

The gold tiger found himself choking, held against the back of his seat against the thankfully plush backing, in the large ornate carriage carrying him and his assailant to what he had been told would be his first assignment. In reality his tenure as Ambassador of the Kingdom of Xinjia to the Dragon Empire was a lie. He had been deceived by his own leaders and offered as a 'gift of good faith.' The scroll saying as such laid bobbing along the floor, swaying with the rocking of their ride. He had been picked up on the dragon held side of Border Town and taken into the dragon territories. Standing outside the carriage waiting for him was an orange dragoness, she was nearly two heads taller than him. A considerable height given that the tiger was eight feet even on the flat of his feet. He had stopped to regard her, smiling and offering a paw which she did not take, only giving a coy smirk and flicking her eyes to it before turning and boarding the coach, calling him in behind.

He felt a sense of unease when he turned to look at the animals pulling her coach. Eight horse furs, naked save for small leather thongs which did little at all to hide their genitals. They were wrapped in leather harnesses tethered to a central bar on the carriage. He noticed how their hands had been set in gloves that resembled the feet of their unevolved cousins and cinched to the leather straps crossing their chests. A prancing pony look made all the more elaborate with the large blinders and thick black feather blooms rising from the harness that held their muzzles in place. What set off the warning bells in his head the most though were the collars each of them wore. Polished to a gleam so that it was impossible to miss them.

The dragoness introduced herself as Kelsura and had delighted him with stories and shared with him drinks and what dragons considered morsels of food. Roughly eight hours into their trip she had handed him a small pine box containing a scroll bearing the mark of the Xinjia royal house. He had looked at her curiously as he took it with caution, an air of reverence upon seeing the seal and excitement when he read the first lines of the official missive. He would slowly pale, shaking his head with the last paragraph. Immediately he had tossed the scroll to the floor of the cart and attempted to dive for the door. Now finding himself in his current position.

She gave him a come-hither smile despite his being able to do nothing of the sort. Her tail was wrapped around his throat and holding him just slightly off his seat so that he hung by his throat. His legs flailed as he desperately attempted to find a footing, and openly to have her kick them out from under him any time he found purchase on the floor.

"Now," she said, her voice a sultry purr. "what exactly where you planning on doing once you hit the ground, rolled along in the dirt, tore your clothes, and perhaps broke something?" she gave a squeeze of her tail as he opened his mouth to speak, choking the words away before he could so much as utter a syllable. Her eyes narrowed, her voice suddenly very harsh and without any pretense of niceties. "We're already half a day's ride in from the border. Even if you don't return to Border Town it's still a full day's trip at a gallop to the closest inhabited settlement.

"Pleeeaaaseee...." he gasped, still struggling. His eyes were starting to roll into the back of his sockets. His head began to swim and he could feel the tips of his fingers going numb. He held to the length of tail running from his neck to her, his other hand grabbing at the air pathetically. This was it. He could feel it as his skin began to grow cold, what they called the cold kiss of death. The reaper breathing down the back of his neck. His life didn't quite flash

before his eyes. He didn't have the chance to see all his triumphs and mistakes one more time before he was suddenly slammed into the floor, his throat burning as he coughed and wretched. He laid there for a moment, sputtering and heaving to catch his breath. When he attempted to push himself up he was forced back down once more, held there with her tail still wrapped around his neck.

"You are now the property of the Dragon Empire. You have been for at least a week. You were sold to us in accordance with Dragon Law." she loosened her grip again. He didn't move. Good.

"W-why...why would they do this?" he asked

The crack in his voice gave a tingle down her spine. "I don't know. I don't care. I will say I feel sorry for your having been lied to, a despicable act on the part of your government. Beyond that it is all irrelevant. What is relevant is what happens now." She rolled her tail, forcing him onto his back. His cheeks were stained with tears. Both from his coughing fit as well as his grief. Softly she spoke, almost sympathetic. "You are a slave, my slave. I paid for you. The bidding was fierce and I expect you to be worth every drop of clink I put down on your name, Benjamin. If you are not, I will MAKE you worth it. Trust me on that. You WILL break. But, I am not without mercy." To accentuate her point she loosened her tail, uncoiling the snake like appendage from around his neck, lifting it and pushing him to a sitting position. "Turn around, look up at me."

