

## Pheromones and Dragon Scales

### Chapter 9: A Cure for Everything But...

- Max -

“Mom...” a few thoughts floating in my mind snapped together, “Dad...”

Warmth welled up in the corners of my eyes as pain crept up from the depth of my heart. A gentle, warm, lick wiped the warmth away from my face followed by a light whimper. My eyes fluttered open only to snap shut again against the stabbing light. I cracked my lids open just long enough to see a black snout and a pair of copper eyes.

“Chad?”

“Master?” Chad gave a calming, yet light whimper. “Are you okay? You’re pretty banged up.”

My eyes fluttered open to see Chad laying down on the side of my bed, his chest wrapped with gauze and his left arm bandaged up. There were a few patches on his head, and a couple stitches in places, but nothing that marred his muzzle. He only wore a pair of scrub pants and left his chest exposed.

“You don’t look all that good yourself,” I groaned out, but then my eyes started to focus and I could see every little curve of his muscles under the gauze. I didn’t realize that I was tracing my claws across them until Chad flinched back.

“I’m sorry,” I said pulling my hand back. “I guess...I guess that I’m just hurting everybody today...” Tears welled up and Chad quickly lapped them away.

“No,” Chad said in hushed yet powerful tones. “No, no, no! It didn’t hurt that bad Master. I shouldn’t be such a pussy with my flesh wounds. They didn’t find any real damage. I’m just a little sore.”

I wanted to say something, but the words wouldn’t come. I guess I just wanted to stave off the tears that were creeping and lurking behind my eyes, but they muddled my thoughts and all I could think of doing was crying.

“Hey,” Chad said in a lovingly hush tone. “Hey,” he repeated when I didn’t look at him, but this time my eyes locked with his, “It’s not your fault ya know.”

Instantly my heart shattered.

“Yes it is,” I whispered out breathlessly. “It’s entirely my fault.”

“No,” Chad said with a little more anger behind it than I expected. I met his gaze and peered into those glittering bronze orbs. “Where you the one that put the bomb on that ship!”

“No,” I said a little shock. “No...but...”

“Were you in any way capable of flying out there and pulling them out of the ocean!” he cut me off, his eyes glaring me down.

“No...”

“Could you in any way,” he started and his voice broke, but he started up again. “Could you have known that this would have happened when you...” he bit his lower lip and tears welled up in his eyes. “When you sent them on their way for you to be alone?” He looked away for a second and clenched his eyes and let a few tears roll down his own muzzle, but his eyes shot back up to meet mine. “Because I made you feel like garbage!”

“Oh Chad,” I started. “This isn’t your fault.”

“I know,” he said and suddenly closing the distance to give me a shallow kiss that changed into a gentle nuzzling. “I know Master. It’s just painful to think that I made you feel that way.”

I felt a sudden pang of astonishment. Here I was, crying over my parents’ deaths and my mortal enemy is here giving me kisses and comforting me when he would have normally kicked me while I was down. It was so strange, less than four days ago this guy would have probably have held me down and spat in my face while telling me that I was an orphan, but now...

I looked over to Chad who was lying beside me, one arm on my chest, the other over his heart, with his muzzle gently nuzzling into the crook of my neck and shoulder with fresh tears rolling down his muzzle, mumbling how sorry he was. I felt my guilt slowly ebbing...the pain was still there, but now it seemed bearable. Either way, I could still feel it there like a wild beast that had finely tired itself out and was now curled up and resting.

I lifted my paw and gently started to stroke his head fur, “It’s okay Chad,” I whispered. “I already forgave you. It’s okay.”

“I know,” he said with a little sniff and lifted himself up. “It just sucks to think about. I know placing blame won’t really change anything. I guess I shouldn’t be complaining too much master.” He gingerly moved one of his arms under me and gently slid under my body. It wasn’t long before I was resting my muzzle on Chad’s rounded pecs. It was my turn to do my own nuzzling, my nose gently dug into the soft fur and I realized I had a bandage wrapped around my skull as it scratched against the wolf’s pelt.

We didn’t say anything, we didn’t need to, and I was too tired to hold any type of conversation anyway. My eyelids got heavier and heavier until they closed shut to the rhythmic sound of Chad’s

breathing. Just before my conscious slipped away I heard the door open and I woke up as Nathan walked in.

“Doctor Viren,” Chad said, his body tensing up to the presence of medical personal. I had forgotten that he was afraid of doctors. He must be in a living hell here.

