

The sun shone down brightly over the land. Few clouds floated across the sky as birds flew overhead. This was a time for peace of the world, wars a distant memory of the past, economy bustling, and mankind genuinely getting along with one another. Yes there were spats here and there, but that was human nature, one could only wish for true peace between everyone. Regardless of this fact the world was at one of its highest points in recent history, and this was more because of Guilds. Guilds were a concept in the old world, a group of people that fought for the betterment of a place. This was the original goal of this group, but as time passed and Guilds expanded they became much more of a global figure. The once small band of people, where at the start there were only ten Guilds, now were a powerful organization, numbers reaching now in the hundreds of the number of Guilds alone and not taking into account how many people were in a Guild. Guilds were seen as an upgrade to law enforcement in some places, in others they were volunteers of justice. No matter where though, Guilds were treated kindly by all, and in return the Guilds treated the people kindly.

Guilds by concept were rather simple really, A group of magic users that took up jobs. The concept was simple, but each Guild had different standards. You had your small Guilds that took up smaller jobs, acting as a police force in small towns or an emergency helper. Then there were your large Guilds, these would usually take on tasks of body guarding, or rescue missions. There were Guilds that specialized in certain jobs, maybe those that took pride in excavation of ancient ruins, or maybe they were a trading Guild and helped the economy circulate. No matter what type of Guild though, they all held the same standards. They would never take a job that directly harmed innocent people, and nor did they do jobs of revenge. Guilds had grown to be a public figure, and keeping the image of a powerful, yet kind organization needed to be maintained.

The sound of cheers and merrymaking echoed through the Guild hall of one particular Guild, one of the more popular ones. It was one of the larger Guilds, a total of one hundred members calling this place home. While not on missions or jobs Guild members would relax in the hall of their Guild. Here they could take up new jobs that were usually posted by the Guild Master or they would socialize with their fellow Guild Mates. Many members were conversing at the moment, a joyous feeling filling the air. A warm feeling could be felt that anybody that walked passed the building, everyone in the Guild friendly with one another and feeling like a family.

“Alright, I get to take my first job today!” shouted someone as they ran up to the bulletin board. It was a young man, a bunny to be precise. He was dressed in a standard adventurer's garb, strapped with leather shoulder and knee pads. His face beamed with excitement, his aqua eyes almost shining as he gazed over the board before him. “Let's see...” the young man gazed over the job postings, his excitement bubbling over as he in place.

“Easy Aaron!” shouted a voice, one of his Guild mates most likely.

“Yea don't go getting a full head a steam, you'll crash and burn.” chuckled another.

“Oh whatever!” Aaron waved a hand as he didn't even bother to look back. Ever since he first joined the Guild everyone teased him. It wasn't done in a malicious way, more of a breaking in the new guy really. He had been known to get too enthusiastic, and in turn trip over his own feet-er paws. He was young and reckless, most young adventurer's were. Aaron gazed over the board one more time before he finally found something that caught his attention. There had been rumors about a weird factory of sorts out in the nearby mountain range. The Guild Council, a group of the ten founding Guilds that handled the behind the scene dealings with the different governments and logistics of Guilds. The Council had posted the job to any Guild nearby to take, no one had just bothered to look

into it as it wasn't rated as a severe threat.

"Sounds perfect for me." Aaron said as he pulled out a strange object from his pocket. In shape it looked very much like a smart phone, in another world calling it one wouldn't be wrong. In this day and age everyone carried a codex with them. A codex acted as an all purpose device, phone, computer, wallet, bank card, ID, passport, etc. It had every piece of information about a person on it and was built to be only used by that person. Aaron scrolled through his codex, finding the mission on the Guild job registry and accepting it, directly linking him to any information that had been recorded by any other person on the job.

"Alright, guess I'm heading out to Mt. Fawn." Aaron smiled as he slid his codex back into his pocket.

"Whoa whoa whoa." came a voice. "You headin out to Mt.Fawn? Better watch yourself."

"What's that suppose to mean?" Aaron raised an eyebrow as he looked over. A human woman stood from where she sat, dressed in a hoodie and a pair of jeans.

