

Sacramentum Gladiatorum

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The wolf's eyes jumped back and forth as he walked past the long, luxurious hallways of the Leonian house. Arix did not express wonder, but he couldn't help but feel at least a little impressed. The wolf had already been born into slavery inside the Leonian republic, so while he knew that his own culture and origins came from the 'barbarian tribes' up north, as the Leonians called them, he was pretty used to their way of living, their architecture, their ways. He had lived among them his whole life.

Yet he had never seen a place quite like that. Inside such a house, the gray wolf couldn't help but feel at least a little inadequate. Amidst all that beauty, there he was. A gladiator. His furred chest bare as he wore nothing but the leather harness connecting to his armored armguard, both metal and leather worn and ragged from years of use, with only a subligaria draped around his waist and between his legs to hide his modesty. Even his helmet, though it had been polished before he had left his own master, was dim compared to the lustrous gleam of the decorative pieces adorning those hallways.

Arix couldn't help but wonder how the Leonians managed to carve and paint such intrinsic designs into their walls and floor. The whole house had been a display of wealth ever since he

had walked through the front door and now, as he was led deeper and deeper into it by the thin, small vixen slave walking in front of him, the Leonian's house only seemed to grow grander and grander.

Most of the many adornments placed upon the hallways were brimming with gold and marble. Everything was clean and in perfect state. The methods of such were made plain by the many slaves Arix had passed by that were washing the floors or polishing something here or there, but a plethora of slaves was also a display of wealth in itself. In fact, the vixen walking in front of him alone...

Arix took a whiff towards her. His sensitive canine nose picked up her pleasant perfume with only hints of her delicate scent beneath it, which meant she bathed often. One could definitely tell their masters were fancy when the slaves themselves were fancy too.

As he walked, the wolf licked his lips. She wasn't just fancy. She was also young and beautiful, no doubt one of the reasons she had been picked to be where she was. Her body was curvy and the long silky dress she wore draped over her ass was a sight to behold. It looked as if the thin cloth was made by the hands of the gods themselves for her. Arix sniffed in her direction once more and enjoyed imagining himself taking a close whiff of that perfume straight from her neck with her enveloped in his arms. The large wolf's considerably larger paws exploring her body, cupping her breasts, the naked wetness of her entrance right against his...

"Please keep yourself respectable, if you would," she said without even turning back to look at him. Only after she spoke did she glance back at Arix, her yellow eyes throwing him a bit of a glare. The swish of her tail and folding of her ears made it clear she was annoyed, which must have meant she heard his sniffing.

Unlike most women, her eyes didn't carry lust. The wolf's gray fur was trimmed with the sole purpose of leaving his powerful muscles, developed over a lifetime of physical training and fighting, on full display. Arix was tall, even for a wolf, with a broad chest, thick arms and a perfectly sculpted abdomen. Part of the purpose of his gladiatorial armor was to leave that obvious too since his appearance, his strength, could intimidate as much as it could impress. He was the very picture of what a man could be and he knew it, yet she wasn't fazed by it.

The wolf didn't back down from being caught nor to her indifference, though. He simply smiled at her.

"It is a hard thing to do when following a flower so delicate," he countered, which had her letting out a small huff and turning her eyes from him and back towards her path. Arix's tail swished back and forth with pleasure.

"I would have the respect you show the masters be much higher than the crude shadow of it you pose right now, lest I fear you might not walk out of here with the whole of your fur," the vixen hissed without bothering to look at him anymore.

"Tsc!" Arix snorted, still amused, "I am well-versed in behaving around Leonians. If I weren't, do you really think I would yet draw breath, gladiator or not?"

She didn't respond, but Arix didn't care all that much. She was beautiful, of course, but she was a slave that was way out of his reach anyway. The large wolf was in a good mood and it wasn't some sulky little slave thing that was going to ruin it. He was in for a good day, after all.

A good day and an even better night since his master had promised him his choice in a selection of whores to warm his bed if he did well enough. Given that Arix's fame as a gladiator in the arenas was what had brought him and his master to this deal, it was only fair. The wolf could only imagine how much money these people had paid to have a famous gladiator such as him there for the day, but judging by the glowing and wide smile his master had when he told Arix about the bargain they had struck, it must have been a lot.

She didn't say anything else and Arix stopped trying too, content in simply enjoying her beauty with his eyes by staring at the way her hips swayed with every step the vixen took. It distracted him from the wonders adorning the hallways in such a way that, when she pushed one of a double set of doors open and stopped, the wolf was mildly surprised.

"Wait here for a moment, if you would," she said, then went inside with her head already lowered, indicating that someone important was in there.

Arix was not given enough time to even respond, but he did as he was told. The large wolf couldn't help but try to peek inside at least a little and, while he could not get more than a glimpse of her, he perked his ears up to listen to their conversation.

The wolf could hear little more than a young voice that sounded pleased with the announcement that he had arrived. Knowing the tone of a Leonian when he heard one, Arix straightened his back and made sure his helm and armguard were in place. As expected, the vixen soon returned to stand by the door.

"Master Lividius will grace you with his presence," she said in a dutiful voice, lowering her head towards the wolf and signaling for him to go inside.

Arix took a deep breath and stepped in. The room was not at all what he expected.

The hallways of the house had already been unnecessarily wide, but this room was larger than any room even Arix's own master's villa had. It was obviously made for bathing given the large internal pool filled with crystal clear water in the middle, but that in itself was surrounded by adorned pillars, beautiful murals, fancy furniture and decorations of all kind.

Sitting by the edge of the water was the Leonian. The wolf approached and stood up straight, but did not dare speak right away, simply lowering his head towards the lion. Even with his head lowered, however, the wolf still glanced up to study him. He was, after all, not at all what he expected either.

The Leonian wore a single, full-body red toga typical of his kind draped over one shoulder and going all the way down to reach his knees with a tunic underneath. He had his bare foot paws in the water when the wolf arrived, but he quickly moved to stand up with a wide smile opening on his feline snout. When he did, Arix was able to see that the Leonian was even shorter than he first gauged. Lions seldom ever compared to Arix, who was a wolf and tall even for his own kind, but this one... He was short and, most of all, *young*. His golden fur was pristine and well-cared, but the mane that enveloped his neck seemed a tad short for his kind. The boy was definitely not past his 20th summer, Arix judged.

"Ah! There stands the wolf I have so longed to see!" the young lion said quite cheerfully. He made his way around the bath with a calm demeanor. Arix stood still, head bowed, until the lion's wet foot paws appeared within his field of vision standing right in front of him.

“So much... larger from up-close. Truly a titan among mortals! You are Arix, yes? The Bloodspiller? The Neckripper? The Howling Demon of the Sands?”

Those were just some of the titles the wolf was known for as a gladiator fighting in the grand Leonian arenas. Sure, it was a very bloody business, but to Arix there was nothing like the feeling of sand under his bare paws and the roar of the crowd as he hacked and slashed through his opponents, be it with weapon or teeth, amassing glory with each man he fell.

“Yes, Dominus,” Arix dutifully said, lowering his head just a little further. The young lion’s tail swished back and forth in a calm motion that the wolf was experienced enough to identify as delight.

“And I see you are well-mannered too. ‘Dominus’, hmm? You are not wrong. Until Apollo drags the sun down onto the horizon I indeed hold the place of master and owner towards you.”

Arix lifted his eyes just enough to see the lion licking his chops.

“Be at ease,” the lion mused, placing a paw on the wolf’s arm. Arix’s eyes darted down to it, but though the touch felt a little uncomfortable, it was far from the first time that a Leonian had touched him like that. That paw trailed up to Arix’s biceps and squeezed them, feeling the firmness of his muscles. It was as if they were appreciating the texture of a work of art and, in a way, they were.

The wolf’s stance did soften. He did not move at all to attempt to stop the lion’s paw that trailed up to feel his broad chest, then to test the firmness of his harness. While the lion did as he pleased, Arix looked around. He saw no exits other than the door he had come in through. Weird. He expected something that would lead outside.

“It honors me to be here and of service, Dominus,” Arix spoke, keeping the respectful tone he always used around Leonians. “I will serve you to the best of my ability as a gladiator.”

The lion’s hands withdrew from his body so that he could step back and look up at the wolf.