I looked over to him and he was wearing black dress pants with a gray and green argyle wool vest with a lime green under shirt all wrapped up in a lab coat. He was carrying a manila envelope and a clip board with some charts and graphs on them.

“Oh thank god you’re awake!” he said walking over to me and ignoring Chad’s hello, however strained it sounded.

“Yeah...” I started and Nathan took my paw in his and his eyes melded with mine and a silent conversation passed between us. I saw the sympathy in those eyes and his concern.

“Are you okay?” he asked, but he already knew the answer.

“I’m fine,” I nodded and cringed at the pain it caused. “My head is killing me though.”

“Oh, don’t worry about that,” he reassured me. “Just a bump to the head. You got a pretty nice goose egg too, but no noticeable breaking. You do have a small bruise, but that’ll heal in time. And your wing was dislocated, nothing serious.” He then gave my paw a quick little pat and pulled away and a big smile spread across his muzzle. “But I have your MRI results right here.” He said, his whiskers twitching in excitement as he backed away with a spring in his step.

“From the other night?” I asked.

“Yup!” he said opening the manila folder and pulling out some X-ray looking photos and slapped them up on the fancy light on the opposite wall. He flipped a switch and the wonky image of different colored blotches were illuminated and enhanced.

“Isn’t it amazing!” he said gawking over the blotchy image. “Your brain is magnificent!” He started as he pointed to a section of my brain that was slightly darker than the rest. “This gland is the part of the brain that controls pheromone and hormone production for the reproductive system. It’s nearly twice the size that it normally is and almost three times as dense!” his muzzle whipped around and looked at me with eyes aglow with passion and excitement. “And that’s not even the best part!”

He quickly pulled out two more pictures of some brains, “These are two of my own MRI scans. The first one is from a car accident I went through a while ago and the other one is from yesterday.” I looked at them for a minute, but my eyes couldn’t see much of a difference in them.

“Don’t you see it!” he said as he pointed to the same spot that he pointed to on my brain. “The same type of growth that was in you is forming in us!”

I looked at the pictures and sure they were a little different, but the same area looked like it was a little darker and wider, but I couldn’t tell if it was my eyes playing tricks on me or not.

“I think I see it?” I said and shook my head. “I’m sorry Nathan, but I can’t really focus and I’m tired. Not to sound rude or anything, but could you cut to the chase?”

“Of course!” he said completely undeterred by my bluntness. “My theory is that we ourselves could eventually gain the same powers as you!”

My eyebrows knitted for a second before they slowly started to rise.

“You mean...you guys could produce the same pheromones as I do?”

“Not only that, but the growth spurts as well!” he pulled out his clipboard and brought it over to me, it was a line graph showing a progression in muscle mass over the past three days between Nathan, Ajani, and Alex.

“As you can see, I’ve been keeping tabs on our weight and since my last checkup I’ve gained five pounds of muscle!”

My eyebrows knitted in skepticism “When was your last check up?”

“A week ago, and every checkup, no matter how much I’ve worked out or...didn’t work out, I stayed at a consistent weight. This type of growth is a little unnatural, but I almost wrote it off until I measured Alex and Ajani. They both have gained a little bit of muscle, and when I took blood samples from all of us I found a special type of protein that doesn’t exist! I looked at that and the cum sample that we had tried to use to first change Ajani and it’s almost a complete chemical match! The pheromones are binding with hormones like testosterone to create some sort of super protein!”

My head spun for a minute and I shook my head, “Nathan, that doesn’t make any sense. How can a pheromone and a hormone make a protein?”

“That’s what I asked myself, and it’s actually quite fascinating!” he flipped the graph I was looking at to show me a pie chart of ratios used in an experiment using my sperm sample and a testosterone sample. The testosterone section of the pie chart was much smaller than the pheromone part, barely one present.

“The pheromone isn’t just a pheromone. It’s like an entirely different system itself. Like an extension of the reproductive organs only on the cellular level. When I put the mixture you see under a microscope I noticed that the pheromones weren’t just chemicals, but living cells that would take the

testosterone chemical and bond with it. Then once the bond was complete its cell wall would melt away and only the proteins were left!"

"Wait, I'm not making sperm but this stuff?"

"No," Nathan stated matter-of-factly. "I just took into account the pheromones and hormones involved, not the other stuff. I have another graph that shows you that this chemical reaction only occurred in about four percent of the actual mixture."

"Wow," I said taking it all in and flipping through the graphs really quick letting it all sink in. I then thought about my body and how much it had grown. All that made in just four percent of an orgasm.