"Mt.Fawn is a notorious hunting ground kid." she started. "It's got a lot of monsters on it, a lot of different crossing territories aswell." she spoke with years of experience, having been up on that mountain many times. "You of all people shouldn't be going there."

"And why not?" Aaron scowled as he crossed his arms over his chest. His frame was average at best, not too much muscle, but not any significant fat. His arms were toned, his workouts strengthening his forearms and biceps.

"Haha!" the girl chuckled as she smiled widely. "Aaron come on, you're to headstrong. You'll bound up that mountain and not pay attention to anything. You'll walk into the wrong territory and get yourself hurt."

"Like hell I would!" Aaron shot back, jumping to his own defense.

"Aaron, last week you got tripped over the gym equipment cause you were trying to beat the jump rope record."

"And before that when we went on recon for that mission in the jungle you tried to prove yourself and tripped over some vines, tangling yourself." said someone

"And then there was that one time you tried to make a potion that was waaaaaaay out of your league and you nearly blew your fur off." came another

"Enough!" shot back Aaron, his cheeks turning red. So you're sayin I can't handle this?" he quickly looked back over at the girl.

"I'm saying you definitely can't do this without someone watching out for you." the girl answered back as she chuckled. "You should get someone to go with you, someone that's level headed."

"I too can so do this on my own! I'm an official member now." Aaron spoke with pride as he

pointed to himself. Before today Aaron was more of a trainee, he couldn't take any missions and the only time he could go on missions were if a high ranking member of the Guild went with him.

“Even so, you really should think about letting someone come with you kid.” The girl walked past Aaron and placed a hand on his shoulder, a hair taller than he was. “You could use all the help you could get.” She walked away, chuckling all the while as she walked out of the hall.

“Why that little....” Aaron grumbled, his face turning red as one would have thought steam was coming out of his ears. “The nerve of her! I'll show her I can do this by myself!” Aaron stormed off from the hall and headed towards the dorm area of the building, it was time to get prepared for his mission. “I'll show em all. I'll show em I know what I'm doing.”

Aaron traveled across the grassy plains, a bag on his back as he traveled the long winding road. Most cars stopped coming this far after a certain point so he would have to continue his journey on foot. He had packed enough supplies to last him a few days on the mountain, he would need to spend a couple of days there if he wanted to check to see if the rumors about this strange facility were true. The wind blew around Aaron, the grass dancing with grace as the sun sat high in the sky. Aaron was overly excited about this, since he was a kid he had dreamed about exploring the lands, adventuring and seeing the unknown, and just being part of a Guild. Being able to say he was a member of a Guild was something in its own right, but being able to say that he was a member of Grand Impact was the icing on the cake. Grand Impact was one of the more prestigious Guilds around, a lot of people trying their best to get in. The only reason he had to go through a trainee process was because there were so many applicants. In his own words Grand Impact was 'The best of the best. If you can make it in there, then you've got enough talent to take on the world.'

“Let's see...” Aaron said as he looked at the map on his codex. “I should make it to the base of the mountain range in about an hour's trek or so. I'm glad I packed enough-” Aaron stopped as a quick sound caught his attention, his ears twitching as he stopped dead in his tracks. He stood still for a moment, the only sound the blowing of the wind around him. He gazed left and right as he tried to pinpoint the source of the sound. Another sound graced his ears, the pattering of claws against the dirt from what it sounded like. Aaron quickly reached behind him, pulling the staff strapped across his back and taking a defensive stance. There sounded as if there were multiple things around him, the clicking sounded coming from every direction. The bunny took a step forward, suddenly something shooting out from the tall grass at him. Aaron quickly jumped and vaulted over the figure. Aaron landed and turned to see a trio of wild kobolds. Each was strapped in worn leather armor, strands of leather coming undone. They each held crudely made spears, twigs of that had sharp rocks tied to the tips of them.

