

Jasper shivered. Though he was determined to remain stoic during his execution, the feeling of cold steel cutting the hairs on his neck and resting against his skin would inspire existential dread in even the *most* hardened Stoic.

The stallion standing over him cared not for Jasper's mental state. In a few seconds, there would be no "mental" to have a state anyway. Nor did he care about any last words Jasper might want to utter. He was a traitor in the Emperor's eyes, a criminal, and in a few seconds, he would be a nothing, a carcass on the ground to be left for the vultures to pick at.

Jasper felt the blade rise. His stomach churned. He saw the stallion getting ready to plunge it down on him. He prayed for a clean cut.

Another stallion walked over. A strong arm stayed the executioner's hand.

"Looks like it's your lucky day, hyena scum," the executioner said. "Emperor's hand-picked you to be his personal slave."

The next few hours were a blur. Jasper was hooded and force-marched, then thrown onto a cart and eventually into a dank, dark cell.

"Emperor's personal slave, huh?" he muttered. "I wonder how long it will be before I can poison the bastard."

The door *clanked*, and he cut himself off just as three stout stallions strode in, grabbed him, stripped him, and hauled him bodily out of the cell. He went along with it, saving his strength for when he had the opportunity to break free.

He was escorted up an endlessly spiraling staircase, across a red-carpeted hallway, and abruptly found himself standing at the head of the throne room. To his left was the throne itself, and atop it, the emperor sitting powerfully, his thighs and throbbing cock uncovered, his eyes glinting greedily as Jasper was herded into the room. To his right was a multitude of onlookers—the king's court—all eyes on him.

"In the tradition of our ancestors, the traitorous leader has been brought before me," the emperor thundered. "As our ancestors have done, I shall claim him as mine! Guards, *install* him!"

It was then that Jasper noticed the glass container in front of him. Sitting at the base of the throne, it was a cylinder a little wider and taller than he was, lying on its side. A large, curved, clear door was hinged upward, and Jasper could tell that it was to that door that he was destined to go. He began to struggle, for if he were put into that cylinder and it were locked closed, who *knew* how long they could keep him there as an amusement to the onlookers?

Yet, his struggling was in vain. A sharp blow to the solar plexus rendered him limp, and as he gasped for breath, the stout stallions dragged him over to the cylinder.

Now looking at it up close, Jasper's eyes widened on seeing that there were two clear tubes that poked into the cylinder, one on the bottom and one attached to the door, and their positions gave him a bad feeling as to their purpose. He began to struggle again, but the guards easily overpowered him and stuffed him down into the glass case.

"Wait! No! Don't put that in my—"

Sharp pain erupted inside Jasper's anus as he was driven down over one of the glass tubes, his body pressed down until his back touched the glass at the bottom of the cylinder, impaling his rectum on the vile intruder. The pain made him see stars, but that was only one of his worries. In his shocked state, he'd opened his mouth, and the stallions had wasted no time lining his mouth up with the other glass tube and closing the door, driving it like a wedge between his teeth and forcing his mouth to remain open.

*Click*

Jasper gasped, his eyes widening as he saw the door being latched closed. With a sinking feeling, he realized, too, that the only way he could breathe was through the tube in his mouth. He began to bang against the glass as best the confined space would let him, yet it was very thick and resisted his thrashing effortlessly. Too, the protrusions into his orifices rather forcibly "encouraged" him to be gentle in his movements, as wrenching against them proved excruciating against the roof of his mouth, his tongue, and his anal cavity.

"For the crime of treason, this rebel shall remain here until I have filled his tank with my mark," the emperor declared, his voice muffled yet understandable enough through the thick glass. "If he survives, he will then be inducted into my service. Permanently."

Jasper's gut wrenched at that final word.

"Senators! What say you? Is his punishment just?"

"Yea!" cried a chorus of voices at the far end of the hall.

"People of the empire! Do you accept this punishment?"

The rest of the room burst into cheers.

"Then, by the imperial power given me, I claim this traitor as my slave!"

A drum roll started. Jasper watched, his heart pounding, as the emperor descended his throne, stripping off his loincloth entirely. Jasper felt himself suddenly being lowered into a recess on the floor just deep enough to rest the cylinder in stably. The emperor bowed to the senate, then to the general populace, and then straddled the cylinder.

From his vantage point, Jasper could see the stallion's undercarriage. It was a strange perspective to observe the stallion's cock and balls from beneath, but it was one he was going to become very familiar with.

"Guards, the funnel," the emperor said evenly.

A massive crystal funnel was produced that had two spouts. It was fitted into two ports above Jasper's head, and with a nauseating feeling, he realized that one spout went to his mouth; the other... His eyes tried to follow the glass vein as it went along his side, then disappeared under him.

*Two glass tubes, two spouts on the funnel.*

"When your tank is full to the brim, hyena scum, you will have received my mark in full," the emperor said through the glass.

Jasper saw the underside of the stallion's cock swell, then heard the tinkling sound of liquid on glass. A second later, acrid liquid struck his tongue. He jerked his head, but there was nowhere for it to go. He tried to use his tongue to hold back the flow, but the vile tube had penetrated just enough to prevent such a countermove. His mouth began to fill his horse piss, and so did his sinuses.

"Drink my mark!" the emperor crowed. "Drink it, or die!"

On cue, the crowd began chanting, "Drink or die! Drink or die!"

Jasper's head pounded. His sinuses burned. His lungs began to do the same. Desperate and watching the funnel filling far faster than it was draining, he began to swallow.

The bitter piss burned his throat as it went down. Tears streamed from Jasper's eyes, and snot streamed from his nose. His body began convulsing with the need to breathe. Still the urine poured into his mouth.