"Now that's only four percent," Nathan started reading my thoughts. "What would happen if the process could be made more efficient. Let's say five percent? Ten? Twenty? A hundred! Master! Think of the medical applications for this! There would be no more need for stem cells! We could cure polio in foreign countries. Soldiers regaining their limbs after battle in the matter of months! People with Dementia, Alzheimer's, even a brain tumor! The possibilities are near endless!"

"But..." an image of me strapped to a table being pumped for my pheromones flashed across my inner eye. "What would happen to me in all this?"

"Yeah Doctor Viren," Chad growled, "what makes you think we would want to change Master into a test subject?"

"That's just it!" he said walking back to the pictures on the light and pointing to his own before and after picture. "If I predicted correctly, every servant that Master changes will be able to make this pheromone! We wouldn't need to even take any from Master if he changes enough servants. This kind of thing would become like blood donations where everybody would be able to donate their own

whenever they wanted to, or if everybody on earth were converted, then you could potentially regenerate yourself! Like I said, the possibilities are near endless!” Nathan looked back at me with a look of loving and fatherly concern.

“But of course,” he started. “This type of procedure wouldn’t be brought to light without factual evidence beyond one doctor’s wild theories. It’ll probably be years before it gets brought to the attention of the masses, decades even.” He gave me a warm and knowing smile. “You Master, will decide when you are ready to share your gift with the world. Not me, and with Alex’s help, no other doctor either.” He walked over and sat in a chair next to me and placed his paw on mine. “We both know our Master will make the best choice in the end, whatever it may be.”

“Wow,” I breathed. “A cure for everything...” despite the enormity of the words I just said, one little bit to that sentence was added on in my head.

*A cure for everything, but a broken heart.*

\*\*\*Alex\*\*\*

My hips pounded into my cousin’s ass, my sloppy seconds and thirds dripping down my thighs and creating dozens of strands of pearly goo between me and that golden furry ass. My hips were a blur; a wet slapping sound filled the air as I pulled Ajani close to me with one arm and had him sucking on my fingers with the other. His paws were clawing onto the curtains in my now ruined office. I knew if I did a once over I would see claw marks on the couch, a puddle of cum on my desk dripping onto the discarded papers that had been pushed off the desk and some of the medical volumes that had fallen off the book shelf when I fucked Ajani up it. You could see the stream of cum dripping down the face of the book case from where Ajani blew his fourth load and now we were working on his fifth.

“We...have to...go see...Ugh! Oh God Alex! Deeper! Yes, just like...OH! Just like that!” Ajani tried to pant out between sucking on my fingers and his gasps of pleasure.

“We’ll go see master right after this, bitch,” I gave his ass a hard slap and dug my paws into it. “I just can’t get enough of this tight ass. I think master will understand.” I pulled my paw out of his muzzle and gently wrapped it around his neck to pull him flush with my body, his mane pushing into my plump muscle pecs. My paw played with the tie that was loosely laced around Ajani’s neck.

I started to really lay into his ass, then he threw back his muzzle and gave a roar and continued to pant. Sweat dripped off of our bodies and the only article of clothing, the tie wrapped around Ajani’s neck, clung to his body and even contoured to his chest muscles. I gave the green mane of the lion in front of me a little nip before grabbing his inner thighs and lifting him up and turning him on my cock. I slammed his back against the wall and started to feverishly fuck him as I pulled his muzzle into a passionate kiss.

“Oh, FUCK,” I snarled. “I’m gunna cum.” I knew I was going to give off a deafening roar, so instead I pulled forward and bit down on Ajani’s shoulder until I tasted blood. That last little bite is what did it for Ajani because before my first shot was fired, I could feel his juices shooting on my chest and mixing with the sweat and matted fur. I roared into Ajani’s flesh as my juices filled him and squirted out of his used pucker in a slurry of my previous orgasms.

For a good thirty seconds we stayed like that until I pulled off of his shoulder and gently lapped at the shallow wound before going to kiss Ajani. I dove my coarse tongue into his maw and dove for his tonsils. Our tongues did a little wrestling match for dominance, but Ajani quit after about five seconds and let me take his maw like I had taken his ass.

I pulled away from him breathlessly, sweat dripping down my muzzle in rivulets as I panted.

“One more time?” Ajani begged, “In the shower...then we go see Master?”

“One more, then we’ll go see master,” I agreed. I gave a deep purr and moved in to nip his ear.

\*\*\*Bax\*\*\*

“You have to let me see him!” I pleaded with the white mouse nurse.