He sniffed, sighing. Her voice had grown soft. She had been battering him a moment ago and now spoke to him like he was a soft little kitten. Sure, it was over and with nothing else to do, not wanting to anger this beast of a woman, he sat up and turned himself around to lean against the solid wall of the front of the bench. She sat on her own side of the coach, arms over her chest, the tight-fitting leather single dress barley holding her tits in. Her legs remained planted, slightly open. He blushed and turned his head away in embarrassment at the visible sight of her slit. Kelsura smirked as she leaned down, a hand taking the tiger on the chin and turning his head to look up at her. "I can be kind, or I can be cruel. It takes so much more time and effort to be cruel." she narrowed her eyes, closing her hand tight under his chin. She dug black claws into the skin of his cheeks, making him gasp and jerk. She held him tight, speaking through her teeth. "I despise having to waste my time." She spoke each word slowly and individually, enunciating every syllable with precise emphases. Letting them stack over one another to highlight the importance of each.

Benjamin whimpered. His eyes shot to the side, toward the carriage door. That earned him a smack from her free hand. He shrank when her arm rose again. "I'm sorry." he said quickly, feeling for all the world like a tiny kitten, bracing for the shock of another sharp smack. His eyes clinched shut. He waited but the blow never came. He felt her let go.

"Kitten." he heard her say. Her voice was soft, welcoming, sultry and inviting. When he opened his eyes, his mind wasn't sure what he was looking at. He narrowed his vision, focusing on the object before him and he reeled. The dragoness had put her foot inches from his face. He looked up at her. His face showing confusion and bewilderment. She only smiled. "Show it." she said.

"I-what?"

"Shh. Dont speak, if you're sorry, show it." She pushed her foot to his mouth, her toes curling save the first one that she now pressed to his lips. "Between dragons this is how remorse is shown, how one shows sincerity and respect to their superiors."

The smell was...it could have been worse he knew. But it wasn't good. Like most other races dragons went bare foot, there being no need to wear foot covering. The soles of their feet made of skin thicker than leather and far more durable even when soft. It was the smell of sweat and dirt, as unappetizing as on her as it would be on anyone else. He made the mistake of turning his head away and was instantly rewarded with the same foot to the throat, pressing him to the bench and choking him once more

"OK!" he choked. "All right, I'll do it!"

"Last chance, defy me again and you'll be wearing your appology." She growled, pulling her foot away to hold it out in front of him.

The tiger swallowed, his throat working visibly. He rubbed at his throat and gave a strained cough, still burning from his previous strangling. He licked his lips, working his mouth and stretching it to work the muscles in his cheeks, soar from the heaving. He took a ragged a breath and then held it, closing his eyes while leaning forward. He didn't want to see what he was about to do. The taste wasn't as bad as he thought it would be. Dirt and sweat, something he was used to from his youth. He gave a hesitant lick along the area just under the toes, before the arch. Rough, he could feel the dirt catching on his tongue. He wanted to gag but didn't dare, fighting that urge as he pushed his tongue lower and licked over her heel and then back up along the inside of the foot. He heard her shiver and then felt her gently pushing him back and withdrawing her leg. "Not the best foot licking I've had, but it'll do. I accept your apology and recognize the sincerity. Now...you may sit back on the bench...or remain on the floor."

He rose back up, sitting back on the bench across the carriage from her, wanting to be as far from her as he could. He had never been more terrified of any one in his life. One moment they were laughing, exchanging pleasantries. She had been telling him about the capital, a beautiful city he'd be living in for the rest of his life. 'The rest of his life' she had said, handing him the scroll. He looked down at the white roll of parchment, fearing to look any where else and hoping will alone could shatter the nightmare his life had swiftly and violently become. He watched as it rolled and bobbed with the rock and pitch of the coach, his mind slowly growing numb and distant. He imagined himself far away from here in a different carriage, being taken home. Not to a dragon's lair where he knew he would be beaten, bloodied, and more than likely raped repeatedly until his mind simply gave in. He tried not to sob. He sniffed, wiping an arm over his eyes. What else was there to do?

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While her newest acquisition sulked, Kelsura decided to get a bit of research done. She reached into a slot set with in the bar shelf where the carriages collection of glasses and spirits were carried. Out of the hole she pulled a dark tan lambskin binder. She had it specially

made, each page made of a lighter tone of the same skin as the cover. Lightly burned onto the pages front and back was every bit of detailed information she could retrieve on the tiger. Specifics on his coloration, his parents, his likes and dislikes, his fears – it was a complete psychological profile.

