

## Cerberus

### Chapter 3: A Trip in the Library

“Keep it together...keep it...together...” Flynn kept muttering to himself. His world was shifting side to side, and he swore he could see himself from the roof of the bus. Every bump was like turbulence and every pothole was a drop from a roller-coaster. His veins hummed and he rubbed his thumb along the tendon of his wrist, making sweet music like a bow on a violin. For some reason, when the music got louder he could focus more, so he kept playing, rubbing his thumb up and down on his wrist and trying to keep his focus. Everything was bright, too bright, and when he moved, the images swayed and blurred behind him. He had never been this drunk before, but he had been this high. When you fight such a high though, that’s when the drugs fight back.

All Flynn wanted to do was curl up on the bus, hold his legs to his chest for warmth, and let the hit he was feeling take him away. He knew it was just a little bump, but it was far more potent than anything he had ever been hooked on before.

The entire world jostled to a stop as the bus reached the public library. Flynn got up, but he felt like he was diving into quicksand. He gripped onto the seats for balance, but they felt so slick.

“Hey, buddy, you okay there?” A black drake on the bus asked.

“I’m fine...I’m fine...” Flynn muttered as he found his balance and gripped his wrist before shuffling his way to the front. Somehow, he was already on the sidewalk, he could only vaguely remember seeing the driver look at him with a furrowed brow before waving him off. Reality was starting to cut in and out and every part of him felt like it was trying to melt into the cracks of the concrete.

*I could take a little rest.*

“No...no...I won’t get up if I...” Flynn was combatting his need to lay down and die. A couple broke hands to give the muttering wolf a wide berth as he shuffled to the library. There were a couple dirty looks he was getting, every set of eyes felt like a pair of high beams trained on him.

“I don’t care...what you think of me...” Flynn muttered as a shiver ran down his spine.

He was getting colder until he shuffled by a ray of sun. He paused as he looked up into the light, feeling its warmth like a gentle hand.

*Flynn...keep...going...*

“I...I can’t stop now,” Flynn shook his head and shuffled onward into the sapping cold of the shade.

Finally he reached the stairs of the library. Flynn snarled at the steps as they looked to be ten feet tall even though he was looking down at them. He shuffled to the handicap ramp and made his way up, rubbing that tendon along his wrist to force him to focus. The song it sang was like a squeaking anthem now, like one note out of tune from the rest of the thrumming chorus.

“N-Nathan?” Flynn pressed his shoulder against the door to the library. “Nathan, please...” Flynn pushed against the door but it wouldn’t budge.

*Fuck! It's locked.*

Flynn growled, but it was hollow. He was cold. It was so cold. Maybe if he rested for just a moment...what if he just sat down and rested.

Flynn felt himself falling and he caught himself on something cold and slick. He looked over to see the handicap button. The doors off to the side swung open. That's when Flynn noticed the word "pull" printed on the doors. He went over to the handicap entrance and shuffled in. It was...so much warmer in the library.

"Nathan?" Flynn shivered, despite the warmth he still felt cold seeping into him.

"Flynn? Is that you?" An owl asked from behind the front desk. Aaron, Nathan's coworker.

"Nathan said you might come by...oh my Flynn, are you oaky?"

"Where's Nathan?" Flynn had a one-track mind. If he could find Nathan, he could get the books he needed and hopefully scurry back to the apartment to sweat this out.

"Flynn, you're bleeding!" Aaron jogged over, the portly little owl trying to take Flynn by the hand. Instantly Flynn shrugged him off.

"No, I need to see Nathan..." Flynn froze, he looked at his bloody hand, his thumb a crimson dipped digit, his wrist an oozing, dripping wound. Suddenly that sour note he was playing on his wrist came into crisp clarity. Pain, even pain had a sour song that played across his flesh through the buzz of this drug. Flynn held in a scream, but his body walked backwards to get a better look as though he could walk out of his own body to see it better. He noticed the droplets of blood that had hit the tiles on his way into the library.

"Flynn, it's okay," Aaron, the little sand owl tried to calm him. "No need to scream or panic, I have a first aid kit behind the desk..."

The edges of Flynn's vision were getting blurry, he felt his veins grow cold and icy.

"Catch me..." was all Flynn could manage to say before he passed out.

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Flynn was floating in a hazy fog. There was some sort of drum beating in the background, but it was distant and far, sour and piercing in its attempt to favor attention, but it was drowned out by the cotton candy bed he found himself in. That fuzzy fluff filled his ears and kept the world away. The light of the sun was kept at bay by that layer of fuzz.

