To the Champion go the rewards

by Nary

Summary

The trials and torments of being the Champion of the arena (and a few benefits as well...)
Chapter 1

Chapter Summary

Shiro, the Champion of the arena, is summoned to the private chamber of Commander Sendak.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

If there was anything Shiro had learned in his time in captivity, it was that being noticed by the Galra always hurt. Being ignored was safest - invisible, harmless, non-threatening, not worth their time. But he’d also learned that he was stronger than many of the other prisoners, better able to bear the pain and suffering. And if he could take it, then maybe the others *(maybe Matt)* wouldn’t have to. Surely there was only so much punishment to go around? So he kept on putting himself forward, making sure the Galra paid attention him, trying to be whatever he thought would appeal to them.

He became a beast in the arena. He channeled his rage at what had happened to them into his matches, let it give him power. He was small compared to most of the Galra, and had to fight dirty in order to survive. The crowd seemed to like that. At first it made him feel sick. After a while, he got better at shutting down his emotions and just doing what he had to do.

Once he’d won a few matches, his captors started noticing him more, which had been his goal from the start. Some of the other prisoners whispered he was doing it to get better treatment, more attention - and it was true that now, after a match, the Galra would give him some modicum of medical care instead of just throwing him back into the cell. He was popular, he needed to be in good condition to keep on fighting. Others said he had gone mad, that he was like an animal, or a monster, that he enjoyed the brutal fights. Shiro couldn’t disagree. It gave him someplace to direct his anger, a way to feel like there was a purpose to all of this, instead of just being a terrible, arbitrary thing that had happened because he’d been in the wrong place at the wrong time.

After a fight, he ached everywhere, his muscles burning, skin broken by a hundred little wounds. He tasted blood in his mouth. Sometimes it wasn't his.

After one particularly gruelling fight, the arena guards took away his sword (as always - of course they couldn't leave a prisoner with a weapon outside the ring) and then, instead of bringing him to the infirmary to be patched up as they usually did, they half-carried, half-dragged him to an area he hadn't seen before. He was tossed unceremoniously through a doorway and left sprawled face-down on the floor.

"Commander Sendak, the prisoner you requested," one of the guards announced briskly, and they departed. Shiro almost thought they might be hurrying away, and that worried him.

He lifted his head a little, just enough to try and make out where he was. There was a rug, which already marked this room as more luxurious than any he'd been in during his entire captivity so far. There was a chair, and just at the edge of his vision, a bed. Seated in the chair was a Galra, although so far Shiro couldn’t see more of him than his legs.

"So, you're the one they call the Champion," Sendak said. His voice was deep and smooth.
Shiro wasn't sure whether he was expecting an answer or not. He decided to risk it. "I've heard that," he muttered, still mostly facing the floor. A drop of blood from a laceration on his forehead fell onto the carpet, a red droplet soaking into its purple threads and disappearing there.

"I saw your match today. Very impressive, for one of your kind."

"Thank you, sir." He sensed that any other response would only get him in trouble. The anxious feeling in the pit of his stomach told him that he was already in trouble, but he didn't know precisely what kind. Perhaps this Galra officer thought to test his strength against a victorious gladiator, for practice or amusement. Perhaps it was something more sinister. But being noticed - being singled out - always ended with pain.

Sendak, whose face he still hadn't seen, rose from his seat and walked toward him. All of the Galra Shiro had seen so far wore armor, but this one's feet and legs were bare and purple-furred. Being in a private room with a possibly-naked Galra was more alarming than some of the things he'd faced in the arena. He risked looking up further and saw the edge of a robe that was draped over muscular thighs. Not naked, then, but not dressed for battle either. That seemed to rule out a sparring match. Shiro wasn't sure he liked the options that left any better.

"Get up," the Galra ordered him, and Shiro, wincing, pulled himself to his feet. He had to look up to see Sendak's face, as the commander stood at least a head taller than him. He was broad-shouldered and had purple fur with tufted ears. One of his eyes had been replaced with a cybernetic enhancement that glowed red. When he smiled, his teeth were pointed. That wolfish smile made Shiro fear what was going to come next.

One of those big hands shot out to grasp Shiro's chin, lifting him up onto his tiptoes, turning it this way and that, as though Sendak wanted to examine him from various angles. Shiro grimaced, but didn't pull away. "Are you considered handsome among your people? Strong?"

The question wasn't what he had expected, and Shiro was shocked into an honest response. "Yes," he admitted, hating the way he could feel a blush spreading across his cheeks. He didn't know why he cared about sounding conceited to a Galra. He was used to being evaluated for his physical skills, his strength, his combat ability. This was different, though. This was being examined like a piece of meat about to be devoured.

Sendak released his face from his grip, and Shiro bit back an urge to run. Just go along with whatever he wants, he told himself, it'll be over sooner. Still, he couldn't stop himself from trembling when Sendak spoke again. "Remove your clothing."

The tunics and trousers they gave their prisoners were made of coarse cloth, ill-fitting and uncomfortable at the best of times, but still Shiro would have much preferred to keep them on. Instead he slowly stripped, painfully aware of Sendak watching him. His wounds made it even more uncomfortable. The scabbed-over spots where blood had dried to the fabric pulled and tore as he undressed, leaving fresh red seeping from his injuries. He winced, and Sendak smiled again, enjoying the sight of his discomfort.

He stepped out of his pants, covering his groin with his hands, for all the good that did. The Galra circled around him like a predatory cat, looking him up and down. When he reached Shiro's front again, he slid his robe off, leaving no doubt as to his intentions. His cock was massive, darker purple than the rest of his skin, with thick fur at its base. Shiro wanted to close his eyes, but also didn't want to leave himself any more vulnerable than he already was. He forced himself to look directly ahead, facing Sendak stubbornly.

"On the bed," Sendak ordered him. Shiro didn't move, or didn't move quickly enough, so the Galra
grabbed his shoulder and shoved him in the right direction. He fell onto the bed, face down, and felt himself swiftly pinned down by the commander's heavy bulk. There was nothing in the way of foreplay, and Shiro was almost glad of that - anything resembling tenderness or affection would have been nothing but a cruel parody, and even harder to bear than this rough efficiency.

He whimpered when Sendak pushed his legs apart with his knee, adjusting his position to suit his desires. He could have fought back, but he knew that struggling would only make this worse. At least it's me and not Matt, he told himself, finding the barest hint of consolation in that thought. It ached when Sendak shoved his way inside him, but he must have slicked himself with something, because it wasn't as painful as it could have been. I can handle it, Shiro thought. As long as it's over fast.

He wasn't sure how best to hurry things along, though. He didn't know whether moving would encourage the Galra, or enrage him. He tried squirming, pushing back against his assailant, and got shoved down harder into the mattress in response.

Sendak's tongue, rough as a cat's, rasped across one of the wounds on his shoulder, and he cried out. The reaction seemed to provoke the Galra, who dug his fingers hard against a set of livid bruises along Shiro's side. Shiro tried to focus on his breathing to keep from screaming again, and, perhaps disappointed in the lack of an overt show of pain, Sendak snarled and slammed into him harder.

With dismay, Shiro felt his own body responding to being violated, his ass stretching open to accommodate the Galra's size, his own cock stiffening as it rubbed against the sheets with each rough thrust. Somehow that was worse than anything else - the idea that at some level he might enjoy this. What did that say about him, if getting treated like this made him hard?

Sendak seemed to notice this change as well, and laughed, almost more of a growl. He reached under Shiro and grasped him roughly, stroking him. Shiro whimpered, but couldn't struggle free - his body betrayed him, and every twist or jerk of his hips only increased his agonizing arousal. He thought he might be sick. Desperately he closed his eyes, willing this to be over, trying to dissociate himself from what was going on with his body, but every stroke of his cock drew him unwillingly back.

He felt Sendak bury himself deep inside his ass, and a hot, sickening rush spread through him. The Galra roared as he came, and Shiro responded involuntarily, his own body jerking uncontrollably, full of shame and disgust. He choked back sobs when Sendak pulled out of him, leaving him feeling filthy and unbearably exposed as he lay there, face down on the mattress.

The Galra stood, retrieving his robe, and summoned a lackey with the press of a button. He didn't stop Shiro when he crawled to the floor and started trying to get his clothes on. "Who is 'Matt'?'" he inquired casually, and Shiro froze. "You called out that name. A lover, perhaps?" He sounded smug, as though he'd figured out some deep, dark secret.

Shiro refused to answer, and received a blow to the face for his silence. He crouched on the floor, still only half-dressed when the door opened and someone stepped in. "Yes, Commander?"

"Return this prisoner to the cells," Sendak ordered. Shiro wanted to sink into the floor and die, knowing it would be obvious what had happened, wondering if the other prisoners would know, or think he'd wanted it. "And find out if there is any prisoner named Matt," he added, and Shiro went pale, fearing what that might mean.

The Galra soldier waited until Shiro had finished getting his clothes on before taking him by the arm
to lead him away. He wasn't rough, at least, but even that much contact made Shiro flinch. When
they were out in the corridor, with the door closed behind him, the Galra paused, turning to look at
him for a moment. "Are you all right?" he asked. He almost sounded... kind, but surely that was
impossible.

Shiro stared at the floor. "I'm... please, just take me back to the cell, I'm fine."

The other man nodded, but still hesitated for a moment. "It's not your fault," he said quietly. "He
does that to lots of people." Something about his voice made Shiro suspect he knew all too well. He
didn't respond, but did look up enough to see this Galra's face, so that he might remember it.

"I'm Ulaz," he said quietly, and began guiding Shiro back to the prisoners' wing. They didn't speak
further, but Ulaz did leave him a clean towel to clean himself up with when he deposited him back in
his cell. That meager kindness was enough to give Shiro a faint glimmer of hope, even while he
scrubbed himself until his skin was red.

Chapter End Notes

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Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Shiro is wounded in the arena, and Ulaz tends to his injuries - as well as other needs.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Today's fight had been an especially brutal one. Shiro had been victorious, but it had cost him several broken ribs and a severe slash to the stomach that wouldn't stop bleeding, along with the usual assortment of bruises and scrapes. He staggered as he left the arena, light-headed from the blood loss and struggling to breathe, and took only a couple more steps before collapsing.

He came to in the infirmary. Everything was a blur, and it took him a moment to realize Ulaz was there, running a scanner over his torso. He realized a moment later that he was naked, but the stabbing pain in his gut more than outweighed any embarrassment. He looked up at Ulaz and said, "How bad is it, Doc?"

Ulaz's brow furrowed slightly, perhaps puzzled at being addressed as 'Doc'. "One of your ribs punctured a lung - I tended to that while you were unconscious - and you had some internal bleeding. Also, external bleeding. I'm fixing that now, so keep still." The device in his hand hissed as he slid it across the open wound on Shiro's stomach.

Shiro didn't think he could have moved even if he'd wanted to. Whatever Ulaz was doing seemed to be cauterizing and sealing the wound, and while it didn't hurt as much as the claws that had inflicted the injury in the first place, it was far from a comfortable process. He closed his eyes, gritted his teeth, and waited for it to be done.

"Finished," Ulaz told him, after what felt like forever but was probably only a few minutes. "But don't try to get up yet, you're still sedated."

That explained why everything looked fuzzy around the edges - and probably why he wasn't screaming in agony right now. "Thanks," Shiro said, mustering a weak smile.

Ulaz turned away, looking at the monitors. "Don't thank me," he said gruffly. "I wanted to have you put in a healing pod, so you wouldn't have to feel any of this, but they said it would take too long. They want you up and able to fight again by tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?" Usually he would get at least a day or two off to recover between fights. "What's happening tomorrow?" he asked, immediately wary.

Ulaz didn't turn to face him. "I assume they have their reasons," he said evasively. Whatever was going on, he didn't want to tell Shiro about it. That couldn't mean anything good.

"If you know something -" Shiro began, but Ulaz whipped around and cut him off sharply.

"You'll find out soon enough. Don't worry about it now, just rest and try to relax."

Somehow that didn't make Shiro any more relaxed. But pressing Ulaz to tell him what was
happening tomorrow might make him angry, or get the Galra into trouble with his superiors, and Shiro didn't want to lose the one person who had shown him anything like kindness here. Instead he asked something else that had been weighing heavily on his mind since their last encounter. "Did you... did Sendak find Matt?"

Ulaz turned back to face him, running a hand over his side to feel if there was any remaining damage to his ribs. "I searched the prisoner records and found that the one known as Matt was transferred to an ore processing facility on Keshlok. It would take some time to bring him back here."

Shiro let out a breath he hadn't realized he was holding. "Probably" okay. At least he wasn't within Sendak's reach, and that was what was most important.

"Thank you for letting me know," he said quietly. Ulaz didn't owe him anything, so whatever tidbits of information he revealed were either out of the goodness of his heart - or were part of some elaborate ruse to manipulate and mislead Shiro, for reasons he couldn't begin to fathom. Shiro didn't know which, but he desperately wanted to believe it was the former. He was starved for kindness, for affection, for a touch that didn't bring pain with it. Ulaz's hand on his side right now, for instance, was gentle, although clinical. It wasn't intended to arouse him, but it did. Shiro's cheeks grew warm with embarrassment, and he blushed even more deeply when Ulaz glanced down and arched one eyebrow.

