found that she...of a sort, enjoyed serving in this way. It was like she was built for it. She could take pain and pleasure in equal measure, and she was never great at hiding her own feelings of physical pleasure.

But this dire wolf might have been the hardest she had ever been fucked in her life. Her whole body ached as the red whip-marks showed up against her fur. Her pussy ached from the massive knot, and a mixture of her cum and the Warden's potent seed trickled down her legs, making her look like a lewd slut. She had no towels to clean up with, so it looked like she was stuck with a freshly-fucked, cum-drenched pussy and the same running down her inner legs. She felt it with every step she took.

Four choices. Defta tried to look around, but her warrior's instincts felt dulled. After she had been rocked by that massive orgasm, he kept fucking her, and by the time he came, she had already been halfway to a second orgasm that never happened. So in this aroused state, her instincts weren't what they could have been. It was a complete guessing game at this point, so she went to the far-left passage.

All the while, the Warden's voice echoed in her head: "Remember...you. Are. MINE."

At first, Perry had been growing confident he'd actually made the best choice. Sure, he still had a needy erection, but that would be taken care of soon enough and ---

click

"Huh?"

Pausing, the hyena looked down at the stone he'd just stepped on, and with a jolt of horror realized he'd just activated a trap.

Before he could even begin to dodge to safety, a dark, oily liquid was dumped onto him. He bent forward out of instinct, but that only served to hasten his being covered. The strange material flowed over his body, encasing him entirely, and wouldn't come off as he shook himself like a drenched hound.

As suddenly as he'd been coated, the process stopped, and Perry blinked. He could still see, and as he examined himself, he saw that the liquid had solidified into a tight (yet oddly comfortable) bodysuit. His ears, muzzle/nose, and eyes were open, allowing him to see, hear, breathe and talk, and his crotch wasn't latex-clad, and as he reached behind himself he found his tail and hole were free via a narrow slit. The whole bodysuit was a sharp tone of blue, complimenting his thong.

throb throb throb

"Shit," Perry muttered, rubbing his attention-hungry cock through the thin fabric of the thong. It was safe and quiet up ahead, looked like, and he was so damn horny he wasn't able to make a quick decision on which side of the fork to take. "Can't take this any longer."

Pushing the hem of the thong down, he popped free his aching member and began stroking, his free hand against the wall for support. Soft groans issued from his lips as he pumped, hips moving in a complementary rhythmic pattern of thrusts to hasten the process. After having been teased so much, it didn't take very long for him to climax, his black malehood spitting its pearly contents onto the ancient stone.

Settling down, the hyena cleaned the last drops from his cock and slipped it back into his thong's pouch, more able to make a choice now.

"This whole thing started when I went down the left path, so this time I'm taking the right one," he said.

The wolf's distracted mind kept him from sensing any danger. Over and over, the voices in his - her? - mind kept tormenting him. Suddenly, he felt a mass of hands grabbing him, pulling him away and dragging him around the ground, putting him on a wooden horse as a swarm of males surrounded him. A myriad of shafts surrounded him. All of them hard, throbbing and dripping with pre. They bound his hands to the head, while his balls and shaft rubbed against the wood in-between his legs.

"Heh. Look at this girly!" one of them said, making the whole group chuckle and laugh. Another forced his way into Ryan's mouth, pushing it open as he began thrusting into him. One of them got behind him, spreading his tail hole nice and wide. His shaft felt huge, like a large equine cock. He whinnied softly and began spreading him wide as he thrust hard, plowing his thick fourteen-inch shaft deep. They then freed his hands, putting them over the other shafts.

"Come on then, girly, stroke us off and keep us hard!" yet another shouted, growling as the wolf began pawing him off. The males had their way with her - him. Each took a turn on his mouth, his paws, and his tail hole. Each thrusting hard and fast, mercilessly using and abusing his body while his own shaft and balls ground against the wooden horse.

Finally, they all positioned their cocks towards his face, all of them stroking hard and fierce over his open mouth. At last they all came, spewing strings of cum all over his face, coating him with pearly white cream, with their own musky scents that he couldn't describe. They then let him go, dropping him on the floor.

"Thanks for the fun, girl," one of them said, before vanishing in the darkness.

When he woke up, Ryan found himself naked. Another fresh dress was laid beside him, one fit perfectly for a common whore. He found himself in another fork in the road. He was too dizzy and tired to make a proper decision.

The horny panda was far too distracted and aroused to notice that a trap door opened up behind her. Too lost was she in the middle of her state of arousal that she didn't notice the arm coming to wrap around her neck before it was too late. Her assailant was much stronger than her, and had a familiar and lingering scent all about his fur. Suddenly, a piece of searing hot iron pressed against her rear, the heated metal burning into her fur and flesh and leaving the branded mark of the Warden on her body. The attacker then whispered in her ear, a deep growl coming from his throat.

"You. Are. MINE," the voice repeated, before letting her go, the hot stinging pain still fresh on her rear, the branding iron tossed next to her. When Defta had come to, she found herself with a fork in the road. Still painfully aroused, and now with the hot stinging feeling of a brand on her rear, it was near impossible to come up with a choice.

As Perry walked down the path, the stone which he came on suddenly began to glow. As he proceeded, moss started to grow all around the cave. Suddenly, vine-like appendages burst from the ground and above him. The tentacles were quick to wrap themselves around his body, tightly ensnaring him.

Three of them forced themselves into his mouth, thrusting in and out of him roughly. Another tentacle swallowed his cock, sucking him hard and rough, getting him erect again. Two more found his tail hole, poking and prodding him, squirting lubricating pre-cum against his tight anal ring. One of them got in first, pushing and stretching him out. Immediately after, another joined it, then the other. Three cock-

like tentacles began thrusting into his once-virgin tail hole, stretching him wide as they slipped in and out of him instinctively, caring little if he enjoyed it or not.

More and more tentacles kept spawning from the ceiling and from below him. They kept him there, thrusting into his mouth and tail hole, choking him and breeding him. Each time one tentacle felt like releasing, it would either pull out and spray its musky load all over his face, or into the hole that it was senselessly fucking. It went on for what seemed like an eternity, Perry losing all sense of time before finally, the last of the tentacles came all over his body, letting him go and disappearing into the darkness of the cave.