“Yeesh... you guys look pathetic.” Aaron smirked as the kobolds crouched low to the ground, each baring their teeth at him, their dingy, yellow canines looking far beyond disgusting. One dashed towards him, Aaron quickly sliding forward and knocking it back with his staff. The kobold rolled away, but quickly regained its composure, growling at the bunny as Aaron smiled back. “Maybe she was right that I should have someone come with me. I could use a captive audience to see just how good I am.” All three of the kobolds dashed at Aaron as he took a stance. One of the wild beast's lunged forward, stabbing their spear at Aaron who quickly dodged the attack. Aaron quickly hit the kobold with his staff, knocking him back a bit as he unleashed a barrage of six strikes. Being quick on his feet,

the bunny poked his staff behind him, hitting one of the creature's square in the stomach. Taking the stunned opportunity, Aaron followed up his attack with a quick swing of his staff, a loud crack ringing through the air as he hit the kobold in its jaw.

"Is this really all you guys got?" Aaron snickered as he twirled his staff around him. "Here, have another one. Razor Wind!" Aaron concentrated, an aura forming around the staff as he spun it around. The aura grew brighter and brighter before finally it fixated, making the staff look more like a buzz saw. Aaron launched his staff forward, the pole cutting through the earth as it flew straight at one of the kobolds. The unsuspecting beast looked up only to be cut in half, its flying attack slicing its body in two. The two halves landed on the ground with a heavy thud, the spin saw staff flying back towards Aaron. He masterfully caught his weapon, staring the other two beasts down with a smile.

"Wanna end up like your friend here?" the bunny fighter chuckled. The wild monsters backed away slowly, fear ever evident on their faces as they maneuvered away from Aaron. Aaron's grin grew wider as he took a single step forward, the kobolds bolting on the spot, not wanting to end up like their fallen brother. "Hahaha! And she said I'd need help." Aaron laughed loudly as he slung his staff across the back of his neck, locking his arms around the ends of it as he headed off towards the mountain. Time passed as Aaron eventually made it to the base of the mountain and soon eventually climbing the winding trail up it. The wind picked up the further Aaron traveled up the trail, the landscape growing more jagged and dangerous.

"Where do I even begin?" Aaron asked aloud. His eagerness had gotten the better of him, he didn't know exactly what he should be doing. Yes the job stated that there were rumors about a factory of sorts in the mountains, but what exactly was he to do? He could travel the mountain side for the day, but could still come up with nothing. Without any solid evidence any sort of traveling would have been useless in the long run and would only tire him out. Had he not been so fired up he would have studied the information laid out to him, questioned those that made the claims that started the rumors and go from there, but his lack of experience, hot-headedness, and pride had set up down a wrong path from the get go.

"This is getting me nowhere." Aaron had set up a small camp for himself, the day slowly turning to late afternoon. The sun was starting to set behind the mountain's, light slowly dwindling as the night sky and stars approached the horizon. "I've been searching all day and haven't found anything, and more importantly I have no idea where I am on this thing." Aaron had his codex out, looking at a map of the mountain trail. At some point he had went off the beaten path, forgoing the man-made trail and climbing along some of the rocky terrain. He had hoped to get a better view and maybe find anything that looked out of the ordinary. Sadly he had no such luck and had only made himself more lost than what he already was.

"Guess I better call it a day soon." Aaron dug through his bag, pulling out a few snacks for himself. He packed very light, so his snacks weren't anything too heavy or filling. He unwrapped a granola bar and munched down on it, chewing on the sweet treat as he leaned back. Despite his small setback he was still enjoying himself. Being an adventurer meant dealing with setbacks. Having things go right weren't the norm for people like him, and it was often expected of one to be prepared for the unknown. He was loving the view before him though, the orange sky before him was quite the sight. Back in the city it was hard to see the stars out, so many lights brightening up the night sky. Here on the mountains he could see the stars coming out clear as day. He was always told that one of the best things about being in a Guild, being an adventurer, was the scenery around him. That whenever he did get to go out on field missions, he shouldn't take for granted anything before him.