"Involuntary reaction," the Galra said. "I suppose it's a good sign that your circulatory system is working correctly, and you've recovered at least somewhat from the blood loss."

"Great," Shiro mumbled, wishing he could sink through the examination table, into the floor, and disappear.

Ulaz busied himself with looking intently at the readings on the screens again. Probably he was as puzzled by human anatomy and physiological responses as Shiro himself was right about now. After a few moments, he peeked in Shiro's direction again. "If you wanted," he said, "I could alleviate your discomfort."

Shiro had no idea what he meant by that. Maybe he had some kind of boner-reducing drug? Maybe he was just offering to throw a blanket over him until things died down, so they could both stop dying of embarrassment. But something in the hesitant tone of the Galra's voice made him wonder if maybe he was suggesting something else. "How?" he asked cautiously.

"I want you to know, I wouldn't do anything you don't desire. I'm not Sendak. I'm not trying to... to take advantage of you. I only thought..." He trailed off, shaking his head. "I shouldn't have made the offer in the first place. Not like this. You're drugged, you're injured, you can't be thinking clearly. I was wrong."

He turned away as though he was about to leave, and Shiro reached out and grasped his wrist. "Wait, please," he begged. "Don't go. I... I don't know what's right or wrong anymore. I just know that I want you to stay."

Ulaz frowned, but didn't pull away - and in Shiro's weakened condition, he certainly could have if he'd wanted to. "You do?"

Shiro nodded. "I want you to stay, and I'd like you to, ah, how did you put it? 'Alleviate my discomfort'?"

With a deep breath, Ulaz came closer, running his free hand slowly down Shiro's chest. "I will do my best." It was just a simple gesture, but its gentleness and affection almost made Shiro want to cry.
It had been so long since anyone had touched him like that. At times he'd doubted whether anyone ever would again. There hadn't been anyone since Matt, and Shiro didn't know if they would ever see one another again - or whether Matt could forgive the things he'd done. Ulaz wasn't Matt, but he also wasn't pulling away in horror at the monster Shiro had become. He knew what Shiro had done, and it didn't repulse him. And it felt so unbelievably good that he couldn't prevent a moan from escaping his throat.

Ulaz paused, as if uncertain, his hand on Shiro's stomach just below the freshly-healed wound, and just above his cock, which twitched impatiently at the delay. "Do you wish me to stop?"

"No!" Shiro gasped. "That was a good sound. Keep going!"

That was evidently all the encouragement Ulaz needed. He took Shiro's erection in his hand, cautiously at first. "Tell me if this causes you any discomfort," he said as he began to stroke it gingerly.

"It feels amazing - but you don't have to be quite so gentle," Shiro told him.

"I was unsure," Ulaz said, gripping him more firmly. "You are not Galra, and you seem quite delicate in comparison."

Shiro gave a short bark of laughter. He'd been called many things, but 'delicate' wasn't one of them. "I'm not going to break," he assured Ulaz, squeezing his hand.

Ulaz worked his cock with slow, steady strokes, paying close attention to Shiro's responses - the way his breath hitched or his stomach muscles trembled - as though he was analyzing a particularly fascinating scientific specimen. Soon he bent down in order to get a better look, tongue skimming across sharp teeth. "Do your people use their mouths for these purposes?"

"Definitely," Shiro said. "I'm guessing yours do too?" He pushed away thoughts of Sendak, that rough tongue scraping over his broken skin, keeping himself grounded by focusing on Ulaz's touch, so tender and careful.

"Yes. It's considered very pleasurable for both parties." Ulaz looked up at him, giving him the chance to say no.

"Then please, suck my cock," Shiro told him. It felt almost unreal to be saying that to a Galra, but Ulaz wasn't like any of the other Galra he'd dealt with. When Ulaz's tongue flicked out to tease his head, it wasn't harsh, just wet and warm and beautiful. "More," he pleaded, and Ulaz obliged.

Shiro craned his neck to get a better look at him - the paler markings on his violet skin, the strip of white hair, the way his cheeks hollowed as he sucked Shiro's cock deeper into his mouth. Then Ulaz did some kind of witchcraft with his tongue and Shiro let his head fall back on the examination table with a groan. He couldn't hold back under such exquisite treatment even if he had wanted to, and it wasn't long before the heat blossoming within him was too strong to resist.

"I'm going to..." he gasped, trying to give Ulaz a moment's warning at least, but the Galra just swallowed him all the way to the base, and Shiro's body shuddered as he spilled his load into his waiting throat. Ulaz licked him clean when he was finished, lapping gently at his oversensitized cock.

Shiro wasn't sure what was supposed to happen next. He didn't know what Ulaz would expect from him in return, or whether he'd even be able to provide it. "Thank you," he said, and kissed his hand before letting it go, because he could at least give that much.
Ulaz stood up straight again, licking his lips. "I hope it was enjoyable for you."

"Very," Shiro assured him. "I'd like to do something for you as well, but... I'm not sure I can right now." His side still felt like it had been tenderized, but there was more to it than that, more complicated worries that he had trouble looking at head-on.

Fortunately Ulaz seemed satisfied for now. "Another time, perhaps," he said, to Shiro's relief. "When you are healed. Then we will see." He took up his scanner again, businesslike. "Now, let me examine those ribs..."

Chapter End Notes

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Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Sendak and Haxus blow off some pressure.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Haxus waited patiently outside the witch's laboratory for Commander Sendak. They had been in there longer than usual, and even after shorter sessions with her, Sendak could be stressed and irritable. This time, Haxus was a bit worried about what could be taking so long - and about what sort of mood Sendak would be in when he emerged. He kept his face impassive, but he anticipated that later he might well have to bear the brunt of his superior's temper.

So he was surprised when Sendak stepped out and simply gestured for him to join him as he left. Haxus thought he looked pale, and his fur bristled as though he was upset. However, with other soldiers around, not to mention those creepy druids, he couldn't ask him what had happened. Haggar's experiments were often unsettling - perhaps this time had been worse than usual.

Sendak led the way back to his quarters, making no stops or detours along the way. Haxus followed obediently, assuming that once they were alone, he would learn what had shaken his commander so badly.

"Drink," Sendak ordered him once they were safely alone. Haxus obliged by pouring him a glass of thevra, which he tossed back quickly and immediately demanded another. The second glass he sipped more slowly, and Haxus noticed his hands were unsteady.

"Tell me what troubles you," he asked eventually, when the silence had stretched on for longer than his patience.

Sendak, although technically his commanding officer, trusted Haxus enough to allow him the liberty of speaking freely - at least in private. "The witch spoke to me of her plans," he said at last. "She requires more subjects for her experiments - the last ones did not survive. I saw some of the... remains," he added with a slight shudder. "I am to select prisoners for her - strong ones, ones who will be better able to endure her treatment."

Haxus nodded. Haggar, although not a part of the Galra military hierarchy, nevertheless wielded considerable power and influence. Sendak would not be able to refuse her, not without suffering dire consequences. "Do you have some in mind?"

"Wait and see how tomorrow’s match in the arena turns out," Sendak said. "After all, the prince was promised a good fight, and we must ensure that he gets it. After that, perhaps..." He trailed off, lost in thought for a moment. Haxus came to stand behind him, running fingers through the thick fur of his neck. Sendak lowered his head, rumbling deep in his chest at the sensation.

"You need to relax," Haxus told him. "If you're too tense, you might make an error tomorrow. You can't afford that." He knew how much pressure Sendak was under, and the strain of balancing competing demands from too many different factions and superiors.
"Yes," Sendak admitted grudgingly. He growled again as Haxus scratched behind his ears. No other subordinate would be permitted to touch him like this, to exercise this much power over him, but Haxus was special. "Please," he said under his breath. "Help me."

Haxus' lips curved into a smile, although Sendak couldn't see it. "Help you how?" he asked, although he could guess the answer. He still wanted to hear Sendak say it out loud, because he knew how much he hated it.

"Give me what I need," Sendak said through gritted teeth.

Haxus ran his hands down along Sendak's shoulders, feeling the tension coiled in them. "And what is it you need?"

"I need... release. I need to not be in charge, just for a little while. You're the only one I can trust to take control," he said, his voice low, almost ashamed.

"Very well," Haxus told him, satisfied. "Then get on your knees."

Sendak rose from his seat and knelt, bowing his head. Haxus stroked the delicate flesh of his ear, enjoying the way it made him shiver. With his other hand, he drew his cock out, presenting it before his commander. Sendak didn't look up, but his breath quickened, nostrils flaring as he inhaled the musky scent, and his ocular implant flickered red. "Open your mouth," Haxus ordered, and he did as he was told.

Haxus pressed his erection into Sendak's waiting mouth, watching as his lips closed greedily around it. Truth be told, his commander was not the most skillful at this act - he'd known many with greater talent - but his desperation made up for it. That, and the thrill that Haxus felt seeing him on his knees before him. Sendak sucked him eagerly, his tongue pleasantly rough against the underside of Haxus' cock. Haxus kept one hand on his head, guiding him at the pace he desired, keeping him from getting too vigorous just yet. He intended to take his time and make Sendak wait for the release he so badly needed.

At length he tired of being sucked, and pressed on Sendak's head to signal him to stop. Sendak sat back on his heels, breathing hard, licking a strand of drool from his lips. "That was... adequate," Haxus told him. "Undress yourself."

Sendak stood to remove his clothing. Haxus always found it so surprising, and so pleasurable, that his commander was willing to submit to his will. Not always, by any means, but there were times when fucking a prisoner or a subordinate wouldn't give him the satisfaction that he required, and on those occasions he turned to his second in command to attend to his needs. It was not something they permitted others to know about - Sendak's reputation would suffer if it became known that he was willing to degrade himself like this, and neither of them wanted that. Keeping it as their secret was better for both of them.

Once Sendak had stripped off his uniform, Haxus waved him over to the bed. He took his own time getting there, languidly discarding items of clothing along the way, watching as Sendak shifted impatiently. "Turn over," he ordered. This was further than he had dared to push his commander before, and he felt a nervous flutter in his belly. If he went too far, would Sendak retaliate, lash out, or find a way to make him pay later? Haxus ran one hand along Sendak's spine, smoothing down his fur, trying to gauge his reaction. Sendak growled, arching up against his touch, so Haxus took that as a sign that he could continue. Each time with Sendak was like an unspoken negotiation - how much torment could either of them endure, how much would they accept at the other's hands?

Haxus came to kneel on the bed, continuing to stroke and caress Sendak. Gradually his touches
began rougher, his claws digging in deep enough to hurt, even to break the skin. Sendak snarled, but his cock was as hard as ever. "Please," he said, his voice low and raspy.

"Please what?" Haxus paused, fingers knotted in the thick fur at the base of Sendak's back, just above his ass. He could feel the tension in the strong muscles there, and wondered whether he was about to be told to stop, leaving his own needs unsatisfied. It might suit Sendak to punish him like that, for his earlier presumption.

"Please, more," Sendak managed to choke out. His head was bowed, his voice muffled, but Haxus knew what he was asking for. The smile returned to his lips, and he bent down until his mouth was next to Sendak's ear, close enough for his teeth to graze against that sensitive skin.

"Beg for it," he whispered. "Beg for me to fuck you."

The low rumbling in Sendak's chest grew louder, so that Haxus could feel the vibrations through his entire body. "Do it," he growled, "before I change my mind."

"Not good enough," Haxus said, drawing back. "You can beg better than that."

Sendak bared his teeth. "I need you," he snarled. "Take me, use me for your pleasure...sir." He said the last word only a little grudgingly. Haxus was not expecting the honorific, but coming from Sendak, it sounded doubly sweet.

"Very well," he told him, and crawled to kneel behind him, stroking his thickly muscled ass. Sendak's growl turned into a moan as he spread his legs for Haxus. With two fingers Haxus traced a path along his cleft, teasing him, making him wait just a little longer as he retrieved the bottle of oil to slick his way. Once he couldn't restrain himself any more, he leaned closer, letting his cock brush against Sendak's waiting hole.

"Yes," Sendak hissed, "give it to me, sir! Give me your cock!"

He was taut with tension as Haxus began to push into him, and it was slow progress at first, although Haxus felt him begin to gradually loosen as he slid in deeper. Sendak was mewling like a bitch, each stroke bringing a whine to his lips, but Haxus stroked his back, and soon he settled into a deep purr that made Haxus moan as the vibrations spread through his body. At this rate he knew he wouldn't last much longer, but still he was determined to squeeze every bit of pleasure he could out of this opportunity.

"That's it," he murmured to Sendak, caressing his broad back. "Submit to me and I'll take care of everything." To prove his point, he reached around beneath Sendak to grasp his cock and stroke it in time with his thrusts. It throbbed in his grip, and Sendak roared with his release, wringing Haxus so tightly that he couldn't move for a moment. Only once he was freed from that grip could he thrust once more, resuming a quicker pace now that Sendak was done, using his commander's ass for his own pleasure. That thought, combined with the physical sensations, was sufficient to bring him to his own climax only a short while later.

Afterwards Haxus draped himself across a completely relaxed Sendak, toying lightly with the fur of his chest. "You did so very well," Haxus said. "Vrepit sa, sir."

