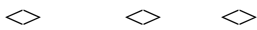


Tales of Vierbein - Chapter One: The New Servant

By Cimmaron Spirit

Commission for Anonymous

WARNING: This story contains: growth, humans, anthros, taurs, dragontaurs, macro/micro, size difference, magic, nudity, casual sex, anal, oral, masturbation, hyper, piercings, excessive cum and more. If it's not up your alley or you aren't 18, then begone! Otherwise, enjoy!



The wind whistled through the winding cobblestone and dirt streets, making the wooden buildings, stacked two, three, four stories high that perched precariously on either side of the road groan and creak, but that sound was just as easily drowned out by the mumbled conversation and raucous laughter from inside the buildings. Faint yellow or white light filtered through the windows and outside into the late evening darkness, otherwise only illuminated only by a sliver of a silver moon above. Smells from a thousand sources, ranging from the more pleasant scent of cooking food, to the odour of meat and vegetables that were just a few days too late to avoid rotting, the clouds of smoke, soot and grime from a thousand fires and chimneys to provide warmth and cooking, to the downright revolting stench of urine and feces that would, should, have been removed with sewers and drains. And the later stink, unfortunately, overwhelmed the nicer smells.

But what would you expect from a bunch of humans? The small, furless creatures that only thought of the here and now, and never could think past their next day or their next meal. Empty the chamber pot onto the street, or just piss on the side of a house to get washed away. It's not my problem anymore, they must have thought. Out of sight, out of mind.

It was enough to want to make Gaius turn on his claws and retreat back to the palace that he had just a short time before been trying to get out of. And what work that took: sneaking past guards and patrols and disguising himself in a dirty cloak and rags to hide his black scales and silver horns that poked out of his skull, so he could explore the real world away from the marble and gold leaf and pretentiousness of the courtly life.

But no, Gaius wanted to see the world, or at least the city of Vierbein, for himself. So he sidestepped the suspect puddles and tried to block the stench from his nose with lacklustre success. He wanted to see the city without the guards and the polish that usually preceded a visit of a royal to the city. Those visits, rarely undertaken, were usually confined to the posh Upper District where the nobility and priests and those with the blood of nobility and honor and prestige would live, or maybe, even more rarely, to the wide, tree lined boulevards of Middle Quarter where the rich merchants and the bureaucrats that kept the city and kingdom functioning would live in their stately but otherwise modest homes. But never, never to the Lower Sections, where the vast majority of the city's population lived in squalor and poverty. In ramshackle tenements or hastily built shacks that would be washed away in a flood from the river, or burnt by guardsmen to remove the filth and squalor that threatened to creep into the nicer areas.

But the Lower Sections, fifteen areas of the city that had their own names but were just lumped together when their betters thought of them, was a maze of dead end alleys, grimy paths and edifices that threatened to come tumbling down at the slightest provocation. Gaius gingerly, daintily stepped around all of it, taking in the details of the evening streets, to relish in the freedom that slipping through the slums and ghettos gave him.

Gaius turned down one path, and was instantly confronted with a long, dark alley, with only a few doors on the blackened wood or crumbling brick walls facing into it. Garbage and detritus from several families and households filled the path. He quickly determined there was nothing else to see there, so he turned around to leave.

But a half dozen people stood in the way: four humans in brown or grey robes or tunics and pants, and a couple anthros, who were both twice as tall as the biggest human but in less cumbersome or constraining clothes, showing off legs and arms that held the promise of strength and power if they should use it. Gaius was maybe a foot or two shorter than the Anthros, but was clearly outmatched and outnumbered.

“So, what do we got here?” One of the anthros, a wolf from the grey fur, triangular ears and sharp teeth asked. “Looks like someone sneaking somewhere where they don't belong.”

“I-I have no idea what you are talking about, good sir,” Gaius replied. “I'm just going to meet someone.”

“Yeah, right,” one of the humans said in a thick accent. “Why would a Prince of the Royal family want to see someone here?”

Gaius' blood ran cold. "I... I don't know what y-you are talking about," he stammered, backing up into the alleyway as the gang of anthros and humans approached him.

"Someone that talks like you clearly ain't from around here. Or even an actual Anthro," the wolf said, stepping in front. "You talk too nice. You're too dainty, and you clearly have no idea where you are going."

"And this little doohickey here just goes to show that you have magic..." one of the humans said, holding up a gold disk with a blue gem in the center that was glowing brightly. "That's how you are really cloaking yourself right now, right?"

Then the other humans and anthro, a massive, heavy set bear, all quickly grabbed Gaius and wrestled him down, knocking the hood off his head and revealing black scales over most of his face, with cream coloured scales on his throat and underside of his muzzle. His short, cropped black hair was knocked askew, and claws, golden to the point of whiteness, tried to scratch and scrape to get away, while shimmering green eyes, filled with panic and fear, glowed with an unnatural energy.

"Let go! Unhand me! This is an assault on a member of the royal family! If you so much as scuff a scale, I will-" Gaius bellowed, before a thick heavy cloth was wrapped into his muzzle to keep him from speaking.

The grey wolf, clearly the leader of this little group, watched on as Gaius was finally subdued, pinned to the ground.

"Oh, they know very well that injuring you will lead to some... unpleasantness," the wolf said. "At least, until we neutralize that magic of yours."

That made Gaius' eyes go wide, as the wolf now pulled out a golden ring from a pocket, with red and blue inscriptions around it, faintly pulsing with magical energy. He clicked it open, before approaching the dragon prince. "This won't hurt you. But it will prevent you from using magic yourself... then who cares if we hurt you? You wouldn't be able to kill a fly. So, I think it would be smart of Your Majesty to behave and do as I say, no?"

Gaius whimpered, whined, trying to free himself: but with the bear and the humans on him, he wasn't going anywhere. While it hurt with them piled on top of him, the thugs weren't "injuring" him, per say: that would involve actually trying to cut or cause a wound or break a bone according to the Code, so he couldn't respond. But once they fastened that restrainer on his neck...