*Keep going...*

“Who...who said that...”

*Flynn...keep going...*

The voice was like a chorus of notes that somehow bent into words. A choir made of humming glass and singing strings.

*...Flynn...*

“Who are...you...” Flynn muttered, his brow furrowing at that intrusive voice. It sounded like him, yet it didn’t. That voice was so smooth and higher in pitch, yet harmonious with the songs playing in his blood.

“...”

“Where...where do you want me to go?”

“Flynn,” a different calming voice cut through the song.

Flynn felt his eyelids, the sun trying to break through them and warming his face. He was sitting on something soft, wrapped in something warm.

“Nathan?” Flynn tried to open his eyes, but the sun smacked his retinas. He did manage to catch a glance at Nathan’s mottled fur. “Where am I?”

“You’re in the employee office,” Nathan answered from beyond the shield of Flynn’s lids. “How do you feel? Does your hand hurt?”

Flynn winced as he felt the stinging in his hand, he tried to lift it, but he couldn’t. He was wrapped in something. Flynn stole a glance again to see he was wrapped up in a blanket in a reading nook. With a sharp intake of breath, he pulled his hand from the blanket and saw it was haphazardly wrapped and covered in gauze.

“Did you do the wrap job?” Flynn smiled. “Looks like shit.”

“Yeah, well, not as much as you do,” Nathan gave Flynn a light punch on his shoulder. “Aaron and I managed to pull you in here and clean up the blood before anyone saw.”

“Blood...” Flynn’s mind was putting pieces together, he remembered seeing his wrist and bloody thumb. “I thought I was just playing a different tune.”

“What?” Nathan cocked his head.

“I...I was trying...I didn’t want to lose myself...so I found that rubbing my thumb on my wrist...kept me focused.”

“You scratched your wrist bloody is what you did,” Nathan sighed. “Flynn, I thought you told me you weren’t using again. What the fuck is all this?”

“Nathan...” Flynn’s voice hitched in his throat and a couple tears broke through his eyes. “I...I didn’t try...it wasn’t even me...he...he did something to me.”

“What are you talking about Flynn?” Nathan was trying really hard to understand, but Flynn could see the disappointment in Nathan’s eyes. Flynn reached out his hand and gripped Nathan’s wrist. His grip was weak and his fingers were icy cold.

“Please, I know I used to say it wasn’t me before, I know I lied before, I know I stole and did such terrible things, but I swear to you Nathan, I didn’t want this...”

*Or did you?*

Flynn’s eyes went wide as he remembered how easily Cerberus drew him in, how quickly he pulled him into an embrace. How warm he felt, how strong and safe, and then that kiss...

“So, that guy from before stalked you down and forced you to take more drugs?” Nathan looked skeptical. “And then what? He just let you go?”

“Please Nathan,” Flynn shuddered, pulling his blanket back up over his shoulder, leaning into the sun for warmth. “He did something to me.”

“Yeah,” Nathan rolled his eyes. “He gave you an excuse.” Nathan sighed in disappointment.

“Nathan...”

“Flynn, I have shelves to stock,” Nathan interrupted and walked over to a cart full of books. “You’re welcome to stay here as long as you want, but I’m not going to swallow your bull like I did last time. I can’t believe I had my dad expunge your misdemeanors for you just for you to end up like this again.”

“Nathan...” Flynn curled up into his blanket like a worm trying to hide in a cocoon. “I’m sorry.”

“I’m sure you are, you always were after the fact,” Nathan furrowed his brow and pushed his cart. “Fuck, I shouldn’t have taken you to that rave.” Nathan pushed the cart out and was gone without another word.

“Fucking hell,” Flynn shivered, fighting back tears, panting as he leaned against the window. He screwed his eyes shut, cursing between each pant. He could deal with all this, but Nathan worked so hard to get him clean before. He basically put him back on his feet and now he thinks he’s an ungrateful addict. How betrayed, how shitty, how fucking wretched.

Flynn felt a sting. It was his head. He lifted his hand to touch the goose egg of a bump he had. He must have gotten it when he fainted. He sighed and put his head against the window...but as he did, it felt gritty. Flynn opened his eyes only to blink them harder to make sure he wasn’t hallucinating.

The window had a thin coat of frost on it. White, velvety frost rolled out in a perfect cone down the window.

“What the fuck?” Flynn spoke, but as he did, his breath caught fog. “What the fuck?”

