

Rat Rebellion
Chapter 6: Broken Nobility
By Draconicon

The rats of Florus Manor were quiet as they took the vixen Cassia down to the cells at the bottom of the building. The other nobles were quiet in their cells, too, all of them either converted to the service of the rats or near enough to it to make no difference. No fox did more than mumble, and no rat said anything.

The only one to speak was the vixen herself.

“Hmmp. You rats think that you deserve this? The heads of rodents belong on platters if they dare look above themselves.”

Anastus said nothing, his back aching too much for him to find words of understanding or kindness. The fact that she had tried to kill him also had a fair bit to do with that.

Some of the rats watched him as if expecting him to intercede as they dragged the female down the stone steps. Sometimes, when they were rough, when they yanked her forward and almost pulled her arm out of its socket, they would look back, seeing if he would stop them from putting her through some of the pain that she said that they deserved.

He never did.

Eventually, they found an empty cell towards the end of the dungeon. Anastus remembered being locked in it once, himself, and he shook his head as the vixen was pushed inside. Some hint of her facade cracked, but only enough for her to look back at them with greater fury.

“So the truth comes out,” she said. “You *will* be true to your natures, after all.”

“We are treating you the way that you’ve proven you deserve,” he muttered.

“Yes, yes. As rodents see those above them. They simply *have* to try and foul and destroy and rip everything to bits. You have always been pests. We kept you down, and now, without masters, you show that we were right to do so.”

Anastus slowly shook his head, exhaustion too much to fight through to argue with her. She had proven her own true colors, as well. He wouldn't gain anything by fighting with her about it.

Instead, he nodded at the other rats. They stepped forward, and they set to work. The clothes that Cassia wore were stripped from her. Not kindly, either, for they were ripped from her, claws sinking through fabric until they had full purchase and then pulling down. Shreds came free first, then larger chunks, until she was sleeveless, then skirtless.

Her screams echoed through the dungeons as his fellows stripped her of her rich clothes, soon leaving her in her white undergarments. They were fluffy, lacy, the sort of things that would have taken a rat mother or a mouse grandmother weeks, if not months, to knit properly. They were soft, gentle, the sort of thing that rodents would not see or own for their entire lifetime.

They were shredded, too, and the vixen's breasts were bared to them. Small things, compared to the more matronly rats, but still enough to embarrass her. She covered herself, fear pushing through her anger and fury. She stared at him, her breath coming faster, only to gasp as the rats pulled her legs apart. Cassia's eyes were flicking from rodent to rodent, from hand to grasping hand. For a split second, she looked as if she might break, as if she might beg for mercy right then and there.

Then the moment passed, and she spat on the floor.

"You will all pay for this. I swear, on my family, on the blood of my dead husband, you will all pay for this...this uprising!"

Anastus shook his head again. The chains came out, clicking into place around her ankles, and then around her wrists. They forced her back, not allowing her to come any closer to the door than five feet. She could not touch it, could not reach them. She was helpless in the grip of iron and steel.

The last of her undergarments were ripped free, leaving her bare and naked in the cell. She squeezed her thighs together, hiding her sex. Her cheeks burned, though whether in rage or humiliation, he couldn't tell.

"Out," he muttered.

The rats did as they were told, standing and leaving the vixen in the cell. Another, coming down from above, walked up to him and held out a hand.

"The potion," the rat said, and Anastus nodded, taking it in hand.

There was a moment of silence then, and he knew that Cassia's fears were bubbling up. She was panting, shaking, helpless. He could see that, in this moment, she was more afraid and closer to being willing to compromise than she had ever been in the face of his kindness, in the

face of generosity and being treated like a person. She could not accept that as anything more than her due from rats, from rodents, and she had never really believed that she was in danger until this moment.

He clenched his hand tight around the vial, taking a deep breath before looking down at it again. Ever since Florus had made the first, flawed batch, he had taken his time to start making something better, experimenting with it so that he could understand how the potion worked and what it needed to do what it did.

They had three different sorts. The first was the original, something that had been mis-mixed, and which would enhance someone. That was the potion that the rats tended to take, the one that made them stronger or better. The one difference was that he had stripped it of its ability to make others obedient, and he had ensured that the rats that were given that later version weren't given the ability to produce an enslaving version of it in their body.

That had been a mistake...

He and Lidochka, as well as many of the first rats that had come to the idea of rebellion, had the ability to enslave others through sex, but it tended to make them dumb, less able to do much beyond what they were told. Other rats were immune to it, at least, those that had been dosed with the revised potion, but it was a dangerous ability.