The wolf got on one knee and was about to fasten the magical restraint on Gaius neck, who tried to squirm away from the wolf when there was a crash at the entrance of the alleyway.

Everyone looked up to see a small, scrawny human, only about 5'9", wearing little more than dirty rags, holding a metal bar and scowling at the gang. "Hey, why don't you pick on someone your own size?"

"Beat it shrimp," the wolf growled. "This doesn't involve you."

"Well I'm not going to let you rob and kill a defenseless person either!" the human shouted, before coming running up, and smacking the wolf in the back of the head with the heavy iron bar.

It was a lot more forceful than anyone was expecting, as the wolf dropped the magic restrainer and fell to the ground in a daze: not unconscious, but definitely with a concussion now. Two of the other humans got up from holding Gaius down, pulling out knives and coming at the would be hero. The street urchin was able to parry every swing and stab with his iron bar, before swinging one end to catch the side of the head of one of the human gang members who then fell down to the ground, moaning in pain.

The other thug took the chance and cut at the human's hand, making him wince and drop his weapon. But he grabbed the fallen robber's dagger with his uninjured hand and parried his attacks.

The wolf was shaking the cobwebs from his mind, groaning from the throbbing pain on the back of his head, and grabbing the magical restrainer. "Ignore the twerp, let's get this over with!"

But as the wolf bent down to fasten the restrainer on Gaius' neck, the thug lunged at the street kid, who ducked in time to let the bigger human to fly over his head, crash into his lupine boss who toppled over again, and fall onto the dragon, his knife just nicking the dragon's outstretched arm.

Instantly, the dragon's green eyes flared to a brilliant emerald colour, and a wave of magical energy blew his attackers off his body, dissolving the cloth in his mouth, and allowing Gaius to stand up.

And up and up and up.

The ancient brick and aged wooden walls on either side of the narrow alley were assaulted, crumbled and collapsed as Gaius, his magical abilities unrestrained by moral

codes, dirty rags, or artifacts, allowed his true size and power to be seen. Because not only had Gaius been hiding his true, gigantic size, easily towering over the already tall anthros that tried to take him down, but also the fact that he was a taur, with a feral dragon lower body and an anthro upper body, covered end to end in black scales except for the whiter coloured scales that ran over his chest and upper torso, before running down the bottom of his second, much larger body. The few stars that could be seen were blotted out by the outstretched wings, utterly massive to allow the giant four-legged dragon to be able to take flight and into the air. His paws, with the white-gold claws that shimmered in the light of the moon, alone nearly dwarfed the humans, while the wolf and the bear had to look up to even see the bottom of the dragon-taur's feral chest. And he was naked: the heavy hanging sheathe and balls between his back legs proving that too all the world.

“Well, looks like you aren't getting a prince after all, are you?” Gaius boomed, his green eyes flaring with such intensity that it almost looked like they were burning, licks of flame curling up into the air.

Three of the humans tried to run, but with a flick of Gaius' wrist, all of them were suddenly bound by unbreakable magic cords, landing with a thud on the street. With nothing left to lose, the last human, the one who had caused Gaius to exert his full power with a cut on his wrist, tried to run his dagger into the dragon's paw in front of him

But the metal didn't slice into the prince's foot, instead bending more and more before shattering, the forged iron unable to penetrate the dragon's hide. The human, stunned, was left to stare at the wooden hilt of his knife, now useless.

“Hmm, nice try there,” the dragon boomed, before lifting the paw up, and flicking a toe, making the human fly across the alley with an echoing scream, before he was caught in a spider's web created from thin air by the prince's magic, which proceeded to wrap his body into a tight cocoon.

The bear had been thrown behind Gaius deeper into the alley, and as he tried to stand up on wobbly legs, the dragon-taur's tail shot out, wrapped several times around the bear, and held him tight, unable to move much like how the bear had restrained Gaius moments before.

And that left the wolf, the leader without a pack, holding a golden ring that was way too small to try to clamp onto Gaius' body (even getting it around a toe would have been a challenge!), so he instead tried to sneak away, hoping to not be noticed.

But Gaius did notice, and with a snap of his fingers, the wolf suddenly stopped walking, frozen in place as his feet were encased in stone, making it impossible to walk. But with his forward momentum, the wolf instead, with a howl of shock, fell flat on his face.

“That’ll teach ya,” Gaius said with a smirk, before looking down to see the last human, the one who had tried to intervene, standing in stunned awe at the mugging victim turned monster sized, magic wielding royalty.

Gaius gave a friendly, thoughtful smile, folding his wings against his back and letting the fire in his eyes diminish until it was possible to see the bright green pupils again. He summoned the power to lift the human off the ground until he was eye-level with the dragon’s eyes, over 70 feet into the air.

“What’s your name?”

“E-Elias,” the human stammered. “I-I thought you were being robbed... and... uh...”

“Well, not quite,” Gaius said. “But I do thank you for your help. I don’t know if I would have-”

“**Prince Gaius!**” a voice boomed from down below. The dragon-taur froze, ice running through his veins as he looked down to see a dozen 20 foot tall anthros in the same uniform: chain mail undershirts with bright white and gold tunics, with gaudy helmets sprouting red feathers, and all carrying long staff with a large, white glowing crystal on the end. But the one with the biggest, fanciest helmet and staff, a lioness with her helmet removed, was the one that had the pipes that got Gaius’ attention.

“Uh... hello Captain Ariana,” the prince sheepishly said. “Fancy seeing you out here-”

“Save it! Your father is *not* happy with you right now!” the Captain of the Royal Guards bellowed. “And I’m the one that’s in trouble for it, so I’m not happy with you either! So, your majesty... *get the hell back to the Palace! On the double!*”

Gaius looked at Elias, and gave a simple shrug, and lowered the human back onto the ground. “Captain, can you at least bring Elias back with you guys? He did just save my life.”

