

The crowd roared, its noise throbbing and boiling like a living thing. It invaded my body, insinuating its way into my soul like a lover's kiss. I tasted something in my mouth; bile, adrenaline, harsh and burning. It was time.

I glanced at the great bull beside me. Lord Salmar's prize gladiator Kharam, unbeaten in scores of fights. I could see part of the reason why up close. His body hulked, like all bulls, but his bore no sign of fat or excess bulk. He was a machine, primed to fight and kill. His eyes had the half bored stamp of someone lost to care, or compassion. His loincloth bulged alarmingly, the gold trimmed edge moving in the air.

As we were brought out into the open, the noise went to another level. My teeth hurt, and I clenched my mouth and tried to ignore the sensations. I glanced into the stands, seeing the hungry faces of our audience. They had come for death, for pain and humiliation, wanting to drink from the cup but not soil their beautiful clothes. The tell-tale stains on the sand of the arena said they had drunk deep already.

Then I saw her. My Mistress.

She was sitting unconcerned in the owner's box, under a rich canopy. I could not help myself, I had to stare. That face haunted my nights, nightmares and erotic dreams. Sometimes I did not know which was which.

She had forgotten I was a slave, or so she had said. As had I. I had forgotten my place, and been allowed favour and privilege as her bodyguard and bed-mate beyond what was proper for a slave. I loved her, that was the terrible truth. I wanted to hope that somewhere buried deep inside the cold ruins of her heart she felt the same.

She had paid the price for her failure, or so she said, wielding the whip for agonising hours across my bound body until I could no longer even scream. Her kisses revived me, her soft voice telling of how much she was hurting because of my failure, of what she had to do. And then the whip would fly again.

Broken but not destroyed, she had made me one of her gladiator stable. A warrior almost from when I could first hold a sword in my native land, I had the training and the temperament to win way beyond the usual skills of a novice. Capture and slavery at the hands of the Rostellian army had not dulled my

talents. My record was impressive, if only brief. I would win back her regard, and I hoped, my place in her bed. Now there had been a change of plan. There was a new task for me to do.

I would have defied her if I could, but she knew how to bend me to her will.

My eyes passed over her companions, finally resting on the figure behind her left shoulder. My younger brother, Tarim. Really just a colt when we were captured, he had grown in my Mistress' household to a fine stallion. I loved him dearly, my only link to a lost world fading from memory. My privileged position had kept him safe, and I protected and guided him as I had when we were colts then warriors together.

She had tied me to the wall of her bedchamber as she used his body last night, making me watch and tear my soul out for her amusement as every cry, every whimper and moan made my ears flick and twitch. Then in her casual sweet voice she had told us what would happen if I defied her. My brother had limited exposure to her exquisite sense of cruelty before that night. Now he knew the beast that lurked inside the mare I loved. I hoped it would teach him to be more cautious than I.

If I did my job well he would take my place in her bed. I wonder how long it will be before he has the same nightmares as I do.

The trumpet sounded and the crowd hushed. A herald mounted the King's Rostrum, announcing the next bout. The Baroness of the Five Rivers, Lady Del Mannion, had challenged Lord Salmar to an honour battle, and the challenge was accepted. Ramis, gladiator of her stable would be pitted against Kharam of Lord Salmar's stable. The whispers changed to a din at the announcement.

I knew what they were saying. A comparative novice, against the undefeated champion. And an honour battle, no money at stake, but the life of the gladiator as forfeit. What was she thinking? I remembered her face light up in something like joy as she told me what their reaction would be. She had been right. Perhaps then they were what she called them.

Fools. Like me. And predictable.

I stepped into the middle of the sand, the bull by my side. At a trumpet signal, we bowed, first to the King's Rostrum, where the Convenor of the Games sat below the empty throne on a smaller carved chair. Then to the owners' box, one last glimpse of her triumphant smile almost unmaning me. I needed to block out anything else now. This would be the hardest thing I had ever done in combat.

I took up my battle stance, facing the bull. He grinned now, a grin without amusement. I enjoyed the thought of wiping that grin, if only for a moment. I would be able to make him sweat, maybe even fear for a moment, before I had to do my duty.

"I am going to enjoy you pony. My last one didn't last very long, but his ass felt good before I ruined it."

I waited him out. If he was a talker, so much the better. I would give him nothing, and hopefully infuriate him a little. He was a professional though. He took up his own battle stance, nostrils flaring, the heavy nose ring moving as he snorted. He was ready. This one was always ready.