Again, as he spoke, wisps of cold furled between his teeth. Flynn paused and looked at the cone shape of that frost and realized it’s the exact spot he was panting. He turned and blew on the window. Cold air flew from his muzzle and blotted out the warmth of the sun as it was filtered through a frosty glaze.

Flynn shivered, his spine tingling with the cold. He stood up, his paws touching down on the scratchy old carpet as he looked up at the tapestry of frost. Flynn followed the intricate fractals, them drawing icy flowers, frozen feathers, snow-white butterflies as they climbed further and further over that window. With the added bit of breath that Flynn puffed out, the frost was emboldened and continued to grow until the entire window was covered with a frosty layer of cold.

“What the fuck...” Flynn muttered, backing away while clinging the scratchy blanket around him for warmth. He backed into a table, the unbalanced thing rattling against Flynn’s weight.

“Wow! That’s so cool,” Aaron said, as he entered the back room. The little stout sand owl’s big eyes were glittering. “I didn’t know you were a frost mage.”

Flynn spun around, his body shivering from more than just the cold. “I...I didn’t mean to do that.”

“Don’t worry bud,” Aaron’s voice cracked a bit in excitement. “I don’t have a drop of magic in me, so when I see stuff like this, it really gets my feather’s rufflin’.” Aaron’s little feet scratched against the floor as he scurried over to the window, brushing his fingers over the surface. Droplets of melted frost rolled down in rivulets as he did. “Not an illusion either. That’s so cool!”

“I...I um...” Flynn was speechless. “I’m a what mage?”

“Well, I’d assume you’re a frost mage or something,” Aaron spun on his talons and smiled at Flynn with his big eyes, his glasses making them look much larger. “Are you dabbling with it or is it your innate magic?”

“I...I don’t know,” Flynn spoke truthfully, but Aaron noticed how his breath continued to catch fog.

“Um...did you mean to cast that ice breath?” Aaron adjusted his glasses, his head tilting a full ninety degrees. Flynn’s eyes went wide and he slapped a hand over his mouth.

“No...” he felt the sting of cold run through his fingers.

“Oh, my, gosh!” Aaron’s eyes grew even wider, if that was possible. “An innate ability? Frost breath is a common spell, but to have it as an innate ability? That’s crazy!” Aaron scuttled forward and



looked at Flynn closer. "Is this the first time you've shown signs? I've always wanted to be a mage, but I wanted to be an earth one. Ya know, 'cuz there is always earth around and stuff. With my ancestry it makes sense too, 'cuz we would dig our burrows in the sandy deserts."

Flynn was completely lost as Aaron rattled on. He was so excited and enthusiastic it was almost off putting. Flynn didn't know much about Aaron besides that he worked with Nathan here at the library. The two just didn't run in the same social circles.

"Aaron," Flynn put a hand up to keep him at bay while he clutched his blanket with the other. "I...I really don't know anything about it. It just...happened."

"Oh! I'm soooooo jealous!" Aaron bit his beak and hopped on his talons. "I'd kill to be any kind of mage, but one that can cast ice magic? That's so amazing! I mean, frost and winter spells aren't uncommon, but they take a lot of mana to cast. You're basically displacing heat at an excessively swift pace. Think of how hard your refrigerator works to keep stuff cold in it and how quickly you can frost something over. That's the difference in power consumption! The difference is like comparing a leaf blower to a tornado!"

"Aaron, I...I really appreciate the info, but I have a killer headache," Flynn put his hand on the back of his neck. "I...I'm coming down from something really bad and...well..."

Aaron's feathers stood on end and he gave out a fluttering 'who.'

"I'm so sorry, Flynn," Aaron rocked on his talons. "I just think it's so cool and...I've read everything I could about magic since...I think middle school. It's just so cool to see someone living what I've always dreamed of living. But you're right, I probably shouldn't be ranting and peppering you with questions while you're trying to recover."

"It's fine," Flynn suddenly felt like an ass. This guy was just so excited for him. He didn't want to disappoint two people in one day. "Really, I don't want to keep you from your work either."

"Oh! That reminds me," Aaron pulled a book out from under his wing. "Nathan said to give you this. I'm not sure what someone like you would want with a demonology book, but he put a few markers in it for you."

It was a thin book, almost like a picture book for children.

"Demons and their Companions: For Dummies," Flynn read the title aloud. As he did a bit of frost wafted out of his mouth.

"That's all he could dredge up before you came stumbling in here," Aaron did that ninety degree head cock again. "Looking for something specific?"