“I am ever so happy to hear those words.” He opened a wide smile, which accompanied by his words made Arix think he had said something right. The young lion didn’t seem too hard to please. The wolf, however, looked back at the exit.

“Is there perhaps a courtyard of some sort that we could make use of? Ample space would favor and ease prolonged movement.” Arix thought he remembered walking past a door from which the smell of the outside came and he doubted a house as large as that wouldn’t have a large garden, at the very least.

The lion, however, merely stared at him for a moment.

“A courtyard?”

“Yes, Dominus.” The wolf looked down at him. “A courtyard would be ideal in teaching the way of the sword. Fighting, even in mere practice, takes much maneuvering. It would be most unfortunate to accidentally break or damage any of the many beautiful decorations.” The wolf simply waved a paw around to prove his point.

Though the room was no more than a bath, even the sofa sitting at the corner was ornamented with beautiful cushions sitting over it. The walls themselves were so well-designed that the dent of a sword in them would probably do wonders to ruin it. Arix himself wasn’t afraid

of accidentally breaking anything, of course, but he knew that if the young, inexperienced lion did, he might be held at fault for it anyway.

“Oh?” The young lion looked confused for a moment, but then something finally clicked in his mind and he simply... let out a loud laugh.

“Oh! Hah! Sword fighting, of course! Courtyard, yes... Yes, we have a courtyard, a very large one at that, I am certain that it would suit the art of sparring all too well.”

Arix forced out a smile even though he failed to see what was so funny. The young lion reached up to place a paw on his shoulder again and still continued to chuckle.

“Sword-fighting lessons with the greatest gladiator of all? Yes, of course! That is indeed the reason why I had my father hire you.” The lion seemed joyous and very amused. Arix took it as excitement for the lessons, which he expected given the amount of money they had paid for him to be there. “Tell me, wolf, out of mere curiosity, do you perchance know who my father stands as?”

Arix’s ears fell back for a moment, but luckily for him, such obvious displays of emotion were hidden by the presence of his helm. He had never cared much for the Leonian titles and political ladder that would forever be beyond the grasp of a slave, let alone an outsider and a wolf like himself.

“I apologize, Dominus. I do not.”

The lion seemed amused by that answer as well. He stepped back from the wolf again and this time turned around to head out towards the stairs leading into the bath.

“My father stands Gaius Mufus Lividius, governor of the entirety of this province,” the lion started. He moved to the stairs leading into the water of the bath and dipped the tip of his clawed foot paw into the water to play around with it. “He is a big enthusiast of arena games, as am I. He, however, has a unique taste for the art of combat itself. It was for that reason that he was absolutely ecstatic when I finally displayed the same regard for it by asking to have lessons with one such as you.”

Arix spotted a smirk sprouting on the youngling’s muzzle as he waved his paw back and forth creating ripples in the crystalline water.

“I will be sure to instruct you in all of the basic forms well so that you may show them to him,” the wolf said, keeping his dutiful tone. Arix’s ears, however, twitched when the lion let out a sudden chuckle.

The lion grinned up at Arix. “Oh, I would not have him see what I learn here today. I dare think he would not take any joy whatsoever in it.”

Arix tilted his head slightly to the side in confusion.

The lion signaled for him to approach. Arix obeyed, as was expected of him, stepping down the first steps of the low stairs and glancing at the water near his foot paw. The bath water looked cleaner than most of the water he had drunk in his life.

Again, the lion put his paws on the wolf’s chest. Arix’s ears flickered back in annoyance. While he was indeed used to Leonians touching his muscles, it didn’t mean he felt entirely comfortable with it. The young lion seemed to be genuinely impressed by them, which Arix understood given

how *scrawny* the Leonian was. The wolf hid his discomfort, however, for he knew he couldn't speak against the little brat's wishes. Not considering who he was... or at least who his father was.

The lion's paws felt his pectorals and trailed lower to his abdomen once more. Arix's discomfort grew. The Leonian's touch was soft and gentle, like that of a woman caressing him, except he *wasn't* one. As an attempt to dissuade those paws from trailing any lower, Arix subtly cleared his throat to speak.

"Perhaps it would be best if we get to it if it pleases you, Dominus? It would be most wise to take advantage of the light of day."

The lion's paws did stop, but they remained on the wolf's abdomen as the Leonian looked up at him with a soft expression.

"Oh, the day still grows long. Strike such worries from your thoughts. I am sure that we will have time aplenty to put in practice everything you were called here to do." As he spoke, Arix was glad that at least the young lion took a step back from him and pulled his paws away. The lion, however, turned towards the water and went down the last two steps to dip his foot paw into it.

The feline let out a pleased and audible purr from his throat as he waved his paw back and forth in it once or twice, then fully stepped into the first step within the inner pool, causing the water to go up to his shin nearly reaching his expensive-looking tunic. His other foot followed suit so that soon the feline had both feet in the water.

"Let us enjoy the gift of Neptune first." The Leonian turned towards Arix and motioned for him to approach again. "I often find that there is nothing quite as pleasant as clean and perhaps still moist fur before physical exertion."

The wolf, however, frowned. It seemed... unusual that the lion would suggest that. He looked at the young Leonian's eyes and saw that he was staring at him, but not *at* him. Those eyes trailing down through his muscles again held an emotion that an experienced wolf such as himself could fully recognize.

Lust.

The hackles behind Arix's neck spiked up. He looked around and realized for the first time that they were completely alone in the large room. Not even a slave at the ready with towels for the young master to dry himself or wine in case he wanted some refreshment. Arix was sure that there were slaves and guards outside the closed doors, but they would not see anything that happened there.

The lion's strange choice of place to meet made a little more sense, but a rich little bastard like that Leonian could certainly have as many pleasure slaves of all kinds as he wanted. Why would he ever...

"Do you not like water? I thought you would be pleased. I imagine that all that fur of yours must keep you hot in these warm days of summer."

The lion interrupted his thoughts making Arix's eyes focus down on him. The wolf was disoriented for a moment and, given the severity of the situation he suddenly suspected he found himself in, he couldn't help but let his ears fall back ever so slightly.

“Huh? I- Yes, Dominus, but I keep it trimmed in order to keep discomfort at bay...”

Arix stared down at the Leonian again and was surprised he hadn't realized that before. The little bastard's eyes were fixated on him, a smirk still present in his devious expression. He even went as far as licking his chops. That lion was clearly up to no good.

The thoughts raced inside the wolf's mind. Had the young lion planned all of that? Told his father to pay a small fortune to get him there just so he could boast about... fucking the Howling Demon of the Sands himself? It sounded like something a Leonian would do. If that was the case, though, was his master in on it when he agreed to send him there? Or did he not know at all either? ...Did it really matter?

“Join me,” the Leonian said again, this time with a slightly firmer tone. Arix's attention was grabbed again, realizing that this time it was more an order than a request.

Reluctantly, the wolf took a step forward. He dipped his paw into the water and found the temperature pleasant. It was nice and cool, as expected, yet he hesitated more before fully stepping in and finding himself closer to the lion again.

Though Arix had twice the body mass when compared to that young Leonian, the wolf felt his ears faltering further and flattening themselves against his head inside his helmet. A surge of anxiety rose inside his chest. It reminded him of the first times he had stepped into the sands of the arena with a crowd of thousands booing him, an inexperienced fighter, as he got ready to fight for his dear life.

Yet here, Arix's life wasn't at risk. The large wolf, as he was now, could comfortably step into the arena where he knew others waited with bloody weapons and every intention to rob him of life for the sake of glory.

Arix could easily face such a challenge, and yet the wolf found himself faltering at the thought of stepping into a pool with a scrawny lion.

The Leonian smiled at his hesitation. Arix could see the amusement in the young lion's eyes that told him he had noticed that the wolf had understood what might be really happening there in that afternoon, yet both of them knew that Arix couldn't speak against it.

The large sum of gold had been exchanged, his master had approved and, tricked or not, Arix was still a slave. An important slave with fame, but a slave nonetheless. If his master commanded, and for that much gold Arix was sure he would, the wolf would have to do whatever was ordered of him.

Even if it meant...

But he had to try. Arix pulled his foot paw back from the water.

“Dominus, I-“ he started, but the Leonian raised a paw and interrupted him.

“Please,” the lion said with a friendly smile, “you may call me Mettius.” It sounded like he was being kind and polite, but Arix only grew tenser when he heard the lion allowing him the unusual boon of addressing him with more... *intimacy*.

