

In the Name of the Slave, the Son, and the Alien Experiment

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Hello, Sir.

Hello, boy. Have you been listening to those tones I sent you?

Yes, Sir.

Good. What do you think of them?

I'm not sure, Sir.

I think you like them. What do you think?

I think I **do** like them, Sir.

I think you want to continue listening to them every day, don't you?

Yes, I do, Sir.

Good boy.

Apophis felt a strange sense of relief as he signed off for the night. He *knew* he didn't know what to make of the strange sounds Mysto had sent him before they talked, but now he was *certain* he liked them.

Very much.

In fact, he was going to listen to them as much as he could, at least once a day. The dragon queued them up on his phone and let them start playing as he flipped off his light and got under the covers.

The next morning, all Apophis could think about was listening to the tones some more. He was actually annoyed when his phone dinged to tell him he had a message. Grumbling, he picked it up and looked.

"Oh!" He hastily unlocked the phone and replied.

Did you listen to the tones again, boy?

Yes, Sir.

Very good. I think you should come visit.

Apophis hesitated.

I have work, Sir.

Call in sick.

The dragon pursed his lips.

I dunno if I should, Sir.

I think you should call in sick. I think you should come visit. I think you would enjoy it, boy.

Apophis couldn't argue with that logic.

Okay, Sir. I will, Sir. When and where?

I'm sending the address. Come right now.

Apophis frowned. He felt a strong urge to go see the guy, and the address was right there, yet something in the back of his mind said this might not be a good idea. He started to type a response but stopped, unsure of what to say.

I think you really want to come visit me right now, boy.

Apophis nodded. Yes. That was *definitely* what he wanted right now.

Yes, Sir.

The dragon grabbed his wallet, phone, and sunglasses, and stepped outside. The sun beat down hotly, but it invigorated the dragon. He punched the button to get directions to Mysto's and selected "Flying" as the mode of transportation.

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Seconds later, he coiled his legs and sprang into the air, flapping his green and blue wings hard to get aloft. A thermal from a nearby parked car sent him shooting up to cruising altitude.

This was great. Going to meet Mysto, feeling the sun on his back, things were just wonderful.

His phone rang.

"Hello?" he asked, trying to keep his attention on flying.

"Smith! Where are you?"

"I—oh, I'm sorry." Apophis faked a cough. "I'm not feeling well today, and I need to stay home."

"You just keep staying home, then," the voice said curtly. "You're fired."

The dragon's jaw dropped, and he nearly dropped the phone as he looked at it, dumbfounded.

I told you not to do it, a voice in his head said.

What do you mean? You did no such thing!

Did, too. But you'd rather listen to what Mysto has to say, and you silenced me.

I do like what Mysto has to say...

That's exactly the point! You don't even know him! And now you're going to his house? What if he's some kind of serial killer?

That seems far-fetched...

That's what they all say. Besides, that's beside the point: he just got you fired.

No, my boss was an ass.

His being a donkey had nothing to do with it: this is like the tenth time you've called in sick since you started talking to that guy!

No, it hasn't!

Check your phone.

Apophis scrolled through his call logs and exhaled sharply: it was true; he'd called in ten times in the last three weeks.

What am I doing?

You're turning around right now, getting your ass to work, and begging for your job back; that's what!

The dragon huffed and did a slow turn.

Yeah, yeah, all right. I better tell Mysto.

No! Don't tell him—

I need to go to work, Sir. They're gonna fire me if I don't.

I don't think you wanted that job anyway. I think you said you hated it.

That was *definitely* true—Apophis really didn't like his job or his ass of a boss.

Don't listen! He's doing it again!

I think you really want to meet me, more than anything in the world.

There's just this voice in my head, Sir, telling me that this might be a bad idea.

Don't tell him that! He'll—

Hmm. I think you want to tell that part of your mind to be silent. I think you want to ignore it. I think it brings you pain to listen to it.

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It **does** make me feel a bit pained, Sir.

Then tell it to shut up and get over here, boy.

Yes, Sir.

Apophis felt better. He always felt better after talking to Mysto. He turned back toward the address Mysto had given, and seeing that his target was in range, he dove and landed on the sidewalk.

Before him stood an unassuming one-story house.

Looks safe enough. See?

The little voice in his head didn't respond.

I think I'm here, Sir.

Yes, you are. Just come to the door and step inside.

Apophis did as instructed, opening the big, solid wooden door and stepping into a nice-looking middle-class home. The outside didn't do the inside justice either stylistically or size-wise; the inside seemed much larger and nicer than the outside portrayed, possibly because there weren't many walls. Having met other furs in their homes before, Apophis was glad not to have to duck or keep his wings tightly pressed against himself.

He walked into a large, open room. To his left was a dining room with a wooden table made of huge timbers joined together and stained shades of dark gray. The table surface itself must have been almost a foot thick and twenty feet long. Long wooden benches made by cutting a log in half and using the flat side as a sitting surface sat on either side of the table. The flat side was its natural color but glossy from being sealed.

Past the dining room was an open kitchen with thick granite sitting atop thicker-still wooden cabinets whose color matched the table. At the far wall was a large window and no cabinetry. The left wall was mostly counter space and a refrigerator. A large grill and range dominated the rightmost half-wall, and the half-wall facing Apophis had a sink.

To his immediate right was an office area with a computer sitting atop a U-shaped wooden desk. Matching file cabinets extended the open part of the desk.

Past the office was a large living room dominated by a huge stone fireplace. Apophis thought it strange to be running a fire in the middle of the summer, yet the place was comfortable. A large black leather couch sat facing the fireplace, and a couple of recliners sat at right angles to make for easy conversation with guests.

Overhead was an incredibly high vaulted ceiling with steel rafters. The ceiling climbed steadily from his left, making him think that there must be more of the house the further to the right than the wall. Sure enough, a doorway centered on the right wall made him pretty sure he was right.

Must be where the bedrooms and bathroom are.

It was a nice-looking house, but there was a strange smell to it that Apophis couldn't place, somewhat acrid, slightly heady, slightly arousing, and also slightly calming.

Strangely, Mysto had not yet appeared.

"Hello?" Apophis called.

Abruptly, a tan-colored dragon stepped through the doorway. He carried himself with dignity and moved purposefully. A golden mane started high on his forehead, passed behind his four horns, and cascaded down around his shoulders. His red eyes were piercing and reflected the demanding nature that Apophis had come to love over the last few weeks.

"Hello, boy," he said.

"Hello, Sir," Apophis replied.

The smell Apophis had smelled got stronger, and he was beginning to feel a little light-headed.

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"I'm glad you came," the elder dragon said casually, stepping up to him.

The smell was now almost overpowering.

"I'm glad, too, Sir, but..."—Apophis paused, scrunching up his nose—"what *is* that smell?"

"Smell?" Mysto asked, raising his eyebrows. "What smell?"

"You don't smell it, Sir?"

"I don't think you should worry about it," Mysto replied smoothly, putting his hand on the younger dragon's shoulder. "I do think you should get on your knees, though."

"On my—on my knees, Sir?" Apophis was feeling woozy, but why would Mysto want him on his knees? They hadn't even shaken hands, yet!

"Yes, I think you want to get on your knees for me," Mysto said.

That *did* sound like a good idea, now that he really thought about it. Apophis did as told, kneeling in front of the tan dragon.

"Such a good boy," Mysto said, smiling faintly and reaching down to pat the younger dragon's shoulder. "Such a good son."

Something suddenly clicked.

"Son, Sir?" Apophis asked curiously.

"Yes, Son. I am your father, and you are my son."

"N—no, Sir, I have a picture of my dad in my wallet," Apophis replied hesitantly, frowning

"Show it to me."

The younger dragon pulled out his wallet and showed Mysto the family picture of him and his parents.

Mysto smiled. "That's a very nice picture, boy," he said, "but I think it's just a stock photo."

"No, Sir," Apophis replied incredulously. "That's *me* in the picture!"

The golden dragon smiled patiently. "Yes, boy. That *is* you in the picture, cleverly superimposed over a stock image. I think that you remember *me* being your father. You *do* remember that, don't you, boy?"

Apophis's mind clouded. He wasn't quite sure. The picture reminded him of his parents—didn't it?

Mysto unzipped his fly.

Apophis's eyes bulged. "Wh—what are you doing, Sir?" He suddenly caught a concentrated whiff of that musky smell.

"I think you remember that you are my son, don't you, Son?" Mysto asked again.

"Yes, Sir—erm, yes, Dad."

"I'm glad, Son. Now come give your dad a kiss."

Apophis did as told, standing and leaning up to kiss Mysto.

The elder dragon shook his head. "No, Son. That's not how we kiss. Don't you remember?"

Apophis wracked his memory and shook his head. "No, Dad. How *do* we kiss?"

"Get back on your knees, Son," Mysto told him. Once the younger dragon was again kneeling, he continued. "Now open my fly and take out my cock."

Apophis did as told, revealing a large, ribbed dragon cock. Even semi-flaccid, it was already eight inches long.

"That's good, Son. Now, kiss it."

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The scent of musk was overpowering, but having worked its magic, it continued to corrupt Apophis's mind and make him compliant to Mysto's suggestions while leaving the victim completely unaware of its presence. Apophis dutifully brought the elder dragon's cock to his mouth and kissed the tip sweetly.

"Very good, Son. It is nice to see you, too."

Apophis beamed.

"Now, Son, you've suffered a bit of amnesia, so I'm going to have to remind you what good boys do, aren't I?"

Apophis hung his head. "Yes, Dad. I forgot."

"First off, call me 'Daddy'. You know that, don't you?"

"Yes, Daddy," Apophis replied, his face burning with shame.

"It's all right, Son," Mysto replied, patting Apophis's shoulder. "Just try to remember, all right?"

Apophis nodded.

"Good. Now, the next thing you need to remember is that good boys suck Daddy's cock. You do remember that, right?"

The younger dragon nodded again.

"Good. And you *are* a good boy, aren't you?"

"Oh, yes, Daddy!" Apophis replied earnestly, his face imploring Mysto's for a sign of approval.

Mysto cocked his head and raised his eyebrows. "But what do good boys do, Son?"

Apophis pursed his lips. "Suck Daddy's cock. Right, Daddy?"

Mysto nodded. "Yes. And if you're a good boy, then what should you be doing right now?"

"Sucking...Daddy's cock?" Apophis asked, frowning.

"Very good, Son!" Mysto praised him.

"Okay, Daddy!" Apophis replied, eagerly taking the tip of the elder dragon's cock into his mouth.

Had the younger dragon's mind not been taken before, it most certainly would be now: the musk seeped from Mysto's cock and was ten times as effective when absorbed directly from the source than it was through the air. Apophis's lips and tongue worked the pointed tip just up to where the ridges started midway down Mysto's shaft.

"Now, boy," Mysto said sternly, "you've got less than half my cock in your mouth, and no son of mine is going to give 40%!" He forcibly shoved the younger dragon's head down his shaft, past the ridges, and past the quickly-forming knot. "Good boys take the whole thing," he growled, "and they do not bite, no matter how big my cock is or whether they can breathe or not. Lick once if you understand and twice if not."

Tears formed in the younger dragon's eyes as the massive cock was shoved partway down his throat, but he licked one time.

"That's a good boy." Mysto leaned his head back and savored the feeling of his new son's mouth. He felt his knot swell larger, and then he let go of Apophis; his knot would hold him in place now. "Such a good son," he murmured, feeling his balls begin to contract. "Now you just take everything Daddy gives you." With a grunt and a slight buck of his hips, the elder dragon flooded his son's mouth and throat. He felt Apophis gag and retch, but he kept his cock in place. "Just work through it, Son," he said firmly. "Swallow Daddy's load."

Tears streamed down the younger dragon's as his body heaved, desperate for air but being fed cum instead. The taste was ten times as strong as the smell of his daddy's musk and burned his throat as it went down.

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Mysto sighed contentedly. "Good job, Son," he said. "You may breathe now." His knot deflated, and his cock pulled itself out of Apophis's mouth.

Apophis gasped for air, collapsing to all fours and drooling.

"Don't you *dare* let a single drop of that cum get on the floor," Mysto warned icily.

Apophis quickly slurped to keep his drool in but continued panting.

"Not bad for your first time, Son, but I'll expect you to do that all on your own next time. You come in, kiss me, and then begin sucking. Do you understand?"

Apophis nodded. "Yes, Daddy," he said hoarsely.

"Good boy." Mysto patted his back and glanced at the dragon's backside.

"Now, Son, there is a rule in this house, and that is that no son of mine wears clothes. Where did you get these?"

The younger dragon looked up and frowned. "I—I don't know, Daddy," he said.

"Don't lie to me, Son!" Mysto roared, his wings suddenly opened menacingly. "Where did you get those clothes?"

"I don't *know*, Daddy! Apophis cried. "They're just on me!"

Mysto folded his wings slowly, scowling at his son. "Fine. I will grant you this *one* indulgence, but if I catch you with clothes on again, the punishment will be *twice* as harsh. Do *not* wear clothes in this house. Now take them off and throw them in the fireplace!"

Apophis scrambled to get his shirt and pants off and ran to the fireplace. Only the faintest doubt crossed the periphery of his mind, just beyond his awareness, and he dutifully cast his clothes—phone, wallet, and all—into the fireplace. He turned to look back at his daddy.

"And your sunglasses, too. You are not to wear *anything* that I don't specifically tell you to wear."

Apophis snatched the \$300 glasses from his head and cast them into the fireplace too, where they melted and gave off a foul odor. The younger dragon covered himself with his hands.

"Uh, uh," Mysto told him, shaking his head. "Your hands stay at your sides or behind your back, above your tail at tall times. You are not to ever cover yourself."

The younger dragon moved his hands to his sides, fidgeted, and then put them behind his back.

"Good, Son. Now come here. I want to show you the other thing that good boys do."

Something about the elder dragon's tone made Apophis nervous, and he approached slowly. "Y—yes, Daddy?"

"Good boys present to daddy when they're finished sucking his cock, Son. Do you know how to present?"

Apophis shook his head.

"It's that amnesia again, Son," Mysto said gravely, shaking his head. "I want you to get down on all fours, with your butt pointed towards me and your tail raised. Let's start with that."

Apophis did as told, looking over his shoulder. "L—like this, Daddy?" he asked, swallowing hard.

"Close, son. Now I want you to rest the front of you on your forearms so that it pushes your butt up in the air, lower your head, and look at the ground in front of you.

Apophis changed his stance and looked at the ground, a shiver of fear crawling up his spine. He felt so vulnerable, so exposed! And when commanded to look at the floor, he couldn't see what Daddy was doing or where he was. Daddy's cock had hurt and made it hard to breathe before. Was Daddy going to hurt him again?

He felt Daddy's hand on his flank and shuddered. Then he felt something hot and wet press against his ass.

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"Daddy needs to deposit many loads per day, Son," Mysto said, squaring his hips and lining himself up, "and I want you to take this one." Without preamble, he hilted himself inside his son.

Apophis saw stars and gasped. "Ow, Daddy, you're hurting me!" he cried.

"I don't think I'm hurting you," Mysto replied casually.

"Yes, you are, Daddy! You're hurting me!"

"Take it like a champ, Son," Mysto said firmly. "This is only the beginning."

The elder dragon felt his knot beginning to swell and smiled to himself. He pulled back so that his swelling knot was centered on the younger dragon's anus, stretching his son as it grew.

"Ow! Daddy!" Apophis screamed. "Daddy, make it stop!"

Mysto shook his head. "No, Son. This is for your own good. You need to be able to take *everything* Daddy puts in your ass like a good boy should. Daddy has far bigger things to put in your ass, Son, and this will help prepare you."

"But Daddy!" Apophis cried, tears streaming down his face and sweat dripping down his back.

"Son, I'm getting very tired of your crying!" Mysto warned. "If I hear one more peep out of you that isn't 'Yes, Daddy,' I'm going to have to punish you."

Apophis bit his lip and squeezed his eyes shut, trying hard not to focus on how Mysto's knot kept stretching him wider and wider. Mysto flexed, and Apophis yelped.

"That's *it*, Son," Mysto growled, pulling roughly out of Apophis's ass. The younger dragon slumped, his ass gaping and drooling Mysto's musky precum.

"Did I tell you that you could stop presenting?" Mysto snapped. "Get back into position!"

Apophis sobbed as he got back into position. Suddenly, he felt something hard and large pressing against his ass. "No, Daddy, no more!" he cried.

"Enough of this," Mysto grumbled.

Apophis felt the hard thing move away from his ass. Moments later, Mysto was in front of him.

"Pick up your head and open your mouth," the tan dragon barked.

"Open my—?" Apophis began.

Mysto shoved an enormous ball gag into the younger dragon's mouth, pushing it in so far that it forced his mouth open. Apophis heard a click behind him, and Mysto moved away. The gag was pressed so far back into his mouth that it was all Apophis could do not to gag on it. He couldn't move his tongue or form words with his lips. All he could do was moan as he closed his eyes to await his punishment.

He felt the hard thing against his ass again, and this time it pressed in forcibly. Apophis's eyes bulged, and he cried steadily into the gag. He felt the hard thing press deeper into him—far deeper than Mysto's cock had—and he felt his ass stretched as the hard thing kept pressing into him for what felt like forever.

"Now, Son," Mysto said, his arm buried in the younger dragon's ass up to his shoulder, "I am very disappointed in you, and so I'm going to give you one pullout. I will spare you the worse form of this punishment where I extend my claws, but I assure you, this will hurt anyway. I want you to remember this, Son. I am not being cruel; I am teaching you a lesson you need to learn: always do as you're told. You haven't been doing that, have you, Son?"

Tears again forming in his eyes, Apophis shook his head.

"You know you deserve to be punished, don't you?"

He *did* deserve to be punished. Apophis nodded slowly.

"Very good, Son. I'm glad you recognize the error of your ways. This will help encourage you not to do it again."

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Apophis felt a knot form in the pit of his stomach as he waited for whatever a "pullout" was.

He nearly threw up into the gag when it happened. Mysto put one of his feet on Apophis's rump to brace himself and pulled his fist out as fast and hard as he could. The sudden, sharp movement made Apophis feel like he'd been ripped open. His head sagged, and he whimpered limply into the gag.

Mysto stood up and regarded his son coldly. "Remember this lesson, Son. The next time you disobey, the punishment will be far worse. For now, sleep. I will introduce you to the others when you awaken.

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"Good morning, Son. It's time to wake up."

Apophis blinked and groaned groggily. His throat was sore, and his ass hurt. But more than that, he had no idea where he was. He lay on the floor of a rather nice-looking house between a leather sofa and a large fireplace. He looked up, searching for the speaker.

"Good morning, Son."

The voice came from behind him. He turned to see a tan-colored dragon sitting in a chair behind him, watching him.

That dragon. This house.

It all came back to him suddenly, and his eyes went wide. "I've got to get out of here!" he cried, leaping to his feet. "You're a monster!"

The elder dragon smirked and chuckled. "Go ahead. The door's right over there," he said, gesturing over his shoulder.

Apophis's eyes darted from Mysto to the door and back, wondering what the catch was. He made for the door, keeping a wary eye on the elder dragon.

"I think you want to stay here," Mysto called, studying his claws.

Apophis stopped.

No, he was *pretty* sure he wanted to leave... He took another step forward.

"I think you want to stay here and be my son again, Son."

Apophis turned slowly and knelt in front of Mysto.

"Why, yes, Daddy, I do," he said, his voice now sounding young and eager. "May I kiss you, Daddy?"

"Yes, Son. I would like that," Mysto replied, scratching under his son's chin.

The younger dragon eagerly opened Mysto's fly and pulled his cock out. He was immediately bathed in musk, locking him into his hypnotic state. Apophis brought his lips to the tip of Mysto's cock and kissed it tenderly, and then glancing up at his daddy for approval, he slowly moved his mouth over and around the cock, taking it slowly into his mouth. The cock swelled and hardened at his ministrations.