"No..." Flynn lied. "I'm...I'm just...researching...for work."

"Really?" Aaron tilted his head the other way. "I thought you were a magic stitcher nurse. What would you need a demonology book for?"

"I...can't say...because of, um," Flynn was blushing, it actually felt kind of nice against the cold. "Doctor patient confidentiality?"

"You have your doctorate?" Aaron blinked rapidly, but his inquisitive eyes stayed trained on the wolf.

"No...I mean...I should be going," Flynn side stepped against the table.

"Oh," Aaron deflated a bit. That look was like a stab in Flynn's heart.

“But...um...get my number from Nathan,” Flynn recovered. “I’m sure we can talk more about...magic and stuff.”

“Oh gosh! I’d *LOVE* to!” Aaron’s voice cracked and his eyes glittered. “You’re a little old to be seeing your innate abilities come out, but then again, most mages never get one. It’s late, but not unheard of. They do, sometimes, develop later in life. You’re in for a really *cool* ride. Get it! I said *cool*, because of your ice breath.” Aaron did some finger gun motions.

“Yeah,” Flynn did a couple finger guns back, holding the book in one hand and letting the blanket fall from the other. “You got it...dude.” Flynn felt like he was going to vomit, and not just from nausea.

“Oh, before you go, take a cup of coffee with you,” Aaron insisted. “I just made it a couple minutes ago so it’s pretty fresh. It’ll keep you warm on your walk back home.”

“That’s...pretty sweet of you Aaron,” Flynn admitted. The owl just blushed.

“Oh, it’s nothing, really,” Aaron poured the coffee into a disposable cup. “I’d say blow on it because it’s hot, but...well...you don’t want to freeze it over.” Aaron handed Flynn the cup, the warmth from it felt painful, almost burning from the sides of the cup alone, but to Flynn it was like holding a little sun in his hand. It was exactly what he needed to loosen his joints.

“Thanks Aaron, I really appreciate it,” Flynn felt some of his guilt melt away as he held that cup. He would find a way to explain things to Nathan later. Right now, he needed a way to explain to himself what was happening.

Flynn thanked Aaron one more time before leaving the room. He tried to scan the place for Nathan on his way out, but he must be seething in a corner somewhere. It wasn’t like Flynn was ready to

talk to him anyway. He just put the book under his arm and held the coffee in his hands as he made his way to the street.

The apartment wasn't far from the library, so he decided to just trudge it. Flynn did feel cold, and the setting sun wasn't helping. He was freezing even with his jacket on. He shivered from the cold and held that coffee to him like it was the only thing keeping him alive in that moment. He took a sip and it burnt his tongue, but that droplet of heat warmed him enough to keep going. He shot a cool huff of breath out his mouth afterwards to cool his burnt tongue.

It was a gorgeous afternoon by anyone's standards, but the wind-chill of his own body made this sixty degree autumn afternoon feel more like a frigged winter night.

"Baby, you're shivering like a leaf," a voice rumbled. Flynn froze, his body seizing up as he felt a powerful arm drape over his back and grip his shoulder. That hand was so warm and inviting, yet the fear it injected into him caused his heart to stop. "Come here, let daddy warm you up."

"How did you find me," Flynn muttered.

"Oh baby," Cerberus rumbled as he lifted his sunglasses onto his head. "I always know where my bitches are at." The hellhound had a wolfish, shit-eating grin that caused his gold fang to catch the setting sun.

"Let go of me," Flynn's voice was icy, and not just from his frost breath.

The collar of runes glowed on Cerberus' neck.

"Alright, alright," Cerberus lifted his hand, a chilling cold seeped in immediately when he did. "Just thought you might want a pick me up. Didn't realize that you were a frost mage, huh? Really makes that hellish heat acclimation a bitch, doesn't it?"

“What do you want from me,” Flynn tried to keep his voice even, but a light shiver and a break in his voice gave away the fear he felt.

“Oh, honey, baby, sweet cheeks,” Cerberus walked in front of Flynn, his entire vision being eclipsed by the massive beastly hound. “I thought you might be coming down from that bump I gave you earlier. Can’t keep my new favorite master waiting for his next fix, can I?”

“Leave me alone!” Flynn shrieked, throwing the scalding coffee at the hellhound. The coffee splattered over his clothes, the hellhound immune to the Mc-Lawsuit Special.