The lioness looked down at the human, a quarter of her size, and frowned. “This little shrimp? I wouldn’t trust him as far as I could throw him”

Elias could feel the cold blue eyes of the tall lioness bore straight into his body, and it made him want to shrivel up and get blown away like a fall leaf.

“Without his distraction, I would most likely be captured, or worse,” Gaius said, leaning down. “And that would have been no good for your standing with my father, no?”

“Uh, no, of course not your majesty,” Captain Ariana, her brusque and brash demeanor only temporarily chipped at. “Very well, I will bring the human along.”

Gaius grinned, winking at Elias before jumping into the air, his wings snapping out, and with a few flaps, easily took the giant dragon back toward his home.

Captain Ariana looked down at the human at her feet. “Well, you’ve been summoned to the Palace by the Crown Prince, so you better go make yourself presentable.”

“Um, okay,” Elias said. “How should I go about that?”

“Get washed for starters. You smell like a landfill in the middle of a heatwave,” the lioness said, wrinkling her nose. “And find some nicer clothes. Rags are no way to be seen by the First Family of Vierbein.” She proceeded to turn around, and start barking orders at the other guards to round up the constrained thugs from earlier.

“Uh, Captain,” Elias said, scampering to get ahead of her. “What if, uh... I have nothing to wear? Or, well... anywhere to get bathed?”

The Captain sighed. “I guess what was I to expect a human to have anything presentable... fine then. Tag along with us, and the servants at the palace will find you something.” She looked up, barked some more orders, and soon the guards, with the criminals in tow, began to march to the Palace.

Elias found himself jogging the whole way, as the longer strides of the taller anthro Royal Guards made it much, much harder for him to keep up. It didn’t help that he hadn’t eaten anything since that morning, and that was just an apple that he managed to swipe from a stall when no one was looking.

But now, from living on the streets, to being invited to the Royal Palace... that was a huge shift. Sure, most likely tomorrow he will be back on the streets in the same rags as before, begging for copper coins and sneaking food from the marketplace before curling up to sleep in a damp or dirty alley, to just do it all again the next day, eking out an existence on the furthest fringes of society.

The guards left the Lower Sections and entered the Middle Quarter, the streets they followed becoming less winding and cleaner as they did so, the houses growing taller in stature, cleaner and colourful in appearance to house the bigger anthros, and grassy parks and trees began to line the properly maintained cobblestone roads that ran straight and true. The houses here were rarely taller than two stories, which would have been the equivalent of seven for a human dwelling. Elias rarely ventured into the Middle Quarter, as he would have

been little more than a mouse to the giants that lived here, little more than an annoying pest to the rich and powerful that lived here.

But beyond the Middle Quarter was the Palace. It dwarfed the entire city from its position on the northern hills, and the towers of the temples and living quarters of the rulers of Vierbein, and those that served them, was visible from anywhere in the city. The white marble walls that surrounded the building were two hundred feet tall alone, and almost fifty feet thick, and were carved with images of the many taurs who had ruled the city and conquered distant lands to show to the populace below the greatness and beauty of those that lived behind since they rarely ventured out. From the far end of Vierbein in the Lower Sections on the taller buildings, you could occasionally see over the walls into the beautiful gardens, and maybe the top of the mighty taurs that ruled the city and kingdom.

And now Elias was about to see it all up close.

The mighty iron gates that guarded the entrance were tall enough for two taurs could ride out on each other's backs, though since many had wings, or the power of magic, there was little need for them to actually walk through the big gates unless on special occasions.

But they opened here, giant metal hinges the size of a house creaking and groaning as the iron gates swung inwards, allowing the marching guards to enter, followed by Elias.

The cobblestone streets were almost instantly replaced with smooth, glass like stone, and wider than any street or plaza that Elias had ever seen before, stretching in front of him like a perfectly flat plain of shimmering white. For even though it was late at night and the moon was only a small sliver, magic lamps in the ground and hung hundreds of feet in the air bathed the whole courtyard. Beyond the pathway for giants, massive plains that dwarfed anything that Elias could comprehend stretched in all directions, covered in uniformly trimmed and cut grass, with the occasional tree that towered over a taur, and flowerbeds for plants, where a single leaf or petal would easily hide Elias, and ten of his friends, from the view of the outside world, and massive waterfalls that were actually ornamental fountains, but big enough to allow several dozen humans to swim in them without interfering with each other.

He was very much out of place amongst the monumental sized landscaping, the tall anthros, and the few taurs strutting around whose footsteps made the ground shake like a never ending earthquake. But it wasn't just in the size department that made Elias feel strangely out of sync of reality, but in the dress of those that were inside, even compared to

the few human servants milling about. For everyone was in rather revealing clothes, while Elias felt overdressed and encumbered by the dirty rags he wore. Elias was shocked to see so many people walking around with little more than silk loincloths, thongs, bikini tops and bottoms (though not always together), or simply exposing both male and female body parts for all to see, wearing nothing more than gold and silver chains, bracelets, rings, arm braces, and piercings (which almost everyone, clothed or not, had in abundance). And not only was their just people standing or walking around wearing nothing or next to it, but small groups watching and chatting as young women and even men danced and showed off their bodies, kissing and making out, blow jobs and eating out, and even in one corner, an male anthro fox and a female anthro jaguar making love as a crowd watched and admired and cheered. And almost every anthro and human he saw had intricate tattoos, shimmering in different colours under the light over their bodies. Some designs in particular were larger or smaller, and were in different places, but seemed to emerge from a spot on their right breast and expand outward, wrapping around their bodies: over the chest, torso, back, arms and even down their legs and up their necks and onto their faces.