"Such a good boy," Mysto cooed, eyes closed in enjoyment. "But you'd better get it all in there before the knot gets too big."

Apophis took a deep breath and pushed his mouth all the way around Mysto's prick. He felt the knot grow in his mouth until it was too big to pull out. Fighting the urge to gag, he swirled his tongue over his daddy's dick, rubbing his tongue over and between the ridges, swirling around the shaft, and lapping at the base of Mysto's knot.

"Ohh!" Mysto gasped, very pleased, his back arching. "You're doing so much better today, Son. I am very proud of you."

Apophis beamed up at him as he continued to nurse the cock lodged in his mouth. Soon, the elder dragon finally gave him his reward, a series of thick globs of musk-laden dragon cum, delivered straight down his throat.

Apophis swallowed the cum greedily and was almost disappointed when his daddy's knot deflated and pulled out. He sat back, looking up at his daddy with bright eyes, desperately seeking approval.

"You're a very good boy, Son," Mysto told him, scratching the younger dragon's forehead. "What do good boys do?"

"They suck daddy's cock!" Apophis replied eagerly, sitting up.

"Yes, they do," Mysto said with a laugh. "But what else do they do?"

Apophis's face clouded, and he hesitated. "They—present for Daddy?" He swallowed hard.

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"Very good, Son! Yes, that's right. Why don't you do that right now?"

The younger dragon slowly turned and put his ass in the air, head down.

"Such a good boy, Son. You saw yesterday how naughty boys get punished, but *good* boys get rewarded. Would you like that?"

"Mmm—yes, Daddy..." Apophis replied, his voice a little more optimistic but clearly still nervous.

"Well, here you go, Son."

Mysto stepped up behind him, smoothly inserted his cock into the younger dragon, and began slowly stroking in and out, making sure to hit his son's prostate. His claws reached around and grazed his son's sheath, coaxing his cock out.

Apophis gasped at his daddy's touch, his cock beginning to drool precum all over his daddy's claws. Mysto leaned forward, pressing his warm body against the younger dragon, and Apophis sighed in pleasure.

"Such a good boy. I like rewarding good boys," Mysto hinted. "You like this, don't you, having Daddy stroke you while he fills you with Daddy-cum?"

Apophis nodded vigorously.

"You want to be good for Daddy all the time so that you can be rewarded like this more often, don't you?"

More vigorous nodding.

"That's my boy!"

Mysto pulled back and began to thrust harder, really working his son's prostate. He could feel the younger dragon's now-erect cock drooling in response. He gave the cock a squeeze.

"Oh!" Apophis gasped. He could feel his balls beginning to contract.

"Good boy, Son. Make milk for Daddy!"

Mysto began to jerk him off in rhythm to his thrusting.

"Oh! Ahh!"

Apophis's body arched and writhed, and with a gasp, he fired his load all over his chest, splattering on his chin. Mysto slammed himself inside one last time and fired, dousing his son's insides with his second load of the day. Then he pulled out brusquely and stepped back, letting the younger dragon sag to the floor.

"Uh, tut!" Mysto warned. "Stay in position. It's okay to feel pleasure or pain, but always stay in position."

Feeling giddy and light-headed, Apophis did as told, getting back on his forearms and thrusting his butt back into the air.

"Good boy," the elder dragon said, taking a seat in the recliner facing the back wall. "Now I want you to get up and sit on that chair over there. It's time to have a talk."

Apophis obeyed and sat in the chair facing the front door. He could feel the elder dragon's cum inside of him and quickly tightened up his butt to keep it from dribbling onto the leather.

Mysto snapped his fingers, and Apophis blinked, disoriented. He frowned and looked around.

Oh, wait! I'm here again. He leapt to his feet.

"Sit down," the elder dragon said sternly.

"Why should I?" Apophis roared. "You've raped me and made me suck your cock until I gagged. I don't know what you're doing to me, but it's not fair!"

Mysto raised his eyebrows and smiled. "Oh, so you want to be able to control your actions then, is it?"

"Of course I do! I'm not your sex doll!"

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Mysto recoiled, taken aback. "Heavens, no!" he said. "I'm not into dolls. I prefer to call you my sex *slave*."

"Same difference!" Apophis retorted.

"But Apophis," Mysto replied, "isn't that what you said you wanted? Didn't you say you wanted to be my sex slave?"

Apophis bit his lip. It was true; and he didn't need to be hypnotized to admit it. He nodded slowly.

"I thi—" Mysto stopped short and held up a claw. He started again. "I'm *curious* whether you've changed your mind. You've now seen that I *can* take control from you if I want to. You've seen that I can be a cruel master, but I can also be a loving daddy who takes care of his son. As long as you behave, the life of a sex slave could be very good for you."

Apophis slowly sank back into the chair, biting his lip.

"Besides," Mysto added, "didn't you just lose your job?"

"Because of *you!*" Apophis retorted.

"Okay, yes, maybe I did have a hand in that," Mysto chuckled. "But it's what you said you wanted. You wanted to give up control and surrender to me as your master. Isn't that what you said? In fact, weren't those your exact words?"

He's right. I did say that.

You're kind of up a creek now. The little voice was back. You can still back out, but it's gonna be hard to find a new job, especially after getting fired for not showing up.

I'm scared.

As well you should be! If you had only listened all those times I tried to warn you... But now you've made your bed, and it's time you slept in it. You clearly don't value my advice—the voice of reason, and so I say to you, "Go. Be this dragon's sex slave, his son or whatever else he tells you, and treat it like you would your job—or the way you used to before you started bailing on it. Throw yourself into it and give it your all. Do what he tells you, and maybe you'll have a good life. He's the decision-maker now, not me.

Apophis sighed. His stomach hurt, and he shook with nervousness.

"I'll do it," he said softly.

"Excuse me?" Mysto asked, blinking and doing a double-take.

"I'll—be your sex slave," Apophis said, his voice a little louder.

Mysto smiled, a hint of wickedness glinting in his red eyes. "Maybe I don't want you for a sex slave," he said nonchalantly, looking at his claws and ignoring the aghast look the younger dragon gave him.

"Maybe I'm through with you." He glanced up and cocked his head. "How badly do you want it?" he asked.

Apophis swallowed. "A lot," he said quietly.

"I'm not convinced," Mysto replied, giving him a dismissive wave. "There's the door," he said, gesturing over his shoulder. "No tricks this time, no hypnosis. Off you go."

Apophis's stomach turned. His voice of reason had left him to this dragon, and the dragon had just turned him out. He had no job, had *burned* his clothes, his phone, his wallet... No, he *had* to stay! Somehow he had to prove that he could be the slave—or son, or whatever—Mysto expected him to be. He stood on wobbly legs and took a few steps forward. But instead of turning for the door, he prostrated himself in front of Mysto. "No, please, Sir—Daddy—*please* let me stay!" he begged, tears forming in his eyes. He hesitantly reached forward and unzipped Mysto's fly. The older dragon didn't stop him, and so he pulled his cock out and began to suck on it passionately, furiously.

Mysto gasped, his eyes wide with astonishment and approval. His knot grew quickly, and he wasn't sure whether the younger dragon would be able to get it into his mouth in time.

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But just as the elder dragon's knot reached that critical point, Apophis shoved it into his mouth and was instantly locked in place. His tongue continued to swirl around and stroke Mysto's prick with more passion than he ever had under hypnosis. It took only seconds for the tan dragon to roar out in pleasure and deliver his thick payload.

When Mysto pulled out, Apophis quickly flipped himself around, put his ass in the air and his head down and braced for the worst. "Please, Daddy," he said. "Please use your son. Your son needs Daddy's love."

Mysto's jaw dropped. He closed it slowly, his mouth drawing into a sentimental smile.

"No," he said, rising.

Apophis looked up, a look of panic on his face.

"However, I *will* allow you to serve me," Mysto replied. "You've convinced me that you want this."

He went to his desk and took out a few sheets of paper. He gestured for Apophis to follow him into the dining room, where he placed the papers and a pen and motioned for Apophis to sit.

The younger dragon did as told and looked at the stack of papers. On the top one were the words "SLAVE CONTRACT" printed in big, bold letters. Apophis sucked in a nervous breath.

"I will hold you to what you've just said," Mysto said firmly, sitting across the table and tenting his fingers. "This contract makes you mine. If you sign it, you forfeit any option to ever leave my service. Rest assured, if you try to run, I *will* find you." He raised his eyebrows for emphasis. "You will be mine to use as I see fit. You agree to be disciplined in whatever means I deem necessary. You agree to endure whatever I do to you, and you agree to be as passionate in your service of me as you just were." He gestured to the contract. "You can sign it and be mine forever, or you can walk away and never hear from me again. The choice is yours, but you must make it now."

Apophis looked at the front page of the contract. There was so much legalese that he couldn't begin to make sense of it all. He flipped through the pages. Page after page of more legalese flashed by him, and he shook his head. He could never hope to understand it, and he decided he'd have to take Mysto's word for it. What he said sounded harsh enough that Apophis doubted he'd left anything out.

Should I do it?

The little voice said nothing; it had already said its piece.

Apophis swallowed and looked at Mysto, who watched him with detached curiosity. He looked at the contract again and took up the pen.

He signed the contract and handed it to Mysto.

No sooner was the ink dry than Mysto had whisked the contract back into his file cabinet and strode deliberately and with surprising speed towards the doorway on the right wall, gesturing for Apophis to follow.

The younger dragon sprang from the table and nervously trotted over to follow his now-master.

The hallway was dark and surprisingly short, ending abruptly at the top of a wrought-iron spiral staircase.

"After you," Mysto said, gesturing for Apophis to begin the descent.

Grasping the handrail, Apophis stepped down the cold metal stairs. It got brighter as he went down until he stood on the basement floor. It was almost painfully bright, and the light generated by the fixtures was the purest white Apophis had ever seen; it seemed almost like an alien abduction. Immediately in front of him was a wall, the upper half of which was thick glass. A clipboard and container holding pens hung from a hook suction-cupped to the glass. Apophis frowned curiously.

The wall stopped short of either edge of the basement, leaving a narrow walkway all the way around the large central enclosure. Peering through the glass, Apophis could once again see a hallway off the right side of the area enclosed by the glass wall.

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They passed a lab chair as Mysto led them around the right side of the enclosure. Their path made a sharp right turn, went a few feet, and ended in a very solid metal door with a thick glass window. Mysto placed his palm on the glass, and the door unlocked with a loud clunk. He turned the handle and opened the door.

Apophis stopped short and gasped. The door opened into what looked like a chemistry lab. Along the right side, glassware bubbled with liquids of various colors, and an autopipette cranked along, filling dozens of test tubes with different chemicals. Along the back wall was a table with a computer and some papers. A rolling lab chair was pushed up against it. Along the left side was another long wall with the upper half made of the same thick glass as he'd seen when he first got to the basement. A steel door at the end of the wall faced to the left, and next to it was an intercom.

But what shocked Apophis was what he saw through the glass. In the middle of a large, open room was an exam table with surcingle straps to hold the patient in place and stirrups to hold his legs in the air, illuminated by an operating-room-style light fixture overhead. Two cages sat beyond the exam table against the far wall, one containing what looked like a black anthro horse, and the other containing something Apophis had never seen before. It was a creature, octopus-like in appearance, and gray. It walked around on tentacles and moved surprisingly fast as it paced its cage.

"Wh—what is *that*?" Apophis gasped.

Mysto said nothing. They stepped inside, and the door closed behind them with a solid thud. Mysto went to the other door, placed his hand on it, and it, too, unlocked.

As soon as the door opened, the creatures retreated to the backs of their cages.

"Aww, come, now; that's no way to greet your new playmate!" He pushed Apophis forward. "Go and introduce yourself," he said. "The one on the left is Francis—or that's what I call him; you could never begin to pronounce his real name. Yes, the octopus-looking thing. And the one on the right is Jack." He addressed the caged beings again. "This is Apophis." He pushed the nervous dragon right up against the bars of the cages. "He'll be joining you in the experiments."

"Experiments?" Apophis asked, turning to look nervously at Mysto.

"Yes, experiments," Mysto replied. "Every time you screw up—or whenever I feel like it—I do an experiment on you. These two will help."

Francis made a moaning sound and gesticulated with his front two tentacles, and Jack shook his head. "No..." the horse moaned.

"What was that?" Mysto asked, turning his attention to the horse and grinned wickedly. "Did I hear a protest?"

The horse shuddered in his cage.

"I think you should come out here," Mysto said, unlocking the cell.

Instantly the horse stopped shivering, stood, and did as told. Apophis gasped. The horse's body—black from nose to hooves, with black mane and tail—rippled with muscle, and with no clothes to hide anything, everything was on display. But what had made Apophis gasp was the size of the horse's cock; he seemed incredibly well-endowed, even for a horse. Apophis's eyes bulged.

"I *told* you there were bigger things to fuck you here," Mysto said over his shoulder with a wicked grin. He turned his attention to the horse. "I think you should go lie on the table," he said.

Apophis thought he saw something, a flicker in the horse's eye, but the horse did as told, compliantly climbing up onto the table and lying down.

Mysto followed him over and lifted the horse's legs up into the stirrups, tightly tying each of the straps—including ones along each stirrup and a couple for his tail—immobilizing him with his ass exposed. The dragon snapped his fingers.

Jack gasped and immediately began fighting his restraints. "No, please!" he begged. "I'll be good; I promise!" His tail fought hard but futilely, trying in vain to protect his ass.

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"It's too late for that," Mysto replied.

He opened the door to the lab and disappeared inside a moment. He returned with an enema syringe filled with a thick, opaque, sickly-green liquid.

"Let's see how an even *larger* penis makes you feel," the tan dragon said, stepping up next to the horse.

The horse's muscles surged with blood, making his veins stick out as he tensed all over, desperately trying to get away. His cock retreated into its sheath.

"Such a shy boy, aren't you?" he asked. "Apophis! Get him hard."

The younger dragon blinked and hesitated.

"Do as I say, slave!" Mysto barked.

The young dragon quickly moved to the horse's side and put his lips over his shaft.

"No..." Jack whimpered. "Please don't do this!"

Apophis paused.

"Do it, or I will make you do it," Mysto ordered. "And then I'll punish you again, far worse than last time. Is that what you want?"

Apophis began to lick and nuzzle the horse's enormous sheath and caressed his balls with his claws. The horse groaned and whimpered, his back arching and straining his restraints.

"Yes, that's a good boy, Son," Mysto said. "Get him good and hard."

The horse's cock emerged from his sheath, and Apophis positioned himself so that it would go down his throat when it got long enough.

"You're a natural!" Mysto beamed, patting him on the shoulder. "Such a *good* boy!" Meanwhile, with the horse distracted, he deftly tied a rope around Jack's cock to keep him hard and then brought the tip of the syringe to the horse's ass, pushed it inside, and began depressing the plunger.

Apophis tried to ignore the horse's pleas and focused on the praise he was getting from his master. He sucked harder still, and the horse's cock grew harder, filling his entire muzzle and beginning to push down his throat. Each throb of the oversized equine cock stretched his mouth open wider as the cock slid deeper and deeper inside until it began spreading his throat.

"Ah, excellent. That's enough, Son," Mysto said, withdrawing the syringe and quickly inserting a butt plug into the horse's donut-hole. "Let his cock go."

Apophis did as told, gagging slightly as he pulled the huge cock out of his throat and stepped back. From here, he could see one white marking on the horse, a 4E on his left shoulder. He was curious what it meant, but he didn't have time to think about it.

"You traitor!" the horse hissed at Apophis through gritted teeth.

"Now you've insulted my son," Mysto said icily. "I was just going to give you one injection, but you know what? Now you've earned two."

The horse paled, his eyes wide with fear and fixated on the now-empty syringe, realizing that the drug was already inside of him, that his fate was already sealed.

"Son, I think you were probably distracted with the last one, but I want you to deliver the second one."

"What?!" the dragon gasped. "No, Daddy, I—"

"Would you rather I gave *you* the drug?" Mysto asked bluntly.

Apophis hesitated. "Was that...*it*?" he asked. "Just the enema and a butt plug?"

"It gets worse," the horse said through clenched teeth, "when it starts growing."

"Don't mind him," Mysto said. "He tends to overreact."

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Apophis looked at the horse, sweat matting his forelock, his eyes filled with terror. The dragon's heart ached; he wanted to spare the guy some of whatever was in that enema syringe, but if a big, strong horse like that was terrified of it, how could he bear it? He slowly shook his head. "N—no," he said finally, his shoulders slumping.

Jack glanced over at him and sighed, his eyes closing in resolution to just endure.

"It's settled, then!" Mysto said. "But since I just delivered a dose into him, we've got to wait for his body to absorb it. It should happen any minute. I'm going to go refill the syringe."

Mysto disappeared, and Apophis was left alone with the horse for a moment.

"Is it really that bad?" Apophis asked skeptically.

The horse scoffed. "I've broken bones that didn't hurt this badly. It's like your skin gets stretched far beyond what it's supposed to, pulled thinly over you. It's already so sensitive that the slightest breeze hurts.

"Really?" Apophis asked, instinctively blowing across the horse's dick.

"Ahh! Yes!" Jack cried, his eyes wide and his back arched hard against the restraints. "Why would you *do* that?! You're just as bad as he is!"

"Is that so?" Mysto asked, suddenly appearing. "We'll see about that." He chuckled wickedly.

"Here you go, Son," he said, handing the enema syringe to Apophis. "Now, his body should have absorbed all that, so let's check."

He led the younger dragon over to Jack's backside and slowly removed the plug. "It's not that I care about hurting him," Mysto explained. "It's that I want to make sure that if there is any unabsorbed medicine, we keep it inside."

The plug came out clean, and Mysto nodded in satisfaction. "Good, good," he said. "Now, just push the syringe up into that nice donut of his and then push the plunger until it's all inside of him. It's thick, so you'll have to push hard, but when you're done, we'll plug him up so it can't leak out."

Apophis hesitated. He saw Jack lying there helplessly and sweating profusely, his eyes fixed once again on the syringe, his chest heaving with nervous gasps. The younger dragon glanced at Mysto, who was watching Jack's expression. He glanced over at Francis, who had his tentacles wrapped around the bars of his cell and seemed to be pressed up against it. The noise he made seemed almost mournful.

I can't do this to him! He's completely helpless!

Apophis's jaw clenched, and he grasped the syringe with both hands. Whirling, he aimed to slam it into Mysto's head and knock him out.

"I think you should be still!" Mysto said quickly, stepping back and avoiding the syringe.

Apophis blinked and then slowly brought his hands down to his sides.

"Drop the syringe, Son," Mysto said evenly.

Apophis's hand relaxed, and the syringe fell to the floor with a loud thud.

Mysto stepped over to Apophis and picked up the syringe, sighing.

"I'm *very* disappointed in you, Son," he said, his voice conveying *every* iota of the disappointment he felt. He shook his head and turned to the stallion. "Count yourself lucky I'm mad at *him*," he said. "Looks like you're going to get to get off today."

The stallion just closed his eyes.

"Ungrateful wretch!" Mysto barked, shoving the syringe into the stallion's ass and pressing the plunger hard.

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The stallion let out a long moan that lasted until the syringe was removed, and then he collapsed back on the table as the elder dragon shoved the plug into him forcibly.

Mysto snapped his fingers over his shoulder as he made for the door. "If you care so much about him, Apophis, untie him." He slammed the door behind him, leaving Apophis trapped in the room.

The dragon blinked as the hypnotic effect instantly wore off and turned to the horse.

"Don't...do...it..." the horse hissed, his face twisted in pain. "I can't...control myself...when it starts..."

"When what starts?" Apophis asked, leaning over the horse.

"The growth," Jack replied.

Apophis shook his head. "Nonsense! I'm going to set you free. Between the two of us, maybe we can overpower him!" He undid the clasp binding the horse's forearms to his stomach.