"Vrepit sa," Sendak echoed, and nipped lazily at his shoulder. Haxus knew that the ordinary bounds of their relationship were back in place, but also understood that, under the correct circumstances, he held power over his commander. It was with that thought in mind that he drifted off to sleep.
Back to your regularly-scheduled Shiro torment next chapter! You can find me on Tumblr at naryrising if you want to ask questions, make requests, or chat!
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

After a brutal battle in the arena, Shiro is presented before Prince Lotor and forced to perform for his entertainment in other ways.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Shiro could sense before he even entered the arena that the mood of the crowd was different. Normally there was more chatter, but today it was tense - not silent, but groans and low murmurs between fights rather than cheers and roars of excitement. He waited his turn, trying not to watch as other fighters were dragged out of the ring, screaming and bloody, or worse, motionless.

Ulaz's veiled warning about something special happening today, something that would require the Champion to be in top form, made him nervous. He had to shut those feelings down. It was going to be another fight, that was all, and he would win, just like he had every other match. Any other option was unthinkable. He closed his eyes, trying to let his mind go blank, to shut down the worry and fear and allow the monster within himself to take over.

It wasn't as easy as it normally was. Shiro struggled to block out the cries of the other slaves, the ones they were using as fresh meat to warm up the crowd before the big fight. He felt tension like a band around his chest, felt a cavernous pit in his stomach. Maybe talking to Ulaz - sharing a few moments with someone who treated him like a person, instead of a beast - had thrown him off his routine. He didn't know whether to be grateful or resentful.

At last it was his turn. He was handed his weapon - they only gave it to him moments before he was sent into the ring, of course - and stepped forward. The lights were bright, but he knew to keep his eyes half-closed to keep himself from being blinded by the transition from the darkness of the holding cell to the fully lit arena. Standing tall, he held up his blade, drawing a more enthusiastic cheer from the crowd for the first time that day. His vision adjusted after a moment, and he was able to see that the seats were packed. Whatever was going on, it was clearly a much-anticipated event.

A figure stood in the Imperial box, and a hush fell over the crowd. Shiro tried to make out any features, but all he could tell was that it was a slender individual who seemed too small to be one of the Galra. The person raised their hand to the crowd in a greeting before taking their seat. The others in the box looked to be high-ranking Galra officers - Shiro spotted Sendak there, and turned away in disgust.

Before he could give any further thought to that, however, a gate opened at the far end of the arena and a dragon stepped out. Intellectually, Shiro knew that it couldn't really be a dragon. Dragons were mythical creatures from Earth legends, and he was as far from Earth as he could be. But this thing, whatever it truly was, was massive, with gleaming green scales, horns, and dozens of sharp teeth. He gripped the hilt of his blade in both hands, readying himself for battle, as the creature let out a ground-shaking roar and began to charge.

It was large, but it could cover the ground swiftly. Its eyes were small and beady, and it stank of something swampy and decaying. Shiro held his ground until it was almost upon him, and then
threw himself under its bulk, rolling between its stomping claws until he emerged on the other side. He struck it a blow to the belly as he scrambled, more as a test of its hide than trying to do serious damage. His blade barely scratched its scales.

He knew that his only advantage over this creature was his small size, his nimbleness in comparison to its lumbering bulk. It seemed to have a hard time seeing him, with its eyes as high and small as they were. It swung its head around, snorting, and then suddenly Shiro had to reconsider his position on whether it was a dragon or not, because from its throat erupted a burst of foul-smelling swamp gas that left him choking for air. It wasn't fire breath, but in a way it was worse, because it lingered, forcing him to hold his breath until he could get out of the noxious cloud.

His eyes watering, Shiro tried to circle around the creature, keeping well away from its head. He came in close enough to land another blow against its flank, again not even managing to draw blood even with all his strength behind the swing. Its tail lashed and swung at him, scoring his skin with its spikes and knocking the wind out of him for a moment. Neither side was safe. The crowd cheered at the close call, though - cheering for him, he chose to imagine, rather than for his death. He ran across the arena floor, trying to put a bit of distance between himself and the beast, anything to let him catch his breath before another attack.

It only worked for a moment. The dragon turned on him, readying for another charge. Shiro wasn't sure he could fool it again by dodging. His blade couldn't pierce its scales, and another cloud of that gas might leave him unconscious or worse. He needed another attack, and he needed to end this quickly. A single blow from the beast's claws could maim him, and he knew it could probably swallow him whole if it chose... He watched it coming, gathering speed as it lumbered across the arena, and a thought dawned on him that was probably crazy. Maybe suicidal, he wasn't sure, and didn't have much time to consider the ramifications.

As the dragon charged, Shiro crouched down, making himself as small a target as he could. It swung its head around, looking for where he'd gone, as he'd hoped it would. He seized the opportunity while it was distracted to uncoil from his crouch and leap onto its snout, holding onto a horn with one hand and his blade with the other. The creature swung its head wildly, trying to dislodge him, but he was at least out of range of its teeth and claws here. He hung on as tightly as he could, inching forward over its rough scales, until he was close enough to his goal. He reached up as high as he could and, with the curved end of his blade, gouged out its beady little eye.

The creature growled and thrashed, expelling another cloud of fumes, but Shiro held onto its snout, keeping himself out of the toxic gas. Now it was blind on one side, and it was quick work to scramble up on top of its head. From there he could strike at its other side, driving the blade down and into its eye socket with enough force to, he hoped, reach its brain. It staggered and then, finally, fell. Shiro sat there gasping, and only the cheer of the audience reminded him to raise his hand in acknowledgement of the victory. "Champion!" they cried as he was carried off, and he felt a sick pride at the word.

The guards took his blade once he was back in the tunnel, as always, and pushed him in the direction of the corridor that led out of the holding area, rather than the one that went back to the cells. Shiro was sure that couldn't be good. His side ached from the blow he'd received from the creature's tail spikes, and his hands were scraped and bloodied from holding onto its rough scaled snout. But rather than taking him to Ulaz for medical treatment, they brought him into a lift and up into the arena's stands.

The box he was brought to contained several Galra commanders, most of whom he didn't recognize apart from Sendak, and one slim purple-skinned man with long pale hair who didn't look much like any of the others. Sendak nodded to the guards to force the prisoner into a kneeling position. Shiro
kept his mouth shut and his eyes fixed on Sendak, who was smirking in a way that made his stomach
twist.

"So, Prince Lotor," Sendak said to the unfamiliar man, "I trust the battle was to your liking?"

"I've heard about this Champion of yours," the prince said with a lazy wave of his hand. "The match
was... adequately amusing."

Shiro couldn't help but feel personally offended. 'Adequately amusing'? Was that all his blood and
pain meant to them? He had never seen the arena from this perspective before - how small the figures
below were as they moved to clean up the remains of the beast he had killed. He must seem equally
as insignificant from this vantage point. Any pride he had felt at his victory sank into a bleak despair
at the futility of it all. He would be the Champion until one day he wouldn't dodge quickly enough,
and they'd be mopping him up from the arena floor instead of his opponent.

He realized his mind was wandering, and drew it back to Sendak's conversation with this Prince
Whoever-he-was. "Perhaps he could yet provide further entertainment," the commander was saying.
Shiro tried to force his expression to stay blank, to keep from betraying any emotion at the prospect
of what was coming.

"Perhaps," said the prince, still sounding profoundly bored, not even really looking at Shiro. "But
right now he's disgusting. He stinks of swamp gas and sweat. At least let him bathe first."

"Of course," Sendak said. "Have him cleaned and then brought to my chamber." He put one hand
out to tip up Shiro's chin and force him to look him in the eye. "We'll be waiting, Champion."

Later, but far sooner than he would have preferred, Shiro was once again presented before Sendak's
door. He was cleaner than he could remember being in ages, and they had dressed him in a clean
robe as well. The soft fabric felt better than his usual tunic and pants, but he tried not to think about
how easy it would be to remove.

Inside the chamber, Sendak waited with two others - the prince and another of the Galra officers, a
lanky fellow with a pointed chin. All were dressed in loose robes, with Lotor's open to the waist to
reveal nipples pierced with gold ornaments. The three of them lounged on sofas strewn with
cushions, drinking and apparently engaged in small talk that fell silent when Shiro was brought in.
Sendak rose and approached Shiro, who couldn't help shrinking back away from him. He wanted to
stand tall, to pretend like he wasn't afraid, but it was a visceral reaction that he couldn't control.

Sendak chuckled as he prowled around Shiro like an animal stalking its prey, leaning in
uncomfortably close to smell him. "Much better," he said, hooking one claw under the collar of
Shiro's robe and giving it a yank to pull it open. Shiro expected rougher treatment to follow, but
instead Sendak returned to his seat alongside the prince, and gestured to the other Galra officer.
"Haxus, prepare him as we discussed."

Haxus stood and crossed the room to stand before Shiro. "Go along with this," he said under his
breath. "It will be less painful for you if you don't resist."

Shiro felt trapped. It wasn't as though he could escape whatever was coming - the best he could do
was withstand it. He gave a slight nod, and allowed the Galra to finish removing his robe. He could
feel the others' eyes on him, but he pushed those thoughts aside. Instead Haxus drew him over
towards the bed and, with some trepidation, Shiro went with him.

Haxus arranged him spread out on the bed, giving the audience an excellent view. "He's much better
behaved for you," Sendak commented.
"Only because you've already taught him so well, sir," Haxus said modestly. He knelt between Shiro's legs, claw-tipped fingers grazing lightly over his skin. "He knows better than to disobey." Shiro trembled, but at least so far this one was more gentle. He didn't expect it to last, but for now it was bearable.

As he slid lower, Haxus' pointed tongue darted out to lick Shiro's inner thigh. Shiro tried to sit up halfway so that he could see what was coming, but he still wasn't prepared when that tongue continued downwards and began teasing his ass. He slumped back onto the bed with a gasp, and Haxus took the opportunity to hook Shiro's leg over his shoulder to gain better access.

Shiro whimpered, hating how his cock began to harden at the sensation. Haxus continued to devour his ass, that sharp, wet tongue circling his tightly puckered hole, occasionally probing inside him. The intimacy of it, the way it reminded him of more pleasant times with other partners, was difficult to bear. He closed his eyes, wondering if it would be easier if he could pretend it was Matt. Galra tongues didn't feel the same as human ones, though, and the illusion was easily shattered by the unfamiliar, slightly raspy sensation, as well as by the snippets of conversation he could hear from their audience.

"...I believe her experiments are extremely important, breaking new ground..." Sendak was saying, but Prince Lotor gave a dismissive scoff.

"Her experiments are a thinly-veiled excuse for her to punish her victims - or should I say 'research subjects'?"

"Your father encourages her research," Sendak said. "He must see its value."

"My father sees little beyond the end of his nose," Lotor replied, sounding distinctly bored. "His obsessions are all that matter to him - that and having a comfortable robe and slippers at the end of the day. He's an old man, and his time is almost at an end..."

Haxus curled his fingers around Shiro's stiffening cock, stroking it smoothly, and he lost the thread of the conversation for a few moments, distracted by the mix of sensations. When he was able to focus his attention again, he heard Lotor's laughter, and a low grumbling from Sendak that might have indicated amusement. Were they laughing at him, or were they barely even paying attention? Shiro wasn't sure which was worse. His time in the arena had twisted him, making him crave their praise even when it disgusted him. The knowledge that his suffering meant nothing to them was crueler than any physical torment they could inflict on him.

"More," he gasped, clutching for Haxus' head to urge him on. If he couldn't escape this, he realized, then he would make it into yet another performance. He could have them in the palm of his hand if he tried, and maybe that would give him something greater than a raw physical release - maybe it could also gain him his freedom.

Haxus looked up, bemused. "You want more?"

"Please," Shiro begged, putting as much desperate need into his voice as he could, "I need more."

Haxus smirked and shoved two fingers into his ass. The claws grazed against him just a little, but Haxus was careful not to hurt him. Shiro spread his legs wider, writhing and clutching the sheets. "Fill my ass," he pleaded, hating how convincing he sounded.

"It seems our guest has had a change of heart. Would you care to take your turn?" he heard Sendak ask the prince.
"You go ahead," Lotor replied languidly. "I'd prefer to watch. I'm sure you'll put on a good show."

He could hear Sendak approaching before he saw him, the heavy tread of his footsteps as he crossed the room. He came to the side of the bed and took Shiro's face in his huge hand. "Haxus must have done a very good job of warming you up, Champion," he said, not sounding entirely convinced by Shiro's sudden enthusiasm.

"Yes," Shiro moaned. "But I need you now, please sir!

Sendak evidently couldn't resist that submissive pleading, even if he was still suspicious. He let his robe fall and beckoned for Haxus to move out of his way. "You can claim his mouth, since you did so well," he told his subordinate, flipping Shiro over so that his freshly-tongued ass was spread and waiting. Shiro knew better what to expect this time, and could brace himself for the onslaught of Sendak's dick being forced into him. At the same time, Haxus gripped him by the hair in order to bring Shiro's lips to his cock. It wasn't as grotesquely huge as Sendak's, but still sizeable, and Shiro choked for a moment as Haxus guided him down. He tried to adjust quickly though, tonguing him with feigned eagerness.