All of it had been obtained months in advance when his name was first given during initial correspondence between the Dragon Council and the Xinjia Emperor. They wanted trade, access to minerals and materials that could only be found in their mines. Metals with unique properties brought out by the unique geophysical activity found only in the Dragon Empire, weapons and armor made from that metal as well as plans and schematics for technology. In return they offered trade in their own unique forms of technology. Reference sketches for odd weapons, martial arts, clothing (though the dragons seemed more interested in dressing their slaves in these fashions than themselves), and a guarantee that once they opened their borders completely and joined in federation with the rest of the continent that they personally would make no attempt to stymie or stall dragon slave operations on the border. Just to show their sincerity they had offered up one of their own.

Benjamin Lei Feng. Six and a half feet tall almost exactly. Twenty-five years old. Prime physical condition. The psych profile she had collected on him through her own personal network suggested he was an amiable individual with a somewhat introverted personality despite an eagerness to learn, and a near insatiable curiosity. Good thing he spent so much time in the Republic capital she thought to herself, smiling as she turned the page to notes on his family. Had he stayed in the Xinjia capital to study, all of this would have been much harder to track down. One negative trait that had been noted, though, was he could be sarcastic. Such could be trained out easily enough, but perhaps not completely. A bit of lippiness was entertaining, she felt.

“My own parents....” she heard him murmur. He was slumped forward, leaning side-ways into the plush of his seat's backing. His eyes were distant, tears rolling down his cheeks. He would occasionally sob and throw his head into his hands, fighting shakes and fits. She regarded him for just the briefest moments. She truly did feel sorry for the terms of their meeting, but he now belonged to her regardless of that fact.

She took the pause to set one of the crystal goblets in her minibar up-right in a circular baseless cup holder, held in a hole large enough to let the stand and stem through and small enough to hold it by the bowl. She popped the cork on a bottle and poured a small amount of thick red liquid into it, taking a sip after corking and replacing the bottle back in the inset cabinet. She murred, the sweet taste of bottled unicorn blood lighting a warmth in her belly and returned to the leather-bound book.

She hummed softly, running a hand over the burn-etched letters. He was the son of Walton Lei Qiang and Abigail Lei Xia. A major family whose line could be traced all the way back to the Retreat. Several pages of recorded names followed those of his parents. Direct lines only of past sires and dams. For five generations before Walton and Abigail the names were written in plain modern script but upon the sixth they had been etched using the traditional characters of his race. They had modernized their society, she knew, only within the last two or three centuries. Curiously there was a line of succession next to his under his parents. There was no name, simple the words “disowned and exiled.”

He has a sister, the dragoness knew, or had as her where-bouts were currently unknown. What information about her that could be found was that the family had disowned her for relating herself outside her species. She was last seen leaving past the borders of Xinjia and headed north into Sankan, and then beyond where she vanished. She thought for a moment, trying to recall any auctions of a female tiger with in the past few years. It would have been rare on its own but not necessarily a memorable event, not since the new unicorns had been brought in. She pushed it away, mentally noting to ask about any public or private sales.

Further in was a short biography of both his mother and his father. His father had been a merchant working directly for the royal family, securing negotiations with outside lands and procuring rare materials and works of art. His mother was a home maker of sorts. Head of the house hold. Her own details suggested that despite deferring to her husband on most things she ran the house to her own liking. Not too surprising. While tigers had overcome their natural instincts millinia ago, like all races, there were still some habits that died hard. Males were known for being recluses, preferring solitary life while females were left to raise family and run the home. Not to say that there were no females in important positions. Kelsura knew for a fact that one such female was a woman name Tower. A title, her real name scrubbed from any and all existing records and documents. The dragoness had taken a side interest in Tower. All she could collect was that the tigress was almost ten feet tall, female, and general of the Xinjia Defense Forces. Nothing beyond that could be found, and none of it relevant to current events. There was still plenty more etched into the leather pages of her record book but most of the rest she already knew. She polished off the last of the blood in her goblet and set the book away.

“Come here.” she told the tiger. He had ceased his sobbing and was simply starring off into space. He turned his head to look at her, almost all life gone from his eyes. Not good. she thought to herself, frowning. “Sit with me.” she said softly, patting the bench next to her.