The horse scoffed. "Like you could ever overpower him when all he has to do is blurt out a few words or fill this place with his musk," he said. He shook his head and used all his energy to relax. "Please don't free me. It seems like there's some good in you, and I don't want to rape you."

"Rape me?!" Apophis cried.

"Y—ugh!" the horse cried, slamming against the table.

Apophis took a step back as Jack's cock began to grow, squeezing tightly against the rope Mysto had tied. Apophis quickly untied it and stepped back again. The horse's cock swelled, growing longer and wider, growing more sensitive with each inch and rubbing against the coarse surcingle straps, eliciting a continuous wail.

Apophis watched helplessly and then ran to the window and banged on it. It felt as solid as the steel doors.

"Master! Daddy! You've got to do something! I think he's hurt!"

Yet the glass was one-way, and he could only see his own reflection. His master's voice crackled over a speaker somewhere in the room. "Of course he's hurt! This is *punishment*, not play-time! And don't you worry, your punishment will come soon enough!"

Apophis rushed back to the table. "I'm so sorry!" he said to the horse. "I didn't know!"

Several minutes later, the horse's cock finally stopped growing. It was a foot in diameter and six feet long—long enough to extend past the horse's head. The exhausted horse lay panting on the table. Apophis approached him cautiously.

"Jack? Are you—are you okay?" he asked.

The horse's nose suddenly twitched, and his gray eyes snapped open.

"J—Jack?" Apophis took a step backward.

The horse's cock throbbed, huge veins sticking out with each pulse. A look of determination came over Jack's face, and his lip curled up in a snarl.

"Jack, man, are you—?"

Francis suddenly began squealing and gesticulating wildly. Apophis whirled to look, startled. The octopus-creature pointed frantically towards a wide hallway with both his fore-tentacles. He seemed to be imploring him to go down the hall.

There was a snap, and Apophis turned to see that Jack had broken one of the bands that held him. Francis squealed again, and Apophis turned and began quickly walking down the hallway. Behind him, he heard another snap as a second band gave way.

Oh, shit!

He began to run. Fluorescent lights flashed by above him as he hauled ass down the hallway.

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He found himself in the big room he'd first seen when Mysto brought him down here. He was trapped; there was nowhere to go. He turned over his shoulder and saw Jack running towards him, both arms wrapped around his cock to keep it out from under-hoof and snarling in pain and lust.

Then he was in the doorway. His nostrils flared as he smelled Apophis, and he sneered when he sensed the dragon's fear.

"What's the matter?" he growled. "I'm just going to fuck you. It can't hurt *that* bad," he jeered.

"Over my dead body!" Apophis yelled, rushing to get past the horse.

Jack's arm dropped his prick and flashed out, snatching him by the neck. "That can be arranged," he snarled. His muscles seemed even bigger than they were before, and he held the dragon off the ground effortlessly, squeezing his throat.

"The *only* relief I get from this hyper-sensitive cock is when I fuck someone. Looks like it's your turn!" He threw Apophis to the ground and was over him in a flash.

"No! No!!" Apophis cried, scrambling to get to his feet.

"Present yourself!" the intercom blared.

"He'll kill me!" Apophis yelled, finally getting to his feet and starting to run.

"Not if you cooperate," the horse growled. "Do as 'Daddy' says, and maybe I'll let you live." He quickly caught the dragon and slammed him to the ground again, pinning him with his face pressed hard against the cold concrete.

"Enough of this!" Mysto yelled over the intercom.

There was a mechanical whirring, and manacles appeared in the floor, locking Apophis's wrists and ankles in place. Seconds later, the part of the floor under his stomach was raised by hydraulic pistons, forcing him into position.

Apophis whimpered and looked over his shoulder as Jack sneered at him, leaning over him menacingly.

"No! Please!" the dragon begged.

He saw stars the moment the horse's enormous member shoved hard against his ass. There was *no* way it was going to fit! The horse grunted over him, snarling in frustrated lust. Apophis could feel the horse's chest pressed hard against his back and whimpered at the heat of the equine loins against his defenseless ass.

With another shove, the horse popped inside. Apophis cried out as the massive cock forced its way into him. The horse reared back and shoved himself in again, deeply and without mercy, yet Apophis was right: it *wouldn't* all fit. He felt nauseous as he looked around the piston that held him immobilized to see the outline of the horse's cock making his stomach bulge with each shove, a moving lump on his stomach and chest.

Apophis felt like he was going to pass out. Jack pulled back and shoved again, harder and harder. Apophis's head swam as his ass was stretched to its limits and brutally rubbed raw by the invading member.

Things began to go black. The last thing he remembered was the horse whinnying, the feel of intense pressure inside of him, and the horse's cum splattering out of his ass.

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"Wake up, Son," the intercom crackled.

Apophis moved, bleary-eyed, and winced. He felt like he'd been ripped a new asshole and instinctively reached down to dip his claw in whatever was seeping out of his ass. Fortunately, all he saw was cum. He groaned and sat up.

"You took it like a champ, Son, and I am proud of you for that. However, I must impress upon you the importance of always behaving yourself. Jack's enormous cock is only *one* of the miseries I can inflict upon you. Do you understand?"

The dragon moaned softly and nodded.

"Good. Now, that little stunt you pulled back prevented me from giving you your actual task down here. Part of me is skeptical whether you'd actually perform, but I have decided in my *infinite* mercy to give you another chance. Meet me at the door to the lab.

Apophis sighed and stood, his legs wobbly from the encounter and his ass leaking cum down his legs. He tried to tighten up but was too sore to do it. He grimaced and waddled slowly back towards the room with the exam table.

The surcingle on the exam table had been replaced, and Jack was back in his cell. Francis crept up to the wall of his cage and stuck a tentacle out, beckoning.

Apophis frowned and went to him. He grazed his cheek gently with his tentacle. The kindness made Apophis's eyes well up, and in an almost paternal way, Francis wiped one of his tears.

"Son! Quit playing with the pets and get over here!" the intercom barked.

The door opened just as Apophis made it to it.

"What *am* I going to do with you, Son?" Mysto asked him, shaking his head exasperatedly. "I can't give a much simpler instruction than, 'meet me at the door,' yet you *still* managed to disobey!" He sighed. "I'll punish you for that later, but right now, I have experiments to run, and I need you underfoot."

Apophis had started out feeling ashamed, but at the last word from his daddy, he blinked in confusion.

"Need me *underfoot*, Daddy?" he asked, cocking an eyebrow.

"Yes, Son. That's why I brought you down here. I need you to take care of my feet while I watch my pets. He went over and did something to "his pets" that Apophis didn't see. "Come on," he said, walking back through the door and gesturing for Apophis to follow.

The dragon followed his master as quickly as he could given his gaping ass, desperate not to earn any *more* punishments for himself.

Mysto took a seat on the lab chair and gestured towards his feet.

"Your job is to keep me comfortable while I watch them," he said as Apophis prostrated himself before him. "I would work around the clock if it weren't for these damn biological impulses!" He shook his head. "But I think you can help with that. Right now, my feet hurt, and you need to make them feel better. If you stop, I will punish you. Do you understand?"

Apophis nodded and immediately took his daddy's feet in his hands, rubbing and squeezing them.

"Ahh," his master sighed. "That's good, Son. You just keep doing that."

From where he was, Apophis couldn't see what was going on, but he heard Francis squealing and Jack whinnying behind him. He felt a chill go down his spine. "Poor Francis," he murmured.

"What's that?" Mysto demanded.

"N—nothing, Sir," Apophis said quickly.

"Good. Don't feel sorry for the pets; they aren't worthy of your pity. Just pray that I don't lower you to their level!"

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Apophis shuddered and worked Mysto's feet even more fervently, pressing his fingers into the fleshy pads and working the tension out.

"Feel free to use your mouth," Mysto told him, glancing down. "I like the feeling of a nice, warm tongue gliding between my toes."

Apophis grimaced at the idea, but it was better than being raped by Jack. He sniffed his master's foot and tentatively licked his sole.

Mysto chuckled, his foot jerking and almost kicking Apophis in the face. "That tickles, Son. Lick firmly!"

It doesn't taste so bad...

The dragon pressed his tongue hard against his master's foot and began to take long laps from heel to toe, working his way from the outside of his master's foot to the inside.

"That's some good tongue work, Son," Mysto murmured. "Keep it up."

Perhaps there was musk on his master's feet, too, but Apophis found himself actually kind of enjoying feeling his master's rough, bony feet on his tongue. He began to lick between the toes, eliciting a contented sigh from his master. Encouraged, he pressed his tongue firmly between his master's toes, catching every nook and cranny. His master lightly squeezed his toes together, squeezing Apophis's tongue. The younger dragon was surprised to feel a jolt of arousal from his cock when his master's feet compressed his tongue.

"You're liking that, I see," Mysto observed, chuckling. "Good. How about work on the other foot for a while?"

Apophis reluctantly let go of his master's foot and picked the other one up. He began as before, rubbing the pads with his hands and then bringing his tongue down over the arch.

A sharp kick from his master sent him sprawling on his back.

"I said to be firm!" Mysto bellowed. He dropped down from the chair and stood over Apophis, smashing his foot onto the younger dragon's cock and balls.

Apophis's breath caught; the feel of the elder dragon's foot on his balls hurt so badly he couldn't breathe. He could only writhe under his master's foot.

Mysto let him go abruptly, and Apophis gasped for air, clutching his aching balls.

"Do *not* fail me again, slave, or I will find a replacement." Mysto scowled and looked back up at the observation window.

After only a moment, he sighed and sneered. "Damn these biological urges!" He glanced down, and a smile crept over his face.

"Slave," he said, his voice mimicking the expression on his face. "Sit up. I need to piss, but I must continue watching this experiment."

Apophis grimaced but dutifully sat up, wincing. His abdomen and ass were both still sore.

"Kiss me, Son," Mysto instructed impatiently, beckoning him to hasten.

The younger dragon's distaste was unmistakable on his face as he slowly pressed his lips against the tip of his master's cock to kiss it.

As soon as flesh touched flesh, Mysto pulled the younger dragon's head forward, driving his head partially onto his cock.

"Now, I would suggest that you swallow if you want to continue breathing," the elder dragon advised, glancing down from watching his experiment. "I have a lot of piss to let out, and if you spill one drop in my pristine lab, I will do something so horrible to you that even *I* cannot conceive of it right now!"

With that, he let loose. Apophis recoiled, trying to pull back, but Mysto's hand stopped him. His mouth began to fill quickly with the vile-tasting liquid, and soon it threatened to shoot out around his master's

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cock. In desperation, Apophis squeezed his eyes closed and swallowed hard, nearly retching as his master's piss burned its way down his throat.

"That's it, Son. Just keep doing that," Mysto said, releasing the back of Apophis's neck and patting him roughly on the head. His focus remained in the other room.

Now having to play catch-up, Apophis held his breath and gulped down the piss that was ballooning his cheeks and gasped as soon as he had caught up. He wanted to throw up, but he knew his master would clobber him if he did. Instead, he just kept swallowing as his master pissed and pissed and pissed.

At *last*, Mysto's bladder was finally empty. The elder dragon pulled his cock out, and the younger one groaned at how full his belly was. Yet he had no time to think about that.

"Oh! That's *hot!* Slave, present! Hurry! Hurry! Right now!"

Apophis moved slowly at first, but at his daddy's insistence, he scrambled to get himself presented. As he moved into position, he caught a glance of Jack using Francis like a large, living fleshlight, grasping the alien's body with both hands and plunging his cock so far into him that the crown of Francis's head deformed and his tentacles splayed out with each thrust.

Fucking bastard! Apophis thought bitterly.

"Very good, Son." Mysto's voice brought him back to his own reality. "Tell Daddy how much you need his cock."

Apophis didn't have it in him to say it. Not after all that had happened.

"What's that, Son? You want Jack to use you like he's using Francis?"

The younger dragon's eyes went wide, and he shook his head violently. "N—no, daddy!" he cried.

"Then tell Daddy just how much you love *his* cock and how desperately you need it inside of you right now. Do it, or I'll throw you in there with *him!*"

"No, daddy!" Apophis cried. "No, Daddy, I want *your* cock inside of me, not his! Please, Daddy, fuck your son's ass! I *need* your cum inside of me! Please!"

Mysto smiled cruelly. "Now was that so hard, Son?" he asked. His voice turned mock-serious. "But I understand that good boys need their parents to cum inside them every day. It's as important as eating breakfast. That's why I always feed you breakfast after you kiss me and then give you your daily dose of cum. I'm such a *caring* daddy! You should count yourself lucky to have such a loving, caring daddy!"

Oh, shut the fuck up, you perverted asshole! "Oh, yes, Daddy! I'm so glad that you fill me up. And being a growing boy, I need your cum all the time!"

"All the time, eh?" Mysto chuckled wickedly.

Oh, shit.

"Well, don't you worry, Son. Daddy will make sure you get all the male-milk you need."

With that, he plunged into his son, yet his son's ass was too loose for his knot to lock him inside.

"Hmm...that won't do, Son," he said. "Tighten up for Daddy."

Apophis groaned at yet *another* fucking and tried as hard as he could to tighten his ass, yet the horse's enormous cock had stretched him out too much to recover, yet.

Mysto shook his head. "Well, we'll have to take care of that," he mused, writing something down on the clipboard. With a shrug, he began to thrust into and out of Apophis's ass, his knot lightly rubbing the younger dragon's anus. The elder dragon finished quickly with a sigh of disappointment.

"I think you want to go back to your cages," he said, stepping over to the intercom. Jack and Francis froze, Jack put Francis down, and both went back into their cages, Francis moving slowly and evidently in pain. Mysto flipped a switch, and their cages locked. He flipped another switch, and the lights in the exam room clicked off.

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"Let's go, Son," he said, opening the door and striding out.

Apophis followed, and the two ascended the wrought-iron staircase and made for Daddy's study.

"You go under there," Mysto ordered, pointing under the desk. "You sit and suck on my cock until I'm done working. If I cum, you swallow it. If I piss, you swallow it. Got it?"

The younger dragon sighed and nodded. "Yes, Daddy," he said.

"You know, I'm getting tired of your sulkiness," Mysto said, whirling on him. "It's only the first day, and you've already disappointed me terribly. I think it's time I put an end to that. You stay *right* there."

Apophis paled as his master disappeared down the hallway.

When Mysto was out of sight, Apophis glanced at the front door. He could make it; he was certain. He glanced back at the entrance to the hallway; Mysto was out of sight. He tiptoed over to the door, quietly turned the latch, and opened the door.

"I think you should close and lock the door, turn around, and present yourself for punishment," his master's recorded voice played above the doorway. Apophis slowly took a step back, closed the door, and presented himself in front of the hallway for Mysto to punish him. While the part of his mind that controlled his body was focused on doing as instructed, a small part of him began to panic.

After what seemed like hours, Mysto finally returned to find his slave presented for him. He pursed his lips, closed his eyes, took a breath, and let it out. Then he glanced at the door. A red light blinking above it told him all he needed to know.

"So it *is* true," he said quietly, his voice devoid of any emotion.

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"Seriously, Son," Mysto said, shaking his head, "I should have waited before taking you as a slave. You are *clearly* not up to my expectations." He sighed. "No matter; I'm nothing if not an excellent slave-trainer; you will do as I ask one way or the other."

He glanced down and realized he was monologuing to a hypnotized slave. "Fine, fine!" He sighed again. "Let's get you downstairs. Come, slave!"

Apophis rose and followed Mysto down the stairs once again.

They made it to the basement, down the narrow hallway, through the lab, and into the exam room. Jack and Francis scurried away from the wall separating their cells and looked nervously at Mysto as he entered the room.

"I think you should get on the exam table, Son," Mysto said, unlocking a large metal safe next to Jack's cage and rummaging inside of it.

Apophis did as told, climbing up onto the exam table. He frowned, not quite sure what to do with his feet: let them hang off the end, or put them up in the stirrups.

"In the stirrups," Mysto said, not looking back.

That settled things. Apophis put his legs up and pressed his heels into the cold, hard metal stirrups. Had he been in his right mind, he would have felt very vulnerable indeed. The way the table was constructed caused his tail to want to fall to the floor, away from his ass, leaving him exposed. However, in his trance, he felt nothing but the will to obey whatever order Mysto gave.

"There it is," Mysto muttered, backing out of the safe and closing and locking it behind him. He brought forth a heavy contraption, black and metal, with a piston that moved back and forth when a crank was turned. He began to set it up and then stopped, a smile crawling over his face.

"Francis," he said, his voice slightly sing-song, "I haven't let you have any fun with my son, yet. I think it's about time."

The alien skittered from side to side in his cage frantically, putting his tentacles up as if to say, "no."

"I say, what *is* it with you pets today? You're all just being so disobedient. This is my life," Mysto said, shaking his head. "*This* is my life, providing for a bunch of narrow-minded, self-serving nitwits. Geez, it's hard to be a genius. Ah, well."

His voice took on a commanding tone. "Francis, I think you should set this fucking machine up!"

He unlocked Francis's cage, and the octopus-creature skittered out to grasp the fucking machine. He strained under its weight, using all his suction cups to drag himself and it and was still only barely able to pull it into position behind the younger dragon's ass. Meanwhile, Mysto busied himself cinching Apophis to the exam table.

He stepped back, surveying his handiwork and making some minute adjustments to the placement of the fucking machine. "Get ready to crank, and ignore my next snap," he ordered Francis, and the octopus skittered over and put his fore-tentacles on the crank that drove the fucking machine.

"Now," Mysto said, addressing his son, "when I snap my fingers, you will regain control of yourself; however, you will have the strongest desire *not* to reach orgasm. You will fight it like your life depends upon it!"

Mysto snapped his fingers, and Apophis immediately realized he was immobilized. He began to struggle.

"Son, it's been less than a day, and you've been nothing but a disappointment to me," he said. "However, I am *determined* to correct your bad behavior by whatever means necessary. And so today, I am going to show you how *I* own your body, not you. I own your mind at will, and I own your body always. Even as I speak, you are filled with the desperate need to avoid getting off. *I* put that thought in your head! And just as I put that thought in your head, I will *force* your body to get off, despite your *best* attempts to stop me! I *own* you, Son, body and mind. I will do with you as I please, I will do *to* you as I please, and you *will* do as I order, or we will repeat lessons like this, over and over, until you do. Do I make myself clear?"

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"Please, Daddy—" Apophis gasped, sweat already beading on his forehead.

"DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME?" Mysto roared.

Apophis began to cry. "Y-yes, D-Daddy," he blubbered, tears running down his face.

"Crying won't help, Son. You've sown some disappointing seeds, and now it's time to reap the painful consequences," Mysto said coolly. "Francis! Get started."

The octopus jumped and began turning the crank. Apophis watched in terror as the dildo made for his ass and squeezed his eyes closed as it pushed up against his anus and then forced itself inside. The feel of it rubbing his anus made him shudder in ecstasy, but something clicked in his mind, and he began deliberately trying to force the pleasurable feeling to go away. He began to pant with his exertion as the dildo began its retreat, again rubbing his ass so exquisitely.

The younger dragon squeezed his fists tightly, but despite his best efforts, his sheath began to stir, and his balls began to feel heavier.

"No, please!" Apophis cried, thrashing against his restraints, yet he was defenseless to stop the fucking machine.

"Faster," Mysto said flatly, and Francis immediately began to crank faster. As he did, Mysto moved the machine a little closer to let it drive deeper into his son's ass.

"Ohh!" Apophis groaned as the dildo began to stroke his prostate.

"Bull's-eye!" Mysto said with a wicked grin. "Do you feel that, Son?" he asked, leaning over to caress the younger dragon's emerging cock. "That's the feeling of your body doing what I tell it to, not you. I could tell you to climax right now, and you would do it because your body belongs to me." Apophis gave him a terrified look. "But I'm not going to, Son," Mysto said firmly. "I *want* you to fight this. I want you to fight with *everything* you have and *still* fail, Son. I want you to know in every fiber of your being that you. Are. Mine!" He glanced at Francis. "Double-time."