Being fucked from both sides, he could barely see Prince Lotor out of the corner of his eye. He seemed to be paying attention, or at least looking in their direction, but beyond that, Shiro had no idea what he might be thinking - whether he was impressed, aroused, or indifferent. He couldn't take time to try and puzzle that out, though, at least not now. Shiro trembled as Sendak's claws scraped down his back, while Haxus' cock nudged up against the back of his throat. Filled with Galra cock and self-loathing, Shiro reached down to grasp his own dick, fumbling for whatever pleasure he could eke out of this. Sendak slapped him hard on the ass, ordering him to stop. Almost in tears, Shiro let go of his aching cock and put both palms back on the mattress. "You're not finished yet," Sendak growled at him, and reamed him harder than before.

Haxus came first, giving Shiro little warning beyond gripping his hair more tightly before he flooded his mouth. Shiro coughed and sputtered, the alien seed dripping from his lips. He hung his head once Haxus released him, panting. Sendak continued pounding his ass, each stroke feeling like it would tear him in two. He wanted to come, wanted the momentary relief that would bring, but when he tried, surreptitiously, to touch himself again, Sendak grabbed his wrists and held them pinned behind his back. Shiro's arms ached and his face was forced into the mattress as he counted the seconds until it was over.

He lost count. But finally, after what felt like forever, Sendak let out a low snarl, gripping his wrists tightly enough to draw blood with his claws, and Shiro felt him shudder and unload inside his sore ass. Finally Sendak released his grasp on Shiro's wrists and pulled slowly out of him. Shiro couldn't bite back a sob - he knew he was crying, but couldn't stop himself. He curled up into a fetal position, and reached again for his cock to try and get off, because he knew no one here was going to do it for him.

Sendak laughed as he shrugged his robe back on. "You're pathetic. Do that when you get back to your cell." He summoned the guards to have Shiro removed, and he and Haxus returned to their drinks and conversation with Prince Lotor as though he wasn't even there.

Just as he was being escorted away, Shiro heard Sendak say, "I hope you enjoyed the show, your highness."

Lotor's voice sounded as bored as ever, but he replied, "It was... acceptable."
Chapter End Notes

Sorry it's a little later than I hoped! I'm trying to get these out on the first of each month if I can. Hope you enjoy!

You can find me on Tumblr at naryrising if you want to ask questions, make requests, or chat!
Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Ulaz and Thace give Shiro some comfort, even as they also recruit his assistance for their secret group of rebels.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Shiro was being dragged back to his cell, aching and disgusted with himself, when the guards were stopped in their tracks by a calm but commanding voice. "This prisoner is required elsewhere," said the Galra - not one Shiro recognized, tall with tufts of purple fur that angled up sharply on either side of his head. His heart sank as he wondered where he was going to be taken now.

"Do you have a transfer number?" one of the guards holding Shiro's arm demanded. "Our orders are to return him to his cell."

"Are you questioning Commander Prorok's orders?" the soldier asked evenly. "This prisoner is needed for interrogation."

Interrogation? That sounded worrying. Before they'd taken Commander Holt away, just after they were captured, Shiro had heard them questioning him about where they came from, the nature of their mission, their home planet's military capabilities, but they hadn't asked such questions of him - at least, not yet.

After glancing at one another, the guards surrendered him to the control of the other Galra soldier, who took him by the arm and led him away. Shiro knew better than to try and fight back at this point. Best to save what little energy he had remaining for whatever torment was coming next.

As they rounded the corner, the Galra spoke quietly under his breath to Shiro. "I'm a friend of Ulaz," he whispered, keeping a firm grip on Shiro's arm and guiding him toward one of the lifts. "Don't worry."

Shiro said nothing. It could be a trap, designed to trick him into giving away the fact that Ulaz had spoken to him, given him information he shouldn't have... given him some small measure of comfort...

The Galra continued to lead him to wherever they were headed, falling silent as another group of soldiers passed them in the corridor. When they were again out of earshot, he continued, "Ulaz wanted to see you after Commander Sendak was done with you. I'll take you to him now."

Shiro was uncomfortably reminded of how Sendak's come was still trickling down his legs, how he had nothing on but a robe, how his balls still ached with pent-up need even as that unreleased pressure made him feel queasy. Even though Ulaz had seen him like this before, the thought of being brought before him right now was still humiliating, almost as bad as being paraded through the corridors in his current state. "Fine," he muttered quietly, keeping his head down.

They didn't go to the infirmary this time, but to another area of soldiers' living quarters. The Galra
stopped by a control panel, glancing around to see if anyone was nearby, and punched in some
codes. "I've temporarily disabled the surveillance system for this area, so they won't see precisely
where you've been taken," he explained briefly, then led Shiro to one of the doors. It slid open and,
to Shiro's relief, Ulaz was there, reaching out to take his hand when he staggered through the
doorway, his legs all but giving out. Maybe it wasn't a trap or a torture session after all.

"Thank you for bringing him, Thace," Ulaz said. "Are you all right?" he asked Shiro, sounding
concerned.

"I've been better," Shiro managed to say without either laughing or sobbing, both of which seemed
like valid options at this point. He couldn't look Ulaz in the face, but also held tight to his hand,
unwilling or unable to let go.

Ulaz seemed to understand. "Come, sit down," he said, guiding Shiro to the edge of the bed. The
room was smaller and plainer than Sendak's - presumably Ulaz held a lower position than the
Commander, but was still high-ranking enough to get a private chamber. The other Galra lingered
uncertainly near the door, as though he wasn't sure whether he ought to leave them alone, but Ulaz
beckoned for him to remain. "Thace, get him some water and a towel."

Thace nodded and went into the suite's small bathroom, returning with a cup of water, which he
passed to Shiro, and a towel that he placed beside him on the bed. Shiro almost wept, he was so
grateful for even such a small gesture of kindness. He swallowed the water in a single gulp, realizing
as he did just how sore and parched his throat was. When he'd finished, Ulaz gestured to the towel.
"Please - take whatever time you need to cleanse yourself. There is a shower in here."

Shiro nodded, and stood on shaky legs to walk into the bathroom. It was a narrow stall, but
nevertheless it felt incredibly luxurious to let the hot water wash over him, with no guards poking or
prodding him to hurry, no limit on the amount of water he could use, no other prisoners eyeing him
suspiciously. He would have gladly stayed there forever, but all good things had to end, and at last
he stepped out, clean and, if not completely refreshed, then at least feeling considerably more human
than he had. He looked at the robe but couldn't quite bring himself to put it back on yet, and settled
instead for wrapping the towel around his waist before he opened the door.

Ulaz and Thace were seated on the bed, talking quietly, but they looked up, falling silent when Shiro
stepped back out into the bedroom. Shiro didn't know what they'd been talking about, but he couldn't
help but notice Ulaz's hand on Thace's back, the way they leaned close to one another - they were
obviously close. "Thanks," he said shyly, not sure what else to say.

They both stared at him for so long that he wondered if he'd interrupted something. At last, Ulaz
said, "Please, if you are recovered, come and sit with us. There is much we need to speak of."

Shiro glanced uncertainly at Thace, but nodded and joined them on the bed. Ulaz read his look, and
said, "We can speak freely in front of Thace. He is my...companion."

"All right," Shiro said. If he was going to trust Ulaz, it seemed like he might as well trust Thace too.

"I understand that you provided entertainment for Prince Lotor today," Ulaz said carefully.

"I don't think I provided very much - he seemed bored," Shiro replied. It was ridiculous to feel so
bitter about it. "He just sat there, or talked with Commander Sendak."

Ulaz and Thace glanced at one another. "Did you hear what they talked about?" Ulaz asked. "It may
be very important."
Shiro racked his brain, trying to remember. "Something about... experiments," he said, knowing how vague it sounded. "Someone - a woman? - and her research subjects.... The prince didn't seem to think too highly of that either."

Thace grimaced, showing his fangs. "The witch," he said. "There's no one else it could be. Did they say anything else about her experiments? Her plans?"

Shiro shook his head. "I don't remember anything else. I'm sorry." Was he disappointing them too? He hadn't expected to be grilled later about the conversation that had been going on while he was being fucked...

Ulaz laid a hand on his shoulder. "Anything you can remember could be a help, even the smallest detail, but if you can't recall anything further, it's all right."

Shutting his eyes, Shiro tried to summon up the memories. It hadn't been very long ago, surely he could think of something else.... When he opened his eyes, he saw the robe he'd discarded lying on the floor, and it jogged something in his mind. "Robe and slippers," he said quietly. The two Galra exchanged puzzled looks, so he continued. "The prince said his father didn't think of anything other than himself. He said... something about his time being nearly at an end."

Ulaz's ears flicked back at that, and Thace's eyes widened. "He said that about his father?" Thace said.

"Something like that," Shiro told him. "I don't remember the exact words, but that was the gist of it."

"If accurate, that treads close to dangerous territory," Ulaz said. "But we would need more proof." He looked as though he was deliberating over what to say next. "Do you think you could gain access to the prince again?"

Shiro's lips thinned, his jaw clenching. "Are you asking me to go back there?"

"Not now," Ulaz said gently. "I would not ask such a thing of you - to subject yourself to that torment willingly."

Shiro's face reddened as he remembered how he'd begged, how for a few moments he'd been able to make himself almost want what was happening to him. "What's this all about anyway?" he asked, pushing those thoughts aside.

Thace took a deep breath. "Ulaz and I are part of a group dedicated to the overthrow of Zarkon. Your aid could be instrumental in our efforts."

"It could?" Shiro thought of what it might mean if the Galra Empire fell. It might mean saving all the other prisoners they had captured, tortured, thrown into the arena to die. It might mean saving Matt, and Commander Holt as well, wherever he was now. It might even mean saving Earth, or dozens of other planets, from being subjected to Galra conquest and devastation. For that, wasn't his own suffering a small price to pay? If he was honest with himself, he'd been expecting to die ever since he'd been captured. If his pain or even his death could be a means to saving countless others, how could he refuse?

"All right," he said, steeling himself. "I'll help however I can."

Ulaz threw his arm around him, hugging him tight. "I hoped you would. For our part, we'll ensure that you have a means to escape if it becomes necessary."

Escape. Home. Shiro nodded slowly, not entirely willing to let himself believe that such a thing was
possible. It would be easier to do what was required of him if he didn't imagine salvation at the end. He leaned against Ulaz, breathing in the unfamiliar scent of his skin, feeling his warmth despite the hardness of his armor. "For now, please, can we just..." He wasn't sure how to ask for what he wanted - it was as though the words for affection, for gentleness, had been lost to him. Instead he reached out with both hands, fumbling, grasping for something to hold onto, and found Ulaz and Thace there, reaching back to him.

Together they drew him down onto the bed. The towel was tossed aside and Shiro felt himself surrounded by them, Ulaz on one side and Thace on the other, holding him close. Neither of them pushed him to do anything more than that - they simply embraced him, tenderly stroking his bare skin with their clawed hands. Safe and comfortable for the first time since his imprisonment, something gave way in Shiro's chest and he found himself desperate for more, needing the comfort and release that he hoped they could give him. "I owe you, after last time," he murmured, but Ulaz tipped his face up so he could look at him directly.

"You don't owe me anything, Takashi."

Hearing his name was strange, jarring - he hadn't heard it in so long, it was as though it belonged to someone else. The Galra had collected basic information when he was captured, but the guards never called him anything but "you there," and more lately, "Champion." Ulaz must have read it in his file. "My friends call me Shiro," he said, and Ulaz smiled at that.

"Then, Shiro, you don't owe me anything. You are free to do as you wish."

"This is my wish," he replied, and kissed Ulaz, then turned and kissed Thace as well, for good measure. He was seized with a desire to take as much pleasure and enjoyment as he could, as though he could use it to build a barrier between himself and the rest of this terrible place. Fortunately it seemed that Thace and Ulaz understood - maybe they too relied on stolen moments and treasured memories to stay strong through pain and suffering.

As he began to stiffen, Shiro was acutely aware that he was naked while they were still clothed. Fortunately, they realized this was less than ideal and, with some help, swiftly removed their armored uniforms. Shiro had only seen Sendak and his subordinate naked before, and Galra all seemed to be so different that he wasn't sure what to expect. Ulaz's skin was patterned in bold patches of white and violet, with a thick strip of pale hair that continued down his back to just above his ass. Thace was more furry, with a pelt that covered his shoulders and spread over his chest, narrowing down his stomach until it reached his cock.

Shiro took each of them in his hands, feeling the warmth and heft of them, stroking them to learn what they felt like in his grasp, what made them gasp or moan with pleasure. "Tell me what you want," he said shyly.

Ulaz nipped at his lower lip before responding. "I would like it very much if you fucked me, Shiro."

They repositioned themselves, Ulaz rolling onto all fours with Shiro kneeling behind him. Thace rose and got a packet of lubricant out of the bathroom cabinet, the fact that he knew exactly where to find it reinforcing Shiro's guess about the nature of his relationship with Ulaz. He tore the wrapping open and passed it to Shiro, who slathered his dick in the slick substance. Thace then moved to kneel beside Ulaz, stroking the fur along his spine until he gave a sound that was almost like a purr.

Next to most Galra, Shiro felt small, but when he began to push his way into Ulaz, he could tell by his reactions that he was more than big enough. Ulaz's purr morphed into a deeper growl, and he arched his back, claws digging into the bedsheets. Shiro slowed down until he felt him relax again, then slid in the rest of the way. He stayed there, buried deep inside Ulaz's ass, trembling a little at
how good it felt - the physical sensations, of course, but also the sense of being in control.