When Perry came too, he found himself amidst a pool of greenish slime. He wondered a bit what had happened, but his body knew from all the bruising and his painful throat and tail hole. He struggled to get up, and found another fork in the road. Too tired from such a euphoric and painful experience, he struggled to make a decision.

In the moments before Defta was grabbed, she was trying to get her head right. She knew she should have been focused on getting out of here, on making her way to the exit and tasting the air of freedom. But all she had thought of while being viciously fucked was the desire to serve. Just when she was trying to get herself together, the familiar arm came around her neck.

The prisoner shrieked "AAAAAAH!", her eyes wide and her whole body shaking with pain as the branding iron pressed a permanent mark of the Warden into the firm flesh of her ass-cheek. In her state, it caused her to pass out for just a few minutes.

When she came to, the first thing she did was feel her buttocks, and she winced when she ran her fingers over the still-tender flesh where she had been branded. She picked herself up, but leaned against the wall, looking around at the two different paths. There was no way she could consciously discern the better path in her state, so she staggered down the right-hand path, the brand on her ass stinging with every step she took.

Ryan shivered as he woke, naked and covered in sticky white slime that seemed to cloud his mind with its musk. It covered his face and chest, and smelled of horses during mating season. On seeing the dress he found himself compelled to put it on. He could only briefly resist this compulsion before he began to be tormented by two voices.

He (She?) put on the dress, the light grey fabric turning nearly black where it touched his (her?) sticky wet fur. With both the shadowy female's voice, and now the male horses, calling him a girl repeatedly in his mind he stumbled down the furthest left of 5 paths, now seeking help, one that could steady him, Defta or Perry. He of course didn't choose the path, it was the only one he saw with the cum and musk that blurred his vision.

"Nng! Let go!" Perry yelled, struggling against the slime-tentacles.

While they seemed to have a mind of their own, they clearly weren't close enough to sentience to understand him, wrapping around his body and limbs. His arms were held behind his back as his legs were spread, and he was lifted from the Maze's floor and angled forwards. As he cried out with indignation, a trio of the tendrils forced themselves into his mouth and halfway down his throat, their slick coating making it easy. His gag reflex was completely overridden as his mouth was fucked.

Down farther, another tentacle opened its tip as it wormed its way past the hem of his thong and into the pouch, quickly engulfing his flaccid cock and sucking it so well that erection was achieved almost instantly. Perhaps the slime was also having an effect, but at that point Perry couldn't tell. In back, two tentacles swiftly slipped up his ass, brushing against his prostate.

As he was spit-roasted, the hyena gave muffled moan after muffled moan around the tentacles violating his throat. He began to subconsciously work in tandem with the aggressive appendages, hips bucking in response to all the stimulation.

Barely breaking stride, he came into the tentacle sucking him off, a surprisingly generous amount of hyena-milk flowing down its internal passage. He got his return service, though, as both his stomach and intestines were given heaps of hot green cum. The more the tentacles reamed his orifices, the deeper the foreign substance was packed in, Perry's belly distending slightly as his ass was loaded more and more at the same time. The tendrils that didn't give him internal creaming shared their flavor on the outside, thick ropes of emerald glazing his face and ass. The longer the tentacle-rape went on, the more the spotted male went from being merely coated with green jizz to being wholly drenched in it; even wearing a full latex bodysuit, he'd stink of sex for days, if not weeks.

Even if he wasn't aware of it, Perry now had quite a bit more in common with Ryan.

Falling into a rhythm, the hyena sucked, came, and was fucked for so long his mind felt like it was in a permanent state of hazy sexual ecstasy. His balls ached but still he came. His ass was stretched better than any horny stallion could have managed but still he was reamed. His swallowed every inch and drop but still he was gagged.

Gradually the tentacles finished, each one leaving its final load either inside or upon the battered male. When the final tendril had expended its green fluid, splattering Perry's back, it too withdrew into the shadows of the Maze, the moss that spawned the horde slowly dissipating.

Utterly exhausted from the crushing pleasure of the ordeal, the hyena blacked out, awakening hours later. He had difficulty recalling what exactly had befallen him: all he could remember was that it had felt good, so good...

His stomach feeling heavy and his ass both sore and unpleasantly empty, he tried to gather the strength to stand. Only managing to get to his hands and knees, Perry lazily wiped some of the tentacles' green ejaculate from his vision, his tongue snaking out to lick back into his mouth some of that which he was drooling.

Globules of slime-cum oozed and dripped into his sight as he crawled to the fork. Trying to wipe clear his eyes again, he leaned and staggered towards the left, not realizing which direction he was picking, but even if he had, he would barely have cared.

Defta slowly staggered her way down the path, when an all too familiar presence crept up to her. It would seem that the Warden had taken a very keen interest in her, and he was not going to let his prey get away any time soon. Giving no cares about her condition, he grabbed her by the back of her neck, throwing her back to the wall, and then pinning her to the ground.

"Mine... Mine!" He snarled, spreading her legs while a heavy paw struck her freshly singed mark. "This means you are mine!"

The familiar scent of his musky cock overcame her senses once more, a sense of need and lust overtaking her fears as the wolf lined himself against her pussy. He was already hard as a rock, and the dire wolf wasted no time plowing into her well-abused cunt, snarling and growling while his hands wrung her neck, choking her while ravaging her body with each powerful thrust.

As Ryan walked through the tunnel, he heard a soft, alluring voice all around him, beckoning him to travel down further down the path. The deeper he was going, the louder the voice started to become. He also noticed his mind becoming less and less aware of his surroundings. In moments, the voice was now clear in his - her - mind.

"Good girl," the voice said. "You're a good girl, aren't you? Oho, yes you are!" It was kind, and hypnotic. The moss on the walls looked like spirals for the wolf as she continued walking through. "Good girl! How do you become a good girl? You please with your body! Repeat: I'm a good girl, because I please with my body."

The wolf was totally compelled and convinced that she was a girl, totally subservient now to any other male, or female, for that matter.

When the voices stopped, she looked around. There was only one path before her, but even so, she was not sure what awaited her there.

Perry was too distracted and exhausted from his last ordeal to even detect the presence of several males surrounding him as he entered the tunnel. Quickly he was grabbed, his thong forcefully pulled down as he felt cool metal around his cock and balls, and the clicking sound of a lock being secured around his cock.

"That should keep 'er from cumming," a tiger said, making his companions laugh as they grabbed the hyena and wrapped his eyes in a blind fold and gagged his mouth.

