

To Ashes

Chapter 9: Game On!

That night was a haze. Asher was so steeped in his own heat that he couldn't pay much attention to what was happening around him. It was a blur of instinctive reactions brought on by his deepening heat. After their little pool time, Fynx brought Asher back into the living room, tearing off their clothes and leaving them discarded on the floor. The snow leopard grabbed a fancy remote and smacked a few buttons on it, the wall folding away to reveal a massive TV. It had to cover the span of the entire wall. He pushed another button and the screen came to life, slicing itself into four images of different sports all playing at once.

The snow leopard laid the drake down on the couch and sat next to him, lifting his head so it was in his lap, the snep purring at the smell of those sweet pheromones and how they dripped from Asher's cunt and stained his pure white sofa. The little drake murred and nuzzled into Fynx, the big man warm and comforting.

"That's a good girl," he purred, not taking his eyes off the screen as he sipped the drink Asher had made for him. He scowled at the diluted flavor, but it was still there and he wasn't about to waist good whisky. "You're not going to fuck with my good shit again, are you, cunt?"

Asher gave a soft moan, the musk clinging to Fynx's dick wafted up to greet his muzzle as he nuzzled further into the snow leopard's lap. The drake's tongue lulled out and flicked over the half hard member trying to grip and slurp it into his maw.

“I’ll take that as a ‘no sir,’” Fynx gave a light chuckle as he tossed the remote and slid a hand over Asher’s pert little ass. Those thick globes of toned muscle were the perfect size to fill the snow leopard’s large, muscular paws.

The warm hand on his ass sent shivers down Asher’s spine, his fur standing on end despite being weighed down by the pool water. Asher sucked that half-hard shaft into his muzzle, those barbs brushing his tongue like an old friend as he bobbed his head on that swelling member. The last remanences of their fucking, a mix of his own fem juices and Fynx’s last drops of cum dribbling from his piss slit filled Asher’s maw as he drooled over that thickening shaft.

“That’s a good girl,” Fynx took another sip of his drink. “Know your fucking place.”

The big snow leopard spread his legs, lifting one up onto the coffee table while sliding his other one further under the drake, giving Asher the access to slurp further down. The snow leopard’s thick paws flexed and fanned as he leaned back, his one hand dipping between the drake’s cheeks to find that well used pucker, his kittens leaking out of it, tainted with a bit of pink blood. Fynx slid his fingers through the slick and started to trace circles over that pucker while sipping his whisky.

Asher’s back arched, Fynx’s cock flopping out of his muzzle as he gave a whorish moan, his eyes half closed and fogged over with lust, his heat getting deeper now that there were two more shells in the chamber.

“Come on you dumb slut! Put up a fight! You have to resist!” Ashly’s voice screamed at Asher, but he could barely hear his alter ego through the waves of lust. He certainly couldn’t hear it after shlorping his way back down on that cock, bobbing and glorping on that snep knob like the whore in bitch-heat he was.

This is my mate...this is my mate...my mate deserves...my muzzle. The thoughts echoed in Asher's mind softly, yet drowned out Ashly's protests. Even as those barbs started to scrape his maw and lips, even as that thick shaft pried open that throat and made him gag, his heat's mantra kept him subservient and servile.

Then Fynx slipped a duo of fingers into the drake's asshole, the hot, abused tunnel weakly clenching on those digits as Asher's bobbing got faster, needier and louder.

"Fuck yeah," Fynx groaned as he leaned back into the couch, man spreading his legs as far as he could as that slutty, sloppy dragon maw bobbed on his dick. He finished his drink and set the glass to the side before grabbing a fistful of the drake's pink hair and thrusting up while forcing him down. Asher's topaz eyes went wide as he gaged, a thick wad of dragon drool and cock snot washed down over that shaft and nuts. Thick strands of that slick kept that drake connected to that shaft. Fynx kept thrusting up, the drake gagging as that dick sank into his throat, his esophagus clamping down and catching those barbs as they raked in and out of that muzzle, those heavy balls slapping his face as the snow leopard had his way with that pocket pussy maw. Asher gaged again, this time wads of musk spitting out of his nose as tears ran down his bloodshot eyes.

Just as Asher thought he was going to vomit Fynx let up, releasing his hand from the back of Asher's skull and the drake recoiled off that dick. He didn't go far, most of the thick strands kept him tied to that shaft as he gasped before bobbing right back down.

"Fuck yeah, know your place you dumb slut," Fynx slipped his fingers further into Asher's used and abused hole, working his nut deeper into those guts as it leaked out around his knuckles. "That's right, show me some god damned respect, fagtard. Fucking suck my dick. The dick that just beat your ass into submission. The dick that just raped every ounce of your resistance away. You're my cum bucket now, and don't you fucking forget it."

As if to agree, Asher bobbed faster, his head gyrating as he sucked that shaft back into his throat, not gagging this time now that he could control it himself.

“Stop! Stop it you dumb bitch! You’re only egging him on! He’s going to knock you up!”