"No!" Apophis yelled, his cock now throbbing and oozing precum as the fucking machine flying in and out of his ass milked it out of him stroke by stroke. The younger dragon gritted his teeth, his body quivering with the effort he was putting into fighting the orgasm. Yet it came on relentlessly. His balls felt very heavy, his cock felt like it would burst, and his ass hummed with an almost electric energy that *would* put him over the edge any second.

"Stop!" Mysto said.

Francis brought the machine to a screeching halt and collapsed in a puddle of legs.

Apophis whimpered; his body a hair-trigger away from orgasm, every muscle in his body tensed, his cock poised to shoot.

"Francis," Mysto said, "I think you should take his load. Do not get him off until I tell you to."

The octopus seemed to gasp for air and slowly stood itself back up. Then he carefully sucked his way up the side of the table and positioned his body over Apophis's cock, his tentacles straddling the dragon. He lowered himself just over the dragon's throbbing, oozing cock and waited.

"How do you feel, Son?" Mysto hissed with sadistic glee. "Do you feel like the end is about to come shattering down? Here I have brought you to the *edge* of orgasm and saved you from it. On my command, Francis will lower himself down around your cock, and you will explode into his ass. Everything will happen exactly as I planned it. Do you *still* think you can fight me?"

He looked down at Apophis, still desperately trying to avoid getting off, his cock half an inch from Francis's warm, moist hole and getting closer with each throb. The elder dragon shook his head and walked away. "Do it," he said dismissively.

Francis seemed to hesitate, but his resolve was not as strong as Apophis's, and *nowhere* near as strong as Mysto's, and he obediently lined his ass up on the younger dragon's cock and slid smoothly down it.

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Apophis's breath caught. The smooth, warm, moist feeling sliding down his cock like creamy silk was too much. *No! No!* he willed himself, but he knew—he *knew*—it was over. He had lost.

His cock spurted out rope after rope of thick dragon seed, each spurt a damning condemnation of his inability to control his own body. While he should be lost in bliss, all he felt was utter defeat, and tears of beaten, humiliated exhaustion rolled down his cheeks.

Francis's programming told him to lift off of Apophis as soon as the dragon finished, get back in his cell, and shut the lock. This he did, and as soon as he finished, his mind was his again. He leaned against the bars of his cell, reaching out with his tentacles as if wanting to comfort the younger dragon.

Mysto left and clicked off the lights. Apophis was left to cry himself to sleep, still tied to the exam table.

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The lights clicked on, and Apophis blinked and moved to cover his eyes, yet he found himself still immobilized.

"Get up, slave," Mysto said, releasing the straps that bound him, "and present yourself properly."

Yesterday's painful lesson had been painfully learned: Apophis could not beat Mysto, and so his best bet was just to do as told and try to enjoy it. He did as Mysto instructed, putting his ass up for Mysto to fuck, yet Mysto did no such thing. Instead, the elder dragon went to the other cages and unlocked them.

"Present yourselves next to him," Mysto instructed his pets. Jack glanced at Francis, and if Francis had eyes, he would probably have glanced back. Then they did as told, Jack adopting the same position as Apophis and Francis holding himself upside-down so that his genitalia faced the ceiling.

"In light of my former son's fall from grace," Mysto began—Apophis's chest hurt when he heard the words—"I am going to conduct an experiment."

All three shuddered at the word.

"No, no, not *that* kind of experiment," Mysto said with a sadistic chuckle, "although there will be *that* kind of experiments for the losers," he added. "No, I am going to give the three of you the chance to prove your worth to me. Whoever wins the contest will get to take Apophis's place tending my feet and my biological needs." He lowered his voice to a growl. "The others will live in these cells, experiencing the next set of experiments I have in store."

Apophis and Jack exchanged glances.

"Now, I'm sure you're all curious to know how to win my love and affection," Mysto continued, putting his hands to his heart and giving his best southern belle accent. His voice and expression returned to their normal, blunt selves. "It's simple. Whoever can wrestle the others to the ground and fuck them will be the winner."

At that, Apophis's heart sank; there was *no* way he could compete with Jack. The horse had easily bested him the day before while carrying his huge dick around.

The dragon frowned. Where was Jack's giant dick? He shook his head. That didn't matter. What *would* matter is when it was plowed deep inside of him! He wondered if he had a chance of at least besting Francis. He felt bad to do it, but if Mysto was going to pit them against each other, he couldn't afford to be the soft one.

"Begin," Mysto said, stepping into the lab and shutting the door.

Jack was on him in a split-second. The horse quickly put him into a half-Nelson and began squeezing his neck. Apophis could feel the blood pounding in his brain and grasped the horse's bicep in his claws, squeezing impotently against the steel-like muscle. He didn't want to lose this quickly! If only he could fly away from all this...

His wings!

He thrashed a bit, freeing one of his wings and then began striking Jack with it. As soon as the horse moved enough, Apophis freed his other wing and began buffeting the horse from both sides. Bewildered by the onslaught, the horse let go, and Apophis dashed out of range. Snorting and lowering his horns, he charged at the horse, tackling him and knocking him over backwards. The two wrestled, tumbling end-over-end as Francis stood by, shaking and wondering which one was going to pound him first.

When the two landed, Apophis sat straddling Jack triumphantly. "Ha!" he exulted.

Just then, Jack's enormous cock forced itself into him. Apophis gasped in shocked pleasure and looked at Jack in disbelief. The horse raised his eyebrows and shrugged helplessly. In an instant, Apophis was on the ground, and Jack was plowing into him.

"Fuck, that's a nice ass," the horse growled, "and it's nice to get to enjoy it while not hypnotized!"

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With a triumphant whinny, the horse fired his seed into Apophis. The dragon sighed. It's not that he thought he could actually win; he just thought he might not lose so fast!

Jack pulled out and strode over to Francis. "Sorry, buddy," he said, picking up the octopus and gently working him over his cock. The octopus's fore-tentacles patted Jack's hands understandingly. It seemed like the creature was just happy for Jack to be getting out of the lab, knowing that he himself could not. The horse finished the second time quickly and put Francis down. He turned and faced the one-way mirror. "Well, Mysto? I won."

"So you did," the intercom crackled. "Well done. You may start by introducing Apophis to your cell."

The dragon paled.

"You knew the terms," Mysto's voice said. "And it's just as well; I've been looking forward to experimenting on a fellow dragon."

Before he could react, Jack picked him up and lightly tossed him into his cell. It reeked of stale cum and horse musk and piss. The door slammed, and Apophis put his hands through the bars. "Wait!" he cried. "No, Daddy! Daddy!"

"He's *my* daddy now," Jack growled, flicking his tail haughtily. "You had it good, you spoiled brat, and you squandered it. For once, I actually agree with the bastard." He scoffed. "Not that you'll *ever* get it back, but after you've spent a few days living the hell I was living, you'll be begging to have it that easy again!"

Francis crawled back into his cage on his own. His posture indicated that he knew he was beaten before he started, and as Jack closed his door, he almost seemed to sigh wistfully.

"I'll see what I can do to make it easier on you, buddy," the horse said in a low voice, patting his tentacle. "We'll let Silver Spoon over there pick up some of your workload."

He winked, turned, and went to the door. It opened, but Mysto never appeared. Jack paused and then returned to the cage as the door closed behind him.

"Last order from Daddy," he said, unlocking the door. "Present yourself."

Apophis didn't even bother to fight it this time. There was nowhere to go. He did as told, yet instead of feeling Jack mount him, he felt something cold on his sheath. There was a click. Although it wasn't loud, the sound seemed to reverberate through the room. Looking between his legs, Apophis saw a metal cage around his sheath. As Apophis gaped in shock, Jack disappeared, and the lights were turned off once again.

Francis crept over to the wall that divided the cages and reached a tentacle through. The bars were far too narrow for an arm, but Francis could squeeze through all right.

Overwhelmed with emotion and desperately needing a friend at the moment, Apophis went to the wall and touched the tentacle. Feeling Apophis's touch, Francis beckoned for him to sit, which he did, and Francis stroked his shoulders and caressed his face. The emotion let loose, and Apophis leaned against the wall, sobbing, while Francis's tentacles wrapped around his shoulders, holding him close and patting his neck soothingly. The dragon eventually cried himself to sleep.

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"Rise and shine, pets!" Mysto's voice crackled as the lights clicked on. "Today we're going to do something I've been dreaming of for years and only just now am ready to perform. I'd tell you to be excited about this historic moment, but you won't be, so I'll save my breath. Instead, I'll say this: Apophis, I think you should lie on the exam table. Francis, present yourself for my son."

Apophis frowned just before the hypnosis kicked in. *His son? How am I going to—*

His cage unlocked, and he dutifully lay on the table, awaiting orders. The door opened, and Mysto got him strapped down while Jack watched.

"See, Son? It's very easy," Mysto said. Jack watched intently. "Now you do the next one," Mysto instructed, and Jack dutifully cinched the next strap up on Apophis.

"Nice work, Son. I'll leave you to finish while I get Francis prepared." He snapped, and Apophis came to.

"And you called *me* a traitor!" the dragon hissed.

"It's just an act, buddy," Jack said softly. "It's all just an act. Don't take it personally." He finished cinching Apophis to the table. "There," he said more loudly. "All done."

"Splendid!" Mysto praised him. "Now, come hold Francis; he's being a bit contrary today."

"Why don't you just hypnotize him?" Jack asked.

"I want him in the moment for this one," Mysto replied. "For this, you *all* need to be in the moment. What you're about to do to him is something I've been studying for many years, and I think I've finally figured it out. I just need to make him a bit bigger so he can do what he needs to do once you've done it."

"What—what am I going to be doing to him, Daddy?" Jack asked.

Mysto turned to him and smiled. "Fertilizing him, Son. You're about to make Francis a momma—of sorts." Apophis's jaw dropped. "What?!" he asked.

"Shut up, Pet," Mysto said without looking up. "We'll get to you soon enough."

For his part, Francis abruptly quit struggling and almost went limp. Jack frowned. "Um, Daddy?" he asked.

"It's all right, Son. Francis has wanted to be a momma for a long time. I made a promise to him that when the time was right, I'd make it happen."

"He's *wanted* to be a momma?" Jack asked incredulously.

"Of course, Son! Ever since I put the idea in his mind," Mysto said with a smirk. "Mind you, it *is* how his species reproduces, but I've always wondered if it could be done cross-species. The mechanism is so delicious! Why do you think he's been so affectionate to you? Or did you think I hadn't noticed?" He cocked an eyebrow and chuckled. "No, Francis here was a serial rapist and murderer before I got hold of him. They were going to execute him for his crimes, but I promised a fate much worse than death, and they let me have him. I'd say he's made good progress, wouldn't you?"

"How can a guy be a momma, Daddy?" the horse asked, still perplexed by the notion, having missed the rest of Mysto's explanation.

"Oh, it's fascinating, Son!" Mysto beamed. "But instead of describing it, I'm going to just explain as we go."

He took out a small enema syringe and pushed it into Francis's butthole, squeezed the bluish contents in, and pulled it back out.

"All right," Mysto said, checking his watch. "Just a few minutes."

"What are we waiting for, Daddy?"

"Just watch and see, Son."

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Moments later, Francis's tentacles began quivering, and then his body began to grow. Although he started out barely two feet tall, in mere minutes, he was closer to eight feet, tall enough that he could easily reach a tentacle up and reach the ceiling if he wanted to.

"All right!" Mysto said, clasping his hands together in excitement. "Francis, are you ready to be a momma?"

Francis began moving side-to-side rapidly, his tentacles flailing like unchecked fire hoses.

"Whoa, easy there, boy!" Mysto laughed. "All right, let's get you fertilized." He turned to Jack. "As agreed," he said, "if you'll submit to one last experiment, I'll put your dick back to normal afterwards."

The horse sighed and nodded. "Yes, Daddy," he said. "I will do it for you—and for Francis."

He looked over at the octopus and smiled. Francis waved a huge tentacle almost flirtatiously.

"All right, Son, present yourself, and we'll get this taken care of."

Jack got down on all fours and presented himself to Mysto. The dragon took out an enema syringe filled with purple liquid this time and emptied it into the horse.

Why is it always enema syringes? Apophis couldn't help but wonder as he watched all of these goings-on with a combination of apprehension and morbid curiosity.

"You should start feeling it any second, Son," Mysto said.

"Oh—ohh!" Jack suddenly cried. His cock began spewing cum spurt after spurt even before it got hard. Soon it was dragging on the floor between his arms and spurting a steady geyser out in front of it.

"Ah, excellent, it's started. Okay, Francis, present!"

The enormous octopus lowered himself to about hip-level and turned his underside to Jack. Apophis gasped; in the alien's diminutive size, he'd never noticed any male genitalia; just an anus. But now 64 times his previous volume, Francis's male-parts were *clearly* visible and very large, centered on his body and located near the front.

But that wasn't what Jack and Mysto were interested in. Mysto had Jack get up and waddle over to Francis, where Mysto himself helped hoist Jack's huge, continuously spurting cock up and guide it into Francis's ass.

"Okay, now push all the way in! You want to fill him all the way up!" Mysto directed. Jack scooted forward, inching his cock deeper and deeper, until his balls—which had swollen and grown considerably to produce enough sperm to continuously cum—were pressed tightly against Francis.

"Great, Son! Great!" Mysto praised him. "Now, when cum starts to leak out of his ass around you, you know you've done enough."

They waited there a few minutes, Jack hunched over and looking somewhat nauseous from the toll the protracted orgasm was having on his body, Francis's body slowly inflating like a balloon, Apophis watching in fascination, and Mysto acting like he'd just created life.

A spurt of cum shot out of Francis and hit the ceiling.

"Okay, Son, pull out! He's had enough, and the timing on this next part is critical!"

Jack waddled out, his enormous cock flopping on the floor and still cumming all over Francis's tentacles.

"Francis!" Mysto called, standing over Apophis. "Francis! Come here, boy! Here's your host!"

"Wait, what?!" Apophis cried. "Host? What do you mean?!"

Mysto smiled wickedly. "You weren't a very good son, Apophis, but you'll make a fine host!"

Francis crawled over, his belly full of Jack's cum, and poised himself above Apophis, towering above him.

"Okay, boy! Do your thing!" Mysto urged.

Apophis began to struggle. "No! Francis! No, wait! Please—don't do this!"

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The octopus moved one of his fore-tentacles over and put it to Apophis's lips tenderly. Apophis stopped struggling and watched Francis the way you'd watch a derailing train: although what was about to happen was horrifying to see, he just couldn't look away.

Francis grazed his tentacle down Apophis's body, grazing over his nipple and eliciting a gasp, grazing over his caged cock, eliciting a groan, and stroked his perineum, sending goosebumps down his spine. The octopus's tentacle began gently fingering his hole, first sticking just the tip in and going successively deeper with each stroke. Apophis's cock jumped painfully in its cage as the octopus rubbed against his prostate, pushed past it to rub against his internal sphincter, got it open, and continued deeper and deeper into the dragon's bowels.

Apophis groaned as he felt the tentacle probing his left intestine, going further and further up. A little protrusion on his stomach showed everybody exactly where Francis was probing. And yet the octopus kept going, rounding the bend of Apophis's large intestine to go sideways across his body, still probing, still carefully probing. Apophis shuddered over and over again as the tentacle made its way deeper than anyone had ever been into him.

And still it probed slowly and methodically. Apophis's breath came in quick gasps. The tentacle pressed against his diaphragm, making breathing uncomfortable. He had this incredibly full feeling, and he groaned as his innards moved around to accommodate the still-probing tentacle as it rounded another bend to start moving down his right intestine.

At last the tentacle stopped; it had reached the end of Apophis's bowel, and unnoticed by the dragon, Francis's tentacle was now so deep that his body pressed against Apophis's ass, straining to reach just a little further. Satisfied, the octopus pulled his tentacle out abruptly.

Apophis groaned, gasped, and shuddered as his entire bowel was vacated all at once. His body writhed, but as soon as Francis was out, he shuddered in ecstasy. The stimulation all at once against his prostate had milked him, and a huge blob of prostatic fluid drooled down the cage.

"Find what you need?" Mysto asked intently.

As if in answer, Francis lowered his body down next to Apophis.

"This is gonna feel weird," Mysto said wickedly.

That was an understatement.

The octopus's cock shot out from him, growing in length but not so much in girth at an astonishing rate. It found entry into the younger dragon's ass, and as his host groaned at being invaded again, Francis's cock shot around the bends of Apophis's intestines and thudded up against his appendix.

Apophis moaned, feeling light-headed and again so *intensely* full.

Yet that wasn't the worst part.

Apophis felt what felt like peas moving down a straw, only much bigger, and Francis's penis was the straw. One-by-one, they spread his anus open so they could enter, rubbed his prostate, and made their way through his bowels through the tip of the cock-straw and lodged themselves near his appendix.

Francis began to slowly pull his cock back out, lining up the blobs one-by-one. Twelve in total were delivered, and as soon as the last one was in place, Francis slurped his cock right out of Apophis, once again draining the dragon's prostate of its fluids.

Yet something was different this time. There was still fullness. Apophis groaned uncomfortably.

"Well done, Francis!" Mysto praised him, holding his tentacle and patting it gently. "You delivered those eggs just like a champ!"

Apophis looked up, dazed. "Eggs?!"

"Yes," Mysto grinned. "Congratulations, Pet, you now carry Jack and Francis's eggs. I hope they will respond well to your body."

Apophis just looked nauseously at his stomach.

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"Jack," Mysto said, beckoning, "I need you to fill him up right now and three times a day until the eggs are ready. Keeping them bathed in cum will speed their development and improve their chances for survival."

The horse had never stopped shooting cum and had created a huge, slippery puddle on the floor. Now he dragged his enormous, jetting cock over and flopped it down on the ground heavily beside Apophis.

"Oh, right," Mysto said, taking out a syringe of orange liquid. "Present yourself," he told the stallion.

Jack did the best he could, given the circumstances, literally laying his head on his cock and spreading his legs to try to do as told.

In a smooth motion, Mysto squirted the orange enema up the horse's ass. "That should kick in almost immediately," he said.

Seconds later, Jack felt his cock shrinking under him until his hands came down on the ground and he was able to adopt the correct position.

Yet his cock did not stop spurting. He looked at Mysto desperately.

"Wait until the eggs hatch," Mysto told him. "Until then, I need you keeping Apophis's ass full of stallion seed."

Apophis caught a grimace on the Jack's face as the horse shakily stood to align his cock with Apophis's ass. He didn't even have to push inside; the force of his spurting was enough to drive his cum into the dragon's bowels as soon as Jack was close enough to aim the stream. Nevertheless, the horse looked the wincing dragon in the eye and defiantly pressed himself in, inch by inch, until his balls touched the dragon's backside.

It's just an act, Apophis thought to himself, although he was about ready to "act" like he was killing the horse.

The steady flow of horse jizz into him distracted him from those thoughts, though.

At first he felt each spurt as it ricocheted off his intestinal walls, bound for the eggs it had just fertilized, but twenty or so spurts in, the cum began to pool inside of him, slowly filling him from the inside. At that point, he no longer felt the individual spurts but instead felt an increasing fullness. The cum continued to fill its way across his chest and soon was sealed up against the stallion's cock buried deep inside of him.

Each spurt after that just increased the pressure inside of him. Apophis groaned and whimpered as his bowels cramped and expanded to hold more and more of Jack's essence. The increased size of his intestines pressed up against his diaphragm, making his breathing labored.

Just when the poor dragon felt like he was going to pop, Mysto finally said, "That's enough. Pull out." He looked severely at Apophis. "And don't you spill a drop!" he warned.

Jack pulled out slowly, his still-spurting cock flopping on the ground and immediately starting another white puddle. Apophis squeezed his ass closed for all he was worth, feeling it seal shut just in the nick of time as the cum sloshed against it.