Soon, however, he couldn’t resist the urge to thrust, and he began to rock his hips, slowly at first but gradually picking up speed. Ulaz growled encouragement at him, pushing back in response to his thrusts, urging Shiro deeper inside him. For a moment Shiro had almost forgotten about Thace, until the other Galra reached out and stroked his arm, sending a shiver down his spine. "Can I join you?" he asked carefully, as though reluctant to go too far, uncertain of Shiro's limits.

Ulaz growled encouragement at him, pushing back in response to his thrusts, urging Shiro deeper inside him. For a moment Shiro had almost forgotten about Thace, until the other Galra reached out and stroked his arm, sending a shiver down his spine. "Can I join you?" he asked carefully, as though reluctant to go too far, uncertain of Shiro's limits.

Shiro nodded, wanting to be surrounded by them, overwhelmed by them, fucked until it drove away every other thought, until he couldn't see straight. "Please," he gasped, and pulled Thace closer. The Galra's fangs were sharp against his tongue as they kissed. Soon Thace had moved to crouch behind him. Shiro leaned forward as far as he could, curving his body over Ulaz's arched back, the soft fur of his spine tickling his chest, and helped guide Thace inside him. His ass was still aching from its earlier abuse, and he whimpered at being filled again, but Thace took it slowly, gently, coordinating his movements with Shiro and Ulaz, gradually increasing his pace only when they begged him to.

Giving himself up to the flood of sensations all around him, Shiro knew he wouldn't be able to hold back for long. "So close!" he gasped, the need for relief burning inside him. Ulaz was trembling underneath him, and Thace grabbed his hips to pound him harder. Shiro closed his eyes and let it all go, feeling nothing but the grip and drag and slap of skin against skin, the fullness and tightness around and within him, the heat and haste and hunger of it all. His orgasm was volcanic, all that pressure finally released in an explosion that buried everything in its path.

Trembling, Shiro lay sandwiched between the two Galra and realized he was crying. There was nothing he could do to stop it, just as there would have been no force in the universe that could have held back his desire a moment longer. He let the tears flow freely, and, after gently disentangling themselves, Ulaz and Thace wrapped their arms around him, keeping him safe from everything else for as long as they could. It wasn't enough, but it would have to do.

Chapter End Notes

You can find me on Tumblr at naryrising if you want to ask questions, make requests, or chat!
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Prince Lotor summons the Champion for a private sparring match... but is that all he wants?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Gaining access to Prince Lotor again was easier said than done. It wasn't as though Shiro could simply stop by his quarters for a casual visit, or text him that he was free tonight and ask if he'd like to get together. He wasn't sure where the prince's chambers were, even if it were possible for him to get free long enough to wander the Galra command ship. He could try to arrange to be taken to Sendak again, but there was no guarantee that the prince would be present, and he didn't want to subject himself to the inevitable torment that would follow without being certain it was worth it.

As it turned out, however, he didn't need to. One of the guards kicked him awake from his fitful sleep and ordered him to his feet. "You're needed in the training facility," he snapped. "Hurry up!"

Shiro hadn't been in the gladiatorial training gym before - prisoners weren't expected to live long enough to benefit from training. He was a rare exception, and even then he knew that his status as Champion was temporary at best. The Galra who entered the ring were clearly experts, and so it stood to reason that they had dedicated space and equipment for practice. When he arrived there, however, the large room was empty apart from one slender figure in armor and a helmet. Shiro paused, uncertain how he was expected to proceed, so the guard shoved him to make him take a step forward, and then strode away, leaving him there alone.

"Champion," said the lone warrior, his deep voice a mocking drawl. Shiro's heart hammered faster as he realized it was Prince Lotor. He still wasn't sure why he had been summoned here, but he knew it might be his only chance to speak with the prince alone. He would have to seize any advantage he could get.

"Prince Lotor," he replied, trying to keep calm. "This is an unexpected surprise."

He couldn't see the prince's reaction - the helmet partly obscured his face. But he could hear the faint chuckle that followed his words. "Yes, I imagine so. You're no doubt wondering why you're here."

Shiro shrugged. "You want a private lesson?"

"You're closer than you think," Lotor said. "I seek a worthy sparring partner, and having observed your technique, such as it is, I wondered if you might serve."

"I don't think I have much of a choice," Shiro pointed out.

"On the contrary," Lotor replied, striding closer. "If you don't wish to train with me, simply say the word and I'll have the guards take you back to your cell. Unlike some, I find it much more rewarding when my partner is willing."

Shiro paused, but didn't have much time to weigh all the possible implications of that statement. He
couldn't leave, not if he was going to accomplish anything useful for Ulaz and Thace and their secret resistance movement. He nodded, pushing his concerns aside. "Fine. What do you want from me?"

"Get one of the swords from the rack over by the wall, and let's get to work."

Shiro did as he was told. The training sword was blunt along the edge, but still better-balanced than the crude weapon they armed him with for his arena matches. Lotor took up a sword of his own, and they turned to face one another. "Come for me," Lotor told him, his blade at the ready.

Shiro wasn't certain at first how seriously to take this match. He walked towards the prince, taking a tentative swing at him that Lotor easily sidestepped. It soon became clear, though, that the Galra, though not as large or heavily muscled as some of his compatriots, was a skilled fighter. He moved swiftly and gracefully, evading Shiro's sword each time, and only struck back when his opponent was off balance or distracted. As a result, he landed several stinging blows on Shiro's arms and back, hard enough to leave bruises, while Shiro could barely touch him. If the weapons had been real, Shiro had no doubt that Lotor could have killed him, though not without breaking a sweat (he hoped).

"Why did you want to train against me?" he asked breathlessly, as they both paused to regroup. "You already know how to fight, it's not like I can teach you anything."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," Lotor replied. "I'm learning a great deal."

Shiro felt like he was missing something, but couldn't figure out what. He also felt more and more like perhaps all his previous victories in the arena had been due to dumb luck, or complete desperation, rather than skill. He hadn't been trained as a sword fighter at the Garrison, while clearly Lotor had years of experience. Shiro began to worry about what would happen to him if he had to face someone with Lotor's skills in a real match. He hadn't been giving this training bout his full effort, and perhaps he should have been from the start.

"Again," Lotor said, raising his sword with a flourish. Shiro nodded, lifting his blade as well, and charged him as hard as he could. Lotor seemed startled by the sudden attack, more vigorous than before, and dodged it with less grace than before, throwing himself to one side. Shiro whirled after him, and caught him on the thigh with the flat of his blade. It was the first hit he'd struck against the prince, and even though it glanced off his armor, it was still satisfying.

Lotor threw himself back into the match with a renewed vigor, but Shiro managed to hold him off, blade clashing against blade. He struggled to keep going, but pushed himself further, imagining that this was a real arena battle. He could imagine the roars of the crowd, the cries for blood, and that helped spur him on. It was horrible, but it worked.

Lotor turned slightly as Shiro lunged for him again, just barely enough to avoid being struck, and Shiro heard himself growl in frustration. What am I becoming? he had a split second to wonder, before Lotor struck him from behind with a vicious blow that knocked the wind out of him. Shiro staggered, dropping to the ground and rolling onto his back as he tried to turn and defend himself. Lotor loomed over him, blocking out the light like an eclipse, and planted his boot on Shiro's wrist, pinning his sword arm down. "Do you surrender?"

It was tempting to just give in. But Shiro suspected that if he surrendered, Lotor would have him taken back to his cell, and he wouldn't have learned anything of value. All he'd have to show for his sole encounter with the prince would be some bruises. "Not to you," Shiro snarled, and reached up with his free hand to grab Lotor by the edge of the plate of armor covering his thigh.

The unexpected move was crude but effective, dragging Lotor off balance, so that he dropped to one
knee. Shiro took advantage of the prince's surprise and bowled him the rest of the way over, the two of them grappling together before he forced Lotor to the lightly padded floor. Lotor had a few centimeters in height over him, but Shiro outweighed the prince and managed to straddle him and hold him down. In the struggle Lotor's helmet came off and his white hair spilled out, tangled and sweaty and far from its usual elegant cascade. "You fight like a beast," he said.

"Wasn't that what you wanted from me?" Shiro asked, looking down at him. The prince's face was flushed violet and he was panting for breath. Shiro's own heart was slamming against his ribs so hard he felt like it might explode. Still, he wasn't expecting it when Lotor smirked playfully, showing his pointed little fangs.

"Only partly," the prince said. "I did hope that you might show some of that same... vigor... in other respects as well."

It took Shiro a moment to realize what he meant, and then another to become incredibly, profoundly aware of the fact that he was sitting on top of Lotor, straddling his hips. The prince seemed to take his hesitation as reticence, and added, "Of course, what I said earlier still applies. If you don't want to, I'm not interested in forcing you-" His last words were cut off abruptly as Shiro bent down to kiss him. He could feel Lotor relax beneath him, as that insufferable smirk pressed harder against his lips.

"Do I need to show you how to get this armor off?" Lotor asked when they finally broke apart.

"Actually," Shiro admitted, "it does seem kind of complicated." With Lotor's help, it turned out that it was less complicated than it seemed - a few clasps undone here and there and it came off, leaving Lotor in a form-fitting black bodysuit that left no doubt as to his intentions, if Shiro had still been at all uncertain.

"I didn't think you were interested in this... in me," Shiro said as they disrobed one another, letting their hands linger on each newly-exposed area. He knew he needed to get Lotor talking, and if he was honest with himself, he was also curious about the prince's apparent change of heart.

"I'm not interested in having you against your will," Lotor replied, running his fingers down Shiro's bare chest, tracing the outlines of the bruises he'd left there. Shiro responded by reaching for one of his nipples, gently toying with the gold ring that pierced it. "Sendak's tastes are too crude for my liking," Lotor continued, smiling. "But you've survived here this long, against all odds, and that's... interesting, in and of itself." He continued tracing his path down Shiro's stomach, teasing the fine hair there, reaching for but not yet grasping his aching erection.

Shiro felt, if anything, more unbalanced than he had during their fight. There were forces at play here that he was far too ignorant to understand, but he sensed that he was trembling on a precipice, just on the edge of something much larger and more complex than he could grasp. Then Lotor finally reached his cock, gently rubbing his thumb across his head, and whatever Shiro had been close to realizing vanished in a surge of base desire. He couldn't focus on uncovering conspiracies and secrets when Lotor was getting down on his knees to suck him off, and the thought flitted across his mind that this was really something of a design flaw in Ulaz and Thace's plan.

"W-why me?" he managed to gasp out, even as Lotor ran his tongue up the underside of his cock in one long, slow stroke.

"Because," Lotor said, looking up at him with a sultry smile, "I admire survivors." Then he took Shiro's head in his mouth, circling it with his tongue, letting the sharp points of his teeth lightly touch that sensitive skin, just enough to tantalize. Shiro moaned, leaning back against the floor as the prince teased and sucked at him, taking him gradually further into his hot, slick mouth. He knew that at some level he was still being used - he had no delusions that Lotor truly cared about him as a person,
despite his talk of preferring willing partners - but those worries faded into the background.

Once Lotor had him thoroughly dripping wet, he rose up to straddle his waist, hands planted firmly on his chest. He rocked his hips back, letting his ass just graze against Shiro's cock, and Shiro got his first good look at the prince's cock in return. Having seen his fair share of Galra cocks by this point, he felt he was reasonably familiar with what to expect, but Lotor's was different - more slender and curved, the ridges less pronounced, the tip a vibrant blue rather than purple. He reached up to touch it but hesitated, looking up at Lotor, who nodded his permission. "Go ahead," he told Shiro, "it doesn't sting."

Shiro gave a breathless little laugh, more of a sharp exhale than anything, and curved his palm around Lotor's dick. It was slick to the touch already, and when Lotor slid back against him, so that Shiro's cock was nestled in the hot cleft of his ass, he could feel that he was wet there as well. It was so easy, almost too easy, for Shiro to press his way into that juicy hole, with a little assistance from Lotor. He slipped inside him in a rush once his head made it past the snug ring, and Lotor gasped, his golden eyes widening as Shiro suddenly filled him.

They both held still for a moment, taking stock of their respective positions, getting used to this startling intimacy. Lotor's cock pulsed impatiently in Shiro's hand, so he began to stroke it gingerly, savouring the way each motion provoked a soft moan, a tightening of the muscles around his dick, a look of desire. He had Lotor's full attention now, that much was certain.

Soon such slow, languid fucking wasn't enough, though. Lotor's thighs tensed as he began to ride Shiro, sliding smoothly up and down his shaft. He moved as gracefully as he had when they'd been sparring, leaning forward and planting one hand beside Shiro's head to steady himself, flipping his long hair out of the way with the other. He was so wet, so ready for this, Shiro thought hazily, wondering whether he'd come prepared. "Harder, Champion - if you can," the prince gasped, and Shiro gave him what he asked for, hips rising sharply to meet him as he slammed back down.

Lotor rode him vigorously, but soon even that wasn't hard enough for either of them. Shiro locked his arms around Lotor's body and rolled them both over so that he could pound him mercilessly into the floor of the training room. Lotor responded eagerly, digging his fingers into Shiro's shoulders and urging him on. When he arched up to nip at Shiro's lip, Shiro gasped and grabbed a fistful of his pale hair to jerk his head back, which made Lotor grin. "You want to wreck me? Destroy me?"