Second, there was a potion that only enslaved. It was like the first, except that instead of having the obedience-granting ability stripped away, it focused entirely on making the drinker obedient. It was a breaker of a potion, something that ensured the person that took it would obey, be a slave, for the rest of their life.

The problem was, it also meant that they would obey anyone, not just the person that gave them the potion.

The solution was the third potion, which was the one that he held. This one primed the body to receive the mind-altering stuff that the top rats produced, altering the body to be receptive to rat pheromones, and more than that, working to make them feel submissive to the rats that they saw.

In addition to all that, it worked to bond with whatever it was in his, Lidochka's, and other rats that made other people obey after sex. It ensured that they would not lose everything the way that a raw fuck would, but rather turned them to obedient slaves to the ones that fucked them. It was a good, controlled middle ground, but it was still total slavery, and there was no getting away from that fact.

He looked at the vixen, looked at her staring back, and stepped into the cell. Cassia stepped back from him.

“Stay away!”

“No.”

“You’re signing your own death warrant. You’ll be executed for this.”

“We’re all as good as dead already.”

“One thing we agree on, rodent!”

“But you’ll give us a chance to escape that.”

“Like hell I will! Like hell!”

She was losing her mind. Slowly, bit by bit, she was falling into a feral state, one that had her swinging her hands back and forth, trying to escape the chains. She strained against them, trying to pull herself free, then, expectedly, she lunged for him.

What she didn’t realize, obviously, was how much of a difference his tiredness actually made. Not just in what he could do, but what he was willing to do.

He caught her by the throat, squeezing as he stared into her eyes. She stared back, the shock driving the fury from her face. He lifted her, found it easy, too easy to keep her aloft. Even as she tried to kick him, his size over her meant that he could keep himself out of reach, out of the danger zone.

“I told you. You will help us.”

“Nnngh...”

“I am sorry.”

“No...you’re not...”

And she was right. He wasn’t.

He flicked the vial open with his thumb and jammed it into the corner of her muzzle. Sliding it under her lips, he tilted her head and the vial, forcing it around her teeth and towards the back of her mouth. She tried to hold it back, but he squeezed, forcing her to gasp, forcing her to swallow despite herself.

He could feel the bulge of the potion going down the back of her neck, into her throat, and further down. Cassia groaned, whimpering, and he dropped her.

“The potion will take time to affect you,” he said, shaking his head. “I’ll return when it has.”

“Monster,” she whispered.

“...I know.”

He left the cell, and the metal door clanged shut. It would be an hour before he could see whether the potion was having sufficient effect to go to the next step. By then, he should be feeling more willing.

At least, he hoped so. He had plenty of hurts and anger to nurse in regards to this. He wanted to be angry, wanted to feel like he needed to hurt her.

Yet, despite that, all he could see was himself. All those thoughts of peace, all those thoughts of doing this gently. All those thoughts that he'd restrained when he realized what power they had and what they might have to do were coming out again.

Monster, indeed.

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An hour later, Anastus made his way back to the dungeons. He was halfway down the steps when the albino female joined him. Keeping his eyes forward, he nodded.

“Lidochka.”

“Anastus.”

“Here to tell me that you were right all along?”

“No.”

“Then why?”

“I want to make sure that you do it.”

“...”

“You want it to be clean. Rebellion never is.”

He didn't want to believe that, but with how it had gone so far - with two deaths and many brainwashings - he was starting to believe that he might be right. His hope had been shattered, and horribly so.

Nevertheless, he walked down to the bottom of the stairs. The rats there opened the door, allowing him through. Lidochka followed after he gave a nod allowing her to do so.

They walked past the cells of imprisoned foxes. The vixens and the tods were all kept separate from one another while they were gradually conditioned and brought down, but it was

clear that they were aware of what was going on around them. The males and females watched him as he passed, their nostrils flaring, taking in the scent of rat as he passed. While none were stripped down as far as Cassia was, they were all quite...obvious...in their displays of arousal. The males showed off bulges that they idly rubbed, while the females grew quite damp, their bodies obviously more productive than they used to be.

He ignored it, looking forward as he tried to pretend that they weren't just experimenting on the nobles. He wanted to think that this was for the greater good, that they were figuring out how the potions worked, that they were trying to get it right. He told himself that this was how they were going to free Cornu, and then the rest of the kingdom.

He wished he could believe himself.

They walked down another staircase, and the silence began to weigh on him. Lidochka could have said something by now, and he kept expecting some sort of petty 'I told you so' after he had drubbed her so much about killing someone in the first place. If he had allowed her to kill Cassia...

It wouldn't have made things better. He knew that, knew it for a fact, but that didn't stop him from feeling like he had gotten it all wrong. The vixen had tried to kill him, put the whole movement of rebellion in jeopardy, and he still thought that it was better to deal with her gently. He wished he could.