He did not want to be hurt again, or have to lick her dirty feet. He rose slowly, awkwardly moving on numb legs to slump down next to the dragoness. He leaned away from her, not wanting to touch her if he could avoid it. She wouldn't give him the luxury as she put an arm around his shoulders, making him flinch. She pulled him in close, leaning his head in to rest under the crook of her arm. He didn't fight it. This was just shock. He wasn't the only fur to have been sold to the empire by his own people, let alone his own family. Many unscrupulous furs, some would say down right evil, had sold family in to the claws of the Empire. All for but a few clinks of coin at times. Dragons had little concept of family as furs understood it, so she couldn't say she understood any of it. But there was a camaraderie among them, one that could extend so deep that some claimed to feel it in their souls. She did feel sympathy for him, whether he knew it or not. Fact of life though was that he was no longer Benjamin Lei Feng of Xinjia. He was Benjamin, slave of Mistress Kelsura and property of the Dragon Empire.

“Do exactly as I say, and show no resistance and you will never know harm.” She whispered to him. She smiled, pushing a lock of silver hair from his eyes.

“Please...just....just let me go.” his voice was a hoarse whisper.

“I could, but then you would be placed in the hands of the Empire...and may end up

with someone who....is less inclined to consider your own well-being.” He tried to lean way again and she tightened her arm around him. In truth she had no intentions of letting this one go. Not this beautiful big cat. Smart and strong. He was pathetic now but that was shock. When they returned to her lair she would allow him time to sort his emotions and then she would shape him.

She could feel the carriage slow. This entire time she had been so focused on her new pet and his book that she hadn’t even noticed the time passing. The sky was dark with touches of orange, purple, and dark blue just licking the tops of the hills around them. She turned in her seat to look out the forward window, the great range of the Dragon's Jaw loomed before them, peaks disappearing into clouds. Dragon's Jaw. The furrys had given it that name. She smirked, there was an amusing little rhyme they told with it.

'Steer you clear of the Dragon's Jaw. For should it close, never, ever shall you withdraw.'

It was euphemistic of how Dragons would capture those who ventured into their land (Those with proper clearance of passage though were safe, of course). in that case, the jaw always closed, and extended far beyond the mountains, and every now and then right past the border and into the furry territories to take a small bite.

There was a set of reins that extended through the rectangular slat of the front covered window. Taking both of them in a single hand and giving them a long tug, the opposite ends pulled on a set of levers that pressed down leather backed pads onto the wheels. The carriage would slow and then stopped. When she stood she turned to take stock of her passenger, head tilted. “Are you going to stay where you are or am I going to have to hog tie you?”

Benjamin slumped over, curling to draw his legs up and resting on his arms. He closed his eyes and shook his head.

“Good.” she replied, exiting the large carriage. She walked to the very front of the line of horse slaves, each of the clydesdales huffing, breath fogging in the swiftly cooling mountain air. Once unleashed from the central bar and their arms unlatched from their chest, the lead two would both immediately kneel.

“Victor, unleash your brothers. Daniel, retrieve the night supplies from the boot and prepare a fire. Tyler and Taylor, when Victor gets to you I want the carriages bed extended. The rest of you are to stretch, eat, and then rest. No horse-play.” She chuckled and allowed them all the groan that escaped each after her pun. After though they each respectfully replied with a jumbled 'Yes, Mistress. Thank you, Mistress.'

In short order Daniel had a fire lit and was passing out small hand sized bales of hay. She stood cross armed and admiring her small herd when one approached her on his knees, looking up at her inquisitively. “Yes, Taylor?”

Taylor looked up at his mistress apologetically “Forgive me Mistress, please? The tiger refuses to move. And...he...uh, he growls at us. He swiped at Tyler.” he leaned forward towards her feet, tongue extending. Kelsura stepped back, lifting the horse's chin with a claw and gently stroking his cheek.

"No need to apologize pet. Has your twin been harmed?"

Taylor shook his head. "Not extensively Mistress, no. Blood was not drawn. Taylor stood back swift enough that the tiger missed."

"I'll deal with him. Sit back for now, but once he's out continue with your order." the clydesdale gave a 'yes mistresses' and crawled off to wait at the side of the carriage, informing his brother of her directions.

She sighed, no longer in the good mood she had just been in. "Out." she ordered to the tiger. She had told him to stay put, in a manner of speaking, but had expected him to be smart enough to exercise judgment of her meaning. She growled when he refused to move. "Easy way or the hard way, cat."

She was met with a threatening growl. Her eyes narrowed and shoulders set as she stormed full body into the carriage, grabbing the tiger by the scruff of his neck. When he gave a short roar and slashed at her with unfurled claws she threw him against the inside wall hard enough to make the carriage rock. He crouched on all fours, swiping at the air in front of him and in her direction. Her eyes widened when she saw his face. "You poor thing." she murmured.