“You seem rather tense,” the lion continued before Arix could voice his troubling thoughts, “that is exactly why you need a cool bath. I am aware that slaves are usually deprived such

luxuries, but you stand as my guest this day, slave or not, and I will have to insist you partake in it with me.”

Arix’s brow furrowed just as Mettius’ smile grew again. “It is easy. Allow me to show you.”

Without any ceremony, the lion reached down and pulled his toga and tunic over his head. The sight of a nude male was nothing to Arix, yet seeing that young lion, who had clearly been wearing nothing below the waist under the toga and tunic, bundle it all up and set them aside with a fixated smirk towards him... That fazed the wolf.

The lion was indeed young. His form was lean, which didn’t add much presence to his already somewhat shorter stature, yet his fur was kept in pristine condition through the whole of his body. Perfectly trimmed, clean and shiny, the young lion was a sight to behold even when left wearing nothing but his jewelry. A bracelet that Arix hadn’t noticed before snaked its way up his arm, its pure golden gleam of a color that perfectly matched the young aristocrat’s leonine mane.

“I am sure you would be more comfortable without the encumbrance of garments as well.” Mettius approached the wolf and it took every ounce of willpower from Arix not to retreat back and risk displeasing the Leonian. Once more, those invasive paws found their way to Arix’s abdomen, except this time they started fiddling with the wraps of his subligaria. The wolf couldn’t hold his paws back from coming to grab the lion’s wrists in order to stop him. Arix grabbed them with a little more force than he intended, making the lion flinch for a moment.

Mettius’ amused demeanor faltered for just a moment as he looked up at the wolf. He did not need to say anything, for his eyes alone spoke of displeased surprise over the sudden refusal. Arix’s ears and tail betrayed his distress at that moment, but he saw the immediate need to remedy the situation.

“Dominus I- err, apologies. Mettius, I can do it for you,” Arix quickly offered, his own large paws still holding the lion’s wrists and, for a moment, he feared that the young Leonian’s favor had already been lost, but instead a smile returned to Mettius’ face.

“That sounds delightful.” Mettius pulled his arms back, which Arix quickly let go of, and retreated a little. The wolf kept his expression void of his true feelings as his own paws reluctantly reached down to the wrapping of cloth around his waist. He had undone it a thousand times, so it wasn’t difficult at all to slowly unwrap it.

The lion’s eyes were fixated on it like those of a starving man staring at a covered feast. It was pure reluctance that made Arix work slower than he had to, but the Leonian must have thought he meant to tease, for he licked his chops in anticipation, but waited patiently.

Unable to stall any longer, Arix finally undid the last fold in order to be able to pull the subligaria from himself entirely. He held the cloth off to the side, squeezing it in his paw, as the whole of his masculinity was laid bare.

The sculpture that was the wolf’s body continued down the parts that had been previously covered. Arix had always been proud of how plump his sheath was or how his sizable furry sack dangled right below it, all in perfect condition. The lupine could not recall the last time he had felt embarrassed to stand naked in front of someone else, slaves were seldom ever granted any form of privacy whatsoever, but he did quickly realize he did not miss that feeling at all.

“As if molded by the gods themselves...” the lion muttered. Arix’s frown grew when he spotted a hint of growing pink coming from the young feline’s equally exposed sheath. A response he expected, but still dreaded to see.

Even if reluctantly, Arix moved on to undo the wrap of the harness covering his chest so that he could take off his armguard, but this time the lion’s hand came up to hold his from doing so.

“No,” the lion quickly said, “leave it. I like the... brutish look it gives you, but hmm... do remove the helmet.”

Growing more and more uncomfortable, Arix was forced to nod. He left his armguard as it was and instead removed his helmet. The wolf shook his head a few times to loosen up the fur around his head and neck, but it still looked shaggy, especially if compared to the lion in front of him.

Mettius, on the other hand, looked very pleased. “Perfect. Now come, sit with me.” Again, the Leonian’s tone was a little more direct as he himself moved to sit down on the wide step leading to the water with his feet dipping into it. The lion patted his side and looked up at the wolf expectantly.

For Arix, things were getting worse and worse. Feeling trapped, the wolf stepped forth into the water and sat his large form down. He left the cloth of his subligaria on the step behind him and set his helmet down by his side, but avoided the lion’s gaze. He needed to figure out a way to escape the fate that was surely coming to him, but... how?

“You still appear tense,” Mettius commented, stating the obvious this time. The wolf’s condition only intensified when the lion’s paw came over him again, this time over the sitting wolf’s leg. “Would I be rude to inquire if, somehow, a wolf such as yourself has never had any experience with whores?”

The question made Arix look at the lion with a renewed frown.

“Of course I have,” the wolf answered with just a bit of an unintended growl behind it. He would not have his masculinity questioned.

“Then there stands nothing in your way for you to have to worry about,” Mettius had the nerve to say just as his paw started rubbing the wolf’s thigh as it slowly treaded up. Arix looked at the young lion and saw that his member was no longer merely peaking from his sheath, but rather completely exposed.

The lupine had seen plenty of lion cocks before, but their tapered, barbed shape had always intrigued him. How could that possibly feel pleasant? The sight of it only turned Arix’s stomach further, however. Was he really expected to...?

Though the wolf had indeed been with many, many females and the occasional male, he took pride in always taking the masculine role in their activities. He was a man, a wolf, a warrior! His cock did his form justice, he was proud of it, so why would he bend over to someone else and submit like... like a bitch?

As the lion’s paw trailed towards the inner side of his thigh, the answer to that question became clearer and clearer in the wolf’s mind. For some gold, apparently. And gold that wouldn’t even belong to him.

Mettius drew closer and closer. The lion slid to his side until their legs were touching, causing Arix to subtly shift away himself, but the insistent Leonian soon followed. The paw on the wolf's thigh trailed closer to what was between his legs while, at the same time, the lion placed his underwater foot over the wolf's own foot paw to rub slightly against it. The invasion of Arix's space grew more and more blatant and all the wolf could do was lower his ears. He glanced towards the small lion, the top of his head barely making it to his shoulders! And yet...

The lion's other hand came to caress Arix's arm, feeling his biceps and squeezing them. Then, without care, it moved on to his chest again while the other still massaged his inner thigh.

"Never have I dreamed that I would see a gladiator, let alone the Bloodspiller himself, showing fear. And of a lion such as I, of all people..." There was a bit of a chuckle in the lion's tone. Arix's expression turned darker and he forced himself to look at the lion, who had that same smirk on his face. The Leonian's hands didn't stop, feeling the short fur of Arix's pecs near his nipple.

"I am not afraid," the wolf said, though with less certainty than he intended in his mind.

"That is not what your body tells me. Trust me, I excel at reading others. I stand here, excited to be in your company, and yet you... you display nothing but wariness..." As the lion said that, his hand that had been grabbing at the wolf's thigh finally moved forth. Arix held his breath, indeed tensing up when he felt the lion's soft fingers encompassing his sheath. The furry pouch was hefty, fit for the wolf's large size and a point of pride for him, yet to feel another male like that grab at it, give it a little squeeze, then use a prying finger to play with the opening that hid his soft member within...

"It is not-" Arix started, but though he was tense, nervous and anxious like he hadn't been for a long time around Leonians, the wolf stopped and considered his words. He could not speak his mind, not to a Leonian. Especially not to *that* Leonian. Not all of it, at least.

"It is just that..." Arix began anew, "I did not expect this when I was called upon. I am a gladiator, a fighter, and I have never done these... kinds of... *services*."

The Leonian looked genuinely surprised. "Oh, never? I must say, I stand impressed. Your master and Ludus must truly be old-fashioned."

Despite what he said, the Leonian's paw did not stop. It trailed around the opening of the wolf's sheath idly in a playful manner and sometimes it would pry inside for the briefest moment. Though Arix did not care for it one bit, he could not deny the physical reaction his body had to such ministrations. The wolf was far from being aroused in a situation such as that, but his sheath did swell a bit and, when the lion dared to even pull the furry pouch back ever so slightly, the red tip of the wolf's cock appeared much to his delight. Arix heard the pleased purring coming from Mettius' throat and a glance towards him confirmed his suspicions that the Leonian's eyes were glowing with lust from the mere sight of the tip of the wolf's instrument.