“That’s where you’re wrong,” the nurse said staking papers and flipping folders. “I don’t have to do anything. You’re neither family nor a doctor. Besides, even if you were family, Maximillian’s doctor doesn’t want anybody going into his room right now. He’s in a private meeting.”

“I don’t care!” I shouted, pounding my fist on the desk, the scales on my paw shifting to a more yellow color and my claws slightly jutting out a little more into short talons.

“Bax!” Clovis whispered harshly down to me and I quickly pulled my paw back.

“Mr. Cobb,” the nurse looked up at me, finally stopping her work. “I can get some lovely gentlemen to escort you out of the building if I need to. It wouldn’t be the first conflict this week that we’ve had to resolve with force. Now you can go to the waiting room and wait to see Maximillian if and when he is healthy enough for visitors, or you can go home. Either way, you are not getting into that room.” She waved us off with a clip board and turned to a swan nurse and handed her a manila folder and moved on shifting papers around.

“Oh come on lady,” Bradley started leaning into the desk. “There has to be something...”

The mouse rose a paw to silence Bradley and picked up a phone with the other.

“I just need to push one button and security will be here.” She threatened.

Bradley gritted his teeth. I could see his biceps bulge and tense as he hled himself back.

“Fine,” he muttered. “Come on Bax. We’ll try again in the morning.”

Bradley grabbed onto my arm, but I yanked my arm free.

“No!” I grunted and turned to the nurse. “Hey!”

The nurse locked eyes with me and she pushed a button on her phone.

“Yes security...”

I felt the rage in me burn and enter my eyes, letting the power take shape.

“Put the fucking phone down bitch,” I growled.

The nurse froze, her eyes looked confused and then gently murmured into the phone.

“Never mind...false alarm.” And she hung up the phone, her brow knit in confusion at her own actions.

“Now,” I stared, the energy still humming through my skull, giving everything a bluish tint. “Let me see Max.”

“Y...yeah,” she muttered. “Sure. What did you say your relationship with the patient was again?”

“Family, close family,” I said in a much calmer voice.

“Okay...I’ll buzz you in.” She started and pushed a button on her desk and the door leading into the medical rooms buzzed and the red light above it lit up.

“Thank you.” I said and broke eye contact with her and moved for the door.

“Bax!” Bradley started. “You can’t just do that to...”

“Hey!” the mouse nurse shouted. “You two can’t just go in there!” and she pulled out her phone again and dialed up security.

“Hey!” Clovis shouted. “But Max is our brother!”

“He’s family,” she said, a light blue tint around her irises. “You two are not. Security...”

“Fine!” Bradley shouted and grabbed Clovis just as the door shut behind me.

I felt a little bad about leaving Bradley and Clovis like that, but I just needed to see him. I needed to make sure he was okay.

I walked into the other side of the nurse’s terminal and saw a bunch of empty rooms with glass sliding doors. A couple were occupied, but one stood out the most. I saw a flash of red for a second and I moved on to the room on the far side of the hall. When I got close enough I could make him out, it was definitely Max and some otter in a lab coat was talking to him with a clip board. The otter was presenting some X-rays or something. He looked like he was fine, just a couple bumps and bruises. He had a bandage on his brow and around his wing...

I flinched back, did his bed just...no, not his bed. There, underneath him was...a black wolf?! A guy! I felt my heart crack, I couldn’t hear what they were saying, but something the doctor said didn’t sit well with the wolf and he wrapped his arms around Max and pulled him closer to himself. As he did I felt my heart shatter.

I wanted to look away, but it was like some horrible accident. I watched on as the otter kept talking and the wolf gently stroked Max’s chest and nuzzled the space between his horns, occasionally giving him tender kisses. I felt like I was going to die when the doctor finally finished talking and sat down next to Max. It was as if the entire scene froze, but one little movement broke the stillness. Max looked over, and our eyes met.

Fear rend through what little pieces were left of my heart and I turned and bolted, my claws digging into the floor as I ran past the nurses terminal and ran for the nearest exist sign. It lead into a staircase that I quickly descended two steps at a time and entered into the lobby of the hospital where Bradley and Clovis where waiting. Our eyes met, and I looked away, their images already blurring with tears. I went for the back door and into a deserted parking lot.

“Bax!” I heard them shout behind me, but I was already transforming. My body snaked through the night sky silently just as my brothers burst through the exit. Tears streamed by my muzzle as I looked back at them.

“I’ll see you back at the house!” I shouted. They just looked on in confusion, but I didn’t care I had to get away, I couldn’t stay in one place too long like this...or someone would see me. I shot into the sky and into the clouds for cover...to hide from the pain.