He couldn't see or properly feel where he was, or what they were going to do to him. He suddenly felt himself on a wooden horse, his balls and cock pressing on the metal as it rubbed against the wood. With his bare ass, he suddenly felt the strong, painful feelings of whips, bare paws, and paddles hitting his round, girly rump and his thighs.

"Hehe... that's it girly, scream for us," he heard another one say, the hyena shuddering as he felt him grin at him.

Ryan... no... that wasn't her name, her name was Rayn, pronounced like Rain. Either way, Rayn wanted to be a good girl, and please everyone and everything with her body. She strutted down the single path, saying, "I'm a good girl, because I please with my body" repeatedly, and finding her mind filled with hunger for cock.

The pain when the Warden slapped her branded ass was nothing compared to the feeling of lust and arousal she felt in his presence. Again, she almost forgot completely about trying to escape the maze. Almost.

Her cunt was well lubricated by his previous incursion, and her pussy walls clamped around his massive cock as though welcoming it back between her legs. Her last encounter with the Warden left her halfway to another orgasm, and now it felt like that climax was coming sooner than she could have anticipated. She welcomed his hand around her throat, and a part of her would have been downright disappointed if this didn't hurt. The Warden was not a rosy lover. Instead, he pounded in and took what he wanted, as fast and hard as his thrusting hips could go.

Defta reached her second orgasm long before he did. She rolled her hips, gasped in pleasure, and managed to speak despite the hand around her neck. She shouted, delirious with pleasure, "Yes, master! Please, master!"

In that moment, as her next wave of cum drenched the Warden's thrusting cock, she felt just as much at home underneath the dire wolf as she did out on the hunt. Her pleasure-addled mind wondered why she ever thought about being free. The life of a pleasure slave...suited her. She wanted it.

She...wanted it? Defta grappled with the conflicting thoughts in her mind, but the urge to submit, to beg for a collar around her neck, started to weigh heavily against the urge for freedom. She didn't know which one she truly wanted, and she didn't know how much longer her willpower could hold out. It certainly couldn't hold out for long with the Warden's huge cock ramming her like a screaming whore.

While he was initially too distracted to have noticed the surrounding gang, let alone to have fought back, Perry became more aware once he felt the cold steel encasing his genitals.

N...Not good... he thought. He only had a second to examine the plain metal that locked up his malehood before his eyes were covered and his mouth stuffed with a gag. Mumbling incoherently, he gave a grunt of surprise as he felt the edge of the wooden horse press against his crotch.

Perry felt the first sting of the whip against his ass, jerking forward. His hands gripped the wooden horse, keeping him from falling onto the floor. More contact to his rear, hands slapping, his cheeks burning and jiggling.

The hyena shivered and groaned into his gag, his body warming up from the harsh action. The longer it went on, the more aroused he became, his cock trying like hell to become erect but unable to overcome the unyielding chastity of the cock-cage.

"Mmph!" he grunted again, hips twitching. If his thoughts were capable of gathering themselves, he might have suspected the slime was aiding in his arousal, but either way, he could feel his mind and body starting to give in to the bondage and domination.

"Mmmm!"

As Ryan, or rather, Rayn, walked down the path she found, she could faintly hear the sounds of paws smacking against flesh, as well as the distant cries of pained bliss. She was still too far off to determine what, or who, was making that sound. But what caught her attention more was the musky scent of males down the path.

The brainwashing was driving her mad with lust after those males, and probably their huge cocks that were eagerly awaiting her. Rayn's rush toward them allowed a trap to trigger, and the floor around her came to life. Green, metal-like sludge began encapsulating her whole body, the smoldering plastic merging with her body, adjusting, accenting the now-feminine figure. She now had a more feminine chest, and her hips were now accented, as the latex suit gave emphasis of her thighs to make her look a lot more feminine than before.

Having a new suit, form, and purpose, Rayn continued on forward, walking down the path to the source of the voices and the sounds of the moans.

The Warden enjoyed her pleas and cries of bliss, causing him to growl and snarl as she screamed for more. He then pulled out, tossing her onto her belly. He pushed her head down hard on the ground, slamming her face against the floor, his legs spreading hers as he got her on her knees.

"Yes, scream for me, you whore!!" he snarled, his hands tightly gripping the back of her neck to keep pressure while he thrust back into her, plowing deep into her well-abused cunt. He raised his free hand upward, spanking her ass really hard, to the point of bruising. His knot began kissing down against her cunt, causing the dire wolf to snarl and groan before pushing in with powerful, erratic thrusts. Finally yawning her pussy wide with his knot, he pushed himself inside her, the dire wolf leaning forward and biting down hard on her other shoulder, unloading thick hot globs of cum inside her once more. Still, he continued beating her, hurting her. The sounds and cries of pain and bliss made his blood boil with excitement.

"Mine..." he growled. "And when you meet your friends, you will see that you are all mine..."

The males that surrounded him laughed and chuckled, taking turns spanking and hitting him, groping and cupping his balls, teasing him constantly, knowing that he couldn't get hard no matter what while the chastity belt was still wrapped around him.

One of them finally couldn't wait anymore. Pushing his friends aside, he lined up his large equine cock against his hole, whinnying softly as he forced his shaft inside his tight hole. He pushed in and began ravaging Perry's body, stretching him wide, not giving a damn whether he was a virgin or not.

Even though the males were stroking their shafts all over him, he could hear the faint sounds of approaching footsteps.

Rayn shuddered as her new latex form solidified her mind and drove her towards the cocks, the green goop having "hardened" into a glossy black coating that encapsulated everything. She largely became a living sex doll, inside and out she was latex, and she only had holes for being fucked. Her cock was trapped within the latex, hidden away, unreachable. She could breathe, but only to suck cock and smell musk. She could speak, but only to beg. She wanted to be the toy she was becoming, to always please men with her body like a good girl, to always taste and smell semen.

Yet, still some irrational part of her resisted, and tried to pull her away from her true purpose. After all, she no longer needed food, water or sleep, only sex. She hoped something would silence this last part of her.

Defa felt the hot rush as her insides were filled with the Warden's potent cum. Wave after wave of cum flooded into her cunt, such that she actually began to feel heavier, like there was so much cum inside of her that she felt *full*. It didn't help that the Warden's massive knot plugged up her cunt so completely that not a single drop of cum could escape.