"So...are you just going to watch?" he asked.

"I'm going to see that it's done."

"Are you going to try and kill her?"

"If she's on our side, there's no point."

"I thought you thought they all deserved to die."

"They do."

"Then why not?"

She shrugged.

That was all the answer he got before they reached Cassia's cell. He rounded the stone wall that blocked the view of the occupants from the side and glanced in.

The vixen had thrown a fit while he was gone. Her arms were bruised, her face likewise. She looked like she had beaten her head against the wall, and then tried to beat herself, and the reasons were obvious. Her body was slowly heating up, wet lines running from her sex all the way down her legs, and her nipples were hard and stiff. She panted for breath, her face was red

as if she was in the middle of a drunken heat, and she held herself around the middle so tight that her upper arms were left red with claw marks.

She whipped her head around to him as soon as she saw him, her nostrils flaring despite herself. Immediately the vixen turned her head, snorting, blowing snot from her nose in a desperate attempt to clear it, but it was too late. She collapsed back against the wall, holding herself even tighter as she whimpered and whined, stomping her feet.

“No...go away...go away!” she screamed.

“...I’ve never seen someone fight it this hard,” he muttered.

“We haven’t been doing it long enough,” the albino female muttered.

“Even so...maybe she needs more time...”

“Time isn’t the issue.”

“Suddenly, you’re an alchemist.”

“No. I’m a whore. I’ve always been a whore,” she muttered, leaning against the bars. “I know people, Anastus. I know them better than you do. And I know *hate*.”

“...”

“She hates us too much for the potion to be enough. Either you have to finish it, or get the other version. She *will* fight it all the way to her grave.”

“But...but...”

She glanced back at him, and his hopes died in that stare. She was right. He’d been hoping that the potion would leave her ‘willing’, that she wouldn’t want to fight it, that she’d need him. That he could fool himself into thinking that he was doing a good thing for her, that she was going to be a good friend to the rats from then out.

No. He just didn’t want the guilt for doing what needed to be done.

Sighing, he walked up to the door. The rats had left the key nearby, and he pulled it down, undoing the lock. He passed it to Lidochka and stepped through, and she pulled the door shut behind him.

The vixen looked up as soon as he approached, hissing and growling under her breath as he closed the distance between them. He could smell just how bad the potion had affected her, how much it had changed her already. Her juices were running out of her like a flood, leaving her in a puddle, leaving her reeking of heated female. She didn’t have a choice in the matter. She just was.

He knelt down in front of her, holding out his hand.

“This doesn’t have to be that bad,” he muttered.

“Monster...monster...monster...”

He winced with each repetition of the word. Anastus tried to open his mouth, tried to get a word in edgewise, but she kept biting off the word. He would open his mouth, and she’d all but spit the word between his teeth.

“Monster!”

“... You want a monster?”

“You are. You’re a monster. Monster! Rodent! Fucking MONSTER!”

“You want a monster?!”

Something snapped in that moment as he grabbed her by the neck, throwing her away from the wall to the limits of the chains. They creaked as they hit the maximum that they could stretch for, but he was already behind her, already grabbing her by the throat and hips. She yelped, gasping as he leaned in and growled against her neck.

“You don’t know what a monster is.”

“Monster...you...monster...”

“You’re the monsters. You’re all the monsters,” he whispered back. “You torture us, rape us, kill us. We’re breeding stock, nothing but pets to you at best. Experiments. You can’t see us as people? Then...then...”

“Monster.”

“Then I’ll be a damn monster!”

He pushed her down to the ground, holding her there even as her arms and legs strained from the grip of the chains. She was in a most uncomfortable position and he didn’t give a care in the slightest. All that mattered was that she was finally going to be punished. All those thoughts, all those little fantasies that he had had when he was first dosed with the potion, all came rushing back.

The idea of having foxes and vixens under him.

That fantasy of having them worshipping him.

The idea that he could take anything he wanted.

The urge, the desperate urge, to finally put them in their place.

It was all there, again, and here was one that deserved it.

Naked as ever, it was not hard at all for him to get hard and slap his cock against her pussy. Cassia gasped every time she felt him moving closer, every time that she felt his shaft between her thighs, rubbing her, grinding on her. She was wet, and she whimpered. He wondered if she was torn between her hate and her body's lust.

He didn't know, and at that point, *he* was too angry to care.

"Time for you..."

"No...no please..."

"To learn..."

"No...you can't...you...no, a rodent can't -"

"Time to learn your place!"

His cock found the opening between her folds and slid in. She gasped under him, her eyes going as wide as they could as he forced his cock in further, deeper, harder. She was hotter inside than most rat females had ever been, and she was smaller, too, besides. She wriggled against him, her inner walls clenching, trying to resist, trying to push him out.