"Yes!" Shiro groaned, beyond rational thought or care. Blood was rushing in his ears, the entire world narrowing to this and nothing else. It was like when he was lost inside himself in the arena, his hold on his very humanity tenuous at best. He loosed his grip on Lotor's hair and seized his throat instead. Lotor gasped, his face flushing a warmer violet, his breath coming in short little bursts. Shiro's hand tightened, not enough to choke him completely, not yet, but enough to constrict his airway. Lotor gave a faint, strangled whimper and Shiro suddenly felt him spasm, his slick asshole clutching frantically at the cock that kept plunging into it over and over. The force of those waves drew Shiro's orgasm out of him in a rush, and he loosened his grip as he came, needing both hands to hold himself up and still barely managing to do so. He flooded Lotor's ass before collapsing, rolling over to one side and staring at the ceiling as his world gradually expanded again.

Lotor got up first, standing on legs that you'd barely notice were trembling unless you knew what to look for. Shiro noticed, lying there looking up at him, but couldn't muster the energy to care. He couldn't escape the feeling that he'd been used, just as much as Sendak ever used him, only for different reasons.

"You need to get up," Lotor told him, tugging his bodysuit back on. "They'll be coming to take you back to your cell soon."
"Why?" Shiro asked dryly. "Would it embarrass you if they found me like this? If everyone knew what happened here?"

Lotor chuckled. His throat sounded faintly raspy as he replied, "No, not at all. But if word gets around that I've stolen his favourite, Sendak might get jealous, and you wouldn't want to see what he's like then."

That was probably true. Shiro pried himself off the soft, yielding floor, and struggled back into his threadbare pants and tunic. He was just finished dressing when the door slid open and a guard reappeared, waiting to remove him from the prince's presence as soon as Lotor gave the command. "When can we... train together again?" he asked, feeling like he'd wasted his best opportunity, but angling for another shot nevertheless.

"Oh, soon enough, I'm sure," Lotor told him with a smile. "It's a pleasure to be so evenly matched. I might need to bring reinforcements next time." He turned and strode away. Shiro noticed that despite his best efforts at a smooth departure, the prince was walking just a little gingerly, and smiled to himself the guard took him by the arm to drag him back to his cell.

Chapter End Notes

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Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Shiro provides the entertainment at a party, and there is an unexpected guest.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Shiro tried to carry on as though all of this was normal - or whatever passed for normal these days. He ate when food was put in front of him, slept whenever he could grab a few moments of quiet, never knowing when he might be ordered into the arena for another battle, or be hauled off for another training session with the prince, or to Sendak's quarters for another round of humiliation and abuse. He couldn't get word to Ulaz or Thace to let them know what had happened, and had to trust that if they needed to contact him, they would do so. It was an existence that was simultaneously tedious and nerve-wracking.

In a way it was almost a relief when, several days later, he was summoned by Sendak. At least he could stop worrying about when it would happen. On the walk there he tried to calm himself as much as he could. Knowing what was coming made the anticipation worse, but he knew he could bear it. He would focus on his mission, try to use the opportunity to learn anything further that might be useful to the resistance, and do his best to ignore everything else. It's only your body, he told himself, overriding the sick sense of dread in his guts. Your body can take this. They can't hurt you any way that really matters.

Sendak's room was more crowded than he expected. There had to be at least a dozen Galra there, male and female, in varying states of undress. "The Champion!" Shiro heard a few of them exclaim as he entered, but some of them were already absorbed in their own amusements and barely noticed him.

From across the room, Sendak gestured for him to come over to where he sat. He patted his thigh in a grotesque parody of affection. "Have a seat," he told Shiro with a smirk.

Shiro hesitated, and his moment's pause was enough to provoke Sendak. The Galra commander grabbed him by the wrist and jerked him closer, pulling him onto his lap. He was already half-hard - Shiro could feel the swell of his cock pressing against his ass. "Now, Champion, I have something very special planned for you tonight," he purred against his ear. "I can't wait," Shiro muttered.

Sendak laughed, apparently in a mood to be more amused than angered by his prize prisoner talking back to him. "You won't have to wait long," he continued, stroking Shiro's arm. "In fact, soon you'll have more than you can handle."

Shiro could guess what that probably meant, given the crowd assembled there. "And here I was hoping you'd keep me all to yourself tonight," he said dryly.

"From what I've heard, you're not very good at keeping things to yourself," Sendak replied, and for a moment Shiro's stomach felt like it might tie itself in a knot at the thought that somehow he'd
managed to find out about Ulaz and Thace. "Don't worry," Sendak murmured. "I'm sure you couldn't say no to the prince."

"Oh," said Shiro, awash with relief but trying to hide it. "No, of course I couldn't."

"It's understandable that everyone wants a piece of you," Sendak told him, and licked his cheek. Shiro flinched. "That's why tonight, anyone who wants you can have you. For this night, you're public property, Champion." He gave Shiro another slow, lingering touch along his back, then shoved him roughly to the floor.

Shiro hit the ground with a thud, the air knocked out of him for a moment. He rolled onto his back, looking up at the ceiling, and the Galra all around him. He struggled to sit up, but one of them, a woman with short-cropped purple hair, planted her foot on his chest to push him back down. "You just stay right there," she told him with a grin.

Someone, Shiro didn't see who, was tugging his pants off. He kicked wildly and was rewarded by having his legs pinned down. "He's smaller than I expected," another woman's voice said.

"It will get larger," Sendak assured his guest. "He'll try to resist but sooner or later he won't be able to help himself." There was some laughter from the crowd. Shiro's face flushed a bright red, knowing that Sendak was surely right, and hating it.

The Galra with the purple hair that fell over her eye took her boot off his chest and Shiro breathed easier for a moment. He still didn't quite dare move, though. She stepped away for a moment, out of his line of sight, and the other, the one holding his legs, crawled up to sit on them, allowing him a better look at her. She was more slim than the other, although still larger than him, with two long tendrils that hung down from her head rather than hair. Or maybe those were her ears? He wasn't sure. "Just hold on," she told him, and reached out to playfully stroke his cock. It twitched in response, to Shiro's chagrin. She laughed and did it again, clearly amused at his reaction.

His view was cut off, however, by the other woman's return. She had stripped off her clothing, apart from her boots and some straps that criss-crossed her breasts, holding them up without doing much to cover them. There were some cheers from the other guests as she moved to straddle Shiro's chest. She reached down to stroke his hair, pushing his head back to force him to look up at her. "Work hard," she told him sternly, "or I'll be very disappointed."

Shiro nodded, or tried to. Then she inched her way forward until she was kneeling over his face. The smell of her pussy was strong, and weirdly arousing. Maybe it was just that all he'd been around since his capture were males, and to suddenly be confronted with a woman was something new and different. Besides, he thought, at least this probably wouldn't hurt. He tried to get a closer look at her before she lowered herself onto his mouth, uncertain how he was supposed to please her, but most of what he could see was obscured by a patch of thick violet fur. He was going to have to navigate by feel, it seemed.

Deciding that it was hard to go wrong with licking, he tried exploring her with his tongue. She tasted unfamiliar, but not unpleasant. In configuration, she seemed to be not entirely unlike a human woman's body, although he was surprised at the size of her clit as it swelled between his lips, big as a thumb. She moaned, pushing her hips against his face, so he tried sucking on it, almost like a small cock. It seemed to produce the desired effect, as she gasped, squirming.

Meanwhile, the woman pinning his legs was moving, sliding up a little at a time, still fondling and playing with his dick. "It's getting a bit bigger, Trugg," she said in an appraising tone. "Still pretty small. And it's so smooth...no spines or ridges or anything. How do human woman even know when it's inside them?"
"I don't - ughh - know, Ladnok," the one riding Shiro's face responded breathlessly. "Maybe they're more sensitive inside. Or maybe this one's small even for his kind, heh."

Shiro knew he shouldn't care what they thought, but the words still stung. He reached up to grasp the thighs of the Galra woman straddling his shoulders, feeling as he did so just how strong and muscular they were. She responded by spreading herself open wider, giving him access to her innermost folds so that he could slip his tongue into her. His jaw was starting to ache, and he longed to take a proper breath, but he didn't think he was going to get a break anytime soon. Her slick juices were smeared all over his face as he continued to lick her.

Soon he was distracted, however, by the other woman, Ladnok, who had inched up far enough to start grinding herself against his erection. She evidently still wasn't convinced that there would be any point to taking it inside her, but she was definitely eager enough to rub her wet pussy along its shaft. He could feel the hard knot of her clit teasing against his head, and couldn't hold back a moan.

Trugg laughed, grabbing him by the hair to force his attention back to her. "Keep going, Champion," she gasped, "I'm almost there!" Shiro lapped at her desperately, trying to keep up the pace although his tongue was tiring from its efforts. When he felt her thighs tense, he knew it had to be nearly done. He focused all his attention on her thick clit, and at last felt her come in a sudden gush, soaking his face with her pleasure.

When she finally lifted herself off him, Shiro lay there gasping for breath for a few moments before wiping his lips with the back of his hand. Soon, though, he was distracted again by the movements of Ladnok, who was still rubbing herself against his cock. Her pussy felt different, he realized - it was as though he was being stroked by half a dozen tiny tendrils, along with the fat nub of her clit. He closed his eyes, not sure what to make of the strange sensations. She didn't feel like the other woman had, but then many of the Galra were so different from one another it often seemed like they were practically different species.

The tendrils wrapped around his cock, circling it tightly, and Shiro gasped as they rippled and squeezed him. Ladnok's moans grew louder as she rutted against him, and he could feel more moisture spreading along his shaft and running down his balls. Shiro's hips bucked involuntarily and she squealed, milking him harder. With a startled groan he realized he was about to come. When he spurted his load across his stomach it made her give an excited "ooh!" in surprise, her clit throbbing as she rubbed herself along his over-sensitized cock. He wouldn't have thought there could possibly be more wetness, but when she came there was yet another flood, leaving him thoroughly drenched.

Shiro wondered if they might be done with him when she stood, stretching like a contented cat. He knew that was probably overly optimistic, though - Sendak had said that everyone who wanted him could have him. And indeed, he was still lying there in the puddle the woman had left him in when two Galra men stepped forward to take their places. The more slender of the two, who had a pair of long pigtails hanging down his back, prodded him with his foot to make him roll over. Shiro stifled a moan as he turned to lie on his stomach, before another, less gentle kick brought him to all fours.

"I'll take his mouth," the stockier one said.

"Fine," the one with the pigtails replied with a shrug. "I don't trust prisoners with teeth anyway."

From out of the corner of his eye, Shiro could see that Sendak was still watching him, apparently enjoying the sight, although he was also talking with some of his other guests. There was no sign of Prince Lotor, and Shiro wondered if he'd caused a rift between them, or whether there was some other reason for the prince's absence. He didn't have long to consider the matter, though, before his hair was being yanked back to force him to open his mouth for the Galra cock in front of him, a rather thick and knobly specimen. He sucked it distractedly, letting the soldier work his head up and
down rather than putting a lot of effort into it, and instead concentrated on trying to listen to any of the ongoing conversations that surrounded him.

Behind him, the other Galra was spreading his ass wider, exploring it with curious, probing fingers. He seemed a little more wary about fucking Shiro, which was fine as far as he was concerned. "Go on, Throk," said the one thrusting into Shiro's mouth, "what are you waiting for, an invitation?"

"Nothing wrong with taking a little extra time," the one named Throk replied with a huff. His fingers were long and slender, and Shiro couldn't help but give a strangled moan as they curled inside him, feeling his innermost walls. They were tipped with claws and he was afraid of what might happen if the touches grew more aggressive, but for now they stayed gentle. "Besides, fucking slaves is so... unwholesome," he continued, scissoring his fingers open so Shiro gasped. "You don't know where they've been."

"I'm pretty sure we know where this one's been," the other laughed. "Are you saying what's good enough for Sendak and Prince Lotor isn't good enough for you?" So it seemed that, despite Lotor's efforts to conceal their liaison, everyone knew about it anyway. Word travelled fast among the Galra command, apparently.

"I'm just saying I'm particular," Throk said. "At least I'm the first to have this ass tonight, so it's still tolerably clean." He drew his fingers out and soon replaced them with his cock. Shiro's groan was muffled, his mouth still crammed full, as he was filled from the other side as well. It hurt more than usual - this Galra evidently had a series of short spines at the base of his cock that felt all right going in, but hurt like hell coming out.

They pounded him from both ends, and his efforts to try and overhear any useful information that might be being discussed elsewhere in the room were hampered by the fucking he was receiving. He thought he caught Lotor's name again, and something about the witch, but he couldn't make out the details. Someone else mentioned a prisoner exchange, though the name of the person, Olkarion - or was that a planet? - was unfamiliar to him. He suffered and groaned his way through the double penetration, acutely aware of how many eyes were on him, and of how useless he was being. What kind of information could he possibly gather for Ulaz and Thace in a situation like this? Just don't think anymore, he told himself. It'll be over soon.

He was distracted by Throk raking his claws down his back, leaving deep scratches. Shiro whimpered and arched his back, but couldn't get away. He wasn't sure if he was bleeding or not. The pain drew him back into his body, when he'd almost managed to dissociate completely and forget what was happening. "No drifting off," Throk ordered him, and fucked him harder. The other Galra seemed to enjoy this, and before too much longer, Shiro was gagging on his spent load. He hung his head, coughing, come running down his chin in thick streams, and braced his hands against the floor to get ready for the inevitable follow-up.