This wasn't entirely unexpected, just not this soon. Cage fever was a condition suffered mostly by felines that had evolved from larger species. Lions, jaguars, and cougars were all susceptible to it. Tigers had it the worst, especially the solitary minded and free-spirited males. A mental condition, cage fever was brought out by a state of mind focused on the permanent loss of freedom and never knowing free will again. Dangerous for both the victim as well as those around them, if not broken out of it Benjamin would slowly regress to a primal minded state of defeat. He would literally give up on all life, submitting to death and slowly starve himself until he wasted away.

"Benjamin." she said softly, taking a step forward. His manic eyes locked with hers and he scrunched himself into a small shape, attempting to minimize his profile. He said nothing, only let out a small, threatening growl. "You're scared. Understandable but there is nothing to fear. Not unless you continue like this. If you give up, I'll put you down here and now. You'll be of no use to any one and a danger to all. I'm not going to let you go, I've already told you if I do all that will happen is you'll be given to the Empire. In this state you'll be given to the arena. Your fate will be a slow painful death, made sport for the entertainment of all watching." She paused, his eyes were losing some of that manic look behind them. She nodded, good, she was reaching him.

"I will not let that happen to you, kitten." she said sweetly. "Peace, tiger. You won't believe me now, or any time soon I'm sure. Eventually though you'll come to see. You will know a peace of mind that you could never experience in your old life and the fulfillment of finding your place in the world and being able to serve in its capacity to the fullest extent." He was growling softly with each exhale, breathing short and labored. In moments though his growls shrank to simple huffs, and eventually to soft sobbing. He swallowed and slowly stretched himself from the balled-up shape he was hunched in. She held a hand out to him and hesitantly he moved towards her. "You've had enough for the day I think. Are you tired?" she asked. He was not

quite touching her, and still leaned away from her hand.

He gave a long, ragged sigh, shoulders jerking as he sniffled back more sobs, and finally nodded. "Yes...I just want to sleep."

"Then you need to get out for a moment." She stepped backward out of the carriage, the tiger stepping out soon after. Tilting his head to the side she said, "Sit" and he let himself all but collapse in front of the door, exhausted. With a nod from their mistress the two horses set to the task, moving about both inside and out of the carriage as well as under pulling pegs until the two benches on either side were loose enough to pull from the walls. Pushed to the center with the bench bottoms working as support in the middle, the high backing folded down into a fulllength queen sized bed that took up the inside. Pillows and blankets that had been stored in a hidden alcove behind one of the backings were spread out clean and even.

"Finished, Mistress." the two twins said in unison. Kelsura nodded.

"Go," she said. "Same thing; eat, drink, stretch, and then sleep. Ah, one more thing." she leaned into the carriage, opening the minibar and pulling out a bottle of apple cider, handing it to one of them. "You did good today, make sure everyone gets a cup. No hoarding." they both nodded, great big child-like grins on their faces as they crawled off to join the ring of others that now circled around the fire, talking in whispers.

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"Come." He was told. He followed slowly but without hesitation back into the carriage. Instead of high backed seats and a floor there was now a bed. He crawled on to it with little interest. He was told to move farther in and once laying on the far side was joined by the dragoness, who closed the door behind her. Leather flaps on the outside over the windows were lowered. It was quiet out, he could hear the horses softly talking, laughing, telling jokes. How could they be so...at ease? They were slaves, property. They were seen as nothing more than objects to dragons. Could they not see that? Had all concern been beaten out of them? He thought once more about trying to run, leaning up to look at the door.

"Must we go through that again?" he looked down. He had thought the dragoness asleep. She was awake, eyes open and looking to him with narrowed brows. He laid back down, turning his back to her and grumbling softly as he rested atop the blankets.

Cage fever. He had seen it in publicly imprisoned dissidents, the sickness set into their minds through a series of mental tortures. The end product was nothing more than a beast put on public display. It had always scared him, each day watching as what had once been vibrantly alive slowly waste to nothing and then die of thirst and starvation. He knew he had just come narrowly close to the same fate. He adjusted himself, thinking. She had pulled him from it. He knew it was just his mind, those voices weren't real. He could hear them, his ancestors. The voices of his family stretching back to before the retreat, before the great furry empire. Before they walked on two legs. All of them calling him to an everlasting peace and all he had to do was give up. The peace they offered was death, deep and everlasting.