Lost in submissive lust, Defa wanted nothing more right then than to give her life back to slavery. She didn't care if her master wanted to freely fuck her, breed her, savagely torture her or simply force her to do hard labor. She could sell herself back into slavery once she escaped the Maze.

She knew, somewhere deep down, that she needed to escape the Maze for any of this to matter. But if she lost her chance and had to live out her life in the Garden, then there was always the chance that guards would rape her, or that the Warden would 'visit' her again. She fondled her own breasts as she screamed in pleasure-pain, feeling the blood trickling from her shoulder. She moaned, "I am yours...please, yes, I am yours...we are yours..."

Just had to make it out of the Maze...but the idea of freedom had started to mean something very different to her now.

Perry did what he could to endure the ceaseless punishment, the oddly-arousing sadism of the gang. Even though the blows still stung him, he swore that he could feel himself starting to *want* to be treated like that. He felt a spike of excitement each time his ass was slapped, paddled, or cropped, and the name-calling, something he would normally never pay heed to, was making him feel less degraded and more turned on.

And then the stallion decided to take the reins.

Perry felt the larger male's presence right before the equine grabbed his ass with both hands, spreading his cheeks wide. The hyena only had time to muffle a sound that might have been a plea of refusal or begging for more, and the next instant the hot glans of the horsecock was pushing through his tailhole.

He went rigid, arching his back for a moment as the huge phallus plunged deep inside of him. He reflexively squeezed, his anal walls massaging the pulsing hot rod. The buff stallion responded with a whinny, hips bucking against Perry's, driving his cock in and out in a clipped, steady and powerful rhythm.

Perry moaned into his gag, his lust driven to new heights by the rough fucking and the whooping encouragement of the other males.

His ears twitched, and were he able to pull his attention from the waves of pleasure rippling through his mind and body, he would have noticed the sounds of a newcomer approaching.

The Warden, his lust sated, forced his knot out of her tight cunt. For whatever reasons, he seemed to have developed an attachment to the panda woman. Perhaps he had found a fun new toy that he could breed, but this time, would completely allow him to dominate and use her as he willed. Grinning with such evil intent, he stood. A secret door opened from the side of the tunnel, and out came another prisoner.

She was a buff, tall, and angry tigress. She had the look and stance of a warrior, and the Warden looked at her and growled with lust.

"If freedom is what you seek," he said, spanking the tigress in the ass, "all you need to do is to fight past her, and I shall grant you any wish you so desire." For the first time in ages, the Warden's voice and

attitude had somewhat returned to his normal self, but only briefly. His words and persuasive methods still radiated from his lips. The tigress, knowing what her master implied, wasted no time rushing at her. While she was still on the ground, she grabbed the panda by the hair and threw her, slamming her back against the wall.

The Warden, watching the whole spectacle, grinned with delight.

"Fight!! Show me if you truly deserve freedom!"

The stallion that was rutting him whinnied, grunting as his hips bucked, before he arched his back and groaned, unloading massive waves of searing-hot horse spunk into his prostate. At that moment, one of the other males removed the chastity belt around Perry's waist. On queue, his cock twitched and throbbed madly as all the pent-up pressure was released. They watched with eager looks on their faces as they milked the hyena without even touching his cock.

"Wow, look at all the cum's shootin'," one of them mocked, just as the stallion pulled out, his thick cream pouring out of Perry's abused tail hole. Another male, this time a lion, rammed his feline shaft inside right after the stallion got out. He growled, impressed that he was still incredibly tight even after being stretched so much.

Instead of the chastity belt, they wrapped a ring around his cock. The ring then glowed a yellowish hue, and suddenly clasped itself around the hyena's shaft, making him unable to cum again until the ring's hold around him would stop. When Perry's balls were about to burst, the ring loosed around his shaft, vibrating and humming violently as they milked him of every shot of cum his balls could empty, while the barbed cock of the lion's shaft scraped and clawed his insides, unloading deep within him.

They continued doing this, switching between partners, when a few of them noticed an approaching figure heading their way.

Two of them approached black-coated wolfess. They could easily tell this was the Warden's work, seeing the way her eyes were lifeless and hollow. One of them circled her, seeing the Owl brand on her rear.

"Yep, this little slut must be the Warden's doing," he said. He was a large Doberman, who then forced Rayn on her knees, bringing her face over to his crotch. The stench of canine musk and cock flooded her senses, while the other, a black bear, joined in beside him. The bear grinned as he remembered the code the Warden taught them if his whores underwent indoctrination.

"Hey, girl," he said, presenting his soft cock to her face. "Why don't you give me and my friend here a nice ol' suck-off, yeah? After all, that's what good girls do, don't they?"

Rayn's programming then activated, and the last vestiges of the former bladesmith that was Ryan were overridden. The new identity, Rayn, had taken over, both physically and mentally.

Defa remembered in a flash her months and years of rigorous combat training. This new woman was foolish to think she could challenge someone with as much hard training as her! Her breasts bounced vigorously when the mighty tigress slammed her against the wall, hard enough that it might have stunned lesser warriors.

The panda felt the adrenaline in her veins and the arousal seeping wetly from her cunt. The thrill of combat both excited and aroused her. For a moment, she thought about how wonderful it would be to be enslaved to a master who, in addition to binding, fucking and breeding her, used her to fight other women like this for his perverse enjoyment.

She tried to snap out of it, tried to tell herself that this was for the sake of freedom, but it grew harder every minute to do so. She sprung back from the wall and lunged at the tigress, wrapping one arm and one leg around the warrior's back and thrusting her elbow at her repeatedly, intending to grapple her to the ground and lay on the punishment.

Rayn shudders as she is made to kneel, offering no resistance as she takes her proper place. She smelled the musk of the other canine and the ursine, and shuddered involuntarily. The order made her shudder

again, and she nodded, taking the canine cock in her mouth and sucking deeply, her saliva like lube and her tongue working the cock in just the right way. Rayn felt the blacksmith go silent as she sucked and murred loudly, taking the cock deeper, her latex jaw stretching around it.

Perry grunted and groaned as he was relentlessly fucked, his own pelvis ramming back to meet the stallion's. He could feel an orgasm brewing on the edges of his being, mercilessly teasing him, allowing him to reach for it but never actually grasp it.