"Splendid!" Mysto said delightedly, putting his hands on Apophis's stomach to feel the fullness. The younger dragon groaned; even that tiny bit more pressure on him felt intense.

"Terrific, just terrific," the elder dragon mused, writing some things on his clipboard.

Lowering the clipboard, he was back to business. "Jack," he said, "put Apophis in his cell. Francis,"—he glanced up—"Oh, right." He pulled out a teal-colored syringe. "Present yourself," he ordered.

The giant octopus—still so sweet in disposition despite being plenty big enough to clobber Mysto right then and there—did as told, lowering himself nearly to the ground and putting his ass within the elder dragon's reach.

Mysto made short work of administering the shrinking serum, and seconds later, Francis was back to his tiny self.

"Now, then, Francis, go to bed," Mysto ordered, and the little alien skittered excitedly into his cell.

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Jack had meanwhile taken Apophis off the exam table and placed him gently in the cell, giving him an apologetic look when Mysto's back was turned.

The horse was just about to step out when Mysto said, "while you're in there, feed him dinner. I want him to sleep to keep up his strength."

Jack's back was turned to Mysto when the order came, and he closed his eyes in a "you *would* say that, wouldn't you?" expression for Apophis's benefit. Yet he dutifully did as told, moving his spurting cock to the dragon's mouth and holding it steady so that Apophis could drink from it like a water fountain.

"Get him good and full," Mysto said. "Put it down his throat and force-feed him. He needs his strength!"

Jack gave a pained expression and mouthed, "I'm so sorry!" to the younger dragon as he took a step forward and pushed his cock into his mouth. With a light thrust, he easily slid down Apophis's throat. The dragon gasped for air just before the stallion cock sealed off his windpipe and began to fill him from the other side.

Spurt after spurt went down his throat, and Apophis could feel his stomach beginning to distend. He groaned miserably around the horse's cock, feeling like he'd eaten a whole holiday meal by himself.

At last Mysto stopped Jack, and the horse stepped out, showering Apophis with several more spurts of cum as he went. Apophis was too full and tired to care.

Mysto was beside himself with excitement. "If I've planned this right, those should be ready to hatch in just a few days, and then we'll see how you all did!" He practically skipped out of the room and turned out the lights, Jack following him and leaving a cum-trail as they left.

Exhausted, grossed out, feeling violated, and wanting nothing more than to sleep it off, Apophis closed his eyes. Yet an excited tap from Francis made him open his eyes.

"What?" he asked, annoyed.

The alien skittered side-to-side and around in circles in his cell.

"Francis, just leave me alone, okay?" Apophis snapped miserably. "Any other time, you'd be cute, but you've just had your tentacles all the way up my ass, and now I've got your *eggs* inside of me! I'm glad you're excited, but I'm disgusted, okay?!"

Nonplussed, the alien moved up to the dividing wall and began to stroke Apophis's belly like a kid feeling up a present before Christmas.

"*No!*" Apophis scolded, slapping the alien's tentacles away, yet they came back over and over, relentlessly feeling of his stomach.

Apophis snorted helplessly as Francis began to make kneading motions with his tentacles, lightly sucking on his belly.

Francis's ministrations worked, and Apophis drifted off to sleep, soaked in cum and beginning to leak out of his ass.

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"Time to get up," Mysto said as the lights snapped on. Jack followed behind him, looking as exhausted as Apophis felt and still spewing cum. Apophis wondered how big of a mess the horse must have made overnight like that.

"Come on, Pet," Mysto said, patting the exam table. "Up you go."

Apophis groaned and rolled onto his side. He hadn't budged since he fell asleep. Fortunately, his stomach had digested the cum and was no longer distended, yet he couldn't help but feel a bit constipated thanks to the eggs deep inside of him. He slowly got to his feet and climbed up on the table, lying on his back. He did not put his legs in the stirrups.

"Put 'em up," Mysto said knowingly. "You're only delaying the inevitable."

Apophis did as told. Mysto didn't bother to tie him down; he knew the younger dragon was too tired to fight and was surrounded by furs who were clearly interested in the outcome of the experiment. To them, he was nothing more but a living petri dish, a source of nutrition and a safe place for the eggs.

"Francis, come palpate him and let me know how he's doing," Mysto ordered, opening the octopus's cage.

Francis was out in a flash, and he climbed up the side of the exam table like lightning, planting himself on Apophis's chest and beginning to gently press on the dragon's belly here and there, feeling for the eggs. Apophis whimpered each time he found one; their presence inside of him made him very tender.

The alien patted the first one excitedly but stopped short. He patted it more slowly, and his body language seemed to appear agitated. He patted the next one, and the next, and the next, getting more and more worked up with each one.

Jack glanced from Francis to Mysto and back to Francis.

"Francis, what's the matter?!" the horse finally asked when Mysto said nothing.

The octopus turned to him and began gesticulating wildly.

"Dead?" Jack asked, aghast. "All of them?" His shoulders slumped, and Mysto's jaw went slack.

Francis went back over the eggs one-by-one, checking each one hopefully. He made it all the way to the eleventh one and stopped suddenly. He patted it and then jumped. He patted the twelfth and then went back to gesticulating wildly.

"The last two are alive?" Jack asked, elated. "That's great news! Daddy, isn't that great news?"

Mysto frowned and nodded slowly. "It's...better than nothing," he said. He began writing on his clipboard and muttering about infant mortality.

"I think I have it," he said at last. "I think the pet here is a bit too pent-up, and it's affecting his body chemistry. Jack, milk him, will you?"

"Yes, Daddy."

Jack went over to Apophis's backside, stuck a finger in, and began stroking the dragon's prostate.

It was the first truly pleasurable thing that had happened to Apophis in a long time, and he closed his eyes and let himself give in to the sensations. He felt wave after wave of pleasure radiating from his ass and spreading through his body. The waves stacked on top of each other, and he felt himself beginning to float in ecstasy.

"That should be enough," Mysto said, looking over Jack's shoulder.

Apophis opened his eyes and started to protest, but looking down, his balls and belly were soaked with prostatic fluid. Where he thought he was building toward orgasm, his body was already done relieving itself. He whimpered in frustration.

"Couldn't you just go a little longer?" he begged. "I was so close!"

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"No, Pet," Mysto said tersely. "Your role is to safely carry those eggs to term. I can't have you having an orgasm and upsetting their delicate existence." He turned to Jack. "Go ahead and fill him up, Son, then put him in his cage and report to me. I need some relief after all of this."

"Yes, Daddy," Jack replied. He watched Mysto go.

"Please?" Apophis quietly begged.

"I'm sorry," Jack apologized, sounding sincere. "If I screw this experiment up, he will have all of our hides!"

"Stupid experiment in the first place," Apophis sulked as Jack pushed himself gently inside and began filling him up.

Again Apophis felt each spurt.

"How does it feel?" he asked. "Does it make you tired?"

"Drained," Jack replied exhaustedly. "And then while I'm still cumming, he wants to fuck me. He could make this stop in an instant, but he doesn't. I swear he's doing it to torture me."

"Forgive me if I'm not very sympathetic," Apophis replied. "You're not carrying eggs in your butt."

"No, that's true," Jack said, trying unsuccessfully to stifle a chuckle. "But hopefully we'll both be off the hook soon. Mysto says that you should pass the eggs tomorrow, and then they'll hatch outside your body."

"Such a complete waste!" Apophis spat. "What was the *point* of sticking them inside me for three days?"

Jack shrugged. "Who knows? But it figures that it'd be something Mysto would be all over."

Apophis scoffed. "Ain't that the truth!" He winced as his gut filled to the brim and began pressurizing.

"Yeah, that's about enough," Jack said, pulling out slowly.

Apophis grimaced and squeezed his ass closed as the horse vacated his insides.

"All right, let's get you back to your cell," Jack said, picking him up gently and laying him against the cell divider.

He turned to go and remembered something. Turning around and drenching Apophis with spurts of cum, he asked, "Do you need a snack to hold you over until tonight?"

Apophis shook his head. "No, thanks; I've had about as much of your cum as I can take for the rest of my life!"

"All right, then. See you in a few hours."

Jack closed and locked the door and then went out and turned off the lights. Francis gently palpated him to sleep.

As promised, Jack was back a few hours later to do it all again. He milked Apophis in his stall first.

"You know," he said, "I don't have to be rough about it—filling you up, I mean. I could be gentle, if you wanted. I don't think Mysto can see us in here."

Apophis looked at him curiously.

"Just trust me, okay?" Jack said. Moving the dragon to the center of his stall, Jack lay on him missionary style and gently guided his cock inside. He began to thrust, looking into Apophis's eyes as he did.

"Ohh," the dragon gasped. The horse seemed so gentle, so sweet as he fucked him. Apophis reached up to hold the horse's shoulders as he continued to gently stroke in and out, rubbing his medial ring against the dragon's just-drained prostate.

Apophis sighed as more waves of pleasure washed over him. He barely noticed as Jack finished filling him and pulled out.

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"Thank you," he said as Jack turned to leave, spurting all over the cell.

"My pleasure," the horse replied. "We're all in this together; we've got to be good to one another as often as Mysto will let us." He smiled wanly and closed and locked the door.

The next day, Mysto was back. Apophis awoke to a surprising sight: a tank of milk big enough for him to swim in stood where the exam table used to be.

"All right, Pet," Mysto said, rubbing his hands together excitedly. "Today's the day, and I'm not taking any chances! Come on, out you go."

Apophis blinked curiously and stepped out. Mysto gestured to a flight of wooden stairs leading up to the tank. "Up and in," he said simply.

Apophis ascended the stairs and looked into the tank. The white liquid was completely opaque.

"But Da—Mys—Master," Apophis protested, not sure what to call him now, "I can't swim. I'll drown!"

"Then I advise you to drink as much as you can before you do," Mysto said simply, pulling a lever.

The platform dropped out from under Apophis, and he plunged into the thick, white liquid.

It wasn't milk.

"Jack has been *very* busy filling this up all night while you slept," Mysto said over Apophis's struggling to stay afloat. "I'm not taking any chances with these last two eggs. We're going to saturate your whole body with cum for the delivery!"

Apophis gasped for air and tried to tread water in the huge tank.

Something suddenly grabbed his foot and pulled him to the bottom of the tank. Apophis tried to claw his way back to the surface, but there was something wrapped around his ankle that wouldn't let go. Mysto's words echoed in his head: *Drink as much as you can.*

There was *no* way he could drink all of this cum, but he hoped that if he tried, Mysto would let him go. He began to glug down gulp after gulp of the stale horse cum, fighting back the urge to throw up.

Something else grabbed his other foot, and yet something else grabbed his tail. They pulled his feet out from under him and sat him down on something pointy at the bottom of the tank. He could feel his lungs burning as the pointy thing pushed itself up into his ass. He suddenly felt pressure inside of him as the pointy tube began to pump the horse cum around him into his ass. Suddenly, he could feel the level falling above him in the tank. He continued drinking for all he was worth, swallowing gob after gob of horse cum and distending his stomach as the pump forced far more of the thick substance into him than Jack ever had.

His vision began to go black.

His head broke above the surface, and he gasped for air, drooling cum out of his mouth as he did. His vision slowly returned, and he looked down to see that he had tripled in size, stretched out to fit almost all of the cum in the tank inside of him.

"Any second now," Mysto said, watching his watch intently.

Suddenly, Apophis felt the strongest urge to empty his bowels he had ever felt.

"Sir—" he whimpered.

"Do it, Pet! Give birth!" Mysto cried.

Apophis relaxed his anus, and suddenly all the cum came flooding back out of him, quickly draining through a grate in the floor. Despite the immense volume, his ass could still feel everything as it came out. He felt the first egg pop out of him, then the second, then the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth in rapid succession. They were all twice as big as they had been when then went in. The others followed up to the tenth. Everybody waited breathlessly. Apophis winced and groaned. What was coming next was *much* bigger than the other ten had been! He struggled and began to breathe heavily, panting as sweat broke out all over his body.

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"Push through it, Pet!" Mysto said encouragingly. "Just two to go!"

With a cry, Apophis pushed the eleventh egg out. It was the size of his head, and unlike the first ten eggs, which had a gummy-like consistency, this one had a thick, hard shell. Mysto quickly sent Jack in to roll it safely out of the way while Apophis laid the twelfth egg. The dragon gasped and moaned and finally delivered it. Jack rolled it over to be with the other one.

Francis began to gesticulate wildly from his cage.

"Yes, yes, Francis!" Mysto said, unlocking his cage.

The octopus shot across the room, suction-cupped himself up the glass, and hurled himself down into the tank, where he sat between the eggs, tapping each one softly and making a pattern of suction on them.

A tapping, scratching noise came from one of the eggs. Everybody froze, listening.

The tapping, scratching sound came again, a little louder. Everybody looked closely at the eleventh egg.

Suddenly, a tiny horse muzzle burst through the edge of the egg.

"Aww!" came a collective expression from everybody, even Apophis.

The tiny muzzle pushed its way through the egg a little further, and a tiny black horse head followed. The horse began eating away at and swallowing the nutritious, cum-covered shell, until his whole body, completely equine-looking and black, stood on wobbly legs as he ate the last of his shell. Then he looked up and gave a tiny whinny at Apophis.

"Oh!" Mysto gasped. He'd been so transfixed that he'd forgotten something very important. "Francis, come get this and put it in the pet's ass! Quickly!" he cried.

The alien leapt halfway up the wall and climbed up and over, grabbed a syringe of gold-colored liquid, raced up over the wall again, and before Apophis could react, plunged the syringe into his ass and delivered its payload. The dragon winced only slightly; after delivering an egg the size of his head, the enema syringe seemed tiny.

Meanwhile, the tiny horse continued to whinny plaintively at him.

"Come on, Momma, your baby's hungry!" Mysto prompted him.

"I'm not—" Apophis began.

"Pick him up and bring him to your nipple; you'll get the idea," Mysto said with a glint in his eye.

Oh, no...

Apophis suddenly felt his chest get heavy as his breasts engorged with milk.

"Come, now, Pet, you don't want to get mastitis," Mysto said, hurrying him.

While the changes to his body were somewhat alarming, Apophis couldn't help but feel a bit of an attachment to the tiny creature in front of him. He reached down and picked it up, careful to support its legs. He lay back against the wall of the tank, putting the baby horse on his chest and guiding its mouth to his nipple.

The horse latched on and began suckling quickly, making tiny sucking noises.

A wave of pleasure washed over Apophis at the feel of the tiny mouth on his nipple, and he felt his milk let down. The horse slowed his sucking as the first taste of nutrient-rich colostrum touched his tongue, and he began to take long, slow draws from his dragon mother. Apophis's cock jumped in its cage as the electric feel of the baby's mouth tingled in his balls.

"Look!" Jack said, pointing to the other egg.

Another tiny muzzle poked out, this one dark brown, and this newborn did the same as the first, slowly eating the egg from which it hatched. It emerged palomino-colored, save for the brown on the front of his muzzle. He, too, looked up at Apophis and whinnied plaintively, and Apophis reached down to pick him up, being careful not to disturb his brother, and brought him to his other nipple. Apophis cradled them

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there, suckling his breasts side-by-side, and a tear of joy rolled down his cheek. All of the misery he had endured up to this point was suddenly worth it to be nursing these two foals.

Francis was by his side, reaching forward with trembling tentacles to stroke each of the foals and Apophis. Had he been able to cry, the alien would likewise have been moved to tears.

"Well done, Pet," Mysto said. "Jack, help him and your offspring into his cage. Once they've done feeding, give him a bit to eat, and then we'll get your cum-hose stopped.

"Yes, Daddy," Jack replied, elated to finally be able to quit cumming.

Apophis leaned forward, and Jack carefully removed the wall from the tank, set it aside, and then helped Apophis to his feet and steadied him as he descended the stairs and returned to his cage.

Francis went back to his cage and reached through the bars to continue petting the foals and Apophis.

The foals at last had their fill, and as Francis cradled them in his tentacles, Jack fed Apophis another load of cum. Apophis was grateful for the nutrients; after the last few days, he was exhausted, and drinking his meal from a fleshy hose seemed like the best thing in the world at that moment.

With foals and parent fed, Apophis took the foals back from Francis and held them close to him. Jack stepped out to get his "problem" taken care of, and Francis, Apophis, and the foals dozed into peaceful sleep.

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The next few days were pretty rough for Apophis. The foals seemed always to be hungry, and he was having to wake up multiple times in the night to bring each of them to his swollen nipples and let them drink their fill. They grew like weeds; in a day, they had doubled in size, and in a week, they were triple their original size. The foals' appetites grew with their bodies, and soon they were latched on to Apophis almost 24/7.

For his part, Apophis's nipples had been sensitive initially, but with the nearly constant sensation of being suckled, letting down to feed, and the feeling of milk being drawn through them, he was almost constantly horny. While he loved the foals and loved taking care of them, he began to dread feeding time. The sensations would make his balls ache for release, but Mysto was determined that he should keep his cock cage on "like good mothers do."

Speaking of Mysto, he checked in frequently to see how the foals were coming along. While he was plenty content to leave the foals' actual care to Apophis, he spared no opportunity to spoil them with affection.

"How are my favorite pets doing today?" Mysto asked, striding in and switching on the lights. The foals' ears pricked up, and they pulled themselves off Apophis's nipples and raced to the door of their cage, whinnying excitedly to see them.

"You two are just the cutest things, aren't you?" Mysto said, opening and closing the door to let them out while keeping Apophis inside. The younger dragon just closed his eyes to get a few minutes' sleep while the foals played.

"Come on, Francis. Want to play with your kids?"

Francis skittered side-to-side excitedly as Mysto let him out, and he quickly wrapped his tentacles around each of the foals and hugged them close as they licked and nuzzled him.

"Let's see how you two are progressing," Mysto said, taking out a tape measure and recording their heights, widths, and lengths. "You *are* growing quickly, aren't you?" he gushed. "Yes, you are! Now, let's see how much you weigh." He picked the black one up. "Little wiggle-worm, huh, Azrael?" he chuckled. "Hmm, nice, healthy weight." He put him down and picked up the palomino. "How about you, Yama? Yes, you're cute, but you have to stay on the scale. Such a good boy."

He put Yama down, and the two foals began running around the room, chasing each other. Francis stayed out of the way; the foals were now bigger than he was, and while he liked to play with them when they were being gentle, he was no longer strong enough to correct them if they got too rambunctious.

The foals suddenly paused when they saw Jack and then raced up to him, whinnying excitedly.

"There are the little brats!" Jack laughed, picking one up in each arm and kissing them each on the muzzle.

"They're a spitting image of their father," Mysto chuckled as Azrael got hold of Jack's ear and began chewing on it.

"I dunno about that, Daddy," Jack said, wincing and pulling his ear out of Azrael's mouth.

Yama picked up on the game and grabbed his other ear.

"Okay, okay, you two!" Jack laughed, putting them down. "Go play!"

"Yes, it's about time you fed Momma," Mysto said, glancing towards Apophis, dozing lightly in his cage.

"I hate to wake him, Daddy," Jack said. "He looks awfully tired."

"As well as he should, Son!" Mysto chuckled. "He's got his hands full with these two, but rest assured, your time will come to help tend them."

Jack winced. "You're not going to make me lactate, too, are you, Daddy?"

Mysto shook his head. "No, Son. They're going to be weaned off breast milk pretty soon, and then it will be time for them to eat their regular diet."

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Jack pursed his lips. "Which is...?"

"Never you mind," Mysto replied dismissively. "We'll get to it when the time comes."

His daddy's evasiveness made Jack uneasy. His mind began to race, thinking of all the terrible experiments Mysto had done on him, and it didn't seem out of the range of possibility that Mysto might make him start growing extra meat to harvest for them or something equally terrible.

"Son! Get busy feeding! We've got a full schedule ahead," Mysto said, snapping the horse out of his thoughts.

"Erm, yes, Daddy," Jack replied, still uneasy.

He opened Apophis's cage. The sound made the dragon stir.

"Dinnertime," the horse said softly.