Mettius licked his lips. That prying finger came to tease the wolf's tip, making Arix's whole body tense up even further. Another finger joined the first, both of them lightly caressing the surface of the wolf's shaft.

Eager and desperate to change the subject to something, anything that would get him out of that situation, Arix attempted to continue the conversation instead.

"The master, uh-" the wolf looked downwards to watch how the lion's fingers shamelessly played with his shying member. The teasing of his sensitive flesh had the wolf feeling the first

hints of the familiar embers of arousal within his loins. His sheath grew firmer and his member, inch by inch, pushed it back further as it grew just a little more. "The master... believes that the traditions of gladiators must be... honored."

Though his Dominus had never uttered such words himself, Arix believed them to be true at least to some extent when he said it.

"I have little interest in the gladiator here, however..." As soon as the lion spoke, Arix's eyes jumped to him again. His trained senses detected movement coming from the lion and indeed, he was right, for the Leonian stood up. That, however, left his barbed, pink-colored and very erect member right at the wolf's eye level, which in turn made him flinch ever so slightly again.

In another unexpected move, Mettius straddled the gladiator to sit upon his lap, facing him. Given how much smaller and thinner the lion was, it forced the feline to keep his own legs wide open, but what really made the wolf uncomfortable was that the new position put them chest to chest against each other and, more importantly... cock to cock.

The lion's own sheath pressed against his and the leonine member, hard and erect, stood between the two of them while Arix's own remained mostly hidden. The wolf just kept his arms to the sides, supporting himself on the steps as he had, but the feline had no quarrels about placing both of his paws over the wolf's broad chest to explore what was apparently his favorite part of the gladiator some more.

"Dominu- I mean, Mettius, apologies but I am really unsure if-" Arix started, but the Leonian brought a single finger to his muzzle in a motion to have him silenced, to which the wolf reluctantly complied. Arix's ears were folded down all the way now, pressed against his head, and somehow, in a way that not even the gods themselves would likely be able to explain, the wolf felt *small* in front of the bold little lion sitting on his lap.

"As I said, I have no interest in the gladiator. My interest lies in the *wolf*. I know what you are afraid of." The sly smile in the Leonian's muzzle grew. What did that mean? Arix's expression darkened just a little. If the bastard knew, if he *truly* knew what Arix was dreading, was he really so sadistic as to draw pleasure from the wolf's fear?

To make matters worse, Mettius' hand slid down the wolf's chest to reach for his sheath again. This time he was less subtle about massaging it. The lion pulled the furry pouch back and wrapped his smaller fingers around the bit of the wolf's member that was exposed to start actively kneading it. The movement felt pleasant, yet extremely invasive, especially given everything else.

Arix couldn't hold back. A low grumble of a growl came from the wolf's throat and, instinctively, he bared some of his teeth towards the Leonian. Enough to show his large fangs, a thing he had learned never to do, yet something burned within Arix.

He had indeed learned to submit to the Leonians a long, long time ago. He had been a slave ever since he could remember. He didn't hold any notions that it was 'fair' that he was to serve their whims simply because of who or what he was, a wolf descending from the 'barbarian' tribes surrounding their empire, but Arix had learned to accept, or even one could say, embrace the life the gods had given him. He thrived in their arenas, he trained under their whip, he did as he was told, but this?

The wolf's larger paw came to take hold of the young Leonian's wrist, yanking his paw away from his sheath and holding it out of its reach. Arix hadn't noticed that his growling had grown more prominent.

Mettius, however, did not look surprised. If anything, he looked even more excited to have his arm grabbed by the larger wolf. His own shaft, perpetually erect, even pulsed once in response to it.

"Such fire..." The feline's devious smile grew even more. "If I were to report an act such as this to my father, even this slight little aggressive mishap, I wonder what he would do?"

Though the lion's words fanned the fire of outrage burning within Arix, his words did hinder its spreading. The wolf's ears faltered for just a moment and his grip on Mettius' wrist lightened up. They both knew the answer to that, and yet the lion felt the need to spell it out.

"He would report it to your master. My dissatisfaction would disappoint him greatly, I presume, and my father, who has quite a temper for a lion I assure you, would need his rage quelled." The young lion licked his lips. He looked more and more pleased as he went on. "In order to achieve that, what would your master offer? To whip you? I imagine that is the lightest punishment you could hope for as his star gladiator, but a slave is still a slave, no matter his accolades..."

Arix forced his trembling paw to loosen its grip enough to let go of the lion's wrist. The damned feline's tail swished back and forth in the air behind him in delight. Mettius didn't waste any time. As if to provoke the wolf further, that paw, now free, went straight back to grab the wolf's sheath just because it could. Arix shifted in place with discomfort, another unwilling growl making its way past his throat, but the Leonian did not care. He pulled the wolf's sheath back and resumed his tending to the wolf's member.

"That is what would follow if I were to be unhappy somehow," Mettius continued. He pulled the wolf's sheath further back so that those fingers could wrap around the wolf's member, a few small inches now grown against Arix's own wishes. The lion seemed to know exactly what to do. He wrapped his paw around the wolf's cock and started a light massage around the sensitive length. Up and down his paw went, knowing just when to squeeze or where to press so that little sparks of pleasure would flare up from the wolf's loins. His indignation only grew to the fact that his arousal was growing. A physical reaction to physical stimulation, he told himself, as his cock continued to grow and, as a result, giving the young lion more and more to work with.

With the wolf's length about halfway to what it could be it already matched the lion's own in size. Arix glanced down and felt at least a semblance of pride in that fact. Not only in measurement too, but the wolf's larger member, in scale to his stature, also put the lion's to shame when it came to girth. The wolf's cock, tapered at the tip like any canine's, grew angrier and redder as the lion stroked his arousal to grow further and further.

The lion's eyes feasted on it just as well. Mettius looked more and more pleased as he succeeded in bringing the wolf's size to light. Arix saw him licking his lips more than once, his eyes glowing like those of a pup admiring a toy they had longed for a long time. Such thoughts only enticed Arix's shame over the situation to grow, however. He was a gladiator, a force to be reckoned with, not a toy.

As if he could read his thoughts, Mettius' gaze came up to meet his stare. The wolf immediately looked away, at least at first, but the cat's eyes were bolder. They did not falter and neither did his paw stop stroking the wolf's length, growing larger and thicker by the moment.

“As I said, that is indeed what would happen if I were to be displeased, but I can tell that it will not be so. So far I have been nothing but pleased and I am sure that, given time, you will be just as well.”

A new growl sprouted from Arix's throat. This time he did look away, turning his muzzle to the side and everything.

“With all due respect, Dominus, I doubt that.”

Though Arix wanted to keep his eyes away, he had learned never to lose sight of his opponents. A shy glance towards the feline revealed that his smirk turned into a full grin for a moment right before he chuckled. The lion gave the wolf's cock a small, unexpected squeeze with the full grip of his hand, which drove Arix to realize that he was in fact almost at full mast already.

Then, in yet another surprising act, the young lion's hands came up to the wolf's broad shoulder. Using them as support, Mettius pulled himself up, at least to some extent. The Leonian's cock pressed against the wolf's chest but, given the difference in size between them, that brought them to be face to face. The lion's nose an inch away from Arix's, even if the wolf retreated a little bit confused about what the Leonian was doing.

Mettius brought his head closer to the wolf's in order to whisper. “And what if I told you that I did not form this ruse to bring you here in order to take you like a whore...”

Arix's ears perked up with hope, but also confusion.

The lion then lowered himself just a little and, when he did, Arix's ears twitched again. The Leonian continued, bringing his muzzle yet even closer to the wolf's ears to speak his soft words.

“...but rather to have you take me?”

Just as he whispered it, Mettius lowered himself just enough so that the underside of his tail pressed right against the tip of the wolf's cock. Arix's eyes went wide. The wolf's cock pulsed, some arousal flowing through him naturally for the first time at the instinctive notion that it might be about to pierce into something tight. To *fuck*. The wolf's member grew just a little harder and the Leonian, in turn, opened a new smile watching the gladiator's reaction. He pressed himself down just a tad little bit more, enough to almost risk the very tip of the wolf's cock breaking past his soft-feeling entrance, but then Mettius retreated to sit back on the wolf's legs, chest to chest and malehood to malehood, just as before. Except that now they were both fully erect.