Asher’s pussy quivered at the danger his pussy and life were in. His life was all connected to the whims of that dick and it’s pleasure. A low murr reverberated through that shaft, a gentle, hungry hum that dove deep into the snep’s nuts and called forth a thick wad of pre to splatter Asher’s throat that he happily fucked further down with that shaft.

“Fuck yeah, suck me off like I’m a fucking king. I’m a fucking alpha and this world owes me fucking everything. I own this fucking world and you’re only here because your ass is just entertaining enough to bust into. Don’t forget your place! You’re fuck trash, a breedable condom, something for me to fuck and discard at my leisure! Fuck yeah, suck my FUCKING dick! Fuck yeah! Suck it!”

Fynx balls bounced as his cock spat another thick wad of pre into Asher’s throat, the drake getting faster with every insult. He is fuck trash, he is disposable rape meat! He is only used for pleasing his betters, and there was no one better than Fynx. Asher’s eyes rolled as Fynx added another finger, three digits pumping in and out of his ass as he continued to slurp on that dick. Wet sloppy squelching echoed off the walls as the sports announcers screamed over the screen.

“Fuck yeah! Take that Dolphins! Choke on my hairy nuts you stupid cucks!” Fynx pulled up his fantasy sports apps on his phone watching his money pile up as his winnings came raking in. “You think you deserve to live in my world? Get wrecked fags!”

Asher wasn’t sure what was happening, but it sounded like his mate was happy, and that’s all that mattered, though it was short lived as Fynx took one of Asher’s horns and slammed him down, forcing him to gag and spit out more cock snot through his nose.

“COME ON! PULL YOUR HEAD OUT OF YOUR ASS!” Fynx roared at one of the screens. “Why did we fucking draft that dipshit! One call to your coach and you’re benched for life. I’ll fuck your rookie career before you even get a chance. Good luck with community college once you lose your fucking scholarship you dumb piece of shit. I swear to Christ, the fourteenth amendment was a fucking waist of ink and paper.” He grabbed a cigarette from the end table and lit it up, continuing to grumble with the stick in the corner of his mouth. “Fucking libtards thinking prey are somehow equal. I’d roll a blunt with that amendment and blow the smoke in their lettuce munching faces.”

Asher was surprised and also not at the same time. Fynx always made racist jokes against prey species when he was in high school, talking shit about how prey are nothing but food for consumption or beasts of burden. Asher knew it was wrong, hell he was an omnivore and could be considered a prey species himself, but for some reason...it thrilled him. His pussy quivered and dripped, his ass clenched knowing that he was sucking the dick of a bully, a true oppressor. He knew he could stop, he could pull off that dick and just take the lumps, but the thought was too sinfully decadent to not indulge. He was sucking off a racist, a supremacist, a powerful, powerful man who continued to taint a system that worked tirelessly in his favor. He had more power than any man could ever dream, and still he made sure to lord it over anyone and everyone he deemed lesser, to abuse his power for his pleasure, his birthright as a predator, as a man with nuts, and as a man with Fynx blood coursing through his veins. Christian Fynx was given every advantage in life, and he still demanded more, demanded obedience and servitude. This was his world, they were all just his cucks living in it.

Asher moaned on that dick. It was Fynx’s birthright to sit back and have the world suck his dick, the natural order to want to serve such a superior man. He was superior to all people, so he could get away with it. He could be racist, he could be sexist, he could rape, beat, and abuse anyone he wanted.

He could trap them in his penthouse, beat their pussies into heat, and those dumb bitches would still gag on his cock while dripping in need for his nut.

Asher tried to suck that cock down further, his tongue lulling out and working around that knot, slurping over it and flicking over that sheath and ball sack.

“Oh fuck yeah,” Fynx groaned, throwing his head back and forgetting his phone. “Fuck yeah, suck it nice and deep you dirty little faggot.”

Asher swirled his tongue around that knot as best he could, swaying one way then the other, sliding further down until his tongue slipped behind it and teased the inside of that fuzzy, musky sheath.

“Fuck yeah, you angling to pass out on my knot again, you dirty little skank? That’s right, suck me off. Suck me off knowing I’m going to work you over hard the next week. I’m going to bully those ova into dropping and surrendering more of you to me. I’m going to have my pups fuck you over from the inside. Kitten’s claws form in the womb. Just imagine a litter of my little rug rats writhing and kicking you from the inside, trampling over you even before they’re born. I have so many fucking kids, none I recognize, I got better shit to do and pussy to slay instead of being locked down to one stupid skank. The one thing that was the same for all of them though was that their pregnancies were hell. The kittens getting more and more active the closer they got to their due dates. Strong powerful kittens that shattered pelvises and broke hips.” Fynx’s fingers were flying in and out of that asshole, working over that hole and glazing his fingers with his own frothing cum. “So suck my cock, fucking fall deeper into your dumb, bitch ass sweet-heat. You’re so fucking easy. I literally just need to spit in your direction and you’re on your knees lapping it off the fucking floor. You gunna cum while I treat you like shit?”