Apophis smiled faintly. "Dinnertime already, huh?" he asked.

"Got to keep you making milk," Jack said ruefully, stroking himself a few times to get his cock hard.

He brought it to Apophis's lips, and Apophis took the horse's cock into his mouth, swirling his tongue on it and sucking it to get Jack to start cumming. He swallowed Jack's load hungrily.

"Thank you, Jack," Apophis said, wiping his mouth. "I wish I could get off as often as you do," he said, glancing at his cock-cage.

"No, you don't," the horse replied as his cock retreated to his sheath. "It's fun the first two or three times, and then it's exhausting and miserable.

"I'd settle for getting off at all," the dragon said. "The foals keep me so turned on all the time."

"Such a pity," Mysto interjected. "What, are you two conspiring again?" he asked, giving them both suspicious looks. "Rest assured, you'll be cumming *plenty* when I'm ready for you to. Until then, hold your tongue unless you want to experience cumming without getting to feel it!"

"How can you be so cruel to the one who is raising your beloved pets?" Jack cried.

"You forget yourself, Son," Mysto warned. "Don't think I can't make you take his place!"

"The hell you will!" Jack snarled, whipping his hoof out to kick Mysto in the jaw and sending him flying backwards.

Mysto sailed through the air. Jack hoped to hell he was unconscious as he chased after him. He was wrong.

"I think you should be still," Mysto growled as he landed.

"No! Don't hurt him!" Apophis begged. Francis skittered as close to Mysto as he dare, waving his tentacles frantically. The foals stopped playing, Azrael's ear in Yama's mouth, and looked over to see what the commotion was.

"All of my pets, banding against me!" Mysto snarled. "You like to say I'm the bad guy, don't you? You like to say that I'm cruel and unfair! Is that it?" He lowered his voice into a menacing growl, his face twisted into a fearsome smirk. "Well, I'll tell you what," he said to Jack, who was still held immobile by his hypnosis. "If you want a fight, fine. We can have a fight. But you'll have to bulk up first. You may be muscular and pretty, but you don't stand a chance against me fist-to-fist in your current state."

He snapped his fingers, and Jack came to. "Fine," the horse growled, "but if I win, you set us all free."

Mysto scoffed. "And what makes you think you can win?" he asked. "But fine," he continued, interrupting Jack as he opened his mouth to speak, "yes, *if* you can beat me, you may all go free."

Francis, Apophis, and Jack exchanged eager glances.

"However," the elder dragon added, his eyes glinting, "what do *I* get if you lose?"

The pets' faces fell, and they all paled.

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"Yes, yes, you forgot about that part, didn't you?" Mysto asked, grinning wickedly.

"What more can you take?" Apophis called incredulously. "What more could you possibly *want*? You already own our bodies and minds; what more can we possibly give you?"

"Your devotion," Mysto replied simply. "Your undying *desire* to do as I tell you rather than these constant petty conspiracies behind my back. You, Apophis, of all furs, actually *agreed* to be my son, and look at how badly you've turned out! I had hoped that getting to play such an active role in the foals' upbringing would make you less selfish, yet you still just want to get off." He shook his head. "The other two didn't have a choice. I told you Francis was handed over to me as a means to escape the death penalty. Jack here was sold to me as a slave when I needed an additional fur to experiment on. But *you*—you had a choice!"

"I didn't know what I was getting myself into," Apophis replied weakly.

"—what I was getting myself into," Mysto mocked him. "Well, you're in it *now*, and you can either choose to take it like a man or snivel and cry like a baby. Your *foals* don't act as obnoxiously as you do!"

Apophis swallowed, fighting back tears.

I might have hated my job, but it was so much better than this!

He's right. You've been a total wimp ever since you got here. What did I say? Give it your all like you did for your job.

But it's awful!

Tough! You don't have to work. Hell, you don't even have to cook or clean! Just do as he says and be cheerful about it! It's not that hard!

It doesn't matter. Apophis huffed. Jack will save us.

It's rigged. You know it is. Jack will never win.

"No hypnosis!" the dragon yelled abruptly.

Mysto and Jack frowned at him.

"You can't use hypnosis when Jack fights you. You have to just take it when he starts beating you into a pulp!"

"Yeah!" Jack agreed, turning to face Mysto.

The elder dragon scoffed. "Well, *duh*," he said, rolling his eyes. "Not that that's going to happen." He addressed Jack. "Do we have an agreement, then?" he asked smoothly, extending his hand.

The horse glanced at Mysto's hand, glanced over his shoulder at the others, and then looked Mysto in the eye and nodded. "Yes, we have a deal," he said, shaking it.

"Splendid!" Mysto said, clapping his hands together. "I do *love* breaking muscular furs down and showing them how useless their muscles are." He grazed a claw over Jack's nipple, and the horse flinched. "See? What good were your muscles then?" He laughed derisively. "But have it your way; I will bulk you up, and then I will tear you down. And *then*," he growled, "I will punish you."

The horse swallowed nervously.

"Don't let him get to you!" Apophis called. "Kick his ass!"

"I'll deal with *you* later!" Mysto snapped at the younger dragon. "I know you put him up to this!"

"No, he didn't," Jack growled. "This was all me."

"Cute of you to try to protect your boyfriend, but it won't work," Mysto replied condescendingly.

"You can read minds," Jack replied. "Why would I lie?"

Mysto shrugged. "All right," he said, ignoring the horse's question, "Let's get started. Get up on the exam table, please."

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Jack frowned. "You haven't beaten me, yet," he said.

"I also haven't given you enough strength to possibly beat me," Mysto retorted. "Quit arguing with me and just do as I say!"

"Yes, Daddy," Jack said glumly.

"And don't call me that. You are no longer my son, you rebellious brat!"

"At least I won't be drinking from your tap anymore," the horse muttered.

Mysto let it go as the horse climbed up onto the table.

"As obnoxious and pointless as I find all of this," the elder dragon said, applying sticky pads all over Jack's chest, arms, and legs, "I *do* enjoy seeing a nice, bulky fur." He finished putting on the pads and told Jack to lie down. He began to cinch him tightly to the table, grabbing twice as many more straps from the safe to add to the already-existing ones.

"Wait, what—?" Jack asked nervously.

"You didn't think that getting strong would happen immediately, did you?" Mysto replied.

"Well yeah—" Jack said weakly.

"No, if you're going to challenge me, you're going to have to earn your big muscles, big boy," Mysto said with a wink. "Yes, I *could* just give you a shot up the butt that would make you ripped as anything, but it's much more fun to watch your body twitch and quiver as it gets stronger," he continued, grinning. "Instead, I'm going to run current through all these pads, and your muscles are going to tense up. And then the electricity is going to stop, and you're going to relax, and I'm going to do it all over again."

"For how long?" Jack asked, swallowing hard.

"As long as it takes," Mysto replied with a cackle. "When you're strong enough to break out of these restraints, you're ready to challenge me." He turned to go.

"Oh, I almost forgot," he said, bringing a tube from the ceiling to Jack's mouth. "Open up!" he ordered when the horse resisted.

Jack nervously did as told, and Mysto put the tube into his mouth.

"You don't want to drink from *my* tap," Mysto said, a hint of hurt in his voice, "but you've got to keep your strength up. I hope you won't mind drinking from *your* tap too much."

The dragon grinned and moved a control on the tube. Jack suddenly tasted a very slow trickle of cum on his tongue. He grimaced and tried to spit the hose out.

"Uh, uh!" Mysto warned. "That's the only food you're going to get for the next...day? Week? Month? Who knows! I'd suggest you be careful to keep that in your mouth unless you want to starve to death."

Jack closed his mouth on the tube and glared at the dragon.

"Good boy," Mysto replied, smiling sweetly. "Come on, kids," he said to the foals, "I think it's time for you to eat." He unlocked Apophis's cage. "Come on, Son," he said. "Since that one"—he gestured to Jack with his head—"is too good to drink from my tap and is a little tied up at the minute, it looks like you'll have to do."

Apophis climbed to his feet slowly. He hadn't moved much since the foals started nursing, and his muscles were stiff.

"Let's go, Son. Bring your foals with you."

Apophis looked regretfully at Jack as he and the foals followed Mysto out. Once inside the laboratory, Mysto threw a switch, and the horse's body convulsed, every muscle spontaneously contracting at once.

"Don't worry," Mysto said consolingly to Apophis, "It may look awful, but it's not hurting him—yet."

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The horse's body relaxed on the exam table, and seconds later convulsed again. This continued for some time.

"Watching the makings of what will be a fun—if pointless—showdown has me horny, Son," Mysto said, "And I think your foals are hungry. I want you to present yourself but keep your nipples off the ground. Yes, just like that, all fours, mouth and ass at my disposal, nipples available to nurse your young." He sighed wistfully. "If only Jack weren't being so contrary. I'd love to use all of your holes at once, but this will have to do. Open, Son. Azrael, Yama, time to eat!" he said invitingly.

The foals scurried over and latched on to Apophis's nipples, making him gasp and open his mouth reflexively.

"Oh, that's good," Mysto chuckled. "I'll have to use that more often."

He put his cock into the dragon's mouth.

"Mm, you *do* feel so much better than Jack did," he said appreciatively. "A slave-dragon's mouth is a wonderful place, but it can only be completed by a wonderful cock."

He put his hand on the back of Apophis's head and pulled him gently forward, careful not to disturb the nursing foals. Apophis was hungry, and he had gotten used to the idea that his only sustenance came spurting from the tips of pricks. He therefore eagerly suckled and nursed Mysto's cock, swirling his tongue around it and pressing his head all the way onto it until he could lick the elder dragon's balls with his tongue.

"Oh, yes, Son!" Mysto praised him. "Your time in the cage has served you well. You are a much more appreciative son now than you were, aren't you?"

Apophis nodded and sucked again. This time, Mysto's balls contracted, and his load came spewing out to feed and nourish his son.

"You did that very well, Son," Mysto said. "I might not have to beat Jack to get your devotion after all!" He glanced down at Apophis's cock, straining hard against its cage. "Your poor cock," he mused, shaking his head. "I've made you live in chastity for a while now, haven't I?" He reached down between the foals to stroke Apophis's cage. The dragon gasped and nearly came right then.

"Oh! Very sensitive, I see," Mysto grinned. "So terribly pent-up!" I'll bet you wish I would let you get off, don't you, Son? Answer me," he said when Apophis said nothing.

"Yes, Daddy," the younger dragon whimpered. "It's been weeks since I got off, and the foals on my nipples make me so horny!"

"Yes, I'm sure they do," Mysto said understandingly. "Do you ever wish they would nurse your cock instead?"

Apophis shook his head violently. "No, Daddy!" he cried. "That would be like incest! I would never do that to them!"

"But you *are* horny, Son," Mysto replied. "Is it any different from me feeding you my cum? Do you think I do that just for the fun of it?"

Apophis nodded.

"But that's why you're wrong, my son," Mysto chided him. "Foals need nourishment, Son, and you must provide it to them any way you can. It won't be long now until your nipples dry up and can no longer feed them that way. What will you do then?"

"Won't they go onto solid food, Daddy?" Apophis begged.

Mysto shook his head. "No, Son. You are their mother, and you must provide for them."

Seeing that Apophis was unconvinced, Mysto turned out the lights in the exam room, leaving Jack to continue his shock therapy in the dark. "Come, Son," Mysto said. "I think it's time we weaned your foals."

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Mysto picked up a piece of glassware, and the wall behind the table swung away from them, revealing a dark hallway lined with gray bricks on either side. The ceiling was low and made Apophis wary. The dragon swallowed nervously and followed Mysto. The foals scampered behind them and quickly took off running down the hall.

"Stay in sight!" Apophis called.

"Such a good mother," Mysto chuckled. "But fear not; there's nothing that can hurt them down here."

They continued down the gloomy passage and entered a large, open room. Manacles and chains hung from the ceiling and floor, illuminated by wall sconces casting dim, orange light.

"It's time we weaned your foals, Son," Mysto said, gesturing for Apophis to put his arms up in the middle of the room.

The younger dragon hesitantly did as told. "What are you gonna do, Daddy?" he asked nervously.

"I can see you're nervous about cumming in your foals' mouths, Son," Mysto replied, quickly fastening Apophis's wrists above his head. "So I'm taking the decision away from you. We'll let *them* decide."

Apophis struggled. "No, Daddy!" he whimpered. "Please don't make me hurt them!"

Mysto quickly grabbed his feet and chained them to the floor, immobilizing him.

"Who said anything about hurting them?" Mysto asked, frowning. "I told you, Son; they need nourishment, and your teats will soon quit giving them the life-sustaining milk they need. It's time for them to move on. It doesn't hurt you to suck my cock or Jack's cock, and it won't hurt them to suck yours. "Besides," he added, "they're not even your own flesh and blood. You were nothing more than an incubator to them. Now you're a feed trough." He shrugged. "Rest easy, Son. They'll go at their own pace."

The younger dragon shivered as Mysto took some duct tape and made big 'X's over Apophis's nipples, ensuring the foals would not have access anymore. Next, he deftly reached down with his claw and undid the latch holding Apophis's cock cage closed. With an audible click, it came off in Mysto's hand. Apophis's cock leapt into the air with such violence that the younger dragon moaned and quivered in lust.

"Hungry, boys?" Mysto asked the foals, looking defiantly at Apophis, who struggled harder against his restraints. Yet even as the younger dragon fought, his mind filled with images of their cute little muzzles wrapping themselves around his cock. The thoughts made his prick throb and ooze precum.

No! I mustn't! He tried to force the images from his mind, but the harder he tried, the more vivid the thoughts became. His dick dribbled a few drops of precum onto the ground.

"It'll be over soon, Son," the elder dragon said, patting his shoulder as the foals licked their lips and approached curiously. "Soon, you'll realize they like your dick just as much as your nipples, and you'll be happy to continue meeting their needs in any way you can."

"No! No, kids, don't!" Apophis pleaded. He jerked wildly as Azrael leaned forward to sniff his cock. The older foal took a step back and looked at Apophis, whinnying curiously.

Yama meanwhile had taken an interest in the drops of precum on the ground, sniffing them curiously and then tentatively tasting them. He quickly decided he liked that taste and went sniffing for the source, making a circle around Apophis and then whinnying in confusion, his head cocked curiously.

"Aww, look at them!" Mysto chided his son. "They're clearly interested! Would you seriously lash out at them over some squeamishness on your own part?" He shook his head disapprovingly. "Man up, Son, and think of what's best for them."

Apophis winced as Azrael again sniffed his cock and licked it tentatively. The younger dragon gritted his teeth and squeezed his eyes closed. He knew he must do this for them, but he didn't have to like it.

His eyes went wide as the foal wrapped his lips around his tip and began suckling.

"Ahh!" Apophis cried, bucking as his cock suddenly began spewing cum, showering Azrael. The foal blinked in confusion and then began eagerly lapping at Apophis's prick and swallowing his cum as it flooded from him.

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"Oh! Oh! Ohh!" the dragon cried as his orgasm just kept coming.

Yama quickly got the idea, and determined to best his brother, put his mouth over Apophis's cock. The flow of cum quickly filled him up, and he had to let go, plopping on the ground with a distended belly and a hiccup.

Azrael quickly followed suit, filling himself with cum and plopping on the ground next to his brother. The two quickly drifted off leaning against each other.

"That's so cute!" Mysto gushed, looking at the foals.

He looked at Apophis, who was still shooting cum. "You wanted to cum like Jack does," the elder dragon said. "Now you can, and you will every time the foals get hungry. Don't worry; yours will stop once they've had their fill. Should be any second now." He checked his watch.

As if on queue, Apophis's cock suddenly quit spewing and quickly retreated to its sheath.

"If you'll be good with them, I'll let you feed them while serving me," Mysto told him. "But if you're going to keep fighting it and being a bad parent, I'll have to chain you up. Have you gotten over your fear of hurting them? Just look! They look so content!"

Apophis reluctantly looked at the foals. Dozing there, their forelegs on their bellies and dozing lightly, Yama's leg kicking in his sleep, they *did* look awfully content.

"Yes, Daddy," he replied at last. "I'll be a good parent."

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"How are you feeling?" Mysto asked, walking into the exam room. "Still full of piss and vinegar?"

"More than you can imagine," Jack spat, the cum-tube still in his mouth.

Mysto laughed. "I'm sure, but I can imagine quite a bit."

Apophis followed Mysto in and looked at the horse, still strapped to the exam table and convulsing every few seconds. Sweat covered his whole body, and his muscles looked much more defined than they had a few days before. "Wow," Apophis breathed.

"Looking good, isn't he, Son?" Mysto asked, grinning at Jack. "You know, if it hadn't been for the rude and ungrateful way you broached the subject, this might have been perfect, slave: you getting big and beefy, and Apophis here ogling you until I wipe the floor with your face." He sighed and smiled, shaking his head. "Oh, well."

He turned to Francis's cage and let him out. The alien skittered over the floor and hugged his offspring.

"Daddy!" they chorused.

Francis jumped and looked from one to the other.

"They're quite precocious," Mysto observed. "They must have gotten that from you; goodness knows they didn't get it from their other father," he said, casting a dirty look over his shoulder at Jack.

Francis wiggled his tentacles excitedly and hugged the foals again.

"Daddy, why don't you say anything?" Azrael asked, going up to the exam table and putting his head on his father's stomach.

"Daddy's...busy..." Jack replied between shocks, his teeth gritted.

"Aww, come on, Daddy!" Azrael prodded, nudging his father in the side. "Come play with us! Yama, shouldn't Daddy come play with us?"

"Yeah!" the younger foal agreed. "Daddy, come play with us!" He trotted over and stopped abruptly, sniffing the air. "Azrael," he said, "Daddy can feed us, too!"

Azrael's ears pricked up. "Yeah! Would you feed us, Daddy? Feed us!"

"No, kids, mmph!" Jack replied, struggling, yet his cock began to stir from his sheath, expertly avoided by the straps that held him down.

"Grandpa Mysto?" Yama asked in a tattle-tale voice, "Can Daddy feed us?"

"Why, certainly!" Mysto replied grinning wickedly at Jack.

"Uh, Daddy, I can, uh—" Apophis interjected.

The elder dragon shook his head. "You heard them, Son; they want their *daddy* to feed them! There's no reason you should have to continue to shoulder the burden alone."

"But he's tied up," Apophis said weakly, trying to spare the horse.

"So were you, the first time," Mysto replied, patting Apophis condescendingly on the head. "That didn't stop them then, and it won't stop them now. Go ahead, kids."

Azrael nuzzled Jack's crotch and nosed over the growing tip. "It's so big!" he gasped.

"Big boys drink from big cocks," Mysto said encouragingly. "Go ahead."

"Mind your teeth!" Apophis warned.

"Teeth?!" Jack gasped.

"You've been down here a few days, Jack; lots of things can happen, like your foals weaning, getting teeth, and learning to talk!"

The horse squeezed his eyes closed and sagged to the table until another burst of electricity made him convulse again.

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"Did you hear me?" Apophis asked the foals.

"Yes," they chorused. "We'll be gentle, Nanny, we promise!"

"I still can't get over how *cute* that is," Mysto chuckled as Apophis reddened.

For the life of him, the younger dragon didn't know where they even *learned* that word.

He didn't have time to ponder it long. As soon as Azrael took Jack's throbbing prick into his mouth, the horse groaned and shot cum across the room.

"Whoa! It's like a fire-hose!" Azrael gushed.

"My turn, my turn!" Yama said. "I betcha I can go farther!"

"Nuh, uh!"

"Yeah, huh!"

Yama flicked the tip of Jack's cock, and the horse bucked again, the splatter landing in the middle of the last one.

"Ha!" Azrael exulted. "You didn't go farther!"

"Humph!" Yama sulked.

"Kids, kids, quit playing with your food!" Apophis chided. "Now eat up and leave your father alone."

"You're not the boss of me!" Yama said, pawing the ground.

"Now, see here—" Apophis began before Mysto cut him off.