“Guess those old fart's weren't talking out of their ass.” Aaron said as he munched on his snack. “Looks like I'll be here for at least another day.” The twilight sky slowly turned to night as the stars came out and glittered across the horizon. Aaron couldn't help but marvel at the sublime scene before him. It was really something marvelous to look upon. He couldn't see all of these stars back home in the city, plus he seemed so much closer to them here up on the mountain. The bunny smiled softly as he leaned back and gazed up at the starlit sky.

“I don't think I've seen a prettier sight before.” Aaron noted. Aaron's ears twitched as he heard something off in the distance. He turned towards the source of the sound, only to see nothing but rocks, flowers, and a tree. Aaron slowly got onto his feet, being careful as to not make a lot of sounds so as to not garner any unwanted attention. He heard another sound coming from behind a pile of rocks, slowly moving towards the small quarry as he held his staff in one hand. Aaron crouched low as he approached before he jumped into the air and snuck up on whatever was behind the rocks.

“Haaa!” Aaron's battle cry was cut short as a large mitt grabbed his head while he was mid jump. Aaron floundered around, gripping the huge mitt as it held his head, not too firmly but strong enough to hold him steady. “Lemme go!” he shouted, kicking his legs in the air. His vision was completely covered by the hand, no idea as to who or what was holding him. “I said let me g-” Aaron gasped sharply as he felt himself be flung down, his body hitting the earth hard as the hand slammed him down onto the hard mountain earth. Aaron could feel his thoughts and consciousness slowly fade to black, the last thing he remembered was feeling himself being dragged along somewhere.

“Hmm... Urg...” grumbled Aaron. The bunny slowly opened his eyes as his sight came to him. Everything started off blurry and unrecognizable, a throbbing sensation ringing in his head. “Damn...what the hell happened?” the bunny cursed as he sat up. He rubbed his eyes to clear up some of the blurriness, his vision eventually coming back to him. The last thing he remembered was being outside, then a noise, then darkness. He was struggling to get his thoughts together and piece up his memories, the aching pain in his skull really messing with him. The hare looked around, noting quite a few things about his surroundings, for starters he wasn't outside anymore. He was sitting on tiled floor, his back against a thick concrete wall. Before him were thick iron bars, he was in some sort of jail cell. Beyond the bars he could see more tiled floor and other jail cells.

“Motherfucker, how did I end up here? He asked as he tried to stand, but immediately fell back down, his body crumbling underneath him. His body felt drained and empty, just how long had he been out of it? He went to move again, but stopped as he heard the rattling of chains. The bunny looked down to see that not only were his hands cuffed, but he was chained to a stake against the wall, even if he could stand he wouldn't be able to move far from where he was.

“Oh, seems as if you're awake.” came a cheery voice. Unbeknownst to him, two figures had approached the cell bars. One of the mysterious duo was absolutely stacked. He had to be somewhere near or around eight feet tall, towering over the much smaller figure. In the dim light of the hallway Aaron could make out a few key details, the main one being the ever large horns sprouting from the side of the figure's head, a Minotaur. This was Aaron's first time seeing a Minotaur in person and boy did they hold up to the descriptions he had been told. Back in training he was told that few monsters

outclassed Minotaurs when it came to raw strength, the bovine creatures far stronger than most humans. They had impressive muscles and thick hides from living in tough environments, and this one seemed to take the cake. He had shaggy mane that cascaded across his eyes. The bull's jawline was strong and sharp, truly a man of a man. His trapezius muscles bulged outward, his thick neck flowing into his incredibly sculpted shoulders, stretching wider than two Aaron's put together. Aaron couldn't help but notice just how big the Minotaur's biceps were, the monster was relaxed, but even then the thick cords of muscles bulged out ever so slightly. Aaron had to wonder just how this guy could move his upper body at all, he was absolutely ripped, each muscle sculpted to perfection, power rippling through them as he looked, or what Aaron believed to be looking, down at him. His lower body was not to be outclassed as his quad's and calf's were thicker around than Aaron's waist, the muscles packed tighter than a can of tuna in the leather bottoms he wore.