Elias bit his lip, trying to adjust the sudden erection in his pants, and hurried after the guards he was starting to fall behind with, trying to not get distracted by the sensual display of casual nudity and eroticism all around him. There were stories of the lewd and sexual shenanigans that happened behind the palace walls, or even in the Middle Quarters with the anthros, though not as public. It was often repeated, scorned and condemned by some humans who decried the anthros and tauris for the lustful, animalistic ways, for their impropriety and sinfulness. Though it was used more as an excuse to try to rally rabble rousers against the leadership classes of the cities, and, well, many of the younger generations that had lived under the rule of the Kings for their whole lives, embraced the freedom and liberation that their prudish fathers and mothers decried.

The guards came to a halt with a command from Captain Ariana, and Elias, distracted by the sights and sounds all around him, nearly ran right into the back of the last guard. Some more orders were barked, and the guards that were carrying the tied up thugs went one direction, another group to go off duty, and the rest back to their posts, which left Elias standing alone, facing down the lioness.

“Now, for you,” Captain Ariana said with a scowl, making Elias’ blood run cold. “Can’t present you to the King dress in rags and smelling like a summer landfill. So I guess we

better figure something out for you.” She was less than enthused about it, which only made Elias feel even more out of place. She turned on her heel and headed toward one of the anthro sized buildings in the complex at an even faster gait than the marching soldiers had, and Elias, afraid of being left behind, was forced to run after her.

She approached a carved wooden door, and banged on it with the bottom of her fist.

“Oh, what now?” a voice mumbled within, followed by another groan from another voice that sounded different from the first.

“Official business! Get your lazy ass out of bed Jacques. Need you to actually do something for once.”

“Fine, fine, I’m coming,” the first voice replied, followed moments later by the door swinging in, to reveal a lithe tiger, orange with black stripes, and a two foot cock, hard and leaking pre. “Couldn’t have waited another... five minutes? Or an hour?” the tiger sighed.

“Why, busy getting your ass railed by a horse?” Captain Ariana snorted.

“No! By a nice looking bull, thank you very much,” Jacques replied. “Maybe you should get yourself screwed. Might help you with your attitude,” the tiger smirked.

Ariana growled, before reaching down and grabbing Elias, yanking him off the ground, and shoving the human into the naked tiger’s chest, shoving the human hard enough to make all the air in his lungs get knocked out of him as he was thrown around like a toy. “This furless twerp is supposed to see the King and Crown Prince as soon as possible, but needs to look presentable. So get to it.” The Captain let go, but the tiger’s reflexes were fast enough to catch the human before he fell to the ground. Ariana then turned on her heel, and began barking orders at other people.

“Heh, I’m right though. That uptight bitch hasn’t gotten laid in months, and she’s getting meaner and meaner with each day,” the tiger chuckled, before looking down at the human, and closing the door. “So, you caught the Prince’s eye, huh? Most likely needed a new friend to play with, huh?”

“I...uh... I saved his life, I guess,” Elias said, somewhat embarrassed about being held by a naked, and very horny, tiger, who was just casually talking about sex.

“Oh, so you’re a big old hero, huh?” Jacques said, with a small laugh and walking through the front entrance, past his bed where the bull that the tiger was talking about still lay, watching the tiger carry the human in both hands. “I’m guessing he got into some trouble when he snuck out then, and you managed to rescue him.”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, he was the one who asked me to get some dirty rags so he could cloak himself,” Jacques said, setting the human onto the bench. “It was easy to put two and two together once I heard from the mages that he was looking at spells and enchantments to shrink oneself to a smaller size, and getting a two legged form. That’s not easy magic, even for the gifted taurs like Gaius.”

“Huh... I saw him being attacked by some thugs, and I thought they were trying to rob or, well, abuse him.”

“Seems pretty brave of you... I didn’t get your name,” the tiger said.

“Elias,” he replied.

“Seems pretty brave of you, Elias,” as he leaned against his bench, nose just a few inches from Elias. “So why did you do it? And take off your clothes so I can measure you.”

“What?”

“I’m the tailor here. Need to get you some nice clothes to see the King, since I’m guessing you don’t have much, eh?”

“Tailor? But no one wears anything here!” Elias exclaimed.

Jacques let out a boisterous laugh. “That is very true! And I wouldn’t have it any other way.” he smirked as he saw the big, muscle bound bull approach from the corner of his eye, before wrapping his muscular arms around the tiger’s chest, and kissing the tiger’s neck. “Still need to make the guards uniforms, and sometimes you need a bit of modesty when going about your business. Nothing too heavy or elaborate mind you, just enough to keep you modest. But you still didn’t answer me. Why did you do it?”

“I... I don’t know,” Elias said, as he slowly, reluctantly started taking the rags off his body, and watching as the bull made out with tiger but without the tiger really noticing. “Something in me just... told me to do it. I didn’t have much to lose, and, well... if whoever was being robbed had some money, then maybe I’d get a reward out of it? So, yeah, I tackled some of the thugs, then one of them cut the prince’s hand, and then he was a giant taur and flinging magic like nothing.” Elias shook his head as he got the pants off his legs, standing in the nude, with his own hard own. “It was crazy to watch.”

The tiger chuckled, before grabbing a small measuring tape that was still pretty big compared to Elias’ body, and started measuring his arms and legs and height and around his stomach. “Well, a pretty interesting story anyway,” the tiger said, as the bull now pulled back

enough to clasp the tiger's shoulders, and then begin to grind his cock between the tiger's asscheeks, though Jacques continued to work.

"Hmm, looks like you've missed a meal or two," the tiger said, poking a claw at the human's ribs. "But I'm sure a week or two here will fix that."

"A week?" Elias said in surprise. "I just thought I'd get a 'atta-boy' from the King and get sent back to the Lower Sections."