He told them he wasn't ready to die and the storm of their voices began to slowly quiet. He had heard everything Kelsura had said over their whispering for him to come and join them in their unlife. She too had promised him peace, peace in life and contentment in whatever he did. It sounded nice and with no urge to give up on life just yet he found the voices slowly quieting to a murmur and then falling silent all together. At the time he had been so tired, he just wanted to sleep. But now, as he lay on in the carriage, next to this over grown lizard who imagined herself his owner, the happy sounding voices of the horse furs outside slowly fading as they all one by one laid down for sleep, he was wide awake.

"Miss Kelsura?" he tried to sound as respectful as possible. By no means did he like the female but she had pulled him from a very dark precipice, and found himself respecting her for it.

"Yes, kitten?"

"The horses, are they slaves?"

"Yes." a moment passed, both silent. Outside was quiet now save for the crackle of the fire. She could hear the inquisitiveness in his voice. She knew there was more. "Is that all?" she invited.

"They don't.... I could hear them talking. They sounded, they didn't sound like slaves."

She chuckled at that, pushing an arm over him and pulling him closer. At first he struggled, but a claw pushed to his chin reminded him what a bad idea that was. "How should a slave sound?" she asked, her voice was right next to his ear, making it twitch. A sultry purr, the breath of it caressing the hair along his neck. His eyes widened when he was pressed to her, he could feel her nipples pressing to his shirted back, standing stiff. "You mean they aren't lamenting, that they aren't crying constantly for freedom. That's because they accept who they are, what they're meant for. And they love it, and they love me for helping them see it."

He scowled at this, and flinched when he felt the hand that had before been at his chin drift down over his front, claw tips lightly tracing over his chest, finding each button of his tunic and popping it open. Her hand pushed under and into his chest fur. He tried not to cringe at the way he was being molested. She was going to do with him what she wanted to do. Resistance was not only futile, it would be very painful. "W-what if, what if its n-not what they want?"

"Dragons," she said, tracing a claw tip around one of his nipples each in turn, making them stand on end. "See the world very differently than you furs do. Everything has order, structure, and everyone has a place in it. Those places need to be filled. Imagine trying to fit a cube through a circular hole. The cube doesn't fit. Dragons see this, and so we find the square hole to put it through instead of wasting time trying to force it through the circle."

"You see every one as shapes?" he asked, his voice dubious. She chuckled and pushed her hand lower. He crossed his legs which she then forced apart and continued, tracing along a rather thick line of fur just under his navel. He found himself purring in spite of his resistance.

"In a way." she chuckled, pushing under the hem of his trousers, finding his sheath and

wrapping her hand around it, stroking softly until the pink of his pointed cock emerged. She stroked the little bit of flesh, coaxing more it free until he was a ridged, solid length. "Good size." she commented "Your sisters will like that. Now imagine seeing someone continuously trying to force a cube through a circle, over and over, struggling and suffering? It's painful to look at, so you take pity. You show them where the cube goes. Sometimes they're grateful, but mostly they're indignant and angry that you would dare interrupt them. 'How dare you.' They might say. 'How dare you stop me from trying to make something better of myself.' And you, think just how insane is this person?"

He had an idea of what she may be referring to "They have the right though, don't they?" he shuddered, bunching up the blanket in his paws, her surprisingly soft hand working up and down his cock. The tip beaded with a bit of pre, which she dabbed and used to moisten his length, making her stroking feel even better. She shook her head.

"The right to what? Be insane? Because that's exactly how dragons see these people, trying to force themselves to be something they aren't and can never truly be: insane. A dragon knows from the moment they can comprehend the world what they are meant for, and devotes themselves entirely to pursuing it. A large dragon with strong muscles will likely seek to be a warrior. A dragon with a keen mind and an eye for detail may seek a role in politics or strategy. You are immature. We don't know why you try so hard and often in vain, but we know we can show you proper. And because we have the strength to do so, we force you." She purred, nuzzling her nose into his neck.

Benjamin hated hearing it, it wasn't right. Insane? No one had the right to tell you to be something you don't want to be. No one had the right to take your life away and tell you to serve because that was your proper place. Each individual chose what was right for them. It was a right recognized by law in most of the furry lands. The smallest fur could be a soldier if they worked hard enough. The most muscle-bound titan could be a politician if they studied long enough. It took time sure, but with enough it would happen. Then he moaned, his thought process derailed by a soft and wet warmth around his shaft.

Kelsura had leaned down now that he was completely on his back, wrapped her lips around his tip and sucked his head down to the hilt. His shaft fit easily in her muzzle and he wondered in awe as she wrapped her tongue around his flesh several times. Her cheeks sucking in as she sucked on his prick and bobbed her head up and down swiftly. He hissed and in short order he came, filling her mouth with a surprisingly large load of cum. Every bit of it she swallowed, making him shudder and groan as she sucked his cock clean with a final draw of her head. She smiled as she laid back, pulling the covers from over her body and showing she was completely naked.