And then the horse came.

The smaller male gave a muffled squeal as he felt a veritable gallon of fresh equine seed filling him up. Perry loved the sensation, the heat and the raised level of fullness: having a thick horsecock up his ass was more than enough, but having a hot load? Perfect.

Unfortunately, it also caused his cock to protest its encasement worse than ever. Fortunately, the other members of the gang bang decided to let him have his own fun. Freed, his instantly achieved full erection, his average black rod jerking sharply as it shot its pearly contents as hard as it could.

His relief was short-lived, though, as the horse withdrew, letting handfuls of spunk gush out from the hyena's abused ass. Perry whimpered; he wanted *more*, damn it! He actually felt a sense of elation when the lion took him next, and he started to grind his rump against the dominant male's crotch.

Abruptly the band was snapped around his cock, and Perry winced. It was just like the cock cage, but crueler, his aching meat throbbing at full mast but denied to ability to even leak pre. As he was taken again, he felt his balls churning, demanding another release, and a small, steadily-diminishing part of him wondered how in blazes he could be ready so quickly again.

But he still came, the band not just relaxing enough to let him but animating so fiercely that even if he wasn't being repeatedly mounted he would have cum buckets from the toy.

His testicles spilling out everything they had, he felt the next male push into him as the band once more tightened, his cock still stiff and throbbing.

More...more...

The Warden stalked around them, watching with sadistic glee as the two women fought. The tigress was surprised from Defta's lunge, catching her completely off guard. A few jabs to her face reeled her back, the two of them rolling around until finally the tigress freed herself from her hold.

Shaking herself off, it was clear she wasn't as experienced a fighter as the panda. Watching carefully, the Warden saw the arousal and excitement that was showing on Defta's face, and it made him rather aroused.

"Yess! Fight on, my slave! Fight, and you shall have your reward!" he cheered, his words aimed ambiguously. The tigress thought he was cheering for her, and recovered from her fatigue, charging at the panda woman once more.

The Doberman panted and growled, forcefully thrusting his now-erect shaft into the wolf's maw. He groaned as the newly-created slut was taking him on with no resistance, and he and his friend were going to enjoy the fruits of their master's labor. After a while, the bear pushed his canine comrade aside.

"My turn, you hogging prick!" he said, grunting as he shoved his thick ursine meat into her mouth, getting all nine inches of it down Rayn's throat. She didn't even gag, nor did she complain, which made both of them grin eagerly as they took turns throat-fucking her.

"Mmn... Damn, her mouth's as wet as her cunt!" the canine snarled, his knot already swelling as he thrust his hips at ramming speed, pushing every inch of his smelly, musky cock down her throat. His knot finally inflated big enough for a tie, and without hesitation, he forced his knot into the wolf's maw, letting it swell enough that she couldn't pull it out easily, the thickness of the bulb almost large enough to break her jaw as he finally starting unloading thick globs of canine cum down her gullet. The Doberman panted and growled before forcing his knot out of her mouth, strings of his seed spraying on her face.

"Heh! I say she's goin' to be well fed. Aren't you, slut?" he said, just as his companion did the same. He stuffed his thick cock down her throat, and after a few quick thrusts, came down her gullet as well, filling her with that rich, thick, and musky seed that she was programmed only to feed on.

"You said it, my friend," he said with a chuckle, pulling out of her mouth and slapping her face with his softening cock. "Now, let's have this little bitch join the other. The master wanted all three of them together."

They grabbed some rope and tied her wrists behind her back. Happy that she wasn't resisting, they then spread and bent her legs, tying the rope around her thighs and ankles, and tying them to the knots around her wrists.

"A proper tie for a slut like this," the ursine said with a grin, tugging on the rope to keep them tight as they lifted her over to the still-cumming hyena.

As the fifth male pulled out of Perry's now gaping and cum-filled hole, they turned to notice the two others who were now carrying a black latex wolf-bitch in tow. They planted her on the wooden horse behind Perry, the Doberman pushing her head down until her face was in contact with Perry's gaping hole.

"Lookit that, little cunt," he said with a chuckle. "See all that nice, yummy cum leaking out of his hole? Looks good enough to eat, don't it?"

The other males chuckled, circling them as they watched with evil smirks at their entertainment.

"Come now, don't be shy," he continued, using his free paw to spread his ass cheeks apart, letting a bit more cum ooze out of his hole. "It's all yours!"

Meanwhile, the stallion removed his ball gag, slapping the hyena's face with his once more rock-hard cock.

"While he eats your ass..." he said with a whinny, "eat my cock, but don't you dare bite, or you'll be sorry..." He wasted no time pushing his massive cock into his mouth, without waiting for it to open voluntarily. It smelled of semen and brutish musk, and the ring reacted to Perry's inner carnal desire,

thrumming and vibrating around his spent cock, causing his balls to churn once more as he could feel his cum rising again.

Defta barely heard the Warden's voice, but she also figured he was talking to the tigress, just because he had done so before the fight. That, and she was too focused on the fight to respond in any way even if he was talking to her.

When the nameless tigress charged, she left herself wide open to have her own movement turned against her. Defta squatted down, then rose up again right when they would have collided. She headbutted the tigress in the gut as she rose, and grabbed her opponent's sides, lifting her as she stood up and tossing her head-over-heels into the wall.

But she didn't stop there. The panda seized on the tigress as soon as she was prone, and attacked her with elbow-strikes while using her legs to put the downed woman in a tight hold. She didn't know if her naked combatant would have it in her for more, but if she did, she'd be prepared for it.

Rayn swallowed every drop of cum from both men, and didn't even flinch when she was slapped with the cock. As she was being hogtied she panted, and then she was carried over to a somewhat familiar hyena. Her face was pressed to his ass, and the sight and smell of the semen in it made her start licking immediately, her own tail raising for whoever wanted to use it while she licked her fellow slut's hole clean of yummy, precious cum.

Perry had only a moment to catch his breath before Rayn's muzzle was pushed up against his sphincter. Gasping softly at the touch, he pushed his hips back on instinct, his body craving more use by the dominant males. A second gasp as the Doberman spread him for presentation to the converted wolf, and then a satisfied groan as his latex-clad fellow slut began eating him out. The hyena could still feel a massive amount of stallion cream inside of his rectum, and even as wantonly as the lupine was sucking it out and gulping it down, it'd take a good few minutes for her to get it all, especially if not a drop was

missed.