Instead, however, Throk pulled out at the last moment, spurting hot bursts onto Shiro's back and ass. He felt almost more degraded by that, as though he wasn't even worthy of coming inside. Besides, he was now even more filthy, covered in Galra fluids, and the night was still far from over. He lay face down on the floor, wishing he was anywhere else - even the arena would be better than this. "Get him up," he heard Sendak order someone, and wondered for a moment if he was going to take his turn. His ass already felt raw and Sendak's cock would surely hurt even more.

Someone pulled him to his feet, and Shiro stood on trembling legs, trying to hold himself up. He didn't need to do so for long, though - the Galra who'd hauled him up kept his arms around him, and after turning him around so that everyone at the party got a good look, picked him entirely up off the ground and shoved his back against a wall. Shiro had no choice but to hold onto him, or be dropped.
He didn't recognize him, but he was nearly as big as Sendak, covered in thick fur, and with a pair of jutting fangs that protruded from his lower jaw.

"You're a filthy mess," he told Shiro, rubbing his leg between Shiro's thighs. To his disgust, Shiro felt his cock hardening again. The Galra pinning him against the wall seemed to enjoy that, smirking and continuing to rub him. "The name's Prorok," he told Shiro. "So you'll know who to beg for next time."

Shiro could see over Prorok's broad shoulder that Sendak was still watching them. He seemed amused, enjoying the show. Shiro felt a surge of pathetic gratitude that at least he was watching, and then an answering burst of hatred that he craved that attention. But if they stopped watching him, stopped wanting him, then what would become of him? He had seen what happened to prisoners who got sick or injured - would it be the same with one who simply became boring?

"Give it to me," he told Prorok through clenched teeth. "Come on already!"

Prorok was either not clever enough to hear the bitterness in his voice, or didn't care. He hooked his massive hands under Shiro's legs, spreading him open, and began forcing his cock inside. Shiro hadn't gotten a look at it, but he could feel its size, the thick, flattened ridges that slid slowly into him one by one. He counted seven before he bottomed out, each one a jolt he hoped was the last, and he dreaded how they'd feel coming out again. He clung to Prorok, digging his fingers into that thick fur, his whole body balanced on the gigantic cock.

He longed to be able to touch himself, to relieve a little of the pressure, but if he did he felt like he might fall. Instead he squirmed, trying to move so that his cock would at least rub against Prorok's hairy stomach. His movements only seemed to spur on the burly Galra, and soon he was being reamed at a slow but steady pace. Prorok nuzzled into his neck, and Shiro at first took it for some kind of clumsy attempt at affection, but then those fangs bit down and he couldn't help but scream.

Somehow, though, the biting didn't diminish his own arousal. Especially as by leaning in closer, Prorok was also allowing Shiro to grind himself against belly, getting that meagre bit of stimulation he craved. It would have to be enough, so he focused on that, on the soft fur over hard muscle as he rocked his hips, his cock craving more but having to be satisfied with what it could find. Prorok's teeth clamped down on him again and Shiro cried out, this time in mingled pleasure and pain. He shuddered and came, and Prorok fucked him through the orgasm, continuing despite the frantic spasms of Shiro's ass. Only when he'd finished and was leaning back limply against the wall did the Galra increase his ponderous pace, finally delivering four or five brutal thrusts that left Shiro full of his come and utterly wrung out.

He couldn't remember quite how he got to the floor - whether he fell, or someone put him there. Probably he blacked out. The next thing he remembered was Sendak standing over him. Shiro moaned softly, expecting yet another violation, but Sendak just gazed down at him with a sneering smile. "You're disgusting," he said. Shiro could hardly disagree. He was covered in blood and come and sweat. "So while I'm sure you're simply longing for me to give you the satisfaction of fucking you," Sendak continued, crouching down to speak to him more directly, "that won't be happening tonight." He reached out and touched Shiro's cheek, running one finger through the sticky mess on his skin. "I have another treat in mind instead."

He rose, and gestured to his assistant. "Bring in the fresh one."

"Vrepit sa," Haxus replied, and stepped out of the room. He wasn't gone long - this had clearly been part of the plan all along. When he returned with a struggling prisoner, Shiro stared in horror.

"Matt?"

Of course he would barely recognize him after all this, in this state. Shiro nodded weakly, his stomach churning. Sendak stepped over to take Matt by the arm, bringing him to his side. "A touching reunion," he said. "You see, I've found your friend. It was a simple matter to have him transferred here. Much nicer than processing ore, hm?" He ran his claws through Matt's hair.

"Don't touch him," Shiro begged. He knew it was pointless, but he had to try. "You already have me, take me instead."

"But why, when I can have something... unspoiled," Sendak replied. Matt looked frightened, like he had figured out what was going to happen to him. "He isn't all used up like you. You're done with, Champion." He turned to Haxus. "Take him to the witch - maybe she'll get something worthwhile out of him."

Shiro reached out to try and grab Matt's hand, to beg for forgiveness for getting him into this, to let him know he still cared. But he was dragged away before he could do more than gasp out, "I'm sorry." He wasn't sure if Matt heard him, or if it made any difference at all. His last glimpse as he was pulled away was of Sendak towering over Matt, drawing him into a foul parody of an embrace.

Chapter End Notes

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Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

Shiro is taken for experimentation by the mysterious witch.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Shiro's throat was raw from screaming by the time he was brought to the unfamiliar room. He was taken from Haxus and the sentries by a pair of tall figures with hooded robes and... were those masks, or their faces? It all felt like a nightmare that he couldn't wake up from. Thinking about Matt and knowing exactly what he must be going through right now only made it worse. The robed beings - he wasn't sure if they were Galra, or robots like the sentries, or something else entirely - took him by the arms. Even though they were slender, they gripped him like iron. He struggled futilely as they took him into the chamber. It was dark, apart from a single bright spotlight in the center of the room, but he thought he could see glints of colour in the darkness, like sensors or panels, or like the reflection off an animal's eyes. Somehow that was more unnerving than if it had just been pitch black. He didn't know what was out there, but he knew it was watching him.

The bright light blinded him for a few moments as they fastened him to an examination table, spread-eagled and tilted at a forty-five degree angle. The straps dug into his skin, pulled taut to keep him from being able to do more than squirm slightly against his restraints. Shiro closed his eyes, wondering if this was where he was going to die. If it had been the arena, he would have at least been able to go down fighting. *Not like this,* he thought, *please, don't let me die trapped.*

He tried to remember anything he'd heard about this witch, as they called her. She conducted some kind of experiments - close enough to torture as to make no difference to the subject. He'd heard whispers among the other prisoners of victims taken to her after they were injured in the arena, or fell ill, or simply were too weak to put up a good show any longer. They never returned, and no one knew what became of them, which allowed everyone's imaginations to run wild. Even Prince Lotor, who presumably knew more about the nature of these mysterious experiments, had said that they were designed as much for punishment as for research. It wasn't an encouraging thought.

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw a dark figure moving, more because it briefly blotted out the light than because he could actually make out its shape. It was small and somewhat shapeless, maybe hooded and robed like the others, but not nearly as tall. Shiro tried to focus on it, but even turning his head was impossible. It moved slowly closer, and at last he was able to see more clearly that it was a woman, judging by her slight build and long, stringy hair. She seemed to be watching him, and he was uncomfortably aware that he was naked, and still coated with now-drying fluids from the Galra who had used him earlier.

"Clean him up," she said at last. "I don't want the samples contaminated." Her voice was harsh but not loud - she didn't need to shout to be obeyed when she gave commands. Two of the masked creatures came forward and held their hands out. Each held some kind of wand that emitted a cold blue glow, and they ran them all over Shiro's body, staying an inch or so away from his skin at all times. The blue light tingled almost to the point of itching, stinging when it passed over the bite marks and scratches on his body, but it wasn't terribly painful at least. The whole process reminded
him oddly of being scanned when going through security before boarding a shuttle, or at the Garrison. When it was finally over and they stepped back, he felt like he'd been scoured clean down to the very pores, like his skin wasn't quite his own anymore. Even his hair felt different.

The woman - the witch - stepped closer, scrutinizing him. Shiro could get a better look at her now, his eyes having adjusted to the bright light. She didn't look Galra to Shiro, although they were all so different that maybe she was a type he just hadn't seen before. She had violet skin, and her features were more angular and delicate than most of them. There were red marks, maybe scars or tattoos, running down each side of her face, and her eyes were a hollow gold.

"What do you want from me?" Shiro demanded, trying to sound less frightened than he felt.

She didn't answer, only circled around him, looking at him without touching. "Sixteen victories in the arena. A strong body, and a will to match. Yes, this one should do," she said at last. Shiro tried to follow her with his eyes, but eventually she moved out of his line of sight. He could hear a sound like something creaking, scraping against a metal surface, and the masked figures brought a machine into view. He had no idea what it was for, until they drew a hose out of it and clamped the end over his dick.

"No!" Shiro cried out, but it was no use. The tube sealed itself around him with a faint sucking sound, the mouthpiece adjusting automatically so that it sat close to his body. Shiro looked down at it in revulsion, wondering how something so clearly made of metal and synthetics could feel so disgustingly alive on the inside. It felt warm, though not as warm as a person's body - like something that had been made to mimic flesh but hadn't quite managed it convincingly. Something from inside the mouthpiece even oozed some kind of lubricating gel, but he could still feel the hard metal beneath.

The witch inspected the machine's attachment, giving it a careful look over to be sure it was correctly sealed and fastened in place, even tugging on it roughly enough to make Shiro wince. Then she stepped back and pressed a button, and it started to... milk him. There was no other word that he could think to use for the sensation of it squeezing mechanically and rhythmically around his cock, for the steady suction as though it was trying to draw something out of him. He thought he might be sick.

For a few moments he didn't think it would work - it was so artificial, so unnatural, that he thought maybe he could resist it. But more quickly than he would have expected, shamefully quickly in fact, his cock stiffened, swelling until it pressed tight against the inner walls of the hose. Shiro stifled a moan, closing his eyes again. It was disgusting, but it surely wasn't as bad as what they were doing to Matt - if it didn't get any worse than this, he could get through it, and once they sent him back to his cell, he could try to find Matt, or get word to him somehow... and maybe Matt wouldn't hate him for getting him into this situation in the first place... He had to cling to those little scraps of hope, otherwise it was all too unbearable.

The machine continued to work him over, its rhythm never varying, its speed remaining constant. He tried to relax, at least as much as he was able under the circumstances, and let it do its thing - maybe then it would be over sooner. With the witch watching him, her golden eyes gleaming beneath her hood, Shiro found it hard, though. Was she enjoying this? Or was it just another science experiment for her?

Something about what the witch had said was nagging at the back of his mind. Samples. Not just one sample, for whatever purpose they had in mind, but samples, plural. He dreaded the thought of going through this again. Shiro couldn't imagine they had anything good in mind for whatever materials they were gathering from him, but he was at a loss as to why they would want his semen. It was like
those crazy stories about aliens Matt used to tease him with when they'd been training for the Kerberos mission, how they'd kidnap you and probe you and use your genetic material to make weird alien hybrid babies...

It had been funny then. It didn't seem so funny now.

Despite his fears, and the unblinking eyes of the woman standing across from him, Shiro could feel the pressure of his release building up. He squirmed, straining against his bonds, and tried to let go, to have it done with, but he couldn't quite reach the end. He'd come twice already in the last hour or so, and this was just asking too much. He choked back a sob, trying to come but stuck trembling on the edge. It was agonizing, so much so that he could hardly bear it.

The witch adjusted some settings on the machine, and the pulsating, fleshy interior of the hose gripped him more tightly, almost painfully so. At the same time, she gestured to the masked assistants, who adjusted his restraints, clamping him more firmly into position. Dazed and overstimulated, Shiro couldn't quite tell what they were doing, until he felt something prodding his ass. A second attachment had been drawn from the machine and its rounded metal tip was sliding into him.

Unable to fight back, Shiro gasped as the device pushed its way into his already-aching hole. It wasn't thick, and its surface was smooth, so it glided in easily, snaking its way into his body. The masked figures made some adjustments and then stepped back, leaving it to do its work. Shiro had half-expected it was going to fuck him, he was ready for that, or as ready as he could be at least, but instead it zeroed in straight on his prostate and started vibrating. It was like laser-guided stimulation, clinically targeted to provide the extra edge he needed. Shiro arched his back off the table (only a centimeter, it was as far as he could get with the restraints) and cried out, finally reaching the release that had been tormenting him. He felt the hose sucking up his come as he spasmed, greedily swallowing every meagre drop.

Shiro collapsed, or would have except for the restraints holding him up. The vibrator against his prostate stopped, as did the rhythmic suction of the hose, but both remained in place. The witch turned to the machine and pressed some buttons, peering at the display screen. "The sample is insufficient," she said at last. "Run the process again."

The voice screaming was his own, Shiro realized with a certain detachment as the machine jolted back into motion.

He lost track of how long the torture went on for. Did she put him through three more cycles? Four? Five? At some point the assistants fed a line into his arm to pump fluids or nutrients of some kind into him after he started getting dehydrated from the repeated forced orgasms. His dick felt like it had been rubbed raw from the unrelenting suction, and his asshole was twitching spasmodically, unable to contract fully without pain. At last, finally, the witch had enough of whatever she needed, and the machine was turned off, the hoses unhooked from his bruised and aching body. Shiro remained bound, however, hanging there limply. Through a haze of misery, he wondered why they hadn't released him yet - could there still be something worse than this to come?

