

The market smelt of musk, sweat and a whole bunch of different animals. Gregor the minotaur was on the lookout for a new toy, and for this he came to the right place. In between of all the food markets and cheap clothing stands, in the middle of hundreds of anthros walking by, stood a wooden platform, slightly raised above the ground so it could be more easily visible. On it stood a half-goat, half-man holding a whip while resting it in his other hand, looking like he is angry and just waiting to punish someone. And behind him were the wares. A fox with bright orange fur, a muscular black horse, both of which were anthros, and lastly a human, barely awake. All three of them were on their knees, with their hands and locked in wooden stocks above their heads.

Humans once were the apex predator on Earth, however all of this changed once the anthros appears. Half-animal, half-human, just like the minotaurs or satyrs from old legends. Nobody knew where they came from, but once they started raiding every city and every village, humans quickly fell down the food chain. Now they are the masters of the planet while humans fill the unthankful roles of servants and slaves.

Gregor stepped up the wooden platform, wood creaking under his heavy hooves. The thought of soon having a new toy to play with as he pleased made him excited. He exchanged looks with the goat-man whose expression lit up. "Come on up and examine the wares, go ahead and try them, just leave them clean and undamaged." Gregor acknowledged the goat-mans disclaimer with a nod and stood in front of the fox. "Open up," the minotaur said. The fox complied, this was not his first time on the slave rack. The minotaur put two of his fat fingers inside of the foxes' mouth. Each of his fingers was nearly an inch in diameter so the foxes' mouth had to open wide. He was in fact checking to see if his canines were filed down. He would not want to risk any serious damage to his precious cock. Once he made sure they were nice and smooth he smiled in excitement. "Time to test this toy." He pulled out his massive twelve inch piece of meat from under his loincloth. It didn't take a lot of stroking for it to get semi-erect. While his right hand held his meat, his left hand made sure the foxes' mouth stayed wide open. He put the tip of his already wet cock on the fox' lips and with a single push slid down his throat. The gagging and coughing echoed through the market. Some anthros gave a look to where the sounds came from, however most were used to the slave market and just carried on with their business. Gregor pulled out again and slammed it right back, provoking another horrible cough by the fox. His eyes were forming lots of tears just streaming down his face. "Nah, this is not it," Gregor said while stepping back, pulling out his meat while doing so.

He walked past the horse. While its bulging, glistening, black muscles were arousing Gregor, and he was slightly intrigued how big its cock would be, he was looking for something more submissive. And he knew this horse was not going to be that. He finally stood in front of the human whose head was hanging down, eyes closed. Gregor was disgusted. "What a puny little cock and weak body." He was hesitating. Did he even want to take such a thing home with him? Either way, he wanted to give it a try. Again, he put his index finger, into the human's mouth, this time without warning. His finger tasted of fox saliva, sweat and dried cum. He must have had a quick masturbation session before coming here, making sure his decision was not too clouded by his sheer need to release his load. The human's eyes opened in shock. This was his first day at the slave market. Instinctively he bit down hard. "Ahhhh! You fucking piece of filth!" As Gregor screamed this, his right hand came smashing flat, backside, into the human's face. Drops of blood flew out of his busted lower lip. The goat-man sprang to life, "Hey slow down there! I know he's a bit of an unruly one, but remember the rules!"

Gregor was filled with rage in an instant. "Have a taste of a real apex predator!" As he said this, he put his still semi-erect cock right down the human's throat while keeping his mouth wide open with both hands. He started fucking his mouth right away, not giving him any time to get used to the size. The human was not giving off a single sound but tears started streaming down his face too, the

minotaur's cock being way too big for him, suffocating him. But he would not give him the satisfaction of showing this by gagging or coughing. "Fuuuck you are so smooth you humans. Such soft and weak meat bags. Ahhhh yesss." He threw back his head in enjoyment, fucking the human's throat, making it bulge with every push in. "Fuck I'm..."

Before finishing his sentence, the human felt a heat rush through the minotaur's massive cock, starting at the base. He knew what was coming but he was not prepared for how hard and how much came. As Gregor was pulling out, thick ropes of bull cum started spurting out of his tip, still inside of the human. It must have been at least a cup full of steaming hot bull semen that landed inside of his belly before the cock was fully pulled out. After this, the next target was the human's face. Another two ropes of his semen splattered across his face, mixing with his tears, running down towards his mouth. It smelled so strong, like pure masculinity. The human's cock started twitching, on its way to becoming erect too. Huffing out of his nose-ring Gregor yelled, "You piece of shit. Now I have to..." The goat-man interrupted, "Buy him, exactly. That'll be 15 ronds." Surprised, Gregor answered, "If I had know the worm was that cheap, I would have bought him straight away, wouldn't even have minded breaking him first day. Here's your money." After turning back to the human, "Ok time to go. Your name will be 'Meat' from now on. And don't you dare be unruly again, or it won't just be my flat hand I'll smash against you!"

The goat-man opened the wooden stock, but not before putting his hands into handcuffs behind the human's back and a leash around his neck, handing the lead to the minotaur. The human felt humiliated beyond words. He was not even able to clean the cum of his face which now started dripping down his face onto his naked body as well as the floor. "What a dirty piece of filth you are. I'm sure you even enjoy being such a mess. But don't worry, I'll teach you how to be a good member of society in your new role." Gregor was laughing. "Let's get back to your new home." With that, the minotaur put a hemp bag, supplied by the goat-man, over the human's head.