"He's right, you know," Mysto said firmly. "I think you might have taken me too seriously when I said to 'be a good parent.' It's cute, but Yama is absolutely correct: you are *not* his boss; I am. He answers to me alone, same as you. Do you understand?"

Apophis's face burned in humiliation as the young foals exchanged hoof-bumps just barely in his view.

"Yes, Daddy," he said quietly.

"Good. And let's just give you a little reminder of your place here. Azrael, Yama, come over here, please."

The foals scampered over and looked up at him expectantly.

The dragon knelt down and put his hands on each of their withers. "You know that Nanny is very good at feeding you, right?"

"Yeah!" Azrael replied.

"Uh, huh," Yama agreed.

"Well, Nanny can also take care of other things." He stood.

"What other things? Show us!" the foals chorused.

"Open up, Son," Mysto ordered.

Apophis knew where this was heading. "Please, Daddy...I don't need to be reminded. I'll be good," he pleaded.

"Now, Son, it's just another way you can help your foals. You *do* want that, don't you?"

Apophis huffed and nodded reluctantly. "Yes, Daddy," he said.

"Good boy. Now open up."

Apophis did as he was told, and Mysto put his cock in the younger dragon's mouth.

"Kids, if you ever feel like you need to pee, you just call Nanny over, and he'll take care of it for you." He began to piss, and Apophis grimaced as he swallowed it down in big gulps.

"Look at Nanny's face!" Azrael laughed. "He makes funny faces!"

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"Ooh, I wanna try!" Yama said.

"Let me finish first," Mysto laughed. As soon as he was finished, Yama pressed his chest up against Apophis's head. The foal tried a few times before looking at Mysto confusedly.

"I walk on my back legs," Mysto explained, "and you walk on all fours. You'll have to jump up and put your forelegs on his head and then step up until you're in his mouth."

The foal nodded, wiggled his butt, and launched his upper body up, coming down on Apophis's face. The dragon winced but tried to hold still.

"A little further forward," he elder dragon chuckled.

Yama tried again and managed to get into position.

"Good! Now just walk forward with your back legs. Open, Son."

Apophis grimaced underneath the foal but did as told. The foal's cock brushed his lips, and he fought the urge to recoil.

"Just take slow, steady breaths," Mysto said encouragingly. "I'm proud of you, Son. You're finally learning to man-up."

Yama pushed forward a little more, and his cock thrust into Apophis's mouth. But something was strange about it. It didn't *feel* like a normal cock.

"He got *that* from Francis," Mysto chuckled knowingly. "I'm surprised you haven't noticed it earlier, Son. That's his ovipositor."

Apophis almost jerked back in surprise.

"Don't spill, Son," Mysto warned. Apophis felt Yama's ovipositor swell and then tasted the young stallion's piss.

"Ooh, this feels good!" Yama exulted, closing his eyes and grinning.

"Aww! I wanna try!" Azrael whined.

"Wait your turn," Mysto said kindly. "And then after this, anytime you need to, you just go tell Nanny."

Yama finished and pulled out. Apophis reeled slightly. There was something heady about the horse's piss, something intoxicating.

Azrael took his turn, leaping expertly onto Apophis and walking his ovipositor up. Apophis dutifully opened his mouth, and the foal pushed inside and began peeing. "Wow, this *does* feel good!" the foal gasped.

"You'll learn that there are other things Nanny can do, too," Mysto hinted, "but that will be a bit from now."

The foals seemed contented as Azrael stepped down.

"You poor guy," Jack said to Apophis.

"You're one to talk!" the dragon replied.

"It's not so bad," Jack replied. "It's tiring, but I can take it."

Apophis nodded. "It goes against my sensibilities, but I can take it, too," he agreed.

"I'm so *glad* you can both take 'it,'" Mysto interjected, "but apparently *neither* of you can take it without commiserating with the other one! Now we must go. Back in your cage, Francis."

The octopus skittered into his cage and closed the door behind him.

"Good boy. Slave, see you in a few days. Keep eating that cum; you're making splendid progress! Come, Son. Come on, kids!"

Mysto and his entourage left, leaving Francis and Jack in the dark. The horse groaned, and Francis came to the edge of his cage.

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"Whether he thinks he's in control or not," Jack growled through gritted teeth, "I *will* beat him and get us all out of here, even if it kills me."

"Still awake?" the intercom crackled. "Rest assured, I won't kill you, but by the time I'm done with you, you'll wish I had." With a cackle, Mysto left.

"I *do* enjoy tormenting him," the dragon said as he put his feet up and let Apophis massage and lick them. "I wish there was a way to get through to him—to you all—that you cannot beat me and that the sooner you start *obediently* following my instructions, the sooner we can all start having fun." He sighed and swapped feet. "Oh, Son, that *does* feel good. Keep doing exactly that, but bring your ass over here. I want to fuck it."

Apophis did as told. He had to admit, he was again kind of getting into licking his daddy's feet. It wasn't something he'd ever have gotten into before he became a slave, but knowing the alternative, he decided this really was rather enjoyable by comparison. He turned his ass around and continued licking between Mysto's toes when he saw the foals staring at him intently.

"Hungry?" he asked.

The foals shook their head.

Apophis frowned. "Well, what do you want, then?" he asked.

"Nanny, what's 'fuck'?" Azrael asked.

Apophis's jaw dropped, and he stopped licking Mysto's foot. "I beg your pardon?" he asked.

"Grandpa Mysto said he wanted to fuck you," Yama chimed in. "What is that?"

Apophis's face turned beet red, and he shook his head. "I—no, I—"

"Yes, *Nanny*, what *is* 'fuck'?" Mysto asked, giving the dragon a penetrating look.

"I—well, uh, kids—when one fur loves another fur very much—"

"But Grandpa Mysto doesn't love you," Azrael said pointedly. "He says you're just here to take care of his 'bi-uh-loj-uh-cul urges.'"

"Yeah, and ours, too!" Yama added.

Apophis blushed even harder.

"Foal got your tongue?" Mysto jeered. "Kids, I'll tell you what 'fuck' is. In fact, I'll demonstrate. But," he said warningly, "if I do show you, you have to promise not to do it until you're older." He looked them each in the eye. "Do you promise?"

"We promise!" the foals chorused.

"Good. Son, present yourself."

Apophis's face had not quit blushing, and he did as told while trying to pretend that the foals who had grown in his bowel and suckled from his breasts were *not* watching him be fucked right now. Mysto, as usual, was careful to ensure that he could do no such thing.

"Now, this is a asshole, kids," Mysto explained, lightly grazing under Apophis's tail and giving the younger dragon an erection. The foals looked on curiously and giggled as Apophis's cock stirred.

"And this is a cock," the elder dragon continued, gesturing to his member. Yama reached over to take it in his mouth, but Mysto dodged quickly. "Uh, tut!" he said. "You get fed by Nanny and Daddy, not by Grandpa." His eyes narrowed and he grinned. "In fact, if you're hungry, maybe you should get Nanny to feed you right now."

"But I wanted to see you fuck Nanny!" Yama protested.

"Of course, of course," Mysto said conciliatorily. "Now, the cock goes in the asshole just like this," he said, pressing himself deep into his son.

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"Ooh!" the foals chorused.

"And now you thrust a few times until you let your juices out," Mysto said, demonstrating. Just as he was about to finish, he pulled out and cream-pied Apophis's ass.

"See? Just like that," he concluded.

"Ooh, I wanna try!" Azrael said, trotting over to Apophis's backside.

"No, Azrael," Mysto said firmly. "Not until you're older. Now eat up while I fuck Nanny again."

The foal sulked a little bit, but his ears perked up at the thought of food. He and his brother trotted around and reached under Apophis to lick at his cock just as Mysto drove into him again.

The dragon gasped at the twin sensations and immediately began spurting. Since he had started feeding the foals this way, his balls seemed to ache for release all the time, and although getting off this hard was exhausting work, it was a welcome relief to the chronic blue balls. As he spurted out nourishing seed for the foals, his ass clamped down on Mysto's large member. The elder dragon roared in pleasure and flooded his son with hot dragon cum. Apophis's ass gobbled it down just as greedily as the foals gobbled his down.

There was a sudden loud ripping noise.

The foals stopped and stared breathlessly at the door. Apophis looked up and swallowed hard. His cock continued spurting, despite his efforts. Mysto just smiled. "It seems it is time," he said.

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Jack's fist slammed against the door, but the door did not give an inch. The horse whimpered and held his hand.

"I think you should go to the arena," Mysto said over the intercom. The horse did as told, and Mysto followed him into the large room with the glass walls. On his command, the hallway to the exam room was closed off by a huge steel door ten inches thick.

Mysto snapped his fingers, and Jack came to. The horse's body bulged with huge muscles heaped upon him like so many helpings of mashed potatoes. Veins popped up all over his torso, throbbing in fury.

"As you asked for," Mysto said to him, "here's your chance to beat me."

Jack lunged at him, and Mysto stepped nimbly to the side, letting Jack crash into the wall behind him.

"I wasn't finished," Mysto said calmly.

Jack charged again, and the dragon jumped into the air to let him pass again.

"You're being very rude," Mysto said, a tinge of anger in his voice, "and I don't appreciate rude behavior!" He dropped down and landed on Jack, flattening him to the ground. But with his massive strength, the horse was up in a flash, throwing Mysto off forcibly and slamming him into the wall.

"Well, fine," Mysto said with a huff, "we can skip the introductions."

He swooped down and plowed into Jack's chest, using his momentum to drive the horse's back into the wall with a loud slam and a crunching noise. Yet as soon as the dragon stepped back, Jack grabbed him by the horns and proceeded to swing him around like in a hammer toss. Rather than letting him go, though, the horse slammed him into the wall.

Mysto stood woozily. "That..." he said, his hand in the air, "was a good hit." He shook his head and regained his usual fire. "You're beginning to piss me off," he warned, plowing into Jack and slashing his claws across the horse's muzzle.

Jack recoiled, turning his head and using his massive arms to protect himself. Mysto used the horse's defensive posture to land a volley of blows. The horse stepped back and felt himself against the wall. "No!" he screamed and launched his arm out blindly, just wanting to scare Mysto back enough to give himself a chance to regroup. His fist connected and sent the dragon flying across the room to slam against the wall.

Sensing that he had the upper hand for just a moment, Jack charged and pummeled Mysto in the face, punching him so hard that his head turned with each punch. Heart racing and suddenly knowing that he was going to win, Jack screamed in righteous fury and pummeled the dragon harder and harder, faster and faster. Mysto's face bled and was gray by the time the horse finally quit.

"Fuck you," Jack growled, spitting on the dragon's face. He spat again, just for good measure. Then he turned to leave.

As he was sizing up how to get out of the sealed room, Jack heard a voice behind him.

"Did you really think you could kill me by punching me?" Mysto asked icily, standing as if nothing had happened.

"N—no, it's not possible!" Jack gasped. "You were—"

"Gray?" Mysto asked with a mocking pout. "Too bad you were too stupid to check my pulse." He shrugged as his skin shifted through a rainbow of colors. "Party trick," he said with a sinister smile, advancing towards him. "And now you've gone and worn yourself out. By the way, here's your spit back!"

He grabbed the still-stunned horse by the jaw and forced it open, then hocked and spat straight down the horse's throat. "You're welcome," he snarled, tossing Jack to the floor. The horse gasped and got to his feet.

"Now, come at me," Mysto said. "You said you'd do this even if it killed you. Well, you're still standing, I see. Get to it!"

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With a shout, Jack rushed the dragon again. Anticipating Mysto's dodge, he ran his fist right into the dragon's face, driving it into the wall behind him. With Mysto dazed, the horse uppercut him and then wound up and roundhouse-kicked the dragon in the chest, sending him into the air.

"Oh, aerial games now?" Mysto asked, completely unfazed, flapping his wings easily to stay aloft. "Allow me!"

A reddish glow started in his chest, and Jack's eyes grew wide. *Shit.*

The dragon belched flames after Jack. The horse dodged and rolled to the side.

"I could do this all day," Mysto said, looking bored as he held one of his nostrils and blew flames out the other one, narrowly missing the bulked-up horse.

"Enough!" Jack bellowed. He leapt into the air as Mysto flew by, grabbed the dragon by the legs, and slammed him into the floor. Sitting astride the dragon's back, Jack wrapped his hands around Mysto's neck and began squeezing. "Die, you mother-fucker!" he cried. "Die!"

Mysto's eyes bulged, and he clawed at Jack's hands. Jack held on for dear life, slowly strangling the dragon. Mysto leapt into the air and slammed Jack against the ceiling. The horse shook his head and maintained his grip around the dragon's neck.

Abruptly, Mysto fell to the ground, and Jack landed on top of him, hands still wrapped around his neck. The dragon's eyes closed, and his body went limp.

Jack eyed the dragon warily and flipped him onto his back before retreating to observe from a safe distance. The dragon's eyes remained closed, and his chest did not move in and out as if breathing.

After some time, Jack cautiously approached Mysto and felt the pulse on his wrist. There was none, but then—

Jack whirled in time to see Mysto open his eyes and grin a wicked grin. The dragon grabbed him by the neck, swung him like a baseball bat, and slammed his body into the wall.

"You fool," the dragon snarled. "I can hold my breath for days! My life will not be so easily extinguished. But since you persist in trying to kill me, I say this: I have been merely toying with you. Unless you want to experience my full wrath, I suggest you prostrate yourself before me and beg for mercy. I will, of course, mock you for the rest of your miserable existence for surrendering, but I assure you, it will be the less painful alternative!"

The horse held his head. *Fuck, how do I kill this guy?!* He turned and shook his head. "I will not surrender," he said defiantly. "I will see you beaten, no matter how long it takes."

"Eh, your loss," Mysto said, shrugging. As Jack rushed him again, Mysto reached out and grabbed the horse by the waist, manipulated his body like a rag doll, and plunged him down onto the dragon's erect cock.

"Such a strong *male*," Mysto mocked and he drove the horse further down. "Here, enjoy my knot!"

The dragon's cock swelled inside Jack's ass, and the horse whimpered in discomfort.

"Ahh, yes, we've found his weakness, haven't we? Muscles everywhere, but only tender flesh in his ass!" Mysto walked up to a wall and began slamming Jack's body against it. Knotted tightly to the dragon, the horse could do nothing but try to block as many blows as he could.

"Fuck! I feel so *alive*!" Mysto crowed, flying into the air with Jack dangling from his cock. He dive-bombed, slamming Jack into the hard concrete.

"You know, each time you brace for impact, your ass clenches down *most* exquisitely," Mysto observed. "I should do this more often!" He grunted and got off inside the horse's ass, his cum completely sealed in by his knot.

"Ooh! Let's play a game!" the dragon chuckled. "I'll let you go when your ass explodes with my cum!" He stood on the ground and began flexing his cock up and down, taking the helpless horse with it. Jack braced for impact again and again as his body was driven into the ground.

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Fuck, how strong is this guy's cock?!

Mysto sighed in pleasure as he orgasmed twice more into the horse. "Had enough, yet?" he laughed. "I'm having a blast!"

"Not quite," Jack retorted. He stuck his arms out, and on the next trip towards the ground, he caught himself, did a mighty push-up, and slammed himself against Mysto, knocking the dragon over backwards.

With the dragon distracted, Jack reached down and squeezed the dragon's balls tightly in his hands, trying to pop them.

"Ohh!" Mysto gasped, his voice husky. "It's cheating to try to distract me with sex." He came inside Jack again and went back to slamming the horse against the floor.

Jack needed to think. If he couldn't punch the dragon to death, couldn't strangle him, and couldn't even faze him by crushing his balls, what could he do? The horse wracked his brain, but all that came up was to stab him. *With what? There's nothing sharp in here!* On one of his trips towards the ground, Jack spied the dragon's claws. He reached over and grabbed Mysto's hand and used his other hand to break one of the claws off.

"Ow!" Mysto cried, shaking his hand but not slowing down at all. "You little brat, you broke a nail!"

"How about I break your heart?" Jack asked, spinning around on Mysto's cock to face him and plunging the claw into his chest.

Mysto winced and stopped slamming Jack. His cock retreated immediately, and Jack fell to the ground while Mysto clutched his chest, looking down.

The dragon moaned. "I hate stitches, don't you?" he asked.

"Huh?" Jack asked, his eyes bulging.

Mysto plucked the claw from his chest and flicked it across the room like a splinter. It hadn't even penetrated his scales.

"Stitches," he said, standing up and advancing. Jack quickly retreated, pressing his back to the wall. "You know, that feeling where it feels like you're getting stabbed in the side but it's really just some kind of air bubble or something?"

"Oh, yeah," Jack said, suddenly getting it. "Those suck."

"They do," Mysto said, "and so do you." With that, he seized the horse and plunged his mouth down onto his cock, erect again as soon as the stitch passed. The dragon held him there, easily avoiding Jack's attempts to wrestle free.

"It's over, Jack," Mysto said with finality. "I will hold you there until you yield or until you pass out. Either way, I win."

Jack gagged on the cock as Mysto began to piss down his throat. He couldn't breathe; the dragon's cock blocked his windpipe. He bit down on Mysto's cock with all his might, yet the dragon's cock seemed to be as armored as the rest of him. His eyes watered, and he felt the severity of his failure dawning on him.

"You can feel it now, can't you?" Mysto hissed, "You can *feel* just how terribly you have failed. You know that things will never be the same, that from now on, you're damaged goods, even worse than you were before." He smiled serenely as the horse continued to choke on his cock and spied his white marking.

"Hmm..." the dragon said, stroking his chin. "I've thought of a nice punishing appetizer for you." He continued to hold Jack in place and opened the thick door.

Francis and Apophis gasped when they saw them. The horse's body was bruised all over, and blood ran from deep scratches on his face. The dragon appeared completely unharmed.

"Yes, your savior has failed you," Mysto said, brushing past them with Jack still stuck on his dick.

The horse's fighting was becoming weaker as his mind grew hazy.

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Mysto took out a piece of metal from the safe and quickly chilled it in the lab. "Gather 'round, everyone," he said quietly. He didn't need to yell to make *this* message heard.

"All these years, I have let you keep that cold brand, slave," Mysto said, dumping Jack on the exam table but keeping his cock in his mouth. "It's time for you to move past her—what was her name?" Mysto laughed as the horse's eyes suddenly popped open and saw the metal in his hand, steaming from being chilled so cold.

"Ah, yes, you know where this is going, then? Good. Fight it, Jack. Fight until there is nothing left in you."

The horse struggled, tears streaming down his face. Just as his body went limp, Mysto pressed the metal to Jack's shoulder.

"That *horse* is no more. In a few days, you'll wear a prison grate on your shoulder instead."

He pulled his cock out forcefully and shoved Jack off the table and into the cell.

"To bed!" Mysto barked. Francis cowered in his cell, and Apophis and the foals meekly followed.

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We're doomed. Forever. We're doomed. Poor Jack!

Apophis sat hugging himself and rocking forward and backward. Mysto had gone to bed and left him chained to the wall. The foals huddled in close. They didn't understand what had happened to Jack, but they could sense the fear Apophis and Francis both felt and kept a low profile.

"Nanny? Is Daddy okay?" Azrael asked timidly.

"I don't know," Apophis replied. "He looked pretty beat-up."

"Why was Daddy beat up?" Yama asked. "Daddy is strong!"

But Mysto is stronger... "Yes, your daddy is strong," Apophis agreed. "But he did something that made Grandpa Mysto angry, and now he's being punished for it."

"That was a really bad punishment!" Yama said, trembling. "He was all blue."

Apophis set his jaw. "His punishment hasn't even started, yet," he said. "That was just to show him that Mysto was stronger than he was."

"Wow, Grandpa must be really strong!"

"Yes, he is," Apophis agreed again. "It's important to always obey him, even if you don't want to. Don't give him any back-talk, and be a good foal."

"You should be a good nanny, too," Azrael said.

"Huh?" Apophis asked.