“Sorry there sweet cheeks,” Cerberus smirked. “I can’t do that. You got me on a fucking short leash.” Cerberus gripped the air, a chain of runes materializing and lashing onto cuff around Flynn’s wrist. “You’re stuck with me. And don’t worry about the spill, baby. I used to roll in puddles of magma as a pup. This is more of a light spritzer.”

“I don’t want your damned drug or whatever, leave me alone!” Flynn didn’t care who saw or heard, his breath a billowing cloud before it rolled on the ground and frosted the concrete.

“Relax, chill out baby,” Cerberus crossed his arms, a heat radiating off him that was so strong the coffee steamed off him. It left him with a warm smell of coffee mixed with his cigarette, and a hint of manly musk. Flynn didn’t want to admit it, but it was a good pairing. “If you don’t want a hit yet, then how about I just walk you home. Keep you safe and warm?”

“I w-w-would rather suck a g-g-glass dick than let you n-n-near me,” Flynn already felt the cold seeping deep into his bones. He felt like he would never be warm again, but he forced himself to keep walking. The earlier command of not wanting to be touched forced Cerberus to step to the side.

“You know there’s an easy way for you to find some relief,” Cerberus smirked and walked behind Flynn, his footsteps sending small tremors through the earth. “You’ll catch your death soon enough if you don’t regulate your body temperature with something.”

“I can manage,” Flynn continued to trudge on, his knees cracking, each step felt like torture. That’s when he noticed why his body felt so cold. His veins felt dry, his muscles felt like cracked, frozen earth, and his head was pounding. Fucking withdrawal.

“Come now baby, I’m just offering a warm little snuggle,” Cerberus teased. “It’ll clear that cold right up.”

Flynn’s mind was blasted back to his past where his previous dealer told him the same thing.

*It’ll clear that cold right up...*

“Leave me alone,” Flynn snarled, frost rolling between his fangs.

“Uh hu,” Cerberus continued to follow behind Flynn as he put his hands behind his head, his hairy pits exposed in his leather coat vest and tank. “Irritability, achy, joint pain, searing cold. I bet you’re feeling pretty tired too.”

“Shut up you fucking asshole,” Flynn gripped his own shoulders, rubbing them to try and wring some warmth into him, but it was futile.

“How about I at least give you a little something to keep you from freezing everyone you talk to? Would that be helpful, princess?”

Flynn growled and turned to face Cerberus.

“Leave me alone. You’ve already done enough.”

“Listen here dollface, I’m trying to be nice,” Cerberus was starting to get annoyed with the constant rejection. “I’m offerin’ to keep you warm and not give you a hit. Without me, you’ll be curled up half-frozen in the trash before you make it to the end of the block. Not to mention your frost breath is going to get someone killed and I don’t need you hauled away somewhere I don’t want to go.”

“Why would you h-h-help? Or better yet, h-how? I didn’t even know about this ice breath shit until just now.”

“Sleeping Beauty here thinks she’s all smart now, huh?” Cerberus’ frustration cracked into a sly grin. “I could smell your breath for a mile as it developed. I ran home and grabbed a little something for you.” Cerberus put his massive hand in his pocket and pulled out a leather pup mask. He held it up, his two fingers filling that leather muzzle.

“You’re fucking sick,” Flynn spat the words out.

“No, for real though sweetheart,” Cerberus seemed to be flipping through nicknames to find the one that irked Flynn the most. “Come here,” Cerberus gently moved his fingers in that leather mask as though he were giving a bitch the ‘come hither’ g-spot call.

Flynn didn’t realize he was walking forward until the ache in his muscles reminded him that moving was painful. How could he do that so easily to him?

“Here, take a closer look,” Cerberus smiled and lowered the mask to Flynn’s face. Scratched into the leather with a messy claw were some runes. “This will contain your frost magic, *and* stop that scowl from ruining your pretty face.”

Flynn tried to slap the mask away, but he was sluggish and Cerberus easily moved his hand out of Flynn’s reach.

“Are you really going to let your personal feelings for me get someone else hurt? This is the first sign of your emerging power. Who knows who else you could hurt with it? I know your gay-ass snores, imagine the damage to your apartment and that bitch roommate of yours.”

Flynn’s eyes went wide as he started to fully grasp the situation of his ice breath. It did seem to be getting more potent. Even now, fog was rolling through the corners of his maw like a rabid dog with their frothing drool.

“Don’t lie to me, is it safe?” Flynn demanded. He was rewarded with a glow of that collar around Cerberus’ thick neck and an affirming nod. “F-F-Fine...” Flynn shivered, his teeth starting to chatter.

“So you’ll accept my help then?”