Suddenly his gag was gone. He blinked, his mind foggy with lust, the equine's slick cock aimed right at his face. Before he could open his mouth to obey his dominant's commands, the buff male shoved the huge dick down his throat, hilding him. The spotted male's jaw was stretched wide, his gag reflex utterly overwhelmed and shut down by the sheer girth of the phallus stuffed down his pipe. His nostrils, the only way for him to currently breathe, weren't just working, but working more than ever intended.

He inhaled the stallion's heady musk, the rich scent of his masculinity, his hot, juicy, delicious horse-flesh...

Perry's mind swam as he obediently began to orally pleasure the equine, his head bobbing back and forth. His tongue, barely able to move around as it could, nonetheless had just enough room to slide about underneath the pulsating hot cock and gently massage the pistoning member. His dutiful ministrations were rewarded by the horse groaning, whinnies of pleasure issuing from his throat.

The hyena felt a sense of inner satisfaction: by serving his betters, by giving them pleasure with his body and obedience, he was being rewarded.

Whether acting upon this and reinforcing it, or acting of its own mysterious accord, his cock ring started to vibrate again, urging his already-hard rod to insufferable stiffness, drops of pre-cum slowly leaking out. His balls burned, yet again feeling the need to unleash their cargo.

If serving his masters resulted in his own pleasure, then he was surer and surer that being a good slave was what he would be.

Yes, a slave. Slavery was so very appealing right now...

The tigress gasped as she was suddenly flung to the other wall, grunting, growling out of pain and disbelief. Before she could recover, Defta was already on top of her, beating her to a bloodied mess on the cold ground. The tigress tried her best to cover her face to soften the blows, but she was too weak to resist.

"Enough!" said the Warden, having borne witness to such extravagant savagery. Some guards came from another secret door, separating the two warrior women, and presenting them both to the malicious and sadistic dire wolf.

"This one has outlived her purpose." He pointed to the tigress, a growl and disappointment in his voice. "I have found my new breeder. Mayhaps, she will finally give me cubs and heirs to watch over the Garden. Isn't that right, pet?" His voice was difficult to resist, and before she could react, a new collar strapped itself around her neck, and the Warden pulled out some chains, tying them around her wrists and legs, tugging them tightly. He then threw her across the room, where several guards appeared and assisted, carrying the now-bound panda to where the other two were being tortured and abused by the guards. Defta was strapped on her back against a wooden bench, attaching her chains to several wheels on either side of the bench. A turn on the knobs tightened and strengthened the pull of the chains now hugging her body. The wolf then returned with a large horse crop.

"Who is Master here?" he asked, a sly smirk etched on his face, before striking her chest. A bright red mark left itself on her left breast. When he got no reply, he asked again, whipping his crop against her other breast, then her sopping-wet cunt, then her underarms and belly. The dire wolf laughed maniacally as he constantly whipped her.

Wasting no time, the rest of the guards came in, one of them grabbing hold of the wolf's firm, feminine ass cheeks and spreading his hole wide, plunging his fat shaft into Rayn's well-stretched tail hole, immediately fucking her like a living sex-doll. They watched in awe as their master began whipping and disciplining the panda he had claimed for himself, leaving the other two sluts at the mercy of the guards.

The guard fucking her pulled forcefully on the rope bindings around her body, chafing her thighs and arms as the rope generated friction heat from being pulled so hard. Burn marks began forming atop her latex body, not that she minded. All the more, it served as a testament on what her true purpose was.

The stallion grunted, thrusting hard and deep down the hyena's throat. He was so long that he forced him to lie supine to the wooden horse, making sure his massive shaft would slip all the way down his throat when he began fucking the poor hyena's mouth. Similarly, the stallion pulled on his ropes, chaffing and burning parts of his body from the intensity of the pulled rope. The added friction made the ring around his member glow more intensely, as he was forcefully spurting out his seed, stopping only when the ring died down, if just for a moment, before starting its vicious cycle once more.

"Who do you serve, whores?" he asked, referring to both toys now.

Defta's expression melted into one of pure joy and gratitude when she was told that she would become the Warden's breeding slave. She loved the feel of being collared and shackled, and wondered how she could have ever wanted something as silly and futile as freedom, when her true calling was right here, under the Warden, her master.

She moaned in servile delight as she was taken and bound in the same chamber where the other two were tortured. The thick scent of cum hit her nostrils. It would be a scent she'd live with every day from now on, and she welcomed it in service to her master. She vaguely remembered coming into the Maze with companions, but it seemed that they too had seen the error of their ways in ever wanting freedom.

"Warden is Master!" Defta finally found the breath in her lungs to cry out, the whipping of her cunt causing her excited fluid to splash outward. "Warden is my Master! I am Warden's breeding-slave! Thank you, Master! Thank you!" She was genuinely grateful for every strike, every bit of attention he paid to her. To be allowed to be bred by him, to take his cock and bear him heirs, a new generation of guards, an army if he so desired. It was the only existence she desired any more, and he was generous enough to collar her for himself!

Her breasts bounced with each savage strike, and the burning red welts on her flesh piled up with each new lashing. The chains and wheels held her extra-taut, making each lash against her flesh show up especially well. From the sounds of things, the other prisoners-turned-slaves found satisfaction in their new places as well.

The Maze had claimed another three, and the Warden's newest breeding-slave couldn't be more content about it.

Rayn moaned as she was penetrated, watching her new master whip another slave as she was fucked. She shuddered and panted as the ropes were pulled and her hole was pounded from a slightly new angle, replying to the question with one word, clear and loud among the moaning: "W-Warden!"

Perry was in a haze. Each powerful, penetrating thrust of the horse's massive dong bottoming out in his throat, coupled with the relentless teasing of the enchanted ring, and the last bits of his willpower and earlier personality crumbled to nothing. Whereas before he found cock to be to his liking, now he couldn't imagine a life without it; he *needed* cock. The ring worked him up, summoning reserves of cum from his balls and dispensing it expertly.

In such a lust-addled state, he hardly reacted when his top yanked on his ropes, the action only serving to pause his cock-worshipping antics for a second before he resumed. When he came right after, it felt as satisfying as ever, if not more so.