The trumpet sounded, and the cries of the crowd grew to an almost unbearable constant din. I raised my short sword to 3rd position, the half-shield on my left arm poised and my body angled to take most advantage of it. Then I waited, circling slowly, my mane bobbing against my back. I let my tail slowly sway from left to right as I moved trying to distract him, smiling grimly as the bull mirrored my actions down to the tail swish. He gave a small salute, bringing his sword edge on to his muzzle, a knowing grin spreading. So he knew now; he was facing someone who at least appeared to know what they were doing.

The crowd hushed, waiting for the moment. When it came, I almost missed it, the bull waiting until our circling had brought him in direct line with the sun behind him. From the penumbra he struck, speed and agility incredible for one so big.

I dodged to the left, sword coming down in an arc to block his thrust, a quick pirouette before I could return for a counter blow aimed at his head. Metal

rang in the air as his own sword moved to block my stroke, and then I was forced to parry a hard strike towards my legs.

The crowd exploded, tension building and releasing in one. They could see this would be a good fight, possibly a bloody one. A perfect end to the day's festivities.

We moved apart again, circling before reengaging, a fast combination of blows and parries, before I feinted a thrust, turned and swung instead. I caught the edge of his half shield, cutting his massive arm near the elbow. It enraged him, but did not seem to stop him, and he snarled and charged, launching a series of hard full blows that I parried with ease. Not too much ease though, I slowed my timing just enough to explain why I could not have got in a strike while he wound up for his next blow. I had his measure, or so I felt.

After several more minutes of this, my forelock fell into my eyes damp with sweat and I pushed it to one side, looking at the bull as he tried to regain his composure. In my heart of hearts I knew I could take him. I had marked him three times, though not badly, but I had held back. Now for the hardest part of all.

Seemingly possessed by a rush of blood, I charged to a raucous cry of approval from the spectators, sword glinting with late afternoon sun. At the last moment I changed my grip, moving in for a backhand strike aimed away from his shield. I had seen his last bout, and I knew it was a favourite move of his. I had telegraphed the blow, just enough. His experience did the rest.

He moved sideways, catching my sword on his and using his shield arm as a club to knock the sword from my grip. As I stumbled, a hard kick from his right leg took my own legs out from under me and I fell forward onto the sand. I moved fast, rolling to the left as the sword came down in the dust I had just vacated, but before I could move any further the bull was on me, his bulk crushing me against the sand, a weight smashing into my muzzle and leaving me partly dazed.

I landed punches in his abdomen, but my fists only bounced off, then I felt it. The point of a sword against my neck. The crowd screamed, sensing a kill. For an eternal moment, I saw the sun reflecting off the blade, a voice screaming in

my head and yet my muscles not responding. The bull took his time though. Perhaps he was merciful after all.

Hesitantly at first, then with decision, I pushed my right arm out, palm extended across the sand, in sign of submission. A great sigh, then applause. And then the barracking started. Those who wanted me dead. Those who felt I had fought bravely and well. And those who wanted...other things.

The bull rose, something indefinable in his eyes as he looked down on me. He looked about to say something, but before he could, the attendants were upon me. I was lifted from the sand, my hands tied behind my back then dragged to the centre of the ring, and made to kneel facing the owners' box while the bull took up his place beside me. I looked down, blood seeping from my muzzle to drip on the sand below. Now we would know.

The trumpet sounded and all was quiet again, as the herald announced the result. Victory to the champion. Now for the decision. Life or death. All eyes were on Lord Salmar, the wolf dressed in purple so dark it was almost black, shimmering as he stood. His eyes bored into the back of my skull, and I looked up, panting, defeated. His right paw raised slowly, the executioner's blade.

I saw it and sagged, the paw closed, rising into the heavens. The crowd saw it too, loud full throated yell building as more caught on. I closed my eyes. It had all been for nought. My Mistress had been wrong, and I would pay the price.

It was the gasp that made me look again. Focussing my vision through an eye rapidly closing over from bruising, I saw it but did not believe it, blinking and squinting to get a better view. The Lord had his paw fully extended to the sky, and his palm was open, fingers extended.

Life.

I realised in that moment I was disappointed. A part of me had embraced death, and the end to all the plans. Now I would have to continue, or else my brother would suffer.