Still half-stunned, Arix looked down at the lion. He kept that sly, mischievous look of his, the devil, and for a few moments, Arix struggled to find words that would ask all the questions he has while at the same time keeping the care he had to take when speaking to Leonians.

“I-“ the wolf started, and as if he had been waiting for him to speak, Mettius interrupted him to speak himself.

“Yes,” the lion answered without a question being posed. “Yes, I brought you here to have you fuck me. And yes, I am well aware that you are a gladiator, a slave, while I a Leonian and the son of a governor. If word of this were to spread, it would be scandalous. A Leonian bending over to a slave? Taking it up the ass? I can think of twenty Leonians opposing my father that would jump in joy and praise the gods if they heard about it.”

Arix continued to stare at the Leonian with confusion as the lion said the exact words he was thinking.

"It is alright, though. None will find out. I will not tell, my slaves will not tell and you... though none would firmly believe the veracity of a slave's words, I know your tongue will not speak of it either. If it does not, you will have pleasure..." The Leonian leaned forward to give the wolf's nipple a small teasing lick. "Yet if it does..." Mettius' muzzle took hold of the wolf's nipple to suckle on it for a brief moment, but then the sudden sharpness of teeth against his very sensitive flesh made even Arix suddenly flinch in surprise and pain. The wolf looked down at the Leonian who was still all smiles but understood the message.

Arix's muzzle remained agape for a few moments longer, then the wolf swallowed hard and closed it. His eyes trailed down to the lion's body again...

Thin yet well-cared for. The scrawny musculature gave the young lion a semblance that was not really feminine at all, but it also wasn't an obvious display of masculinity like Arix himself was. That was... good. The wolf had no real taste for males, but he had fucked them before. Never in his years had he dreamed of fucking a Leonian though. It was a... rough business. Someone like him fucking a Leonian just felt wrong. Not because Arix thought himself lower than them as they seemed to, no, but if anything, at the very least, it was risky. That scrawny cat had no idea of how large the knot still hidden within the wolf's sheath would grow out to be.

"You still seem rather tense," the lion noted. His paws had been caressing Arix's chest, but his mind was racing so fast that he only just took notice when Mettius spoke. "Does that thought not please you? Would you rather I were the one to bend you over and stick my cock into you?"

"No!" To that, Arix's response was quick. The wolf's ears fell back immediately though after realizing his tone of voice might have been a little too aggressive. He cleared his throat. "I mean, no, Dominus. I would not prefer that."

"Then you will satisfy me." The young lion's ordering tone returned. Mettius pulled back from the gladiator, though he remained sitting over his lap and eyeing the wolf's cock. "Stroke it."

"...Dominus?" Arix asked with uncertainty.

"You heard me. Stroke yourself. Get yourself harder. Think of whores if you must, of women, I care not. I wish to see you fully and completely erect. I wish to see the knot you wolves are so famous for. We shall measure if your natural weapon sizes up to the ones you wield in the arenas."

Public displays of sex were nothing new for Arix. Yet still, there was something unsettling about having to reach down to his half-hard cock with the lion's eyes set so fiercely upon it. The wolf was still uncertain and uncomfortable, to say the least, but he did as he was told.

Arix took a deep breath, closed his eyes for a moment to pretend the lion wasn't there and picture other things. The ass from that vixen slave from before. The whores he would receive that night for a job well done... if he managed to complete this job. The spark of uncertainty made his hardening cock flag again for a moment, but the wolf bit his lip and steeled himself. All he had to do was fuck. He was a wolf. He was as good at fucking as he was at fighting. He would get through it!

The wolf's length grew under the care of his own fingers. Expert in doing so, Arix let his paw glide over his cock, stroking it with the precision only the owner of his own cock could achieve.

The wolf's length took a stronger red tone as blood flowed to it. Inch by inch, the wolf's member left its protective sheath, growing larger and thicker to fit the whole of Arix's paw well.

As the pleasure of his hand grew more prominent, it became easier. Arix let his tongue lol out of his muzzle ever so slightly to pant and grunt with the knowing pleasure that coursed through the male wolf's loins. He started getting more into it, the wolf's knot just starting to grow more prominent as well within his sheath. The bulb of flesh felt familiar to the wolf's paw as well and, with the same expert touch, his paw sometimes went down to squeeze the furry pouch in order to coax it to grow more. It got to the point where Arix's sheath surrounding it started to become uncomfortable and then it was with much delight that Arix's fingers pulled it down to expose it. The thicker red base made the classic format of a canine's member all the more prominent. It was only then that Mettius' voice reminded the gladiator that the lion was still there.

"Enough."

Arix opened his eyes and met the lion's. His paw still gave his cock a few last pumps before his mind made sense of the command and then, it was with reluctance and distaste that Arix's grip on his own cock opened and he let go of it. The wolf's erection, a prime display of malehood, was left there still pulsing in response to the stimulation it had gotten.

"Exquisite. I knew you would not let me down," Mettius said. Though Arix had managed to get his mind away from his current predicament, the lion's presence reminded him all too well of it. Never before had he not been in control in a situation such as... *that*. The wolf was always the one that pulled them against him, pushed them against something, rubbed himself against their bodies. He was the one that grabbed them by the fur and decided when he was going to give it to them. Yet now this lion, this small, scrawny cat...

As always, the Leonian did not care for boundaries. A finger excitedly trailed over the surface of Arix's fully erect shaft. The way he caressed the wolf's flesh felt pleasant, Arix could not deny it, but it was still invasive. It trailed around his length a few times, circling it... playing with it. Arix's eyes followed it. Once more he felt small watching someone else play with his cock and being unable to have a say on it. Arix's body had always belonged to the Leonians. They could whip it, they could cut it, they even branded his flesh when he was accepted as a gladiator of his own Ludus, yet somehow Arix had never before considered a situation where his pride and joy, his cock, would be there at the mercy of one of them.

Mettius' finger played over the length for a few moments, then it slowed down as it started to trail downwards. The lion seemed to definitely savor the moment that finger reached the wolf's knot. Arix sucked in a sharp breath, the light teasing over the underside of the most sensitive part of his member felt intense for the wolf, but though his powerful arms trembled, they remained in place at his sides allowing the Leonian to play with his 'toy' as much as he wanted.

The young feline looked very interested in that knot. He tickled it, pressed against it, rubbed it. Every move brought a reaction from the wolf, most of them of visible pleasure. It got worse when a second finger joined the first so that Mettius would be allowed to squeeze the wolf's knot. Arix's eyes trailed down to see how the lion's own member showed arousal over what he was doing. Pre-cum trailed down from the lion's own tip every once in a while showing obvious sexual pleasure just from teasing the wolf's member alone.

At one point, the lion's paw went down to the water near them and brought some of it to sprinkle around the wolf's cock. The water in itself felt a little cold, but the warmth and softness of the Leonian's paws were warm enough to make up for it. It was as if the lion was washing it but

in the most erotic way possible. Arix huffed through his nose watching the lion's paw bring water to rub around his member, making the smooth, red surface glisten to the light surrounding them in all of its glory.

It felt like an eternity had passed, Arix's own member dribbling some pre down its length from the idle stimulation alone, before Mettius' fingers trailed back up to carefully take a droplet of Arix's pre-cum going down his length.

The lion then brought that finger up to his muzzle and, in a way that admittedly had the wolf's cock throbbing anew, lapped that droplet from his claw to taste it.

"They say that drinking the seed of a gladiator has invigoration properties," the lion said in a suggestive manner, "perhaps we will find out if that is true in time."

The lion placed his paws back up on Arix's chest and gave it a light push. Arix resisted at first without a problem, but when the lion insisted, he let himself be pushed back. Mettius stood up while leaning forward, keeping one paw pushing against Arix until the gladiator was forced to support himself on his elbows over the wide stair step behind him. Meanwhile, Mettius came upon him, the feline sitting down over his abdomen and now letting Arix's very erect cock brushing against his lower back and tail.

"I grow tired of playing. We shall move on to the main course."

With a smirk, the Leonian reached back to give the wolf's cock a single brush with his fingers to feel its hardness, then he lifted himself up again. Arix's ears, for some reason, folded back when he saw the lion positioning the underside of his tail right against the very erect tip of his own cock. The lion was a male, but the sight was as erotic as it could possibly get. It actually took a little self-control from the wolf's part not to hump forward and bury himself in ahead of time...