“Yes-s-s!” Flynn growled through chattering teeth.

“Good girl,” Cerberus murred and lifted the mask up, his fingers making it look pitifully small. He slipped the mask over Flynn’s mouth and clipped it in the back. As soon as he did, Flynn’s electric blue mana pooled into the mask and the runes glowed to life. Flynn was going to ask if it was working, but he furrowed his brow. There was plenty of room for his muzzle to move and speak, yet for some reason, he couldn’t. The words caught in his mouth and his tongue felt dry and heavy.

“That’s a good girl,” Cerberus pulled Flynn to his side, the warmth of his massive body thawing Flynn immediately. He felt like an ice cube thrown into a bonfire as the cold was scorched away. “A bitch should be seen, not heard.” Cerberus gave a cocky grin. “And no voice means no more orders, you stupid skank.”

Flynn growled, as he pulled his hand up to yank off the mask, but as his hand touched the clasp on the back, a painful shock zapped his fingers. Flynn wanted to curse, but all that came out was a little yelp.



“Yeah, only the person who put it on can remove it,” Cerberus chuckled. “And thanks for giving me the open command of ‘helping’ you. I can do so much with that.”

Cerberus pulled Flynn close, that warm body making him melt. Those powerful arms cradled him inward possessively. As Flynn thawed, he realized just how much the cold was keeping his withdrawal at bay. The pain must have been giving him some level of clarity, but now his head was starting to pound like crazy, his heart felt like it was beating a mile a minute and an aching need welled up between his legs. Something else was thawing too. Flynn felt his pussy getting puffy with need. Like a spring flower pushing through the frosted snow and dripping its dew, he couldn’t help but shudder.

“My little princess feeling a bit better?” Cerberus cupped Flynn’s muzzle and forced him to look up into his eyes.

Flynn’s eyes were an odd mix of relief, pain, and rage. There was a fight going on there and Flynn didn’t know what way his mind would swing. Flynn started to pant, his voice lost, but his bestial queues still fully intact as he tried to yip, wine, and snarl all at once.

Despite the mask, Flynn could smell Cerberus clear as though he were shoved in his hairy pits. The man had a beautiful stink to him, a musk of burning cedar and sandal wood, the smell of a freshly lit cigarette and the distinct note of man.

Flynn didn’t know what to do, he was caught in this strange limbo where he had to make a choice, but he was powerless against this beast. He had robbed him of his only defense. Diamond tears welled up in the corners of his eyes and he wined and whimpered.

“Oh, such a sad face,” Cerberus’ deep voice rumbled through Flynn. “Is someone a needy pup?”

Flynn tried to shake his head no, but he only managed to press his head into Cerberus’ chest and nuzzle his forehead into his cleavage. Then there was a clatter and fluttering of pages.

“What do we have here?” Cerberus bent down and guided Flynn away from the book. “Demons and their Companions...For Dummies?” Cerberus grinned. “You trying to learn more about me? That’s cute.” The book burst into flames and fluttered off in ashes. If anyone saw, they didn’t care. It was like Cerberus was invisible to everyone around them.

The massive hellhound pulled Flynn close and kept him to his side defensively, his hellish heat keeping Flynn clinging to him like a life raft. Everywhere besides Cerberus was a stinging cold that threatened to kill him, and he didn’t want to fall into that trap again. Despite not wanting to go with Cerberus anywhere, he was the only thing keeping him from freezing to death.

Cerberus brought them to a dingy alleyway. It was dark, yet with Cerberus’ heat, it felt humid and musky, the musty smell of damp brick and mildew was covered up by Cerberus’ powerful aroma. Cerberus smiled and sat down and pulled Flynn into his lap.

“Now, how about another hit for you – FUCK!” Cerberus snarled, his claws gripping Flynn as his collar shocked him. “Fucking hell, god damn it!” Cerberus cursed. “You fucking bitch, don’t you want me to *help* you with your withdrawal?”

Flynn whimpered in pain as those claws gripped him painfully, but Flynn just wedged his eyes and shook his head rapidly.

“A fucking fighter,” Cerberus kept one leg bent while extending his other one. “I wonder how long you can fight it? Normally my bitches are begging for my pups within the first hour, but normally I’m not dealing with a stuck-up little brat.” Cerberus snarled and Flynn started to feel the heat seep into him. Maybe...maybe he could just make a run for it once he gets enough heat.

“I’ll make you a deal, you little cunt,” Cerberus smiled darkly as he brushed his teeth against Flynn’s neck, Cerberus’ collar popping and threatening to shock him if he tried to give Flynn another hit.