"You sure are taking quite the view there." came a voice that snapped Aaron out of his gawking gaze. He was so enthralled by the spectacle of man before him that he had completely forgotten about the other figure. This one seemed dwarfish compared to the Minotaur, standing a hair or two taller than Aaron who stood somewhere around 5'9. Where as the first figure was broad and solid, the other was curvaceous and soft. She wore a top that resembled an admiral's jacket, the garment riddled with holes and cuts along the sleeves. The jacket had far seen better days compared to what it was now, it didn't even come down to her waist, stopping directly above her belly button and showcasing her soft midriff and tight around her chest. It was hard to tell how big her breasts were, but it was easy to tell that the top was fighting a losing battle trying to contain them, a clear view of her cleavage from her neckline for all to see. Her pants were know better, holes along the knees and cuts up and down the seams, the denim hugging her flared hips as she stood with a hand on one of them.

"Look at this fashion flop." Aaron chuckled.

"Oh he speaks, and he's got a bit of a feisty tongue." the woman almost purred. She took a step forward and opened the cell door. She sashayed inside the small compartment, her behemoth of a friend right behind her. With a close up Aaron could identify her tan skin and elfen ears.

"A Fa Elf." Aaron stated.

"And he's smart, very good." the woman chuckled. Her voice wasn't sinister, but there was something odd about it to Aaron, it put him off in a way he just couldn't explain.

"Pft, whatever." Aaron turned a glare towards her, his memories coming back to him. "I take it you were the one to knock me out then."

"Oh little oh me? Oh no." the elf spoke in a sing-songy voice. "That would be my friend here, Ran." she wrapped her arms around the massive Minotaur, the big bull blew air threw his nose as the buxom woman ran a hand up and down his thickly padded bicep. "Oh come now Ranny, no need to be that way."

"Heh, you not smart enough to say hello?" Aaron jibbed at the Minotaur. The monster's impressive build, and wild mane made him look rather neanderthal like.

"Ah ah ah~" interrupted the elf right before the bull reached up with a massive hand. "Now I don't think it's quite right that you're mocking my friend here when you in fact stepped into his territory."

“And you can just waltz in here and do the same?” Aaron asked. His anger and impatience were starting to flare, his voice growing angrier. He needed to get out of this place, wherever he was. He had let some blundering muscle-head get the better of him and knock him out.

“Hehe, why yes I do, but you my little rabbit friend.” the elf walked slowly towards Aaron and knelt so that they stood eye to eye. She smiled sweetly as she gazed into his deep crimson eyes, her hazel ones looking right back at him. “Why'd you venture up to these mountains if I may ask?” Aaron was about to say something crude, but was cut off as a dainty fingertip was placed on his lips. “Let me guess.... you're an adventurer, bound by the land to explore hmm?” She continued to gaze into his eyes, Aaron completely frozen as he grew lost in the deepness of her eyes. “No... that's not it. You're from a Guild aren't you? Yes it makes a little more sense now. Newbie adventurer's wouldn't dare come to this place without a party, they may be new to it, but they understand their limitations. Not like new members of a Guild, especially the hotheaded ones, they feel like they have to prove themselves right from the get go, that they can handle missions by themselves.” The elf girl chuckled as she watched Aaron's eyes grow wide, amused by her correct reading. Aaron lashed forward, the elf girl jumped back and almost floating to the ground as she laughed. “Looks like I was right.”

“Bite me wench.” Aaron growled

“Emphasis on the hothead, but luckily.” the elf girl licked her lips seductively as she smiled at Aaron. “I like those the most.”

“You're a bit loose up in the noggin aren't you?” Aaron asked, trying to keep his cool.

“Why that mouth of yours sure is something.” said the elf. “I've half the mind to wash it out with soap and put you over my knee.”

“Guess that makes you an old bag of dirt then huh? Tell me, how old are you?” Aaron snickered as he made a small jab at the elf woman's ego. “Old enough to be in the last magical war?”