His ears twitched as he heard the question, knowing his better required an answer. As the stallion's phallus withdrew from his throat, he felt a pang of emptiness, almost neglect, but still he spoke, beads and strings of saliva and equine seed all over his mouth.

"Serve Warden," Perry replied obediently. "Warden is Master. Slave serves Master..."

He kept his eyes focused hungrily on the horse's bobbing cock, enthralled by the pulsing veins and the beads of cum dripping from the tip.

"Must obey Master..."

The dire wolf looked all around him. His new whores were successfully indoctrinated into the perfect sex slaves. All according to the sick, twisted agenda he had for every prisoner here. He threw his head back with a loud howl of maniacal laughter, to which even the guards had their blood turn cold from hearing his dominant voice echo all over the caves.

He looked to the hyena, who was eagerly awaiting the stallion's phallus to be forced back down his throat. He landed a solid lash against his rear.

"Yes. All you slaves serve me," he said coldly, growling softly as he nodded to the stallion, who continued forcing his shaft into Perry's throat, making him swallow all fourteen inches of equine meat down his throat. "Soon, you two will be set free, sold to the highest bidder as bitches of whore houses in the Eastern Kingdoms!"

He followed with another burst of maniacal laughter as another guard took over, pulling Rayn away from the hyena's tail hole, still bound in rope. She was then suspended on a bar, using the rope tied behind her to keep her up. They then continued shoving cocks into her tail hole, but now making use of her mouth, coating and overwhelming her with the stench of cock and cum all over her black body.

Now that Perry's rear was freed up, another stallion got behind him, lining up his even-thicker shaft against his tail hole, spreading his cheeks apart to house him. He whinnied from the tightness, and the resistance of his walls clamping around his shaft were enjoyable to a fault.

"Heh, this one's going to be a really good cock slut, Master," he said, beginning to thrust his hips, snorting and huffing as the tight cock-sleeve of the hyena's tail hole pleased him greatly. Perry's cock ring thrummed and vibrated once more, creating another reserve of cum from his balls. The ring matched with the two thrusting stallions on either side of him, making his own black cock twitch and throb madly as he could feel another unstoppable climax approaching.

The Warden grinned, chuckling as he slowly waltzed his way over the corral of male guards taking turns filling Rayn's two available holes.

"Did you hear that, slave?" he teased with a dark chuckle. "It seems that you aren't the best slut after all. Or are you going to prove me wrong and serve all these guards to the... 'best', of your abilities, hmm?? I eagerly wait to see which of you two is better. You get to be sold off for more, after all."

He then walked back to Defta, with a chuckle as he lashed his crop against her body again. "You. You will remain here, with me," he said darkly. "Don't worry; you'll be well fed, and well kept, as long as you remain obedient to me, and birth all proper heirs who will continue watching the Garden when I am no longer able. Do you understand me, pet?" He stomped his foot on her sopping wet cunt, grinding his heel against the soft flesh. "I hope you can please me enough in that regard, my pet."

Deftha moaned and writhed like a complete slut, his heel against her cunt only causing more fluid to dribble out. She cherished the touch of her Master, no matter what form it came in. She, Rayn and Perry, like many before them, had found the truth of the Maze: they were freed, yes, but not into freedom. Instead, they were freed from those foolish notions of self-reliance, independence and a longing to live their own lives.

"I understand, Master, thank you, Master..." Deftha said, ready to serve and please. She didn't care at all that she'd remain here in the Garden, and dutifully accepted her future on the prison-island she used to long to escape. But now, she remained not as a prisoner, but as the Warden's personal breeding slave, a role that she felt honored to be filling.

Rayn moaned like a whore as her latex body was stretched beyond mortal limits, with 4 to 5 thick cocks in her tailhole at all times after she was hung from the bar. She was soon coated in semen, her grey dress looked black as her shiny body since it was so wet and sticky, all because she craved to be a good girl, she craved to be fucked, she craved semen. In addition to being able to take 5 cocks, she would be tight again nearly instantly after they stopped.

Even if Perry had been paying attention, he would only have taken perverse pride and satisfaction in the Warden's normally-ominous words; he was far too busy sucking horsecock. Had he heard, he would have initially been dismayed at the idea of freedom, only to be greatly relieved by the rest of the dire wolf's declaration.

Sold into slavery? He was a slave, and he could no longer stomach the idea of being anything else.

Becoming a whore in a brothel far from his birthplace? If it meant serving more masters and mistresses, then he would gladly embrace his fate.

Perry murred around the thick stallion flesh stuffing his entire throat, barely noticing when Rayn was pulled away from eating his ass. He *did*, however, notice when a much more endowed equine buried his heated length inside the hyena's cum-limed tailhole.

"Mmph!" the latex-clad slave grunted, hips automatically bucking in reverse, greeting and welcoming his

new partner. A muffled groan of ecstasy as he felt his cock ring start up again, its merciless and synchronized teasing pushing him harder and faster towards yet another balls-emptying eruption.

He came, the ring forcing out every drop he had, but still the horses thrust and still Perry craved more. The more cocks he served, the more cum he drew forth, the better a slave he was.

Always a slave...always...

The ring began to vibrate again.

The Warden looked to himself pleased, seeing these three prisoners suddenly fall slave to their own lusts and innermost carnal desires. He let out a maniacal laugh as his guards finished up their business. The five around Rayn had lifted her off the wooden horse and was blindfolded and dutifully gagged and plugged, keeping the cum she had swallowed and taken in from escaping her holes. The two stallions were quick to finish off inside Perry. They let out short grunts and whinnies as twelve inches of equine shaft blew down his throat and inside his hole, the ring around his abused shaft vibrating madly with its sadistic humming, forcing him to spew out another full load all over the ground.

Meanwhile, the Warden himself began beating and slapping every inch of the panda's body, physically torturing Defta, as it was the one thing that turned her on the most.

And so it was that three fruits were borne from the Garden.

Soon, the time came that his two new slaves would be put to good use, as all fruits of his labor were. A rich lord from one of the Kingdoms that brings many of their prisoners to the Garden came seeking a means of getting a pleasure that his wife, or any woman could offer. The Warden's guards were more than obliged to offer Perry to him. The slave was a hefty price for the lord, but after much convincing, the hyena was sold off to him. Now, the hyena was his object of pleasure, and to keep things hidden from his wife, had Perry pretend he was a newly-hired butler for their estate. Perry's old life of charming

and manipulating people was put to good use, fooling everyone in the household that he was just a humble and simple butler.