Arix wasn't entirely sure if he should be enjoying it. His pride as a male spoke against it. To be used like... like a whore of some sort, and by another male on top of it. Women were one thing, but the large wolf was used to putting other males in their places! On the other hand, however, that lean body teasing to sink onto his malehood was a sight that brought undeniable lust...

"Don not disappoint me, wolf."

The lion's soft words rang through his ears, but the wolf, looking up at him, had barely started to attempt to make sense of them when Mettius lowered himself. With precision, the lion's entrance positioned right above the tapered tip of the wolf's cock was pierced. A familiar warmth surrounded the tip of the wolf's cock, a tightness that had him letting out a small groan of sheer pleasure, and then it continued to envelop him, more and more, as the lion continued to spear himself onto the wolf's shaft.

Mettius himself let out a mewl of pleasure. Arix got to see the Leonian's own cock reacted by pulsing in the air alone. Those feline, clawed fingers upon the wolf's powerful chest supporting him grabbed onto his fur as the lion reached the thick middle of the wolf's cock, but the Leonian was either determined, experienced, or both. He did not stop. He kept going, impaling himself further and making Arix himself have to grit his teeth to keep his hips still while the Leonian went down on his own, slow pace. Given the difference in size between them both, it was definitely a tight squeeze. One Arix could feel too damn well.

It was only when he reached the base of the wolf's cock that the lion relaxed. The whole of the wolf's sizable cock sat within the Leonian save for the grown knot at the base, yet that was far too wide and even with the scrawny feline's weight resting over the wolf's hips, the larger base did not threaten to spread the lion further. For the wolf, however, having his cock inside the Leonian and his weight pressing down on his knot between his legs was already quite an intense experience.

Arix panted softly, the lust within him burning twice as strong as before. The wolf was seldom one to restrain himself. He liked to go fast and rough, to really feel and milk all the pleasure he could, so it was a great practice in restraint to continue to keep his arms back and his hips still while the Leonian, also breathing a little more rapidly, shifted above him and adjusted to the feeling of his size inside him.

Mettius then smiled down at him. "So far I stand far from disappointed. I have taken bigger, mind you, but not from a wolf..."

The comment made Arix frown. He took pride in his size, but the growl he wanted to let out did not move past a low rumble in his throat. It might have still been enough for the feline to notice it, however, for Mettius' ears twitched but he simply smiled.

With his weight resting on the wolf's lap and impaled on his cock, the Leonian's paws over his chest went back to their annoying habit of exploring it. They found the wolf's nipples and played with them, another act that made Arix huff. His cock throbbed within the lion in response and he was sure the Leonian could feel it.

"Do tell me... have you ever taken a Leonian before?" Mettius' eyes studied him when he asked that question.

The wolf noticed the intensity of that look. "...No," he answered with some uncertainty as for the reason for the inquiry.

Thankfully, the answer seemed to satisfy the lion, for his smile grew wider. "Then it will please me greatly to be the first."

Having apparently taken enough time to get used to the wolf's size, those claws playing with Arix's nipples firmed themselves upon his chest again so that the lion could start lifting himself back up. The wolf grit his teeth just as well, holding back a moan as the tightness of the Leonian's entrance clenched around his cock just from the effort he put on going up. The Leonian raised himself just enough to get half of the wolf's cock out of him then seemed to greatly enjoy it when he sat back down again.

This time, Arix could not hold back from groaning. One of Mettius' paws went to the lion's own member when he hilted himself on the wolf again to stroke it. The Leonian didn't bother hiding the pleasure from his expression at all as his paw milked droplets of pre-cum that fell upon the fur of the gladiator's abdomen. Each time the Leonian's cock throbbed in his hand, he clenched around the wolf's member as well. The tightness, the warmth, it was overwhelmingly good. Arix's throat let out a soft growl of lust and impatience.

The lion either did not notice it or did not care. He took his own time in enjoying the feeling of the wolf's cock impaled on him while he played with himself. Sometimes he would stroke himself faster, sometimes slower, all while Arix could feel his own knot throbbing with desire. A desire to hump, to *fuck*, an instinct of his that was being teased and played with.

It wasn't long until the Leonian started to lift himself up again. The feline certainly did things on his own rhythm, groaning with pleasure of his own as he rode the wolf at his own pace.

For Arix, the restraint became harder and harder to practice. Each time the Leonian came down upon his cock, the wolf's knot, which was now fully grown at the base, pressed against the smaller feline's entrance again, but given the difference between them, Arix knew it would take a lot of effort and wedging to push that in. As a wolf and after that much time feeling the tightness of the Leonian's ass around his member he was eager to do it. More than eager. His paws trembled, his teeth were grit so hard that they pressed hard against each other and the growl of lust coming from his throat was constant. The sight of Mettius' beautiful body enticed him. He was past caring if it was male or female, he just wanted to bury his knot into him, yet he was a Leonian...

Arix was there to obey and please him.

The reality of his situation only served to frustrate the wolf more, but there was little he could do. It would be a lie to say that, in his head, he didn't weight the consequences he would have to go through if he just grabbed that feline by the mane, shoved him down and thrust his knot into him with the force he ached to do it with. Every time he balanced such acts in his head, however, the price came out far too high. In the end, he was a slave and the Leonian, a master. Arix's growl grew just a little louder at that thought.

Even practicing all that restraint, the wolf could still not keep himself from jutting his hips up just a little every time the lion came down to hilt himself on his cock again. Mettius was obviously enjoying the use of his tool. The lion tended to his own cock with the slow, teasing motions of one dragging out their pleasure. Arix's fur was matted with much pre-cum, but not even against that he could speak up. The lion was vocal with his moans, showing how much each clench of his ass or stroke of his cock pleased him as he used the wolf below him.

Every now and then, Mettius' hands would leave his cock to once more return to exploring the wolf's body. It was obvious that the feline held great admiration for all the muscles he didn't have, for not an inch of them was left out from being caressed by the Leonian's paws.

Arix's lust rose and rose, to a point where the wolf had to close his eyes for a moment and take a deep, if ragged, breath so that he could withstand it. His cock pulsed, his pleasure was through the roof, but a wolf needed something around his knot to truly get off. The gladiator had fucked plenty of whores without time to wait for a tie to come down, but at least when he did that he had the fucking freedom to reach down to his knot and squeeze it with his own paw to bring himself to the climax he desired. *When* he desired. Now, Arix was forced to just wait.

When Mettius slowly lifted himself up farther than before only to let himself fall down to the hilt of Arix's cock, the tightness, the tease of it around his knot, it was too much to bear. The wolf let out a louder growl and, before even Arix himself realized, his large paw roughly grabbed at the Leonian's side. His claws pressed against the soft fur, the tender skin, and for a brief moment, Arix's muscles bulged as he meant to pull the Leonian further down onto his cock, make him take that damned knot...!

Arix opened his eyes. His hand upon the Leonian's side did not let go, but he quickly lightened his grip. The wolf realized he might have overstepped, yet he found Mettius looking down at him... with a smile upon his lips. Even the Leonian was a little short on breath from the overwhelming pleasure.

“You stand indeed a beast. A well-trained one, but a beast nonetheless...”

Arix's eyes narrowed themselves just a little more than they should at the comment. The Leonian's paw came up over his own against Mettius' flank.

“Eager, hmm? Fret not. I have every intention of feeling the drive of those muscles.” The Leonian's smile turned into that same mischievous smirk from before. He caressed Arix's larger paw with his own. “Let it not be said that I am not a benevolent master. I intend to see every desire in this room sated.”

Arix could not puzzle the meaning of his words right away, his mind was too clouded by lust to even make too much of an attempt in divining its meaning. That only worsened when Mettius' paws came to his chest again so that he could support himself in standing up. The lion did so slowly, both of them moaning with pleasure as he lifted himself from the wolf's cock, this time entirely, leaving Arix's dark red, rock hard member pulsing alone in the air, coated in the wolf's own pre-cum. Mettius stood up and turned around, heading down the steps into the water in a calm manner.

“Come,” the feline said with a seductive tone.

Arix was left there panting, his cock pulsing alone with his arousal still through the roof. The wolf's eyes followed the Leonian from behind. He was sure Mettius kept his long feline tail lifted and swishing around on purpose, all to draw the wolf's eyes to the prize. The Leonian bent over to pick up some of the crystalline water from the shallow bath and spread through his body. His fur only seemed to shine brighter when wet and, with his back towards the wolf, his entrance looked smooth between his cheeks, small droplets of what Arix knew was his own pre-cum spread around it...