"Hmm, maybe," the tiger said, as he grabbed some gold silk and began to cut it, and the bull, with a snort, grabbed the tiger's hips and thrust his cock straight up to the hilt. But the tiger didn't even flinch, proceeding to be fucked while working on dressing up the tiny human in front of him.

Elias' face turned beet red as he watched the giant bull drive his cock, almost half the size of the human, in and out of the tiger's ass, with the tiger humming away, threading a needle and making perfect little stitches in the cloth when he should have been moaning and mewling.

"Uh... so, what else do I need to do?" Elias said, trying to get his mind off the fact that two giant animal people were having sex right in front of him.

"I'll make you a bath in a moment," the tiger said, before glancing behind to the bull. "Or Markus will once he's done." The bull gave a snort to let Jacques know that he heard him. "Then you get washed up, try on this little number I'm making here, and then you'll be on your way to the King."

Elias blushed again, feeling his rock hard dick throbbed painfully, begging to be touched, to jack off at the sensual site in front of him.

"You might as well deal with that," Jacques said, as if reading Elias' mind.

"What?"

"Being pent up just makes one stressed and tense," the tiger said. "Better to just whip it out, let off some steam, and carry on. That's what everyone here does. Unless you know an ass or mouth that will help with that, eh Markus?"

The bull snorted again, his breath growing ragged as he thrust faster and faster, getting close to his climax.

"Even the King and the Court will just devolve into an orgy when the sexual tension gets too much. Some of the best policies and decisions and discussions happen in the middle

of a fuckfest. So, yeah, go ahead. Show me what you can do,” Jacques said as he looked up from the stitches he made with a grin.

Elias, his face still red from embarrassment and the repressed sexuality of his species, slowly took hold of his cock, and began to stroke. He was a very ordinary and normal five and a half inches long, and even with two feet or more in their non-existent pants, the anthros would have been close to the same proportion for their junk. Even though the bobbing feline cock, complete with dozens of sharp barbs over the tip and shaft, would easily cover Elias’ entire torso, and with those big, watermelon sized balls behind, would easily pin him to the ground...

“Ugghh!” That thought, of an entire cock big enough to smother him, was enough to make Elias arch his back, and let his climax hit him, several shots of spunk rocketing out and landing on the tiger tailor’s desk.

“Hehe, a bit of a hair trigger, huh?” Jacques said as Elias fell onto his butt when his legs gave out. One of the tiger’s fingers traced through the semen, catching most of it on his clawed pointer finger, before casually, slowly licking it up with his tongue. “Mmm, I’ll have to get that taste direct from the tap sometime.”

“You... you suck of humans too?” Elias said.

“Dear, I’m a huge slut,” the tiger said, glancing back at the bull who finally slammed his hips forcefully against Jacques’ ass, and let out a bellow of a moo as he finally came, filling the tiger’s ass with his cum. “I’ll do pretty much anything for a dick. Even with you little humans.”

Elias panted in the afterglow of his orgasm, the first in a while, amidst. But the thought of a feline tongue licking over his crotch, slowly and sensually, was enough to make his spent cock start to rise again.

“But anyway, Markus will have a bath for you in a moment, so you can get cleaned up and ready. I should have this done by then. Alright?”

“Okay,” Elias said, standing up as the silent bull held out his hand, and Elias climbed onto it. The muscular bull easily lifted him up, and carried him off to the bathroom. A large, in ground tub in the corner was where the bull aimed for, and the bull set the human down as he turned some levers to have hot water pour into the huge cavern. It looked big to Elias, though it would have been large enough for Jacques to have only a friend or two join him (which the human was sure he did.) It only took a few minutes to fill up deep enough for

Elias: if it has been totally filled, it would have been an ocean for him to swim in, while the bull gathered soap and towels, properly sized for Elias to use, and then he left: the hard on that he sported the whole time told the tiny human that he must be planning on another round with Jacques...

Elias took the stairs on the side of the tub that were perfect for humans, before reaching the edge of the water. With a cautious step, he walked into the water, then another, until he was up to his hips. He slipped into the water, sighing and shuddering as the warm temperature soaked his body, making the aches and pains of a life on the streets fade away. He slipped under the surface for a few moments with his breath held, before popping up, shaking his long, uncut hair to get excess water out. Then he merely soaked for a long time, eyes closed, enjoying every moment for what could be the only bath he would get in a long time, if ever again.

He must have been bathing for a long time when the door knocked, and Jacques came in, carrying a small box with him. "Still not out yet?"

"Oh! Sorry... i was... uh..." Elias stammered, reaching for the small bar of soap that Markus had left out, only for it to keep slipping out of his hands as he rushed to clean up."

"Heh, no worries," the tiger said, as he sat down on the edge of the tub. "But I think I got something you'd like to wear, so hurry up so we can try it on."

Elias finished cleaning up, before climbing up the stairs up to where the small towel was, and quickly dried himself off as best he could.

"Alright cutie," Jacques said, setting the box down at Elias' feet. "Here you go."

Elias, rubbing the last of the water off his body, looked down to see rather skimpy set of clothes, all white silk with gold trim. He pulled out each part: a vest that was just large enough to cover his chest and torso; underwear that would be better called a thong that didn't do much to hide his junk, if anything it just made it stand out more; and then a skirt that hung down to just above his knees: enough to cover the thong, but not enough to prevent it from being seen if he turned too quickly.

"This... this is very... small," Elias said, as he fastened the the last strap around his waist. "Comfy, but small."

"And this is a bit bigger than I normally make for guests," the tiger chuckled. "But comfort is important. That's the only role of clothes here. Not for modesty or expressing

status, but comfort.” The tiger sat up, and ear perking as a muffled *thump thump thump* could be heard. “I’m guessing the Captain is back, so better get you ready. Let’s go.”

Elias was picked up by the tiger and carried out of the bathroom, past the bull now snoring on the bed with a happy, satisfied smile on his face, and to the door that was moments away from being bashed down.