“Oooh, you're really trying to push my buttons.” the Fa elf smiled as she grabbed Aaron's chin and held it tightly. “I love a man who's got a smart mouth.” Aaron pulled away, his cheeks a little sore from the grab. “I assume you're here because of those so called rumors about some strange facility in the mountains? How that it was some grand threat to the greater good of the world or something? Well the Guilds are half correct. This is that facility, my facility.”

“And you just expect me to believe the Minotaur's here just allow that sort of thing?” Aaron asked. “Heh, bet he's railin you real good every night.”

“Oh you have no idea.” the elf licked her lips as she squeezed herself around the big bovine's waist, letting a leg snake around one of his thick muscular ones. The Minotaur grinned, his face finally changing for the first time since they had entered the room. “But that's not the reason why they've allowed me to make my home on this mountain. I'm a mere potion maker you see. Living off the land for ingredients and finding a place far away from the public so that my... experiments, don't hurt anyone or anything.”

“A potion maker, living in the mountains. You expect me to believe that?” Aaron raised an eyebrow at the thought. Aaron could care less about potion making, or any of the other sciences of

magic. The only thing that mattered was that he new attack spells so that he could beat down anyone that got in his way.

“Whether you do or don't makes no difference to me.” she said in a sultry tone. There was a tone in her voice that sounded odd, it didn't put Aaron on edge, but there was something weird about what she was saying.

“Hmph, well anyways you gonna let me go? If you are telling the truth then there's no real reason for me to be here anymore.” Aaron eyed the elf girl, the smile on her face never wavering as she just gazed at him, her eyes drilling holes through his very being almost.

“Oh yes why of course.” the elf girl started. Aaron's grin grew smug as he was prepared to be released by this bitch. “... Is what I would normally say.” she continued. “But no, I think you need a bit of timeout.”

“What'd you say bitch?” Aaron cursed.

“And that mouth of yours is exactly why.” her tone grew deeper as her gaze grew ever stronger. “I think you need to learn some manners my cute little bunny friend, luckily for you I'm just the woman to teach them to you.”

“Why you little...let me go!” the bunny yelled out. “What gives you the right to keep me here?!”

“You're on **my** land.” she said flatly. Aaron froze up a bit at the sudden change of tone and atmosphere. The entire time she stood there there was a bubbly aura about her, nothing malicious in her tone. Now though there was something new there, her voice still holding that cheery tone, but with much colder, icy undertones.

“Gonna beat me like you're my mama?” Aaron said, doing his best to keep his smug facade going. “You're probably old enough to be my mom anyways.” The elf girl never wavered, the grin on her face never changing as she moved forward to whisper in his ear.

“When I'm done you'll have wished that had happened.”

Aaron hadn't known just how much time had passed since he had been 'imprisoned'. The word imprisoned never seemed like the proper word to use for his situation. Yes he was trapped in a cell with no windows, clock, or anything else except a toilet. The feeling though didn't feel very prison like. He was alone in his cell, but from what he could see and hear there were definitely others like him, or at the very least imprisoned like him. He would hear soft scuffling from the room next to him, but never got a response when he asked if they were alright. He assumed there was someone in the cell across from him as their were belongings in it, but they seemed to have been moved somewhere else. From what Aaron knew though he had been here for at least a couple hours now. When he was kidnapped it was almost nightfall, when he woke up he didn't know, but he could definitely hear the sound of birds chirping from behind the back wall. His ears were very good, so he was sure it was birds that he was

able to hear. There was also another thing he was sure on, he was hungry. He was still tied up, and his bag was nowhere to be seen. Aaron's attention turned as he heard the opening of a door, then the slow plodding of steps. Aaron turned his gaze as he saw a Minotaur outside his gate. This one was smaller than the one that accompanied the elf from earlier, but his stature was still something amazing. He stood around a foot taller than Aaron, his horns smaller than Ran's, but still intimidating. His frame likewise wasn't anywhere close as Ran's, his shoulders not as broad and his muscles less bulky, but he could still give most weightlifters a run for their money.

"Which lackie are you?" Aaron asked, chuckling at his own joke.