"You always make funny faces when Grandpa tells you to do something. Shouldn't you just do as he says, too?"

Apophis swallowed. The foals were old enough to rat him out now. "Y—yes," he said.

"Then why don't you?" Yama prodded.

"Because I don't want to," Apophis admitted. "Because I miss being—"

"You mean like Daddy didn't want to?" Azrael asked.

Apophis's breath caught in his chest. The two foals pressed in, and something about the dim light made them look sinister.

"You do exactly what we tell you to, and you *never* tell Grandpa on us, or we'll tell him how you make funny faces," Yama said, his eyes flashing with mischief.

"Yeah," Azrael nodded. "Grandpa loves us; he doesn't love you. He'll believe us over you any day!"

Apophis paled. "W—what do you want?" he asked.

"We want to fuck you," Yama said intently. "We saw how Grandpa did it, and we're older now."

"By just a few hours!" Apophis protested, a little too loudly. He quickly pressed his hands to his face and held his breath, afraid he'd woken Mysto.

"Grandpa didn't say *how much* older," Azrael smirked. "Come on, Nanny," he said, nudging Apophis's side. "Present yourself."

Apophis shook his head. "I—no, it's wrong!" he hissed.

"Fine, then we'll tell Grandpa right now!" Yama said. He took a deep breath and opened his mouth wide.

"No, wait—!" Apophis said, quickly putting his hands over the foal's mouth. He sighed. "Fine." Minding the chain, he got into position, feeling humiliated and trapped beyond his wildest dreams. The foals he'd loved and nurtured were now turning on him, becoming another *Mysto*.

He felt Azrael's hooves on his sides and closed his eyes. He winced as the foal stabbed his ovipositor forward and missed the mark. He lowered his backside a little bit, giving the foal a clear shot.

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"What's all this?" Mysto asked, bleary-eyed. Apophis and the foals froze.

"Grandpa!" Yama said almost immediately, going up and nuzzling him. "We were just—"

"I see what you were doing," Mysto said coolly. "The question is, 'why'?"

Nobody said anything. Azrael slowly dismounted from Apophis and looked guilty.

"Azrael, why were you on Nanny's back?" Mysto asked directly.

"Well, I—" the foal said, rubbing one hoof with the other and blushing.

"He was just curious!" Yama interjected. "We wanted to be big furs like you, Grandpa!"

"By deliberately disobeying me?" Mysto asked, raising an eyebrow. "Foals, everything I do, I do for a reason. Everything I tell you, I tell you for a reason. Didn't you see what happened to your daddy?"

"Well, yeah, but—" Yama started.

"Your daddy disobeyed me very badly, little one," Mysto said, squatting to graze the foal's face with his claw. "And I punished him very severely for it, didn't I?"

Yama gulped.

"And now you have disobeyed me. What do you think I should do?"

Yama and Azrael huddled together, shivering and whimpering.

The dragon stood and pointed his finger at them. "This is your *last* warning. Do not disobey me again."

He turned to Apophis. "As for your funny faces, quit making them. If I didn't see them, I won't punish you for them, but rest assured, I *will* be watching in the future! Your savior lost, and now you owe me your devotion. And for goodness' sake, grow a spine. Geez, you're being blackmailed by *foals!*" He shook his head. "Now get in here and service me so I can go back to sleep."

Apophis felt relieved; Mysto knew everything already, and he was off the hook. He obediently followed his daddy into his room up to the end of his chain, kissed his prick, swallowed his piss, and took a load in his mouth and one in his ass. He returned, lay down, and went to sleep. The foals nuzzled up next to him.

The next morning, Jack awoke with a splitting headache. His body hurt all over, and he blinked confusedly to find himself in a cell. Francis saw him stir and quickly went over to the divider in their cages to begin rubbing his sore muscles.

"Wh—what happened?" Jack asked. "I had this terrible dream like I challenged Mysto."

Francis paused.

"What?" Jack asked. The alien pointed to his shoulder.

The horse's eyes went wide. "N—no!" he cried. "No!"

The cold brand that used to be a 4E now looked like a window, four boxes joined in the middle.

The horse shook his head and rubbed his arm.

"No, it's—it's temporary! It'll come off!" he gasped. But the more he rubbed, the more it became apparent that the mark was *never* coming off.

"My love," he said softly. "I've failed you." He hugged his knees to his chest and sobbed. Francis did his best to console him, but without success.

The lights clicked on. "Oh, good, it *is* awake." Mysto's voice sent a chill down Jack's spine as the dragon opened his cell and beckoned for him to step out.

"Enjoying your new body art?" the dragon asked, gesturing to his shoulder. Jack swallowed but said nothing.

"Yes, it is time you put *that* one behind you. You are mine now, and that mark will remind you of it always, just as it used to remind you of her. One day, maybe the pain will pass. Until then," he said with a grin,

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"feel the burn!" He put his hand on Jack's back, leading him towards the arena, unlocking Francis's cage as he went. "Come, Francis," he called. "Now, there *is* the small issue of your punishment," he said.

He glanced at Jack's face, but the horse registered no emotion.

"Playing stoic, huh?" He shrugged. "We'll see about that."

They entered the arena, and Jack gasped. Apophis was strung up by his wrists to the ceiling, looking panic-stricken. As soon as Francis stepped inside, the floor opened to reveal eight manacles that quickly grabbed his tentacles. He fought it at first but quickly gave up, realizing he had no hope of escape.

"I have *thought* and *thought* about how to punish you," Mysto said, sealing the door behind him, "but I realized something: every time you've acted up, it was for one of your fellow slaves. Make no mistake, you took a *beating* last night. I'm not sure how you survived; *these two* certainly wouldn't have!" he said, gesturing dismissively towards the others.

"It was then that I realized that no amount of physical punishment would faze you. Sure, the cold brand hits you on the heart-strings a bit, but in your heart of hearts, you *knew* you were never getting back to her anyway. But *this!* This is here and now. Now you get to see for yourself just how badly you failed those you were fighting for."

He picked up a nasty-looking flogger and swung it full-strength at Apophis. The dragon cried out in pain. Mysto whirled to look over his shoulder at Jack, who was already striding forward.

"See?" Mysto cackled. "That's far enough." Manacles quickly grabbed Jack's hooves and rooted him to the floor, well out of reach of Mysto. "As soon as I start hurting your 'friends', you spring into action. Well, here's a chance for me to break you of that habit. The rules of this game are simple: you stand there and watch completely passively, or I make things worse. When you can demonstrate that you have lost all sympathy for your one-time friends, only then will I let them go. But the more you fight it, the more you grimace and clench your fists—like you're doing now—the harder I will beat them." He lowered his voice to a menacing growl. "Even if it kills them," he said, echoing the horse's words back at him.

"But they're innocent!" Jack protested.

"Yes, they are," Mysto replied. "But you are not. And they pay for your sins because *that* is the only way to get through to you!"

With that, he flogged Apophis again, eliciting a scream.

"Let him go!" Jack roared, to which Mysto smiled, replied, "No," and then lashed the dragon even harder. Jack winced and tried to calm his expression, but he felt too much compassion for the poor dragon.

"Nanny, what's Daddy doing?" Azrael asked, his voice much deeper than it had been the day before. The horse looked up at Apophis curiously. Apophis and the horses—now fully grown—sat outside the arena, watching Jack alternately clenching his fists and trying to relax.

"That is Daddy's punishment," Mysto replied. "I have him hypnotized to believe that I'm savagely beating Nanny and your other daddy until he ceases being affected by it."

"But you're not beating them," Yama said pointedly.

"Goodness, no!" Mysto replied. "They haven't done anything bad enough to deserve that—yet," he said, looking askance at Apophis.

"But wouldn't that make you happy?" Azrael asked hopefully.

Mysto stared at the eager foals in disbelief. "What do you think I am?" he asked them, "A monster?"

Apophis had to look away; the look of pain on Jack's face was too much to watch.

"Rest assured," Mysto said, "Daddy will be a changed fur once he gets out. He'll have no more compassion, or if he does, he will repress it so deeply that nobody would ever know he had it. He *will* be a cruel, heartless monster!"

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"Stop, Daddy!" Apophis cried, shaking his head. "Punish me instead. Don't do that to him! He's too nice a fur! I—I will *never* question you again, Daddy. I will be happy and eagerly do everything you tell me, if you just let him be. You have my word."

"Promises, promises," Mysto spat. "I already *have* your word, written down and filed! You literally got on your knees and begged me to let you be my slave. Your word means nothing to me!"

"Please, Daddy!" Apophis begged, prostrating himself before the elder dragon. "I'll prove it to you! I swear!"

"Hmm," Mysto said, stroking his chin, his eyes narrowed thoughtfully. He smiled suddenly. "We have a deal," he said. Apophis started to shake his hand. "But," Mysto warned, "if you fail, I *will* flog you until he converts. It will be the worst pain of your life, and you may well die from it. *Do* you understand?"

Apophis started to speak, but Mysto raised his hand. "Make *sure* you understand what you're doing this time," he warned. "I *will not* be merciful if you fail me twice, and I am not afraid to kill you in the process of converting Jack."

Apophis looked Mysto in the eye, steeled his jaw, and said, "Mysto, I will not fail you."

The elder dragon genuinely smiled and shook Apophis's hand. "I'm proud of you, Son. I actually felt like I was talking to an adult just now." He snapped his fingers, and Jack looked around, bewildered and panic-stricken.

"You've just been pardoned," Mysto said into the intercom. "Meet us in the exam room."

Everybody went back to the exam room. Jack arrived a few moments later, looking dazed and confused until Mysto explained what had happened. "And now," he said, "my son here is going to demonstrate his genuine desire to serve me devotedly and happily."

Apophis swallowed but managed a nervous smile.

"Son," Mysto said, "I want you to choose one of the foals—erm, *horses*—they're adults now, aren't they?"

Azrael and Yama grinned and bumped hooves.

"F—for what, Daddy?" Apophis asked, forcing himself to keep a smile on his face.

"Never you mind," Mysto replied dismissively. "Just do as told. No questions—remember?"

Apophis had no idea what Mysto had in mind, but he figured it was something dreadful. *Or is it? Maybe the one I pick will get a reward or something pleasant? Or maybe that one will be spared? What if the one I pick is tortured? Oh, I can't decide!*

Sweat broke out on his brow, and Mysto chuckled to himself. "Time's a-wasting, Son," he said. "Hurry up and make a decision, or are you going to fail your first test?"

"Pick me!" Azrael said.

"No, pick me!" Yama said, flank-checking his brother.

If they're excited about it, maybe Mysto told them something.

"Azrael," Apophis finally said.

"Aww!" Yama pouted.

"So what happens now?" Azrael asked excitedly.

"Now, Apophis is going to fertilize you, and then you are going to lay your eggs in him," Mysto said with a smile. "You wanted to fuck, and now you're old enough."

"Aww, no fair!" Yama protested. "I want to fuck, too!"

"You'll get your turn, too," Mysto said. "But Yama, I am going to fertilize you."

Everybody stopped and stared. Yama blushed. "Ohh, Grandpa, that's quite the honor," he said. "But who will carry my eggs?"

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"Nanny, of course," Mysto replied. "I have experiments to run on Jack, and I wouldn't want to risk hurting your eggs in the process."

Yama nodded and stuck his tongue out at Azrael, who huffed.

"All right, time to get busy," Mysto said. "Come here, Yama. Azrael, go to Apophis and let him breed you."

The horses did as told and took up positions in front of their breeders.

"D—does it hurt?" Azrael asked over his shoulder.

"It doesn't have to," Apophis replied.

"Or it *can*," Mysto replied, giving an evil look to Yama, who swallowed nervously.

"Please don't hurt me," Azrael whispered.

"I won't," Apophis replied.

It was awkward for Apophis; he had never topped anyone before—except that time Francis slid down on him—but he knew he had made the right choice. Azrael was always his favorite, whether he admitted it to anyone else or not, and he wanted his first time to be special and pleasurable. He carefully moved the horse's tail aside and admired how Azrael had filled out since reaching adulthood only hours ago. He felt his cock twitch as he thought of how he'd felt when Azrael and Yama had nursed him, how he'd felt when he began feeding them. Now he was going to let Azrael continue his own unique species.

He pressed the tip of his cock against Azrael's hole.

The horse winced and tightened up.

"Just relax," Apophis said soothingly, rubbing Azrael's withers. "Focus on my voice and how good this rub-down feels."

Azrael began to relax, and as Apophis felt his hole loosen up, he slid in easily.

"Ohh!" horse and dragon chorused. Apophis had never felt anything so luxurious around his cock, which threatened to explode any second. Azrael just felt full and happy with Apophis inside of him, and he nickered in delight.

"Tighten up for me," Apophis whispered. "Just flex your ass."

Azrael did as told, and Apophis moaned as his orgasm flowed from him into the young stud. "Oh, Azrael!" Apophis gasped.

"Okay, okay!" Mysto said, a hint of a smile tugging at the corners of his mouth as he shook his head exasperatedly. "Geez, I was about to get diabetes from that saccharine sweetness!" He made a teasing gagging face.

Yama gulped and looked at him plaintively. "Please don't hurt me, Grandpa?" he asked.

Mysto pursed his lips. "Oh, fine," he said, "since you asked nicely."

The dragon pushed smoothly into the young stud and shuddered in ecstasy as his seed flowed into Yama's ass, fertilizing all of his eggs. Yama's eyes glazed over in pleasure as he felt the dragon fill him.

Eager to continue, Mysto pulled out and addressed the alien.

"Now, Francis, would you please show your sons where to put their ovipositors?"

Francis skittered out and stood between his foals. Lifting up the front of him, he exposed his own ovipositor and began growing it. He gestured to the horses to do the same, and their ovipositors, normally about six inches long, grew to multiple feet in front of them and flopped about as the young adults figured out how to work them. Finally, they sucked them back into themselves; they were ready.

When he was satisfied the horses knew what to do, Francis went over to Apophis, gestured for him to get into position on his back, and then stuck his tentacle up his ass. The dragon groaned like before, feeling

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uncomfortable as the tentacle snaked its way all the way through his intestines, patting here and there to find the right spot. Once again, he settled on the spot next to Apophis's appendix.

"Got it?" Mysto asked anxiously, and Francis nodded. "Good! Then get to it! Azrael, you first."

Apophis braced himself as he felt the stud's hooves around him, pulling him towards the ovipositor. He took a deep breath and thought of all the *good* he'd felt with the foals, even if they were devious things. He found it was easier to smile when he focused on the good things. He instinctively wrapped his arms around the young stud, who looked back at him with a mixture of kindness and concentration.

He felt Azrael's ovipositor touch his tailhole. He let out a breath and relaxed as the first living egg out of him started the cycle anew. He felt Azrael push deeper and deeper into him and finally felt him smack against the bottom wall of his ascending colon.

"There," he whispered.

Azrael pushed and gasped. "Ohh," he breathed, "that feels *nice!*"

Apophis felt the first egg push past his anus and travel its way through Azrael's ovipositor and into him. He felt very protective of this egg suddenly. It was Azrael's and also his own. Five more followed.

When Azrael finally pulled out, he nuzzled Apophis affectionately. "I'm sorry I was ever mean to you, Nanny," he said. "Take good care of our eggs."

Apophis smiled and hugged his foal—and Azrael would *always* be his foal.

"Yama, your turn," Mysto said, shaking his head and interrupting Apophis's moment with Azrael.

The younger horse stepped up to Apophis and slammed in, making the dragon wince. "I'm gonna pump you full of babies," Yama growled in Apophis's ear, "and just *think* how much fun you're going to have nursing them all!"

Apophis felt nauseous. To think that *this* mean horse had come out of him! To think that his eggs would be cohabiting with sweet Azrael's eggs made the dragon's stomach turn a bit. But he remembered his promise and smiled submissively, feeling as Yama filled him with six eggs of his own.

"Very good," Mysto said when Yama was finished. "Now, to bathe them in seed!" He pushed himself roughly into Apophis and flooded him unceremoniously. "Jack, get over here," he barked when he was finished. "You, too."

The horse came over and pressed against Apophis. "Thank you," he said quietly as he gently pressed inside. Apophis gave his dick an affectionate squeeze with his ass, and the horse quickly shot off.

"Mm!" All this fertilizing has me horny!" Mysto grinned. "Line up, all of you, and present yourselves!"

The dragon flipped Jack over on his back and made him hold his legs in the air as he fucked him. "Just you remember who owns you," he growled, glancing at Jack's arm. "Now thank me for my cum!"

"Thank you, Sir," Jack replied.

"Give a smile for Master," Mysto prodded.

Jack managed a half-smile, and Mysto rubbed his prostate with his cock. Then Jack *really* smiled. "Not so hard, after all, is it?" the dragon asked with a wink.

He pulled out of Jack and fucked Apophis again for good measure. "One slip-up, and remember what happens to you."

Apophis swallowed but then grinned and said gaily, "Yes, Daddy!"

"Good boy, Son," Mysto chuckled as he pulled out.

"Francis, you silly octopus, I'm not going to breed you! What, do you want to get pregnant again?"

The alien wiggled his tentacles hopefully.

"Sorry, but no. Apophis already has his ass full, and I don't want to risk crowding."

In the Name of the Slave, the Son, and the Alien Experiment

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"Master, I—" Jack piped up.

"What is it, slave?" Mysto asked.

Jack took a breath. "I will—I will bear his eggs," the horse replied.

A grin spread across Mysto's face. "Well, then! I would like that *very* much! I suppose I can hold off on the experiments for now." He clasped his hands together eagerly. "All right, Francis, get back in position."

Francis's tentacles quivered with excitement as he stood for Mysto. The dragon slipped easily into his jelly innards and flooded him. He pulled out and pushed an enema syringe in. "Stand out of the way so you don't squish anyone," he said to Francis. "Jack, get up on the table so Francis can impregnate you."

Octopus and horse did as told while Mysto smirked at Azrael. "You looked a little disappointed when you found out Apophis was going to breed you and Yama was going to get my seed," he said. "You may not have gotten to deliver my eggs, but you can still have my seed."

Azrael's ears pricked up excitedly. "Really, Grandpa?" he asked hopefully.

"Present yourself like a good grandson, and reap your rewards."

The horse turned around and knelt with his ass in the air, looking adorably over his shoulder. Mysto shook his head and chuckled. "Normally, I'd make you look at the floor, but that's just too cute a look to pass up." He gently pushed up under the equine tail and into Azrael. The horse's eyes half-closed, and he sighed in pleasure.

"I *told* you all that I can be a loving daddy when you behave," Mysto said, stroking the sensitive spot in Azrael's ass and effectively turning his grandson into a puddle of nickering ecstasy.

The dragon finished and moved on to Yama. "I heard what you said to Apophis," he chuckled. "I'm pretty sure you *will* be my favorite, and I am especially kind to my favorites unless they cross me." He gently pressed the tip of his prick in and slowly pushed inside until his knot locked him in place. Yama's breathing sped up. "Just breathe," Mysto whispered softly. "Now clamp down just a little bit."

The young stud bit his lip, his brow furrowed, but he did as told. His features immediately relaxed, and his body convulsed in a mini-orgasm.

"Feels nice, doesn't it?" Mysto asked with a knowing grin. He grunted and sprayed the horse's insides with cum.

"We'll have more time later," Mysto promised, "But for now, I want to get your daddy knocked up."

He deflated his cock and gently pulled out, then turned his attention to Francis and Jack. Francis had begun growing right on time, and as he loomed over Jack, the horse raised his legs into the stirrups without being ordered.

"You've been a good friend to me," Jack said, wincing slightly as Francis began palpating him. "I would be honored to carry your offspring."

Francis dropped down low and wrapped his tentacles around Jack's shoulders, hugging him close as his ovipositor sought entry. Jack forced himself to relax and wrapped his arms around Francis, the two embracing as Francis deposited twelve eggs into Jack's bowels.

Mysto brushed away a tear. *At last*, he thought, *things are finally beginning to go right*.