The crowd applauded now, cheers of approval drowning out the hard core who wanted a death, mostly those who had unwisely bet on the underdog and done their hard earned money. The rest saw what I wanted them to see, a

talented but not yet complete fighter, almost but not quite able to beat the established champion. They wanted me to continue, and they wanted the chance for what could be next.

For now I belonged to Lord Salmar. In an honour battle, if the challenger lost, the winner got to keep the slave if he was spared. By saving my life, Lord Salmar had claimed me as his own, and made my immediate fate his own to decide.

The bull looked up now, pleading in his every move. The crowd knew what he was asking for. And Lord Salmar decided to reward him, a grin spreading over the wolf's muzzle as he nodded to the attendants, a second paw rising to the sky in signal. The crowd roared, the popularity of the gesture universal. I had always known it may come to this, and yet I had hoped it would not. Now I had only to survive. My Mistress, no, my former Mistress, had said it was part of the price for my failure, and would be part of her punishment too. She would witness it, and so would my brother.

While the attendants held me down, a second group brought the scaffold into the arena while the crowd did a slow clap mixed with ribald shouts and laughter. My humiliation was only just beginning. A simple contraption, it had a set of stocks at one end off the ground, and a pair of raised wooden planks.

Its use was straightforward. The vanquished gladiator was placed with his neck and wrists in the stocks, his ankles and knees strapped to the wooden planks behind in a kneeling position. The stocks were placed facing the owners' box, the gladiator forced to look up at his owner during the violation to come. For violation it would be; the purpose of the device was to trap the defeated gladiator while leaving him at the mercy of the victor. I could already smell the bull musk from my conqueror.

I had been in the opposite position to the one I was in now once, my Mistress ordering me to defile a helpless ram she had won in an honour battle against a minor noble. He had no business being in the arena that one, and yet his Lord had sent him in to die. It had shocked the audience when my Mistress had shown mercy, though I knew that the concept was foreign to her nature. I had been right. She had made the signal, and I had done my duty reluctantly, raping the poor young ram for the entertainment of the throng. Afterwards,

she had had him castrated and returned to the noble as a “present”, one he could not refuse from the Baroness.

Now, it was me being pulled, not gently, towards the scaffold, fighting all the way, but ultimately it was futile. I felt my loin cloth cut off with a knife, my spread cleft exposed for the crowd’s enjoyment, tailhole clenching in fear and anticipated pain. The chant began, louder, maniacal.

Off! Off! Off!

The bull walked slowly around my helpless form, milking the crowd’s adulation, before stopping right before my bowed head. I could see his hooves, massive against the sand, sweat dripping down the thick legs and leaving dark rivulets against his fur where the dust turned dark. A scream signalled the moment when he finally stripped off his own loincloth, the scream turning to a loud roar as they got to see the instrument of my degradation for the first time.

Somehow I could not avoid looking, it drew me in ways I could not explain. I raised my head to marvel at the bull’s endowment, a pained gasp drawn unwittingly from my bruised muzzle.

He was hard already, magnificently, obscenely. Fine leather straps bound his cock at the sheath, and the top of his scrotum, the leather worked with fine gold studs that glinted in the sun. It was a sign of my new Lord’s confidence, that he had prepared his gladiator for this moment, an arrogant display of wealth and hubris. Now the tented loincloth made sense; the bull had been at least semi hard through our bout. I had newfound respect for my conqueror.

His bull cock now extended to it’s full length, head bobbing in the air to his heartbeat, dark and swollen and already dripping a single line of precum. A pair of testicles the size of ripe persimmons hung low beneath it, the skin of his scrotum pulled tight by the leather band clinching the top. I could see the dark markings of tattooing across the surface of those massive balls, a sign of bravado in the face of pain.

I choked at the sight, imagining that mammoth bulk violating my tail hole, the leather bands delaying his cum until the pain drove me to beg. I had been

spared mostly over these years, unless my Mistress had a fancy to see me mounted for her enjoyment. It had been a long time though.

I had never taken anyone of this size though. As a warrior I had never known fear. I did now. And for honour, I would have to resist, to take the brutal rape and show no sign of my pain and anguish, lest I bring further dishonour upon my Mistress' house than my defeat had already achieved.

The bull finally approached, his cock head pressed against my lips. I moved my head to the side, clenching my muzzle tight. He would not have the satisfaction.