“I’m going to feast on your manna, like you ordered me to. If by the time I have my fill you still don’t want a hit off this hellhound, I’ll let you go and undo that muzzle.”

Flynn turned his head to look at Cerberus, his eyes pleading.

“Hell, I’ll even sweeten the deal,” Cerberus lifted his hand and the library book from before blazed into existence. “I’ll give you back your book with a few notes from me to fill in the blanks.”

Flynn wanted to think about it, but he didn’t have the capacity to. He simply nodded and Cerberus’ collar glowed accepting the command laid out by hellhound.

“Fuck yeah, you dumb slut,” Cerberus chuckled darkly. “Now, I can’t bite you somewhere new, that would get you high, but where is that mating bite? Ah, there it is,” Cerberus lowered his maw down, his abs and chest flexing as he did so. His teeth hooked into that hellhound mating bite and Flynn saw stars.

Like fitting a key into a lock, Cerberus’s teeth sank into that bite, a direct link to Flynn’s mana. He drake deep, snarling around that flesh as he bit harder, icy blue mana dripping around his fangs as Flynn felt the most overwhelming urge to submit. His spine tingled, his toes twitched, he panted in his mask, drool pooling in it before dribbling down his neck. He could hear the powerful gulps Cerberus was taking of his mana. It was like he was sucking on his clit and he was squirting pleasurable droplets of energy into his maw.

Flynn craned his neck, trying to give Cerberus more access. Cerberus snarled, thinking Flynn was trying to run, but once he found out what he was doing he growled his lusty approval. Cerberus’s claws let up a bit, he had a good hold on Flynn by the scruff as he continued to drink deep of his power. Static popped around his body as it fought for space to settle. He moved his hand down to Flynn’s groin and the wolf’s knees shuddered and spread to allow him access. Cerberus’ tongue lulled over Flynn’s

sensitive neck, the flesh so charged with mana and pleasure that Flynn couldn't help but feel like he was being eaten out.

Cerberus' fingers undid Flynn's pants, his massive digits sliding into his underwear. The wet, humid, slick of Flynn's puffy pleasure coated Cerberus' claws as he gently stroked those folds, messaging them as he continued to drink directly from the tap.

Flynn whimpered and wined, his legs shivering in pure ecstasy as he was stroked and played with in ways he didn't know would bleed into his being so deep. A warm coil of pleasure was already welling up inside of him, and Cerberus wasn't letting up. The shivers and quivers of Flynn's body were no longer from cold, Cerberus was like a spider, those nerve endings his web as he felt Flynn's body slipping into rapture. Those quivers told him he was in total control of his little fuck puppet.

The puffy peach between Flynn's legs was getting hotter by the second, the pleasure dribbling out and soaking his panties. Cerberus felt a surge of mana gush down his throat, some of it materializing as neon blue drool dribbling down his chin and sizzling like acid as it dripped between the two. Cerberus' eyes focused, his pupils becoming slits as he gulped and slurped. He moved his fingers on that pussy as he continued to pet it, his fingers sliding between the folds to tease them and then come up to that hidden clit. That love button was gently played with between those fingers, being gently pinned between them as he slid his fingers up and down.

Flynn was a mess, his eyes glazed over. He may not be high, but the pleasure was a different kind of drug. He questioned whether he was actually high or not, but the way that Cerberus stoked his pleasure gave way to a different kind of singing in his veins. Pleasure bloomed over Flynn's body, caressing every part of him as he was roughly manhandled and used.

Wet slurping and stroking could be heard as Cerberus continued to feast on that mana while showing that pussy what an experienced hand could do. The hellhound's massive fingers may as well have been magic with how they found every sensitive fold, played with that clit like it was putty, and stoked Flynn's need into an inferno. Then he slipped his middle finger into that needy hole. Just the tip, the tip to tease that velvety entrance.

*Still so tight?* Cerberus thought to himself. *This pussy needs another good pounding...but first.*

Cerberus took a deep drink of that mana like drag on a cigarette, the energy roiling in his mane like he was hosting a rave for fleas. That static rippled over his body, his eyes glowing with power.

Cerberus stroked that pussy, his finger sliding deeper, then pulling back to let his other finger splay those folds, then sinking deeper. It was a rapid two step that was sending Flynn into a frenzy. The wolf bucked his hips, his dripping cunny honey soaking his loins. Anyone with sense would think the poor junky pissed his pants, but Cerberus' dripping slick fingers would beg to differ.