The gladiator wasted no time. He got up, his own cock still swaying hard between his legs as he followed the lion stepping through the water. His rougher, rushed steps made it ripple. Arix didn't know what the Leonian's exact intentions were, but he knew what he wanted and he knew what Mettius probably wanted. With lust burning hot within him, the wolf took his chances.

From behind, Arix embraced the Leonian, pulling his much smaller form against his own chest and abs. The wolf's powerful arms embraced him and Arix had to lean forward to nuzzle at the back of the Leonian's neck with his muzzle. He took a deep whiff of it. It smelled of rosewater and other artificial yet delightful scents. Then, with little patience, the wolf pressed his hips against the Leonian's backside again. His cock was pressed against the smooth, short fur of the lion's rump and Arix couldn't help but growl with lust again.

Mettius chuckled. But, with a paw, he softly tugged the wolf's arms away from himself. Arix was forced to comply if that was his will.

“Still so eager I see... very well.” Mettius glanced back at him with that same smirk of his and winked. Then, much to Arix's delight, he reached the edge of the bath and leaned forward against it. The lion lifted his tail up, exposing himself, and looked back at the wolf.

Arix trembled. His paws clenched into fists wager to rush forward, to grab at those hips...

Mettius could see that. He certainly could, Arix had no doubt, yet while their eyes remained locked, the lion seemed to take pleasure in drawing out the silence. Delaying the order only to see the wolf's cock continue to throb in eagerness in front of him. Those small seconds felt like an eternity for the wolf.

“...Take me,” the Leonian finally said, and Arix’s heart leaped.

With little hesitation, the wolf made his way towards the Leonian. He grabbed Mettius’ hips and pressed his cock between his cheeks, grinding it against them for a little while just to make it all the sweeter. Then, he roughly grabbed the base of the lion’s tail and pulled it up. He saw Mettius flinch from it and only then did he remember that he was dealing with a Leonian, not a common whore he could drill down. Though he was frustrated by it, Arix bit his lip and lowered his ears.

“Dominus, are you... sure th-“

“Yes.” Mettius interrupted him. “Without hesitation. I long to *feel* it.”

The gladiator himself was surprised by the Leonian’s eagerness but all he did was smile. That was exactly what he wanted to hear.

Wasting no more time, perhaps a little afraid the Leonian might change his mind, Arix kept his grip at the base of the Leonian’s tail, though he was careful not to pull *too* hard on it. With that serving as a hold to keep him steady, the wolf used his other paw to line up his pulsing cock against that beautiful, waiting entrance again. Arix licked his lips from the sheer sight of it. Then, without further ceremony... The gladiator shoved himself back in.

It felt absolutely wonderful to be in control. Arix could not keep the growling coming from his throat at bay. His muscles, his whole body felt the powerful drive of his instincts to fuck. The large wolf did his best to restrain himself, but the shove of his cock into the Leonian was still harsh and rough. With all the teasing and stretching from before, it slid in with relative ease, yet he could still feel how the lion clenched around his invading cock in reflex just as well.

Unlike the Leonian, the horny wolf had no patience for games. In the back of his mind, he still tried to be mindful of who he was fucking, he really did, but after all that dreadful, hellish *teasing*, patience was short in the gladiator. Arix leaned forward over the bent lion and huffed as he pulled his hips back only to thrust back in. The Leonian groaned in pleasure of his own, the clenching repeated itself, and Arix felt delighted in it. That tightness was perfect around his cock. The wolf could feel his own knot throbbing alongside the speedy beat of his heart so very eager to feel the same grip around it...

Screw restraint.

Arix began to *fuck*. The wolf’s breath picked up, his muscles bulged with pleasure and effort as he drove his hips, his *cock*, into the smaller feline beneath him.

Mettius, on the other hand, had his feline claws dragging against the edge of the bath. The lion had a smile all over his face even though it looked like he could barely take it all. It was no wonder. The wolf’s sizable member stretched him well and yet the damned Leonian seemed to bask in the intensity of the gladiator’s fucking.

It only drove Arix into wanting to thrust harder. That damned little young feline had the nerve of paying gold to bring him there to fuck him? Oh, he would show him what a wolf could do.

Driven by a mix of lust and pent-up rage piled up inside him, Arix’s paw let go of the Leonian’s tail, no longer needing that hold to fuck him, and instead went up to grab at the lion’s perfect mane. He grabbed it in a tight hold and, in response, he could see Mettius’ surprised eyes trailing back towards him even as Arix shoved him down. The wolf hilted himself into the lion, then took a

few seconds of pause to step even closer to the lion and reposition himself leaning over him so that he had a better angle to thrust.

For a moment, it looked like Mettius was going to say something about having his muzzle pressed against the floor at the edge of the bath, but before he could, Arix pulled back and drove his cock back in from the new angle and instead, the Leonian only let out a mewling moan. The wide smile all over his muzzle told Arix that he wasn't really overstepping, but damn did it feel good to do that to a Leonian...

There was something special about seeing that lithe, golden-furred form writhing in pleasure in response to his cock. With his free paw, Arix reached down around the lion to grab at his cock and, when he did, Mettius moaned out loud again. As he expected, the Leonian was hard as a rock, his cock pulsing within Arix's large paw and smearing it with pre-cum. The lion looked like he might cum any second.

The gladiator let go of it, however. He had no intention of jerking off another male. Satisfied and proud of feeling the effects he was causing on the smaller feline, Arix left it alone, his paw going back to the lion's hip so that he could keep his ass steady for the ramming it was receiving.

There was only one thing left.

The wolf growled above the lion as he fucked him. Droplets of spittle flew from Arix's growling muzzle onto the back of Mettius' head with each powerful, quick thrust. As it went on and on, more of the wolf's mind was taken over by sheer instinct. His knot craved- no, *demanded* something around it, the peak of his pleasure imminent. Arix was ready to finish, to pump that little bastard full of his seed, so he reached down to his own cock even as he continued to thrust with the intent of wrapping his paw around his knot and-

"No!" the lion gasped from below. Arix still pushed his cock all the way into the lion before pausing for a moment to look down at him.

"I want to *feel* it!" the Leonian demanded. Even through his raspy breathing, with his mane twisted between the wolf's claws and his face pressed against the ground, the Leonian demanded things. "I want to feel that knot! Don't you *dare* deprive me of it, slave!"

The pretentious and ambitious request stunned Arix for a moment. He had meant to finish himself with his paw because he had doubts that it would fit into the smaller Leonian... at least without it being a *very* intense experience for him. And yet he dared request it... and while calling him a slave as well.

Arix grinned. A large, fang-exposing grin.

"Yes, Dominus."

Without any further hesitation, the fucking resumed. A new mewl came from the Leonian from the first thrust already, for Arix was done being nice. Even through his instincts, the wolf had been holding *some* of it back, aware of who he was fucking... but no more. Arix's growling reached a new level when the wolf drove his hips with all the power of his muscles against the lion's entrance, beginning his effort to shove and wedge his much larger knot into the feline no matter what.

Mettius writhed beneath him. The lion clawed at the ground, leaving marks on the perfectly-carved floor around the bath. The lion let out loud grunts and groans, moans and mewls, no doubt in both pleasure and pain each time the wolf's knot spread him at the base in an

attempt to go in and failed. Arix drove his hips harder and harder, pulling at the lion's mane and wrapping his arm around the feline's chest to push him back against him only so that he could put more force into shoving his knot in him. The Leonian, so powerful and mighty, was like a weak puddle in the large wolf's arms.

It came as no surprise for Arix when he felt the lion's ass suddenly clenching harder against his cock. The wolf did not stop, he did not even slow down, he merely growled with pleasure of his own as he felt the lion's body twist when Mettius experienced his own hands-free orgasm. A line of Leonian cum shot forth to stain the floor and the rest of it, Arix didn't see, for he pressed the feline against the edge of the bath again even while he climaxed to continue to drive forward. The wolf was too far into it to stop no matter what, and it was then that it finally...