"Your turn." she purred, spreading her legs to show her slit, slick with moisture. She smirked at him as he tried to crawl back a bit, stammering something that sounding vaguely similar to a refusal. "Kitten if you don't have your nose between my legs in the next half second I'm going to sit on your face and ride your nose like a- ohhhhhh..." just the threat of retribution was enough to get the big cat moving, his nose dipped between her thighs and tongue lapping along her cunny lips. The backward facing barbs on his tongue plucking at her flesh in a manner that made her quiver.

"That's a good kitty." she crooned, reaching down to rub a hand through the silver hair she

was swiftly coming to admire. The cat's tongue stroked up between her folds. He was no expert but there was experience behind each pass. The tip dipped between her lips and teased at the entrance to deeper depths, passed over it and continued up. The barbs on his tongue caught the hood just over her deep orange clit, stabbing at the little bud of nerves underneath. She shook, biting at her fingers on one hand and pressing his head down into her lifted hips with the other. "Come one kitten, faster. Deeper." she growled, thrusting into his face.

He had to admit, this wasn't bad. It was way better than the few times he had done it before. He knew tigresses loved this sort of play. He had only been with one though, a girl he knew before leaving for the Capital for classes. There he had met many females of many different species, more than one having found his naive boyishness cute, leading to the bed room. Though they had found his tongue too rough, too painful for to be orally pleasing. Kelsura was made of rougher stuff, and was enjoying his attention immensely if the way she held him close enough to nearly force his face inside her cunt was any indication.

His ears twitched with her moans, growing increasingly louder and urgent. He smirked, there would be a mix of reactions if he could tell any of his friends back home or in the capital that he was currently getting a dragon off. An instant later he was seeing stars. Something had hit him, he was on his back, head to the foot of the bed, a large figure over him. He was growled at by a sexually raged dragoness, pants torn from his legs.

Kelsura straddled his form, holding him down by his throat. Her sex hovered over his prick, lips rubbing the tip for just a moment before she let herself drop down. Both of them groaned. His cock embedding into her aching cunt, his length enveloped by a velvet thickness that squeezed him with a tightness belied by her size. If he had intentions of protesting her mounting him they wouldn't be heard. Her hand was wrapped around his throat and squeezing in time with her bouncing hips. She was loud as well, moaning and crooning her pleasure at the tiger's dick impaling her cunt. He was no dragon, and she had had bigger but the barbs lining his shaft just behind the glans of his head pulled at her in a similar way to a dragon in a full matting rut. It made her head swim.

Beyond strategically inhaling each time her grip loosened with the rise of her hips there was little for him to do. He tried yanking her hand away but found her strength insurmountable. She didn't so much ride him as throw herself down, grunting and growling with a ferocity he had never seen before.

"Mine." She snarled, pushing her lips to his, biting down and drawing a stream of blood that began welling into his mouth. She slipped her long tongue down and coiled it around his own, her jaw working to force his mouth open, drinking the small pool of red away.

His mind was starting to fog over in a mix of pleasure and pain, each sensation twirling around the other and drawing on themselves to overload his senses. He sank into something, not sure what it was. It was as comforting as well as it was terrifying, a warm darkness that surrounded the edges of his vision. He didn't know if he was cumming or fainting. Probably both when he realized he could breathe properly once again, having been holding his breath without realizing it. He panted, coughing and sputtering, spitting crimson. His partner sat on his lap, twitching. The fur covering his legs was soaked, the scent of her cunt filling him and making his nose twitch. With a few short breaths she slumped, putting an

arm around him and pulling him close.

"Mine..." she said again, lifting off his limp cock. His own scent reaching him now, confirming that he had indeed cum. He worked at his neck with a paw, mmming and gagging as he sat up. She smiled at him, a glow in her cheeks, arms open and eyes expectant. He frowned. That was the best sex he had ever had but that didn't change facts. Kelsura was a dragon, a slave owner, and despite having enjoyed himself part of him still felt violated. But, to both his astonishment and his horror, as he looked at her there sitting on her knees with her arms open and her eyes regarding him with both expectation and...approval? Part of him wanted to crawl over and just sink into her.

"Just for tonight" he said dispassionately, crawling over and letting her wrap her arms around him, pulling him down under her covers.