Cerberus slipped another finger into that hole, his powerfully thick digits sinking and playing against those clenching walls while his thumb stroked Flynn's clit like a guitarist plucking at the strings.

Words caught in Flynn's mouth, he was begging Cerberus to go faster, to force him over the edge. All he managed were needy wines and whimpers. Flynn thrust against those slick fingers, his pleasure buttons being stroked through the wet squelching of those fingers crackling on his wet glaze.

Cerberus snarled and Flynn wined, both of them reduced to feral beasts and bereft of words. They were speaking in a primal language with every quiver, every snarl and growl, every twitch and wine, and every slurp and squelch. Flynn lost himself to the pleasure, his mind awash with nothing but the haze of sinful bliss that Cerberus dispensed through his pussy while he drank that mana like he was trying to kill the bitch.

Flynn was trying so hard to push himself over the edge, but Cerberus demanded that honor. He bit down, blood oozing from that bite and mixing with the flow of energy as he dug deeper into Flynn's flesh. Cerberus wanted that bitch to feel that pain as he drank with the intent to kill. He stroked that pussy hard, his fingers suddenly picking up in speed and fighting against Flynn's bucks.

Flynn gave a whimpering yip as his pussy gushed, his juices splattering Cerberus' wrist and dripping down into his pants. That sweet cunny honey bursting like a fresh oil well.

Cerberus was drinking like a mad man. His hand was a blur as he forced Flynn into orgasm after orgasm, each burning pleasure spike caused more mana to gush into his mouth. He did it over and over, expecting to hit the bottom, to kill this little shit and rid himself from his leash...but the bottom never came. Cerberus felt arches of energy threatening to blast out with ever accelerating flow of mana. He unhinged his jaw, a mix of blood and icy-blue mana dripping from his fangs as he pushed Flynn away. The wolf fell over onto his side, his pussy a quivering mess, and his pants around his knees.

"Fucking hell!" Cerberus snarled, his veins glowing with raw power. "How the fuck are you still alive. I drank enough mana to MAKE ten men!" Cerberus snarled as the energy coursed through his body, surging like electric eels trying to find a hole to hide in. The hellhound just snarled, stood up and went to walk away, but his collar blazed into reality.

"Fuck!" The hellhound gripped the wall, his claws melting through the brick. He turned, slashing a big claw mark into the mortar of that building before flicking a fire ball at Flynn. The blaze smacked the ground between the two, the fire burning into a rectangle before the library book popped back into existence.

“When you’re done pretending you’re better than me, you can come find me and suck my fucking dick for forgiveness. You’re nothing but a crack whore who’s only redeemable quality is your mildly entertaining holes!” Cerberus went to leave again, but his collar gripped him.

“FUCK ME!” Cerberus roared and stomped over to Flynn. The wolf had gathered himself enough to get up on his hands and look over at the hellhound, his ears folded back. Cerberus’ claws came to slash Flynn’s face, but they stopped, his collar holding him.

“I’ll find a way to fuck you into the husk you demanded, you stupid skank.” Cerberus snarled low and dark before he hooked his finger behind the muzzle and pulled. The button on the leather mask popped open and the runes went dark.

Cerberus then turned and walked away, his eyes glaring at him as he turned the corner, murderous intent behind those cold demon eyes.

Flynn didn’t know what to say, but the muzzle slid off his face and clattered to the floor. His cold breath already seeping out between his lips. Flynn quickly grabbed the muzzle and put it back on, clasping it behind his head. He did a quick check and undid the button himself, proving he could before snapping it back into place.

He pulled up his pants and grabbed the book. Scribbles and notes had been placed all over it in a very blunt hand, words and paragraphs scratched out and replaced.

Demons and their ‘Badass Beasts’ for ‘Stupid Skanks, like you Flynn’

Flynn felt a little better for some reason, and not just because he wasn’t freezing anymore. Cerberus was mad...mad about something. Anger had two roots, pain, and fear, and Flynn was willing to bet money that Cerberus was afraid of something. Cerberus talked a big talk, but every time he came after Flynn he seemed more desperate, and the information in this book probably had a clue as to why.

Flynn pulled himself together, already feeling a shiver from the cold coming on, and jogged the rest of the way to his apartment. The exercise kept him warmer and the muzzle seemed to keep the cold from becoming unbearable.

*Cerberus, Flynn's brow furrowed at his own inner dialogue. I'm going to figure this out and I'm going to get to the bottom of this.*