Arix lifted his muzzle up and howled. It was a habit he had in the warehouses and, in there, his primal mind was too lost in pleasure to even think that it might not be appropriate. The feeling of his knot beating the resistance, sliding in, getting gripped by the warmth of the Leonian's ass... it was heavenly for the wolf. Arix's howl drowned even Mettius' mewls of pain when it happened. The few extra shallow humps Arix did once his knot had slipped in was all that the wolf needed to start filling the Leonian with his spunk.

Arix could feel the warmth of it around his own cock as the pleasure of orgasm overcame him. Every muscle, every fiber of his being got showered with the blessing of the gods, the feeling of immeasurable pleasure that every man knows so well while his cock deposited a hefty load of his essence into the lion below. His knot grew even larger, swelling to full size and completing a tie to make sure that not a single drop of his seed would be wasted.

Arix's howl only started to die down when the pleasure of climax did. Then, the wolf went back to panting. His muscles felt sore but relaxed. The metal armguard still over his arm felt heavier than before as the afterglow of pleasure hit him. Alongside it, a pang of worry overcame the wolf. The lion beneath him, tied to his cock, was completely limp. Mettius simply laid by the edge of the pool and, if it wasn't for his own rapid breathing, Arix would have been worried that he might have sent the small feline to the afterlife with his cock alone. The gladiator hurriedly let go of the lion's mane, which he only then also realized he had been gripping far too strongly.

"Hah... hahah!" Mettius chuckled, then, to both of Arix's relief and confusion, he started laughing. It was a weak laugh and, every now and then, the lion still winced. Especially when he moved to get up on his elbows and look back at the wolf.

"Bravo! A display worthy of the Howling Demon of the Sands! Oh, if only every howl you utter in the arena was riddled with the same purpose." The Leonian's smile returned. Arix noted that his mischievous, cocky smile lost no effect even with his mane in disarray. "Or perhaps it is. Who am I to assume you do not grow hard in your armor every time you slay a new foe?"

The Leonian licked his lips as if somehow enjoying the thought. It didn't even look like he was impaled in the pulsing cock and knot of a wolf given how he acted.

"I..." Arix started, but he realized he did not even know what to say.

Mettius seemed to find that funny as well. "It is alright. There is no need to tell me. I relish in the keeping of a little mystery."

The Leonian then moved to stand up. He barely could and his attempts brought moans from both himself and Arix as he moved with the wolf's cock still stuck in him by the knot. The Leonian pressed his back against Arix's chest and the wolf was forced to embrace him from behind to

keep him steady against his member. Every movement, every clench of the lion's ass against his cock was like a little shock of pleasure coursing through him in the sensitivity of his afterglow.

Still, with his back pressed against the wolf's chest, all the Leonian did was grind softly against the wolf. He looked up and brought a paw up to direct Arix's muzzle down, then... he surprised the gladiator by pulling him into a kiss.

Arix was reluctant at first, but when the Leonian clench on his cock, definitely on purpose, the wolf let out a soft moan through the kiss and pushed his tongue out to meet the Leonian's. He wrestled with it, the wolf's larger one taking control as they breathed and huffed through their noses basking in mutual pleasure.

Arix could not tell how long it lasted, but it was Mettius who pulled back first and, though Arix still tried to follow, the Leonian's paw stopped his muzzle and he turned away, licking his lips.

"I would rest in your embrace for a while longer. Gods know how long it will be until we are able to come apart... but I am certainly not in a hurry." The Leonian grinned. His paw came up to caress the wolf's chin. "I stand most pleased with your performance here today, gladiator. There were... other concepts I entertained when I devised this ploy to call you here..." Mettius' tongue gave the bottom of Arix's muzzle a slow lick in the way only felines did.

"Dominus?" Arix looked down at him. His arms continued to embrace the smaller Leonian and the warmth around his cock was delightful, but the wolf had learned to be wary of Leonian schemes.

"I would consider purchasing you. It will be no cheap acquaintance, of course, yet my father... can be swayed. A personal trainer, a worthy addition to my protection, all of these and more are reasons I would present."

Arix's eyes widened. The Leonian, however, simply smiled.

"You would remain here, in my house, near me the whole time. Perhaps we would actually engage in training, but more often than not I would expect you to use your... other gifts." As if to put an extra emphasis on his words, the Leonian again clenched hard on the gladiator's dick stuck well within him while giving his hips a little shake. It brought a small groan from both males.

Mettius' muzzle came up to lick at Arix's again, but this time the wolf pulled away just enough to make him pause. The wolf's expression showed his discontent.

"Apologies, Dominus, but I would not have it so."

Perhaps for the first time that day, Mettius looked genuinely surprised by his actions.

"You would rather continue fighting in the arenas for the public's amusement? Putting your body, sculpted by the gods, under the constant way of cut and bruise?" Mettius' tone spoke of his lack of belief.

Arix, however, nodded. "I stand a gladiator. Fighting in the sands is where my honor lay. I would not throw it away for the sake of..." the wolf hesitated. He bit his lip. How could he say it without risking offending the Leonian? The very concept itself was offensive for him, however, so with a threatening growl building at his throat, Arix continued. "I am not a whore."

"Oh, please," the Leonian snorted. "The whores I simply order to wet my cock with their tongues or push them down to fuck. Even when I am in a different mood, all it takes is a snap of

a finger for them to do whatever I please with eagerness. You, however... did you not have fun in our little escapade? Did it really not please you?"

Arix's face remained straight. "It did, Dominus."

"Would laying with me every night not sate your needs as well? I am a benevolent master. I would give you whores as well of any kind you wish if that is what you desire. Females, wolves... so long as you can keep some of that bestial nature for me, that is." Again, the Leonian was back to smirking up at him. It did not last long, though. The Leonian had claimed to be good at reading people so it was obvious that he could see from Arix's unyielding expression that the offer did not sway him.

The wolf remained silent.

Mettius' smile faded slowly. The Leonian looked away, hands placed upon the edge of the bath. They were still stuck together and would be for a while, after all, in the most intimate of ways.

"And what if I offered you something that your master is unlikely to ever do?" The feline's eyes fell back upon Arix, always studying him. "Serve me for ten years and, when that time is past, you have my word as a Leonian that I will grant you freedom."

The wolf's ears did perk up. There was some surprise there, definitely. Freedom... A concept he had not thought about in a long time. For the wolf, the only freedom he had ever considered was to the afterlife on the day he finally fell in the arena. It would be honorable, but...

True freedom...

The wolf still shook his head, though.

Mettius sighed. "You do realize that I could buy you regardless. Your master is likely to charge your weight in gold, but in the end, your fate is in mine and his hands..."

Arix's expression darkened, but he nodded. "I do, Dominus."

There was a moment of silence between them. Only then did Mettius let out a heavy sigh and waved a paw up in the air dismissively.

"It would not do to have a broody sparring partner. If you do not wish it, I will not impose it. It is a pity, however, a real pity. So much... wasted potential."

Arix remained stout and silent as before, but inside him, a wave of relief and, in some level, gratitude, fell over him. A Leonian that considered a slave's wishes? That was a rare sight...

The silence between them once more stretched on for a few moments. Then, suddenly, Mettius smiled.

"Let us not let business sour the beauty of this... union. There is yet much to be enjoyed between us." The Leonian looked up and Arix met his eyes. The wolf nodded, which in turn seemed to cheer the young noble even further.

"I believe my father will be most pleased in knowing that I have found a trainer that suits me. I am thinking... that thrice a week might be enough to put me in good shape."

Arix's ears perked up at that.

“Surely you will not refuse at least the chance of us getting some more... training done on occasion? I could use the practice when it comes to facing such... heavy blunt weaponry.” The Leonian’s mischievous tone was once again adorned with a shake of his hips. The wolf’s cock pulsed with some renewed life. His knot would linger longer at that rate, but Arix did not mind.

“It would be my... pleasure, Dominus.” The wolf’s tail went as far as swishing back and forth behind him at the notion. Three times a week? Getting paid to come in and train... which would probably just mean fuck, a Leonian? His master would jump in joy back at his house.

“Now now, do not get too excited. Perhaps I will still be able to eventually sway you to consider my earlier proposal. Next time I will want to discover what a barbarian wolf tastes like. Perhaps the rumors are true and drinking your seed will give me a cock to rival the gods’ as well.”

Mettius winked at him.

The wolf opened a grin of his own. Perhaps serving under the Leonians wasn’t all bad all the time after all.