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When the hemp bag came off, Meat had no clue where he was. It was not somebodies home, or at least not a room they would show to their guests. He sat on his knees on bare, cold cobblestone, with his hand tied in a rope above his head. The rope rose towards the ceiling which was not even visible, it was that high and that dark in the room. He saw about three meters to each of his sides, only visible because of four wooden beams rising to the invisible ceiling, holding a candle each at about a meter height. That was all he could see. Listening, he could hear drops of water hitting the ground, at the far end of the room behind him. His lip still hurt, but the bleeding stopped. He licked away the dried blood from it. He was thirsty as hell, even after the cup of bull cum he got force-fed just hours before. He heard a wooden door open somewhere, followed by the sounds of heavy hooves cracking wood beneath it. The minotaur was back. He heard the wooden door close again.

"So what do you think of your stables," Gregor grinned, "Aren't they cosy? I'm sure you are feeling right at home here, filthy human." The minotaur came face to face to the human, bending one of his knees to do so. Massive muscles tensed up on his calves. He smelt like sweat and cigars. The grin on his face became even wider. "So I had a bit of a thought about your first training lesson." He stood back up, opened his loincloth and dropped it to the ground. "I might have some guests over sometime soon, so we need to get you in good shape, and we definitely need to beat that rebel out of you." He stood back up. The human was afraid but did not show it. "I see, you don't talk much. You know that is very unfriendly." Smack. Just like before on the slave market the minotaur gave the human a taste of his backhand, with much less force however. Still enough to make his whole left face glow red though. "Oh well, we'll get you to talk, no worries. One step at a time. Let's see your other goods, because your mouth was impressive already." Gregor went around the human, out of

sight. Suddenly, the human got yanked up onto his feet by the minotaur pulling the rope up. Infront of Gregor's eyes were now two butt-cheeks, each of which barely big enough to fit into one of his massive hands. "Disappointing." He sighed. Then the human felt his cheeks being spread apart. Then, without warning, something poked his hole. It was the minotaur's index finger.

"Fuuuuuuuuuuuck!" The human finally screamed. Gregor laughed, while sliding his dry finger slowly but surely further into his hole. "That didn't take long. Better get used to this, won't be the last time, and certainly won't be the biggest thing going up there." He went further in, curving his finger. He was aiming for the human's prostate. The human enjoyed this, even through the pain. This massive finger massaging his prostate was blinding his mind and rushing blood to his penis. He got hard within a second. "Oh and you even enjoy it. We are certainly going to have lot of fun. But it's not your time to come yet, and it won't be for a long time."

With that he pulled out his finger in a single, quick motion. The human screamed again. "I need your mind to be filled with only thoughts of sex and cock, and how much you love to please and receive. So until I am certain you are an obedient slave, you will not come." He gave the human a strong slap to his butt. "Oh, sorry, did I hurt you?" He laughed again. He did not mean the slap to his ass, but pulling his dry finger so quickly out of the human's ass, roughed it up a bit, making it leak a drop or two of blood. "You'll harden up. I mean, you kind of have to. Otherwise you won't survive for long as my servant." He was squeezing the human's butt. "I know of something that is meant to help with wounds. Actually, your doctors way back in the past used this so I am sure it helps." The human felt the bovine cock push between the cheeks, but not entering the hole, just resting gently against it. Next he felt the cock tremble and before he knew it liquid was dropping to the ground and heating up against his back. The bull-man was pissing against his hole, but with such a force that some of it pushed past the human's sphincter. He felt hot liquid splashing up against his back, and some of it slowly filling his colon, while most of it just lands on the floor, spreading into a massive pool. "Fuuuck, I hope this feels as good to you as it does to me. I love the smell of a proper man fill a room." The human could smell it now too, but not just the smell of piss but also the same smell of his semen from before. His slowly fading erection came back immediately. The piss stream just seemed to carry on forever and the human was worried his belly was going to burst. Finally it ended. "Don't worry. You can have showers occasionally. Wouldn't want you to get too dirty for people to enjoy using you." He slapped his heavy dick against the humans back.

He came back around to the front. His cock still dripping a lot of piss. "I'll let you recover a bit soon, I don't want you to collapse midway through a session. But first," He pushed the human's shoulders, forcing him back onto his knees, "It's time to clean up." He held the human's head on the back and pushed his face against his cock. The human's nose filled up with the smell of piss and cum of before, but overpowering his mind. He was now so mindlessly horny that he just could not resist anymore. He started slobbering all of the bull cock pushed against his face, licking the tip, tasting the sweet bull piss. It did not have a bad taste at all, although he was wondering if that might just be because of his clouded senses. "Fuck you are such a good cock slut." Gregor huffed loudly. All throughout this the piece of meat got hard quickly. It rose to it's full size of fifteen inches glistening black and looking delicious. "Feeding time boy!" The minotaur pushed his cock into the human's mouth, meeting little resistance this time and started fucking his face just like he did on the slave market. However, this time, both of them seemed to fully enjoy it.

Instead of pulling out, once the minotaur's whole body started shaking, telegraphing his incoming load, he just pushed in even further. He pushed the human's head completely against the base of his cock. The human has relaxed his throat fully, enjoying the abuse he was receiving and allowing the bull cock deep down his body. Then the stream started. Rope after rope of heavy and thick bull

semen being dropped into the human's belly. He used his tongue to massage even the last bit of cum out of the massive intruder in his throat. Finally, after what felt like an eternity, the bull pulled out his cock, completely clean of cum. "Damn..." He was panting heavily. "You are one damn filthy human. And we are going to have a looot of fun." With that, he slapped his dick against the human's face, smearing the last bit of cum against it, and trotted back to where he entered the human's new living space.

Hearing the wooden door close behind the minotaur, Meat collapsed on the floor. He felt dirty. He felt abused. He felt like a piece of fucking meat. But he was also looking forward to the next day.