Jacques pulled the door open, to see Captain Ariana, still ever grumpy, standing at the door. “Where’s the human? His majesty’s are ready to see him now.”

Jacques set the human onto the ground. “Here you go. Good luck Elias, and hope to see you soon.”

The lioness just rolled her eyes, before looking down at Elias. “Let’s go, furless.”

The captain began to march in her quick pace, and Elias was forced to run after her to follow. He was so focused on keeping up, that he had to skid to a halt when she suddenly stopped at a massive door, nearly a hundred feet tall and side enough for four taurs to walk abreast, with two pairs of her guards on either side. Each guard saluted, then each grabbed some metal rings and pulled with all their might, opening the door just wide enough to allow Captain Ariana and Elias to walk in.

Elias was struck immediately by just how *big* everything was inside. Lanterns the size of trees lined the walls, burning a bright white and yellow light with an unnatural glow, with even larger chandeliers hanging from the ceiling so high up in the air that he thought they were hanging from the sky. Massive marble columns soared to the heavens, holding up silk tapestries and flags and banners that hung stiffly in the atrium. Stained glass windows even higher up, an acre wide to allow those below to see the many details in them, depicted great heros, mighty warriors, holy priests, just lawmakers, and passionate lovers: all of them taurs of a variety of species.

In front of the human, a long red carpet, wider than a house, stretched on and on and on, until at the very end, after innumerable columns and lanterns and windows, sat one figure on a bed of red, purple and gold cushions, reclined and stretched out, showing off all of his body to those that entered, even at the far end of the great hall. He was bigger and more muscular (and more hung) than Prince Gaius, so it could only have been King Amulius, ruler of Vierbein.

“Get going,” Captain Ariana hissed as she turned around to the awestruck Elias. “Don’t want to keep him waiting, right?”

“Oh hush, Captain,” a voice boomed, deep and bassy, and making Elias shudder. “Let the little one take his time.”

“Of course, your majesty,” the Captain said, bowing.

“H-how... he’s...”

“Voice projection, little one,” the King said, from the other end of the hall. “And some magic. But come, come closer.”

Like when Gaius had soon after defeating the bandits, a magical embrace lifted up Elias off the ground, and he came zooming over the carpet much faster than he could have done so by himself. And it allowed Elias to get a view of the king as he approached, hovering over the ground.

As King Amulius breathed and moved on his reclined spot, gold and silver dazzled from his body, standing out more on the rich black scales that covered most of his body, with a brighter gold that reached from his thick pecs, over his muscular upper torso and the lower part of his barrel like lower one, to his fat sheathe and the boulder sized testicles he put on display. As he got closer, Elias could see gold, silver, bronze and iron jewelry over his otherwise naked body: piercings on his nipples and ears, bands and rings around his biceps, his wrists, his neck, his legs and claws and around his balls and sheathe, with many chains linked between piercings and rings, making every twitch and movement result in a ringing and clinging like many windchimes in a strong breeze.

And a smell, masculine and earthy, grew stronger and more potent as he was pulled closer, until it fully engulfed Elias’ senses, and he couldn’t smell anything else but the musk that undoubtedly was from the king.

“Ahh, so the hero who saved my son,” the voice boomed as Elias was set on the ground in front of the King. “Elias, correct?”

“Y-yes, your royal majesty,” and the human said, instinctively kneeling as best as he could in front of his ruler.

“Oh, stand up,” the dragontaur said. “No need for the formality that you humans so desire.” So Elias stood up on very shaky legs.

“But from the story I heard, you were very brave to try to intervene, even at great risk to your own life. Which you put yourself in great risk, for the bandits that did attack the Prince were found to have much in the way of weapons on their persons when they were investigated by the guards.”

“I... I thought I was doing the right thing,” Elias stammered. “I wasn’t aware it was the Prince that was being attacked, but a small anthro.”

“Yes. He had managed to harness some impressive magic to cloak himself,” the King admitted. “Had he not been putting himself in a life and death situation sneaking out of the palace like that, I would commend him for his skills and abilities.”

Elias nodded solemnly. The magic show he watched, and how effortlessly the Prince was able to use it, was still mind bendingly astounding. “May I ask a question?”

“Of course!” the King said with a smile. “Unless you want a state secret, I can tell you what you need.”

“Why didn’t the prince defend himself when he was first being attacked? He very easily defeated them once he decided to,” Elias asked.

“We have an ancient code,” the King replied. “A moral code, one that us taur, noble and not, follow when it comes to the use of our powers outside this palace. Only when one makes the first strike, the first cut, may we retaliate. It’s the first lesson of magic, the first lesson of life, and one that we must all follow. And a reason that we remain within the grounds of the palace, so as to not tempt the use of our powers.

“We can injure people without even knowing, but as the rulers of Vierbein, we must be mindful of our subjects, so the use of magic can only be done when we have been hit first. But even the small cut on his wrist, while insignificant, was enough to allow the code to be set aside. Does that answer your question?”

“Yes, your majesty,” Elias responded.

“Then I wish to ask you a question: Do you have a family name?” The king asked.

“What?”

“Your last name, one to let one know who your family is. For your deed should be remembered, and it’s best that all the details be remembered and recorded.”

“Uh, none that I know, your majesty. I was orphaned at a young age.”

“Ah, I see,” the dragontaur said, a twinge of understanding in his voice. “So it sounds like you were living on the streets, no?”

“Yes, I was,” Elias said.

The king rumbled and shifted over, until he was sitting up, nearly a hundred feet tall. “Well, I cannot allow you to go back after such a thing,” King Amulius thundered. “So I offer you a chance to serve the Royal Family of Viribein here for the rest of your days.”

Elais' eyes went wide. "Really? You want me to serve you?"

"Well, my son mostly," the King replied. "Someone that will help him and treat him right... and to keep him from any more mischief."

"W-what will I have to do?" Elias said.