"Take me in your muzzle pony, this is the only way you are going to get any lubrication before I stuff that cute little tailhole of yours. Believe me you don't want me going in dry."

I just shook my head, with difficulty in the stock, clenched my eyes and muzzle shut, and lay my tail down hard protecting my tailhole. The end result was foregone, but I would fight to the last, no matter what the cost.

The cries and laughter from the crowd showed that they had seen the little drama. A smattering of applause began, enraging the aroused bull further. My nostrils were full of the sickly sweet smell of bull musk, precum, and sweat, as he held the hard length of his cock against my lips one last time, before snorting in disgust and disappointment. The debt would be paid soon enough.

I felt him now, moving behind me, stepping between my widely splayed legs. A rough hand fondled my ass cheeks, kneading, pinching, as I stifled a cry. Then I felt my tail pulled up hard until it felt like he was trying to pull it from my body.

I bit my lip, determined not to make a sound, the pain in my abused tail excruciating. Then I felt it, his thick cock head pressed against my pucker. I knew a new pain, worse than the last a thousand fold, could not long be avoided.

The world exploded, lights bursting in my vision like opening flowers. I tasted blood, dimly aware that I had bitten through my lip in a desperate struggle to avoid making a sound, my cry lost in my own muzzle as a new line of bloody drool flowed to the sand below. He had taken me in one thrust, all the way to

the hilt, using his power and his strength to batter a passage deep into my bowels and into my soul in one, thick hardness parting the rosette of my anus and splitting it in two.

The pain roared through my body, a tidal wave of horror that found every muscle, every sinew. I whimpered, silently, drawing the pain and horror back into my body to reverberate inside without leaving any external sign. I would not give him the satisfaction. Or her...

The bull gave a deep snorting grunt at his entry, until his hips rested against my flanks, tight hot depths hugging his cock. I knew that feeling, the delicious feel of besting another warrior with your cock, marking him deeper than any weapon in the gladiator's armoury. I knew the bull was savouring it now.

He pulled back, long slow withdrawal almost as painful as the entry, his thick head rasping over nerve endings in overdrive after the initial assault. He was making me experience it, every inch of his thick bullcock dedicated to my suffering.

"Ohhh yes you feel good pony. Our Lord has a good system for his gladiators. When one of us wins a new addition to the stable in battle, he gets to have the new slave as his personal attendant. I am going to enjoy your little tailhole pony, every...single...day."

I almost lost my control at that, a future at the mercy of the bull and his massive endowment suddenly stretching out before me into an uncertain end. Perhaps I should have sought death...but before I could think of that, and the consequences, I felt him drive back in.

It was not the same as the first thrust however, and it took me a moment to recover from the shock. He had not torn me open this time; he had slid inside like a lover, seeking out my pleasure. And then he found it.

My back arched, straining against my bonds, as he punched his thick head into my prostate with deliberate aim. Muscles tensed and bunched, and my cock gave a slight lurch, but I expected it to be a passing moment. Not so. The next stroke was a repeat, the slow careful withdrawal, the deep but measured thrust inside terminating in my stallion nut. I stifled a whinny, my face burning.

“My Lord believes in give before take pony, something your mare never understood. You are about to learn how different things will be in your new world.”

“No...no...!”

The bull snorted and slapped my ass, his thrusts now coming regularly, an unhurried steady pace yet driving me wild as the pressure in my prostate built and spread through my ass. I felt my cock sliding from my sheath, wild laughter from the stands building as the spectators saw my ultimate humiliation, my body betraying me at the worst moment. Blood filled my cock, the length pressing against my straining belly and slapping against my abdominals with each new thrust.

It was a moment before I realised it, and my despair was complete when I did. I was pushing back to meet his thrusts, seeking the solace of his cock parting me wide and filling me. I was his slut pony, and the whole city was witness to my fall.

A slow hand clap began, the crowd urging my conqueror on, every clap another plunge into my ass, another burning throb in my prostate. I felt him speeding up, gradually, but still in control, the straps around his sheath and his scrotum no doubt helping him in his measured soul crushing violation of my ass. I could only scrabble my fingers against the wood of the stocks in a vain attempt to escape, knowing in my heart of hearts I did not want to. Not until he had brought me to completion.