Seconds later, he felt something sting his anus, and then he felt himself bloating, his bowel swelling with horse piss. The astringent liquid made his stomach cramp, but when he jerked reflexively, the vile, glass tube drove itself deeper into his ass, and the urine flowed freely into him, puffing him up and making him sweat from the excess heat and physical discomfort.

At last, the emperor quit filling the funnel. At last, the funnel emptied. On the verge of blacking out, Jasper was able to gasp in a urine-tainted breath.

And yet, his ordeal was only just beginning. The emperor continued to stand over him, his penis dripping into the funnel occasionally as the spectators watched Jasper intently.

*How can the tank be filled if he urinates in my mouth and ass? Jasper thought miserably. Is this meant as some kind of Sisyphean punishment, with the notion of an end when none is intended?*

The answer to his question came sooner than he thought.

As his stomach processed the urine he'd consumed from one end and his bowels absorbed the excess liquid from the other, he soon found himself desperate to urinate. Realizing it, he tried to jerk his head, but the glass tube would not allow it. He tried to shift his hips to take the pressure off his bladder, but the other tube would not allow it. He held back as long as he could, his eyes swiveling to look out at the jeering audience.

And then he realized the reason they were all waiting around after the emperor had ceased urinating.

*No! I won't give them that satisfaction! I will die first!*

Poor, foolish hyena; he held it in for two hours before pain and exhaustion proved insurmountable. He let out an anguished cry as he began to lose control, felt the hot splash of his own urine on his waist and chest.

"His marking begins!" the emperor cried, pointing. "His urine still reeks of his hyena self, but after a month of consuming nothing but *my* essence, we will purge him of it!"

Jasper squeezed his eyes closed, his face burning with humiliation as his urine pooled under his back and began to grow cold and clammy against his skin.

The emperor would go on to mark him twice more before the court moved on to other things, the bitter urine leaving an indelible taste on the hyena's tongue long after he had swallowed it. And afterwards, there was always the aftermath.

After a couple of days, he felt his lips shriveling from dehydration, even as the pool of his own urine grew enough to constantly saturate his back in its irritating liquid.

After a week, he felt his fingers pruning, having given up trying to keep them out of the pool. Worse than that, he noticed a distinct change in the smell of his urine. While he had long recognized a scent of himself when he urinated before, now all he smelled was the emperor's pungent musk coming out of his own penis.

After two weeks, his arms were fully submerged unless he raised them, which he was far too weak to do for long.

After three weeks, he had to wrap his lips around the glass tube in his mouth and swallow the urine that had infiltrated into his mouth from the sides before he could breathe. He was beginning to recycle not only the emperor's urine, but also his own.

At one month, Jasper's existence had become precarious, his nostrils pressed against the glass lest they allow urine to trickle into his sinuses and drown him. His body was completely submerged, pickling in its own urine. His skin was completely impregnated with the stuff, and when he urinated, he no longer felt the stream fly through the air and land on him but rather, a brief warmth around his groin that quickly dissipated.

Jasper heard and felt the vibrations of the emperor straddling the tank. He dared not open his eyes as the burning urine had no place to go if it got into them.

"The time has come!" the emperor declared, his voice much *more* muffled now that he was talking through not only the glass but also six inches to a foot's worth of urine. "Now, we shall see if the traitor has survived!"

Jasper felt the urine from the funnel beginning to flood his mouth. As he began to swallow it, he heard the *click* of the latches on the tank. Forgetting himself, he opened his eyes, then immediately screamed as a tank's worth of piss burned his eyes. His nose went below the surface of the liquid, and more urine began to stream down the back of his throat. Gagging and jerking violently, he forced his eyes closed, forced his nostrils back to the top of the tank, forced himself to swallow for all he was worth, then gasped in a hoarse breath.

Suddenly, he felt great pressure—or lack thereof—sucking the liquid down off of him. A drain had been opened on the floor of the tank between his legs, and he felt the rushing water pulling itself down against his body. Within seconds, he felt the level recede and opened his lips for the first time in weeks, gasping in breath after breath of the foul-smelling air. It might be tainted, but it was worth it to get a lungful at once rather than the metered rations afforded by the tube.

The lid of the tank was opened. As the accursed tube was pulled out of Jasper's mouth, cold air hit his groin, and unused to the unfamiliar sensation, he began urinating instantly, his piss flying through the air once more and landing in his soggy, saturated fur.

"That's it!" the emperor crowed, leaning over the tank door and inhaling deeply. "That hyena scum is no more; all I smell is *me* in there!"

His declaration was met with uproarious applause.

"Now, let's see whether he still wants to rebel! Guards! On his knees!"

Unable to move on his own, Jasper felt firm hands grabbing him. His anus, long since acclimated to its glass invader, sent shots of pain radiating up his spine as it was roughly pulled off the glass tube. Unabsorbed horse piss leaked unchecked out of his ass for several seconds before the guards hauled him out and plopped him wetly on his knees facing the side of the throne room.

"Now, rebel scum, let's see how much fight is left in you," the emperor growled. "You bite me, and you'll spend a *year* in the tank. Understand?"

Jasper stared back at him dully, too shell-shocked to respond.

"Either you nod, or you're going back in right now."

Jasper nodded frantically.

"Good. Now," he said, raising his voice for all to hear, "Show the people of the empire what a faithful cocksucker you will be!"

The words stung at some vestige of Jasper's pride, but he had been in there too long, on the verge of self-annihilation for too many days. As the emperor pushed his throbbing cock into Jasper's face, the hyena wept, closed his eyes, and swallowed it whole. There were gasps of astonishment from the audience amid jeers and disparaging remarks. And, as the emperor pulled his cock out and erupted all over Jasper's face, then forbade him from wiping it off, it didn't matter. All that mattered was that Jasper wasn't in the tank anymore. The cruel punishment had left him permanently marked.