"Keep him happy and healthy. Helping him with preparing for occasions of great importance, meetings, lessons, meals and much else. And of course the more carnal desires."

"Carnal desires?" Elias said with a gulp, thinking he knew what the King meant.

The king smirked. "I'm sure you've noticed since you arrived, but we are not a prudish or chaste society behind the palace walls. The desires of our kind is immense and never ending, so many a servant is needed to keep use satisfied. That will be your main job, should you choose to accept."

Elias gulped, feeling the small thong under his loincloth grow tight over his hardening cock. Part of him was, not repulsed, but uneasy about having to satisfy such mighty creatures, time after time after time.

But did he really want to go back to begging and stealing, living in rags and sleeping on garbage?

And, really, how hard could it be to help them?

The dilemma resolved itself quickly enough.

"I will become a servant if you want me," Elias said.

The king grinned. "Excellent. But before you start with your duties, a bit of administration is needed."

Elias gasped as he suddenly was picked up off the red carpet, lifted up into the air and toward the King, who held a finger out, the massive, golden hued, two handed broadsword of a claw held out, and Elias was dragged straight toward it.

"Wait? What!" Elias exclaimed, eyes growing wide in fear as he was drawn closer, dragged inexorably toward the razor sharp claw.

Was it a ruse? Was this all a ploy? Why was the King now going to impale him on his massive claw?

Elias braced himself, wincing and trying to look away, only to find that he had been magically bound in place, his chest exposed.

But with the lightest tap, Elias' felt the claw so narrowly touch his body, right in the middle of his left pectoral muscle above his nipple.

A bright red flame flared up around the claw, making Elias gasp and cry in pain as it raced through his body, focused right where the claw touched him. He winced, and groaned, trying to get away from the sheer agony and pain.

But as quickly as it started, the pain vanished, and Elias suddenly had full control of his limbs.

“You’ve now been Marked as a Servant of the Palace of Vierbein. You are now considered sacrosanct and protected under our power. Should something happen to you, any of noble or royal blood will have to avenge your life. You have been given strength and resilience, enough to withstand our size and power. And in return for this gift, we ask only that you give your intelligence, strength, and body to serve anyone in the Palace that requires it.”

Elias now looked down, to see a sprawling image on his chest, a reddish-brown tattoo that covered the majority of his left breast. He couldn’t even begin to describe it: waves and shapes and symbols, ropes and leaves and animals, all blended and merged together, making it impossible to pick out a single image or icon from the many dozens, if not a hundred, that wove in and out. He poked at it, and he felt a tingle and shudder run through his body.

“Now, Servant Elias,” King Amilus intoned after he allowed the human to look over his new marking, “you shall go to my son’s chambers immediately. I’m sure you’ll fit in very well.”

The king snapped his fingers, and a bright flash of light engulfed Elias, making him wince and shudder, snapping his eyes closed. But as quick as it happened, it was over, and now Elias was standing in a cavernous room. But where the great hall he had been standing in just a moment before was predominantly white and gold with only the red carpet otherwise to provide any contrast... and the several hundred tons in ebony scales of a hundred some foot tall dragontaur. This room, on the other hand, was only a bit smaller, with wooden paneling and tapestries on the wall, but with larger windows that allowed moonlight to filter in, but another dragontaur, only about two-thirds the size of the King laid reclined on a pile of cushions and pillows that would have given every homeless human in the city a bed to sleep on. Prince Gaius was sprawled out over his bed, exposing every inch of himself to be viewed by the arriving Elias, including his underbelly and package, and several feet of his cock. Moans and rumbles of pleasure as he stroked himself, rubbing his manhood.

This was the first time that Elias had seen a dragoncock up close, and it made his breath catch in his throat. For one thing, it was massive: it must have been as long as a particularly tall anthro, so over 20 feet long, and thick enough that even Elias standing next to it and reaching up wouldn't have grabbed the top. But it wanted to climb it, there were a variety of ridges and protrusions along the black length, seemingly razor sharp, though Gaius' clawed fingers easily pushed them down, to spring back up as the pressure was released. And on top of that, a bulbous knot was forming at the base just outside the cave like sheathe, pulsing and throbbing larger with each slow, sensual stroke of Gaius' hand.

And he was going to have to help him with *that*?

Maybe this was a bit out of his league...

Gaius rolled over to look at the bright flash of light to see Elias standing in the middle of his room. The dragontaur smiled.

"My hero," he said with a laugh. "I guess your visit with my father went well. And nice clothes too."

"Uh, I guess you could say that," Elias said, looking over the vest and loincloth over his groin. "I'm... uh... your servant now."

Gaius' stroking stopped. "Really?"

"Y-yeah," Gaius said, a red blush crossing his face. "I'm here to... uh... serve you. With what you need."

Gaius let out a little squeak of excitement, his leg twitching in excitement and his massive pole throbbing in anticipation. Elias felt himself being lifted off the ground once again, and brought closer to the giant dragon.

"I thought I was going to have to summon some of the palace staff to help me," Gaius said in a low rumble that made Elias shudder. "But you'll do just fine. You'll have to get out of those clothes first."

"W-what?" Elias stammered.

"Don't want to get all that work that Jacques put in go to waste, no?" Gaius said, as he twirled a finger. Elias gasped as suddenly the vest buttons undid themselves and the smooth white silk slipped off his shoulders, exposing his upper body, before being dropped from forty feet in the air.

“And it’s just going to get messy,” Gaius continued, as his magic powers undid the strings that tied together to hold the loincloth in place, before fluttering to the pillows on the ground beside the vest.

“And you should enjoy this as much as I will,” the prince said with a grin, as the thong that covered Elias’ groin was tugged down by unseen hands. As the last bit of the gold silk was pulled off his tip, his cock sprung up, rock hard and on the verge of leaking pre, throbbing hard and almost painfully, begging to be used. The unneeded thong fell to join the other articles of clothing, until they all vanished, tucked away in some drawer or closet. This left the human to stand, or rather hover, in front of the prying eyes of the dragon, who nodded in appreciation.