She shook her head. "Whenever I want." she chuckled. "Sleep well tiger, you have a big day tomorrow." He tilted his head back just a bit, turning to look at her through the corner of his eye. "Tomorrow we begin to find out through which hole you fit" Giggling she gave his stomach a pat, running her fingers through the fur and tracing the toned muscles underneath. "Well...definitely not a sphere." he glowered, turning over and willing himself to sleep.

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Outside the carriage, a short while before, while it was still rocking and the sounds of two-toned growls filled the air, a pair of twins lay awake.

"Disturbing." said Taylor, eyes wide and laying up on his arms.

"Unnerving." said Tyler, agreeing with his brother. He turned to Taylor, a look of recognition on his face. "She's found a new favorite."

Taylor nodded, he hated to admit it but his brother was right. They had never been able to make her roar like that. The both cringed as the carriage rocked up off a set of wheels and slammed back down with a rattle. "Is she ridding him or is he riding her?" his brother shrugged

"We must work harder!" Tyler declared

"Better!"

"Faster"

"Stronger!"

Victor walked up and kicked them both in the back just hard enough to slam them both into the dirt. "Would you two just shut. The fuck. Up! We're all trying to sleep." After both spitting the dirt from their mouths each looked up to the herd leader, then to each other.

"You can sleep through that?" they asked in unison. Victor's eye twitched. He turned on his hoof and stomped back to his bed roll

"Just keep it down you two." he grumbled.

A few more moments passed of harsh grunting, growling, and moaning until two deep roars filled the night sky, followed by peace and quiet. Taylor and Tyler blinked and once more looked at each other.

"Sleep?" Taylor asked.

"Good night." Tyler said in reply, laying down and falling asleep soon thereafter, his brother following suit.

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With dawn came the soft movement of activity. She knew her herd of stallions did their best to keep from disturbing her and held no frustration for when cleaning up the night supplies and placing it all neatly back in the boot rocked her awake. She got the chance to see her tiger sleeping, which was an adorable treat. Lightly tracing a finger along the light brown stripes that wound through golden yellow and white fur she let out a soft purr. "Such plans for you, willing or not." she murmured. A soft knock at the door disturbed her from her reverie. With a sigh she pushed herself from the warm cover and exited the carriage into the cool morning air, still naked.

Each of her slave horses was kneeling in their places before the carriage, ready to be hooked and cinched, all except Victor, Tyler, and Taylor. The large brown and white clydesdale held his gaze to her feet. "All is ready Mistress. Just need to set the interior." he said quietly.

Kelsura ignored him for the moment, stepping to stand directly in front of the inversely painted twins. Tyler being brown with white splotches down his right and Taylor the same with white splotches down his left. The two were exactly alike in every other way and had an entertaining (though some would say disturbing) habit of finishing each other's sentences. She glowered, cross armed and cross. Saying, "You two were rather loud last night. What were my orders?"

"Eat, stretch, sleep." They both said in unison, both sounding apologetic in tone.

She tapped a claw on her arm, lips pursed and wondering just how to punish them. "Do you think your selves above your brothers?" her voice was terse

"No mistress." they both answered, voices identical and sounding almost singular. She turned her head to look at Victor, the red jeweled collar around his neck catching the rising sun cresting the low mountains around them. The rays glinted off the polished steel finish. Victor was one of her guards and occasional choice for champion when a dual could not be avoided. As well he was recognized as herd leader amongst her stallion slaves, both his presence as well as slave status keeping them all in line. As she was aware of last night he was not above putting his hoof in an "Victor, when we return I want these two muzzled and hooked to the

walker. Full rotation. The entire day. You as well, for as loud as you were.”

“Yes, Mistress.” The older stallion replied, eying the twins with daggers for the briefest of moments.

Kelsura held the three of them in a stern gaze for a long moment. The look Victor gave not unnoticed and most certainly not welcome. “Victor?” she asked. “Who leads these stallions?”

“You do, Mistress.” he answered without hesitation

“It would be unfortunate if you forgot that.”

“Yes, Mistress.” he said, understanding her words for what they were.

Looking back at the carriage she shook her head. “The twins can return to their positions. Victor I’ll hook you up once everyone else has been hooked in.” She clapped her hands and all three headed off. Victor made short work of his chore and in quick time was fastened himself. Kelsura stepped back into the carriage, laying down next to her sleeping slave, snuggling back up next to him. He moved slightly in his sleep, turning over on his side. A separate set of reins were pulled to release the brakes on the wagons wheels and they were off.