Anastus was too far gone to allow himself to be bothered by that. He had tried to be nice. He had done everything good, everything kind, everything as good as he possibly could. Now, he was going to be the monster, because *that* at least seemed to work.

He slammed in up to the hilt. There was no point caring about her pleasure. The longer that he took to do this, the worst it would hurt. Who cared, said that part of his mind. Fast as can be, said the other.

In, out, in, out, pulling her by her arms, feeling her bones straining against him as he rammed forward. Her inner walls were being beaten apart, forced wide, pushed open as he slammed in and out, in and out. His balls slapped between her legs, against her thighs, smearing through her own juices.

And she was wet as could be around his cock, hot and fertile and dripping with it. He could feel her against him, feel her body tensing up. Well-groomed fur was turning matted with his pre-cum and her juices, and the smell of hot sweat was rising from both of them. He was dripping, she was panting. Forward, back, forward, back.

He ignored Lidochka, not wanting to think of his audience, not wanting to know whether she approved of this or not. All he knew was that it felt *good* to see the vixen under him, good to see her squirming, whimpering, begging without the air for words for him to stop. She didn't want it, even if her body did. She didn't want him, was finally afraid of him, knew that she had woken the monster.

She was in the same place every damn rat had ever been in front of a fox, and she expected him to have mercy when she had none. It wasn't going to happen.

He picked up speed, hammering her into the ground. She wheezed for breath, struggling to get even a gasp, but he didn't care. In, out, in, out, in, out. His balls swelled and churned between his legs as he battered at her pussy, forcing himself all the way in up to the hilt. He was half-sure that the tip of his cock was kissing her womb at every thrust, but did he care? No. Only that it hurt her, only that it made her feel the pain that she felt was the due of every damn rat in the city.

She would learn. She would fucking learn.

In, out, in, out, feeling his balls rising slowly, feeling them getting fuller and fuller. His cock tingled with pleasure, the head in particular, and he could feel the pulses rising, his balls pulling up. He grunted, leaning down and growling in her ear.

“Gonna fill you up...leave you marked...as rat...property...”

He couldn't believe the words that were coming out of his mouth, but it only made him hotter. Seeing her eyes flicker with fear, seeing Cassia looking back at him realizing that she was doomed, was the final trigger.

With a deep grunt, he rammed himself all the way in, his cock swelling and throbbing with the load that was coming up. She gasped under him, clenching down as soon as the first droplet of his cum entered her. In the back of his mind, he realized that she was cumming, the potion binding them together.

No, not together. It bound her beneath him, so that she would always serve a rat.

Nnngh...nnngh...

One pleasurable spasm after another rocked his body, drawing more and more cum out of him. He felt the spurting continue, throbbing, clenching down below. His balls rose, dropped, rose, dropped, and it felt like the orgasm might just never end. One blast after another, one swirling feeling of slime around his cock in her depths after another. He panted, he groaned, he growled.

And at the end, it was done. He pulled out slowly, a bit shaky from head to toe, and he looked at the flood of white that was oozing out of her. She fell down to all fours, her head

against the ground, panting and overwhelmed. His cum oozed from her pussy, dribbling from it to her feet, and his scent finally overwhelmed hers.

“M...Ma...master...”

He saw what she really wanted to say, and knew that this was the closest to it that she could call him. Anastus slowly got up, hating his throbbing erection, hating himself, and hating the fact that she had pushed it to this point most of all.

Lidochka unlocked the cell, letting him out. They walked towards the door out of the dungeons, only for Anastus to stop and slump against the wall.

“What’s wrong?” she asked.

“We’re stronger, we’re tougher...we can finally be better...and even now, they won’t let us be anything but monsters.”

Lidochka shook her head, leaning against the wall with him. She stared straight ahead, not looking at him, just like he didn’t look at her. Instead, she reached over and took his hand, giving it a squeeze that he returned. He sighed.

“How do you...how do you feel *good* about this?” he asked.

“About hurting them?”

“Yes.”

“I guess the same way that they feel good about doing it to us. I stopped thinking of them as people.”

He shook his head, looking down at his feet. “That’s not any better.”

“Either I believed that people could do this to me - and that meant that anyone, any rat, anyone at all could do it to me - or that it was just them. Just the monsters,” she said. “You know which one I picked. And if we’re gonna win...we might all need to be a bit more like monsters...”

“It’s easy. Too easy.”

“Well, one more thing to blame them for. If they’d been nice, maybe we wouldn’t hate them so much. Maybe it wouldn’t feel so right to hurt them back.”

The End