"Are you hungry?" asked the Minotaur, his voice gruff. Aaron stared for a moment, confusion all over his face. He was a prison wasn't he? As he thought about it he could figure even inmates had to eat.

"Yea I could go for a snack or two." Aaron sat up straight as the Minotaur opened the cell door. Aaron thought he could out maneuver the big bovine, but he didn't think he could make very far without his staff and with his hands tied it would make it even worse. "So what do we have on the men-" Aaron was cut off as he felt thick, powerful hands grasp his head. Those heavy mitts clasped around his head in surprise, his dome thrust into the Minotaur's groin. Aaron eyes almost bulged out of his head as his face brushed against the long loincloth on the bull, but what was more important was the impressive package underneath it. The simple cloth did an amazing job hiding his assets. Aaron was hit hard with the Minotaur's impressive musk. The bull running Aaron's face up and down his groin as he slowly started to grind into the bunny's face. Aaron could feel his own erection start to rise, his senses drowning in the thick musk as the bull pulled back for a moment. The Minotaur moved to his loincloth and ripped it from his waist, letting his thick summer sausage swing in all its glory, the chubbed up schlong thicker around than Aaron's balled fist and stopped right at the monster's knees, the head flared at the tip. Below that were a pair of orange sized balls that hung loosely in a fuzzy scrotum.

"What the fu-" Aaron was cut off once again as his mouth was stuffed with bull cock. Aaron almost gagged at the violent intrusion as his cheeks were full to the brim with meat, his throat stuffed to capacity. He groaned and tried to pull away, but the moment he did the bull gripped his head tightly. Aaron squirmed under the bull's impressive hands as he did his best to get away, but it was all in vain. The bull began to push in and out of Aaron's maw, his thickening cock filling more of the bunny boys throat. With his hands tied and still bound to the wall, Aaron couldn't struggle as much as he wanted. His jaws slowly began to ache as the schlong trapped in his maw grew thicker, longer. He could feel the fat veins running along it, pumping more blood into the tool. As his throat was assaulted so was his sense of smell, the thick musk intruding on his nose as the Minotaur's groin was pushed into it. The Minotaur snorted and huffed as he picked up the pace, his pistoning growing more rapid as time went on. Aaron's eyes began to water, the onslaught on his senses and throat were just too much for him. With one final bellow the Minotaur came, thick rivulets of seed gushed from his schlong and down Aaron's gullet. He was forced to swallow every last drop, lest he choke and drown in sperm and that was a death no one wanted to admit to at the pearly gates. Aaron could feel his stomach fill with the potent bull seed, his stomach inflating and pushing against his top. During this process Aaron had found his own release, staining the front of his shorts as his belly ballooned a little bit more with the load. With an ungraceful tug, the Minotaur pulled himself from Aaron's mouth, leaving the bunny panting, in a haze of post orgasm. Snorting to himself the bull rubbed one out real quick, spurting on Aaron's face, leaving the bunny a mess of cum and sweat.

"Fafa..." Aaron mumbled unintelligibly. Somewhere between his own orgasm, and the

experience itself, he had lost a little bit of himself. There was a major rule that everyone had when encountering Minotaur's, never ingest their sperm. It was a well known fact that Minotaur semen was highly addictive, and in some cultures it was used as an aphrodisiac. Aaron had just consumed a heavy dose of the stuff, the sticky slime already doing work on his brain, whether if he was aware of it or not.

This moment was relieved again, and again and again. Minotaur's came in and out of the room, dropping their load in the bunny. With each passing he grew weaker physical, just drained from the manhandling and feeding. Each monster that entered were like small upgrades to the last, bigger, stronger, broader, manlier, thicker, longer. It was a never ending chain of oral that only grew more and more addictive. Aaron's mind was slowly waning with each drop of bull seed, his spirit cracking with every swallow of dick. Before this happened he wasn't quite sure what the time was, but as this went on the concept of it completely flew out of the window. He was a sweaty, sticky mess at this point. The bunny was completely enraptured by the Minotaur's, licking up stray seed of his cheek as his eyes glazed over. His head constantly spun in the whiff of musk, the strong, manly odor stuck to him and his cell now.