“Yes, you’ll do fine,” Gaius said, and Elias felt his body drop, until he was dropped almost right on top of the prince’s erect and throbbing manhood.

The air this close to the pillar of dragoncock was heavy and thick with the smell of Gaius’ musk: lighter and less overpowering than King Amilius, but not by much. Every inhale forced more of the hot, muggy air to fill Elias’ lungs, which only made his already hard cock throb even harder. Each pulse felt like an earthquake, making it hard for Elias to find a foothold, and he eventually fell, landing right between some of the massive ridges. Looking around, Elias felt like he was in the middle of a rough, midnight blackened ocean, which each ridge a wave cresting. The heavy pulse and throb of the dark rod under him, and the slow pulse, growing and retracting, of each ridge as blood was pumped through the shaft only further added to the nautical feeling. Each wave like ridge was a bit bigger than Elias,

Elias reached out, pushing his hand against the ridge closest to him, and with only great exertion, could he make it compress, but only a tiny fraction. The next pulse forcibly pushed back, regaining its regular shape. He repeated it several times, trying to comprehend the strange, gargantuan dick he was on.

“It’s going to take more than that to get me off,” Prince Gaius rumbled. “Here, let me show you.”

Elias barely had time to comprehend what the dragon prince said when a dark shadow blocked out the faint magical light, and a heavy weight pinned him down to the musky cock. Elias was now compressed, his entire body contained under the broad, meaty paw of Gaius. He was barely able to wiggle, struggling to breathe, held in place by the young dragon’s hand that wrapped around the titanic shaft.

“Ohhhh, that’s better,” Gaius rumbled, his magic allowing Elias to hear him even though he was held tight. In this tight space, the only other thing he could hear was the beating of the mighty dragontaur’s heart, which, when paired with the throb of Gaius’ cock, provided a nearly deffening, deep, bassy echo that rang in his ears, making his body shake and vibrate. Only the hot, humid air of musk could be breathed. And his cock, a tiny little bump compared to the giant manhood that he was pushed against, was almost painfully pressed against both the house sized dong and the human’s own torso, struggling, begging for room.

Then Gaius began to stroke, dragging Elias up and up, over the smoother parts of the shaft. The cock was like Elias’ own skin, just thicker and pitch black. Elias soon was bumping over the thick veins that bulged and pumped with each heartbeat, before he was suddenly forced up and down over each ridge, bending his back and legs and body to contour to the rapidly changing landscape. When nearly to the tapered tip, Gaius then stroked down, Elias forced to return the way he came, going the opposite way over the ridges now, then over the much smoother lower half of the dragon’s cock, then beyond that right to the thick, bulbous knot at the bottom. Then up he went again over the long, long path again. And again. And again.

Elias groaned and moaned. He felt like he had been run over by not just one horse drawn carriage, but an endless procession of them, over and over in an unending torture. But he didn’t feel his bone crack, his legs snap, his arms bend or his head snap. No: it was rough, almost painful... but also pleasurable at the same time. The rough grind of his own body against the pillar of cock felt good the more it happened. Any ordinary human should have been crushed and smeared, but he was fine, with maybe some aches and bruises now. The magic that the King had imprinted on him when he was Marked as a servant must be responsible for his survivability.

With his life thus assured, Elias moaned, allowing himself to be embraced by the dragon’s manhood, rubbed over each ridge and vein, from tip to knot, over and over.

And Gaius, starting off slow and careful, was picking up speed.

“Ohhh, you feel so good their Elias,” Gaius praised the human in his hand. “You will definitely... do well here...”

Elias shuddered as he heard his prince, his new master, complement him. He responded by triggling to wiggle more, grinding his own cock against the Prince’s, hoping to get himself off as well.

Gaius' pants and breaths were growing shorter and more ragged, feral growls and snarls in between the moans. "Yes. Rrrrr, that's it..." Gaius growled as his hand started going faster and faster, dragging Elias for the ride. "I'm... getting... close..."

Elias was moaning loudly, trying to work as a vibrating toy to help Gaius get himself off, not even caring about his own cock, dragged and pulled and on the verge of orgasm itself. By as the dragon got closer, the ridges that Elias was dragged over got bigger, forcing him to bend and stretch even more with each rise up and drop down. When fully extended, they were almost as tall as Elias was, which just made the fast and furious rises and drops that much more to bear. The stormy sea he thought of before turning into a hurricane, a great disaster, and Elias was but a little rowboat in the sea of lust and sex. In amongst it all, Elias' own orgasm finally hit, but he barely noticed as he was mashed and scraped along Gaius' cock.

"Oh... oh... OH... FUCK!" Gaius finally roared, his draconic roar piercing through his hand and into Elias' ears even without the magic as the dragonaur finally reached his climax. Elias could feel the cock under him tense and release with each shot of hot sticky semen, spilling wave after wave of potent, dragon cum all over his bed of pillows and cushions, splatting against the wall, pooling up and spreading out. It was like a brewery's storehouse had been smashed, and the head of a thousand barrels of beer spilled out, the white foam soaking and washing away everything in its path.

Gaius finally let go of his hand, his cock still spasming, and Elias fell to the pillows below, his cock still pulsing and throbbing as he came.

Everything on Elias' body ached, head to toe. His mind was battered and smashed under the assault of all the senses, and the afterglow of his own orgasm was only a tiny part of the relief he now felt, breathing in the fresh air.

Above him, Gaius' orgasm finally dwindled, until soon the cock that was about five times Elias' size was shooting blanks.

"Mmm, that was good," Gaius panted, a smile plastered on his face, using his magic to lift the limp and exhausted Elias off the ground,

"But I'm ready for round two."