The table he was on tilted abruptly back, lying him flat so he was staring into the lights. Blinded, he lay there, unable to do anything but wait for whatever came next. "Please," he managed to croak, "please, no more."

A shadow blocked out the light for a moment. The witch's gaze as she stared down at him was dispassionate, calm, cold. "You won't remember any more after this." Then she placed something over his face and it all went black. Shiro struggled helplessly, and tried to scream but found he couldn't even do that - when he opened his mouth, it was filled with a probe that reached up inside
him, pressing to the roof of his mouth, and started to drill...

It was less dark than before. The light was back. His head hurt. Everything hurt. Someone stood over him, looking down. Not the witch. A man with white hair. He couldn't remember who he was.

"She did a number on you, didn't she," the man sighed. "I can't reverse the implanted conditioning - believe me, I tried - but I put in a release switch." He glanced up suddenly. "I have to go, they're coming back. Stay strong, Shiro. You might still survive this."

*Shiro*? The word meant nothing to him. He blinked, confused, and the man was gone.

Chapter End Notes

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Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

Matt watches the Champion wage battle in the arena, and then has a more intimate encounter with him, under Sendak and Haxus' gaze.

Matt had tried to count how many days he'd been on the Galra command ship, but he lost track. The guards seemed to enjoy waking him at odd hours from the restless sleep he managed to get, and taking him to Sendak's quarters for the commander's pleasure. He never knew whether Sendak was going to fuck him, or just have him brought in to serve him drinks and kneel on the floor at his feet. It was disconcerting, which was presumably the point - to keep him thrown off balance.

When they hauled him out of his cell this time, it was not to Sendak's chambers, however. The guards led him instead to a private box overlooking the arena. Matt had never been in this part of the ship before, but the sounds of the combat going on below were unmistakable. Sendak and his subordinate Haxus turned as he was led in, and the commander smiled, beckoning for him to come closer.

Matt stepped forward - disobedience would only result in punishment. He didn't know why he'd been brought here, though he was sure it couldn't be anything good. He had never actually fought in the arena, but he knew enough about it from other prisoners' talk. Sendak had him come stand in front of him, facing away, looking down at the battlefield below. It looked like a match had just concluded, as bodies were being dragged away and the floor cleansed of blood. He tried not to look too closely at the remains, afraid it might be someone he recognized, then wondered if he should have, in case it was.

"Come," Sendak told him, patting his knee. "Sit here with me." Matt wasn't sure if it was his imagination, but he could have sworn that Haxus gave him a dirty look as he sat on Sendak's lap. The commander's big hand cradled his hip, but otherwise he didn't make any moves to suggest he was after sex. No one would have seen them here (well, no one but Haxus) but still, Matt didn't think that was what this was about. This was a show of some kind - something he was meant to see, or some message he was supposed to receive. He sat there, tense and alert, waiting for whatever it was to appear.

The crowd fell quiet, and Matt guessed that a new challenger had entered the arena. He looked down, and saw that it wasn't one opponent, but a group of prisoners, much like the one he'd been part of before Shiro had pushed him out of the way in order to save him. There were perhaps a dozen of them, all from different alien groups. They wore ragged clothing, and grasped crude weapons in untrained hands. Some looked frightened, others stubborn or angry. It made Matt's stomach churn, knowing what was about to happen to them and being unable to do anything about it.

"Is this what you had me brought here to see?" he asked. "A bunch of prisoners?" He'd found that, under the right circumstances, he could risk talking back to Sendak - the commander liked to hurt with his words, not just with his fists or his cock, and could be drawn into gloating if he was in the mood for it.

"No," Sendak told him, stroking his back. "I brought you here to see this." He pointed down to the arena, and as Matt turned his head to look, a huge cheer went up from the crowd.
"Champion!" they cried. "It's the Champion!"

Shiro strode into the ring, sword slung over his shoulder, not even so much as looking at the audience who shouted his praises. Matt would have recognized him anywhere, although he was more muscular than he'd been during the Kerberos mission, or their years at the Garrison together. There was another difference, though - a shock of white at the front of his head, stark against the black of the rest of his hair. He walked with a predator's unconscious grace, indifferent to everything but the crowd of prisoners at the other end of the arena, who had clustered together like sheep at their opponent's arrival.

Matt understood what was about to happen - what Shiro was about to do to them. He tried to tell himself that he'd been forced into it, that the Shiro he knew would never harm defenceless people. But the Shiro he knew had been before all of this, before they'd been captured and tortured and twisted into something else. Matt knew that he'd been changed by his imprisonment - it seemed Shiro had as well.

He tried not to watch as Shiro approached the group of prisoners, but Sendak gripped him hard by the back of the neck, forcing him to look. Even then, Matt closed his eyes the first time Shiro's sword rose and fell, but he heard the scream, and the dull thud of a body falling to the ground. Then he opened his eyes, irrationally scared for a moment that it would be Shiro lying bleeding - wondering whether that would be better or worse.

It wasn't Shiro who'd fallen, of course. Most of the other prisoners scattered, seemingly realizing that bunching together would only make them easier targets. "Watch them run," Sendak said. "They'll try to escape, but he'll get them all in the end."

It felt like the fight (or the massacre, for that was more accurately what it was) went on for ages, but it couldn't have been longer than ten or fifteen minutes, Matt thought. The crowd cheered when each prisoner was finally caught and mown down, falling beneath Shiro's relentless attacks. A few of them tried to fight back, swinging their swords wildly as he approached, or tried to band together to attack him, but he fended them off easily, incurring no more than a few shallow wounds.

"This is an easy match for the Champion - hardly any challenge for him at all," Haxus said, sounding vaguely bored as another prisoner fell.

"I agree," Sendak replied, "but you must remember he's still recovering." Recovering from what? Matt wondered. When he'd seen Shiro for those few seconds at Sendak's party, they'd said something about taking him to the witch. "They'll give him more difficult opponents once he's fully regained his strength."

Matt watched, repulsed but unable to turn away, as Shiro stalked the final pair of prisoners. They had run faster than the rest, but now they were exhausted, while Shiro still seemed implacable. He took one down as the prisoner tried to dodge, catching him by the leg with the hooked end of his blade and dragging him closer as he struggled and screamed until his cry was finally cut off abruptly. The last one dropped her sword, but not to plead for her life. Instead, while he was still preoccupied with finishing off her companion, she launched herself at Shiro with all her strength, grappling him and trying to bite him, rip him apart with her bare hands. Shiro struggled with her for a few moments, dropping his sword as well, before he managed to pull her off him and snap her neck with one sharp twist. Matt heard the crunch of her bones just before the assembled Galra started to cheer. If he'd had anything to eat yet today he might have been sick.

"See what a good fighter he is?" Sendak murmured to Matt. "See how they love him?"

Shiro picked his sword up from where it had fallen and saluted the crowd, his face blank and
bloodstained. "What did you do to him?" Matt asked. He knew there had to be something wrong - this wasn't Shiro, not the Shiro he'd known anyway.

"Maybe you'd like to examine him more closely," Haxus suggested dryly. Sendak turned to him and smiled.

"That sounds like an excellent idea. Have them both brought to my quarters."

Matt didn't want to see Shiro, not this Shiro, especially not in the privacy of Sendak's quarters, but he had no choice in the matter. The Galra sentries escorted him there and Sendak ordered him to undress. Matt stripped his clothing off, going as slowly as he could without making his captors angry. Before long, Shiro appeared in the doorway. He was still spattered with blood, his own and that of his victims, and although his gaze travelled over Matt, standing there naked and shivering, he showed no emotion to the sight. Sendak and Haxus settled on the couch to watch, which made Matt almost more uneasy than Shiro's blank stare.

"Champion," Sendak said, "I have a reward for you, for fighting so well today. This prisoner," he said with a wave in Matt's direction, "is for you to do with as you please."

Shiro nodded and closed the distance between himself and Matt in a few short strides. He looked down at Matt impassively, and then, without preamble or warning, picked him up and tossed him onto Sendak's bed. Matt lay there on his back with the wind knocked out of him, and when Shiro came towards him, removing his bloodstained clothing as he did so, the full horror of his situation became clear to him. It was worse than being raped by Sendak, or by Sendak's friends while a crowd looked on and laughed, because this was someone he had cared for, someone he'd loved, not an alien monster but Shiro, Shiro's familiar face staring down at him, Shiro's hands grabbing his legs and spreading him open.

Maybe I can get through to him, Matt thought desperately. Shiro, the real one, must still be in there somewhere, no matter what horrors he'd been subjected to. "It's me," he said, "it's Matt, remember me?"

Shiro made no reply, but pulled him closer. That strange strip of white hair was more noticeable this close, although its meaning was just as unclear to Matt. His hands were smeared with half-dried blood, and he left sticky tracemarks on Matt's skin as he positioned him the way he wanted him, legs slung up over his shoulders, pinning his wrists down so he couldn't get away. His cock drove into Matt's unprepared asshole, cleaving him with a wave of nausea and blinding pain, so that Matt couldn't help crying out. It hurt so much, and it was made all the more terrible because there had been moments during his captivity when he'd longed for Shiro's cock inside him, when he'd dreamed of it as an escape from his torment. Now even this, this beautiful thing that he'd craved, was used as a weapon to break him.

Matt closed his eyes, tears seeping from beneath the tightly-squeezed lids. Shiro kept on pounding into him, without mercy or affection. He still grunted, sweated, still moved like a man in the throes of lust, but something was missing. There was no desire in him, no caring, only a blind, mechanical drive for release. "Shiro, please," Matt whispered.

For a moment, Shiro paused, and Matt looked up in time to see a puzzled look cross his face. It was gone in a second, though, and he resumed his steady, rough thrusts. In that momentary expression, though, Matt had glimpsed a hint of Shiro's former self - something that remained within this shell, however buried it might be. Somehow that made it easier to bear, the realization that maybe, just maybe, Shiro could be saved from this - they both could be.

He could imagine them being together again one day, being free. Maybe it would never be the same.
as it had been before - maybe they'd both been changed too much by what they'd endured - but they could build something new together. Matt closed his eyes again and let the unrelenting pressure of Shiro's dick slamming into his raw, aching ass take over. He could feel his cock stiffening, and he arched his back further, embracing the sensations as best as he could, trying to conjure better memories, trying to escape into his own mind...

"Good, Champion," Sendak's voice came from his vantage point across the room, breaking Matt's concentration. For a moment he'd almost been able to forget they had an audience. "Do you want your reward now?"

Shiro made a grunting sound that might have been affirmative. Sendak began to count down slowly, starting at ten. With each number, Shiro's frantic pace increased, and Matt could feel the pressure building in him, desperate for release. Perhaps Sendak noticed it too, for he seemed to slow down even further the smaller the numbers got.

"Four," he said, and Shiro groaned, sweat running through the blood on his face so that it dripped onto Matt, staining him with red droplets that spattered on his skin. Matt squirmed, angling his body so that Shiro's strokes would hit his prostate, trying to scrape whatever pleasure he could out of this atrocity.

"Three." Shiro shuddered, not slowing down, but his thrusts were growing ragged, less steady, less controlled. He gripped Matt's wrists tighter, hard enough to bruise. Matt whimpered, his dick leaking all across his stomach, hot and aching, his head all exposed and dragging against his own body with each thrust Shiro inflicted on him.

"Two." Matt wasn't the one being counted down, but he felt like he might as well have been. He wanted to defy that order, wanted to come on his own terms. He bore down hard, almost pushing Shiro out for a moment, struggling to reach his climax. For a moment he thought he'd lost it, that it was going to slip away from him, but he held on and was rewarded with a burst of stubborn, angry pleasure, spasming harder as Shiro fucked his way back into him again, pushing past his tight-clenching rim to bury himself all the way inside him.

After what felt like an eternity, Sendak said, "One." Shiro's body spasmed like he'd touched a live wire, and Matt felt like he might be torn in two by the violence of his final thrust. Finally Shiro let go of his arms, and sank to his knees on the floor, panting. His face had gone blank again, as though he was simply awaiting his next orders. Matt lowered his trembling legs, feeling light-headed, his ass burning as Shiro's come bubbled out of his wrecked hole.

"Well done, Champion," Sendak told him. "Now put on your clothing and go back to your cell."

Shiro rose and did as he was told without protest. As he was doing so, Haxus came over to the bedside, inspecting Matt. One claw-tipped finger grazed against his ass and he let out a whine as it stung his injured flesh, but Haxus didn't slide it inside him, although he easily could have. Instead he raised it to have a closer look, and Matt could see a mix of blood and come on it. "This one will require medical attention, if you wish to keep him," he said, his voice cool and indifferent.

"Very well," Sendak sighed. Out of the corner of his eye, Matt could see the commander's cock was out, although he was still clothed, and it lay heavy and purple against his uniform. "Have him taken to the medbay - then get back over here and finish what you started."

"Vrepit sa, sir," Haxus said with a smirk. He ruffled Shiro's hair as he passed him on his way out of the room, and Shiro let him do so without protest. Somehow for that, Matt hated them more than anything.
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