He was building now, his thrusts harder, and I could feel each thrust ending with his balls kissing the back of my own scrotum, the dull pressure building until it was part of the overall pleasure, balls and ass and pucker and cock all responding to the same signals. I could not hold it any longer, the burning throbbing fullness had taken me, and as I felt my balls start to lift he let go of my tail so the crowd could see it flagging wildly in my shameful orgasm. I no longer cared, I was just my need now.

With a final thrust, he rammed his cockhead against my tender nut, and I unloaded, flooding the sand beneath the scaffold with my seed, gush after gush painting the dirt the colour of my humiliation. My face burned, my shame

made a hundred fold worse by the cries and catcalls of the audience watching my degradation.

I felt him still inside me, and realised he had not yet cum. I was not free of my ordeal yet. Panic almost took me then, and I felt his hand in my mane, lifting my head as much as the stocks would allow until I was gazing at the owners' box. I could see it all with terrible clarity.

My Mistress, looking on with a deeply satisfied smile. She was enjoying it, savouring it. And, now sitting in front of her between her legs, my beloved brother, Tarim, his eyes like dinner plates, muzzle open in a silent scream as he watched. Her hands sensually rubbed through his mane, asserting her attachment to him, her new pet. She saw me looking into her eye, and I mouthed three words. "I love you."

Her smile grew. I hung my head and wished for the end.

The bull was far from finished though. His stamina, his strength, his lust drove him onwards, until I felt the unwanted pleasure burn through my body a second time and came, trying to clench my ass on him enough to draw his long delayed orgasm. He had me still though, and with another mocking snort he slowed his thrusts, riding out the feeling of my ass pulsing on his cock in shamed release for a second time before building his rhythm again.

I was holding back tears by now, the crowd dizzy with pleasure at the spectacle of a proud warrior stallion brought to shameless ecstatic release not once but twice by his bull rapist. I felt something new now, his hand reaching for my cock, loving caress so out of place and yet so good as he stroked me to new heights.

"Now you are mine pony."

"Please...please finish it."

"Are you begging pony?"

"No!"

His caresses ceased, harsh hands gripping my scrotum and squeezing before starting again, driving me to the edge before crushing my orbs. I was breaking, I could feel it.

“Beg for me pony!”

“Ahhh...please! Please fill me...please cum!”

His thrusts became wild now, hard and deep and punishing, but I no longer felt the pain in my ass only pleasure. I had been broken, in front of thousands. The shame would never go away.

His hand moved on my cock with incredible speed yet amazing care, seemingly knowing just where to touch, and how hard. Then I heard him moan, deep and rumbling, essence of male in a sound. I knew it would not be long.

He held my hips, fingers digging in as he tried to thrust in deeper, seemingly trying to push his cock all the way through my belly. The feeling of delicious fullness built again, slower this time, often seeming like it could fall away to nothing. When that happened I cried out, not in pain but in need, begging for it harder, deeper, and he always responded, until the building need reached a critical point and I cried out loudly now, the world gone from my vision.

I came. The words do not do justice to the feeling. I emptied, my soul splattering across the sand along with my cum. I worshipped the sand with my seed, and my conqueror with my ass, every inch of my violated tunnel now holding his length and gripping tight in desperate need to feel the burn of his essence inside me. Then I felt it, his last wild thrusts becoming uncoordinated and shallow until with a deep bellow he emptied his balls into me in a tidal wave of bull cum.

It went on for what seemed like an eternity, filling me and spreading through my bowels until I felt like my whole body was marked with his essence. Finally he stopped, a long sticky withdrawal making me whimper until with a pop his softening cock finally left me, followed by a gush of bull cum that dribbled down my flanks. I could smell it all, sharp and sweet in my nostrils, a smell that I knew would always be with me, new sensation to populate my nightmares. Then I had a sound to match the scent; a wild arena crowd showing their appreciation of my defilement.

I lifted my head one more time, almost welcoming the pain. My brother had his head in his hands, and my Mistress had her arms around his chest, her muzzle on his neck. It was all I could do not to vomit. Instead a single tear trickled down from my eyes, to drip into the sand below.

Eventually I was untied, and taken on unsteady legs to the pens. My new Master would be along to collect me soon, and take me on to my new life. Soon I would see him close up, the source of all my Mistress' planning and root of all my suffering.

Lord Salmar, master of the King's army, lord treasurer, wolf from the wild borderlands of the Northern Marches. Chief rival of my Mistress. My new Master.

And the wolf I had to kill in order to save my brother's life.