Little did they know that the lord, and many of his male household, would have private sessions in a hidden room, with Perry being the star of the show, servicing any who wished to have him. They constantly abused the thrumming ring around his cock. They would stroke him off in the kitchens, the burning stove quieting his humming before he blew a load of the hot cast iron.

His fascination with chemicals and drugs had been converted to a desire to please with his body, and the ever-present thrumming of his ring, forever reminding him that in everything he did, the Warden owned him.

Ryan, or as she now called herself Rayn, had been sold off to Antone, Seeker of Luxury. He was the Garden's constant buyer, and the old ferret was a professional in his field: buying, selling and making good use of the whores he collected from all over the world. Having Rayn added to his menu tripled his sales tremendously. Of course, he expected no less, as the other fruits from the Garden were always promised to be the most excellent and willing whores, bred specifically for the pleasure of men. After paying the guards a whopping fee for Rayn, Antone set off to many warring kingdoms, and practiced his trade, using the war and confusion to bring every man from every city, town, and village. Near or far, they would gladly pay coin to Antone's whores.

Rayn's performances would always be spectacular. She would constantly take on four or five men on her own. They would abuse her, beat her, whip her, degrade her, but she would take it all without any complaint or issue. Even after having her poor ass raped over and over by countless men, countless cocks, she would always be tight and snug for them, making each new round feel like a first. Her need for food, water, and comfort were transformed with a burning, insatiable hunger for cock and cum, and her only purpose in life was to serve with her body and her holes.

She could be spotted among Antone's Caravan. One could spend the night with her, if one has the coin and the willingness to wait their turn, as everyone else would be fucking her first beforehand.

The Warden himself stood over his prison, locked in his armor while watching over the prisoners and the guards. He walked slowly across the balcony before heading back inside, removing his armor, and revealing his scarred, muscled form once more. His servants came to wipe the sweat off his fur, and when he was clean, he went into his bed chambers. There, sleeping with a tight collar around her neck, was Defta, swollen and about to burst from the second child he had impregnated her with. Their firstborn, a daughter named Diana, was sleeping in a crib near his bed. He pulled on the chains that were attached to her neck, forcing her awake, as he grabbed hold of her and raped her, forcing his massive shaft into her abused cunt that constantly kept cumming from his brutal, torturous and abusive might and dominance.

After pulling himself free from her pussy, he would take her on walks, forcefully pulling on her chains as she walked on all fours around his secret estate. From a secret room, she would watch her master turn the other prisoners into slaves as well, and every time a female would be chosen, Defta would have to fight for her place as the Warden's breeder. Despite being pregnant, the panda's strength and her desire to be with her master helped to constantly prove her worth as his slave, mate and breeder. He was pleased with her. Finally, a woman that wouldn't break physically. He was going to enjoy making many heirs out of her abused body, and the new torture devices she came up with for the Maze was an even greater asset to him. She will continue servicing him, until she dies, or he finds someone better.

The Warden's breeding slave never wore clothing again, save for the collar around her throat. Her breasts went up a size shortly before giving birth to Diana, and never went back down, always ready to provide milk as well as convenient torture-spots for her master to abuse. She became pregnant almost perpetually, her master fucking a new heir into her as soon as the previous one had been born. He would fuck and torture her even when she was nine months to term, and between her screams of pain and pleasure, she always begged for more.

Exotic potions had been procured by the Warden's expansive list of shipping contacts, which kept Defta's pussy-walls tight and her form lovely even after being tortured and raped countless times, and bearing her master several promising heirs. Lately, she had been cumming multiple times per session, faster than her master could. Maybe one of the serums caused her pussy to become more sensitive, more attuned to pleasure, or maybe she really had just found her true calling in life. But her master also got unlimited use out of her ass and mouth, as well as pushing her breasts around his cock and titfucking his buxom breeding slave.

She knew that her worth to her master relied entirely on her ability to birth him heirs, take pain and remain an attractive slave. So when the time came to fight prisoners in the Maze, she fought with the desperate need to satisfy her master. And even when she was ready to burst and her opponents were ripped and strong, she found ways to beat them, so that she could continue taking her master's beloved torture.

Why would she ever have longed for freedom? She already had the only things she longed for, right here, in total submission to her master. That was how Defta's story ended, and she wouldn't have had it any other way.

Rayn enjoyed her life as a caravan whore, but it was not to be her end, not before Antone gravely insulted a king whom had heard of, and requested to buy her. He was carted off to the Garden and she was brought to said King, Myst Ergo. After that, it was not long before Rayn was collared and cuffed in ebony, black as her latex body, fucked by him for a fortnight, then given to the guards as a gift when he grew bored of her. The guards had their fun, and she was put into the square of a seedier part of the city, chained to a post, a slut for all people to enjoy. No longer mortal, and eternally horny, she would remain a public sex toy forever.

Just like the good girl she was.

While he was at first dismayed to be required to pretend that he was respectable, Perry swiftly acclimated to his new position. Adopting a persona of friendliness and decorum was easy enough, and in time it became second nature to smile and lie to his lord-master's wife.

It made the closed-doors gangbangs so much more enjoyable.

The teasing during the course of the day, be it from the always-active cock ring or from the various in-the-know servants, kept the hyena on his proverbial toes as well as on the edge of climax, and he relished the excitement and pleasure. Sure, his constant grinning irritated the stuck-up Pomeranian wife of his master, but Perry didn't serve her, not the way he served that magnificent squirrel.

His new owner was simply perfect, a sleek, lean-muscled body coated with a pale gray, his tail large and bushy. He had the crafty mind that Perry admired, conjuring up plenty of delightfully naughty bondage

scenarios with which to "punish" Perry. Often at the end of their sessions, the wealthy rodent would grant Perry the reward of his cock to suck dry, and the spotted male never failed to please. He swallowed every drop, thoroughly enjoying the milk, and dutifully cleaned the dominant.

Of course, those same sessions would often take the next step of Perry being disciplined by any other males present, ostensibly for "failing to please them as well as his master," but everyone was satisfied watching the hyena and squirrel and even more so having sloppy seconds with the corrupted former lab tech.

As he suckled a fox's balls, being vigorously taken from behind by an otter, the hyena murred happily.

He was finally home.

He was finally *free*.

The End