"Well well." came a voice. Aaron lazily looked over, the elf girl and the big Minotaur from before had returned. "Looks like someone's learned a thing or two from time out." Aaron took a big whiff of the air, his nose almost searching out that decadent musk he had grown to love oh so much. His eyes traveled up the well sculpted muscles of Ran, running his tongue across his lips as he crawled towards the monster. "Hehe, who would have thought that a day would make him this addicted." The elf girl couldn't help but laugh as she watched Aaron stop his crawl at Aaron's feet, his eyes glazed over as he drooled. The Minotaur never moved, his expression steadfast as before. Aaron moved up higher, letting his hands reach up and grip the bulge in Aaron's pants, a faint moan escaping him as he gripped something beyond impressive.

"As much as I don't wanna give you up my sweet Rannie." the elf girl started as she ran a hand down the Minotaur's well crafted abs. "I did promise you this one." She turned and exited the cell, moving away from it to leave the two alone. "You're free to do as you please with him now, I'm sure he's much less of a badmouth."

"You hear that?" came Ran's voice. The Minotaur spoke in a deep baritone that shook Aaron to his very core. Ran unfastened his pants and let them fall to the ground, letting free the monster. There clearly had to be some sort of magic in play here as the monster Ran carried between his legs was nothing compared to what it was early. Its length wasn't anything major, and impressive foot long of bull meat, mottled brown and pink and with a flared tip. What it did have was girth, and what girth did it have. In its flaccid state it looked more like a log, thicker around than Aaron's head. His nuts were the real attraction here. Those orbs stretched the fuzzy sack down almost to the ground, the orbs about as big as over ripe watermelons. Ran released a deep chuckle, his pecs bouncing as he moved forward, smearing a thick stream of pre across Aaron's face.

"Get to work." he bellowed, the bunny obliging quickly as he dove towards the spire of meat. He ran his tongue along the side of it, getting a good taste of it and the dried taste of cum. He reached up with both of his hands and tenderly rubbed the sloshing orbs of Ran, the Minotaur snorting in approval. Ran looked down as the bunny run his tongue along the underside of his dick, smiling as he watched the drugged out boy try to swallow the tip of his dick and fail.

"Oh you'll have no luck with that." said Ran. This isn't gonna fit in you anywhere, yet at least. But I can give you want you crave for oh so much." Ran pulled away from his audience, the bunny

almost crying as he felt the powerful schlong before him move away. Ran reached down with his hands, and slowly stroked his tool, huffing as he felt his balls churn. There weren't very many people that could take his pride, none at all really except for Serena, the elf. Before she came he struggled with getting his nut, and when he was in rutting season it was damn near torture. That girl though, by either magic, might, or genetics, knew how to ride dick, and knew how to ride it well. When she took him down to base he blew his load right then and there. She didn't want anything in return except to be able to do her experiments in peace in his territory. There was no way he was gonna let her go, and the experiments that were a success that she did on him and his kind were an extra incentive. Stronger, more powerful, bigger. She had promised him so many things, and had provided. He wanted to keep her around for as long as he could, plus she said whatever fool stumbled onto the mountains he would get to keep. With all these thoughts in mind, with the thought of seeing himself grew bigger, his muscles bulging out into bigger proportions, the thought of his barrel chest torso growing wider, stronger. Imagining his own dick swelling fatter and longer, thinking about how big she could make it grow was more than enough to send him over the edge. He came, and came hard. His torrent of jizz splooged from his cock, spraying the bunny before him in heavy and thick globs of it. Ran tossed his head back at his own narcissistic thoughts pushing his orgasm. The flow of baby batter trailed off slowly, leaving the bunny covered in the stuff. Aaron, or what was left of Aaron rather greedily licked up the stuff, cramming it into his mouth.

“Oh how the smug have become.” Ran chuckled. He bent down and undid Aaron's binding's, only to put a collar around him. There was no need to have a bound pet, let them run free. He was sure Aaron would become a wonderful pet, just like everyone else who wandered onto the mountain.