Asher's eyes were watering as he bobbed on that dick, the knot working over his muzzle as he continued to circle the base of that knot with his tongue, a free hand cupping and messaging those big, heavy jewels.

"God you're so fucking pathetic, you dumb slut," Fynx started thrusting up in tandem with Asher's bobs. Thick, wet, shlorcking coming from that used and abused throat. "I'm going to fuck your life to pieces and you're going to beg me for it. Keep sucking you stupid skank. Suck me off, Fucking suck it! Grip the base of my knot you dumb slut! Fucking drain my fucking nuts!"

Asher coiled his tongue around the base of that knot, each upward swing tugging on that sensitive bulb as it swelled and grew, that massive knot held outside of his muzzle as those balls started to draw up, slipping between Asher's attentive fingers. Then, those barbs flexed as that cock gorged itself with blood, that cum pipe distending and flexing as Fynx reached his climax.

"Fuck yea! Suck it down you thirsty bitch!" Fynx shouted as his balls bounced and thick wads of cum shot and squelched audibly down Asher's thrussy. Asher felt that cock throb each heavy rope into his gut, his esophagus already working it deep into the needy drake's gullet. Fynx's toe's flexed, his claws fanning as he unleashed another torrent of cum into that dragon's muzzle. "Fuck! I'll flood you from both ends! Have my fucking kittens meet in the middle!"

Fynx's fingers were a blurr, slipping in and out of that hole, a thick froth of his cum oozing between his fingers as he worked it open, his thumb and pinky pressing against those firm cheeks while his other fingers went to town on that ass.

"Fuck," Fynx moaned as his balls calmed down, bouncing lower and lower until they were cupped by Asher's warm hand again. "Open," Fynx ordered and peeled Asher's muzzle off his dick. The

drake coughed as that cock slipped out of his throat and he opened his muzzle, a wash of drool and throat sludge splashing forward that he promptly messaged into those overworked nuts.

“You dirty little shit,” Fynx purred and pulled his fingers from Asher’s ass, the digits completely coated in a frothy glaze. He shoved his fingers into the drake’s muzzle, those digits pushing down as that hot tongue lulled around them and slurped that milky hot shot. “Lick um clean you dirty bitch.”

Fynx needn’t say anything. The raging smell of cum and bitch heat was enough to make Asher open his muzzle and lull his tongue around those fingers, his muzzle hanging loose as he practically gargled and slapped his tongue around those claws. Slurping and licking them clean of that musky man glaze that his pussy so desperately wanted. The cum gurgled in his gut, but it wasn’t enough. He had been marked in every hole except the one that really mattered.

Asher was suddenly discarded, those fingers slipping from his muzzle as he was shoved back. As Asher fell forward his face smacked the warm fabric of the couch where Fynx had been sitting. The musky, sweaty smell of man ass filled his muzzle as his desire to eat out his mate filled his mind. He wasn’t given much time to dwell on that thought as Fynx flipped him over on his back and got in between his legs.

“Fuck,” Fynx moaned looking over the drake. “You make a fine ass bitch.” He smirked. “You like being my good girl instead of my faggot punching bag?”

Asher’s maw opened, a soft, wet gasp came from his muzzle as his eyes rolled, unable to come up with a suitable answer. Fynx wasn’t waiting for one anyway. The drake gave a whorish moan as something hot and hard pressed against his clit. Fynx had taken one of Asher’s legs and slung it over his shoulder while the other one hung limply off the couch, the little drake’s toes twitching in pleasure as it coursed through him. Fynx’s knot, still swollen and throbbing, pressed against that love button like its

own ball of heat. Asher's only thought was how delicious it would feel having that warm sun sunken deep into his folds, throbbing while spitting it's progeny deep into his warm oven he called a womb.

"Fucking look at it," Fynx purred as he grinded over that little bullet, spreading thick strands of Asher's blowjob over that cunt. The cooling juices warmed by that still iron hard member. "Just look at it." Fynx purred. Asher knew Fynx was just marveling at his cock, but Asher heard a command and he shakily flexed his abs and looked down to see that gargantuan cock. The vicious spire still oozed a few drops of cum, dribbling from his orgasm as he pressed his dick up against Asher's abs.

"Fuck," Fynx rolled his hips back, pinning his dick to Asher's abs with his thumb as he moved back and forth, his smile crooked and sadistic. "Fuck, I'm going to ruin those abs of yours. My fucking brats are going to break that adorable excuse of a six-pack." Fynx bit his lower lip, his barbs brushing against Asher's abs and bouncing a little when they caught on his skin beneath his fur.

The only thing Asher saw though was that ambrosia oozing from that tip. It was so much and that was just what was dribbling out from his post nut! He could knock him up right now if he shoved his dick inside. It would be so easy. Asher's maw was open and he was giving little huffs, his tongue lulling out as his pussy quivered while that knot pressed and warmed over his clit.

"Oh, you want something baby?" Fynx's maw sliced into a cocky grin as he took his thumb and rolled it up his shaft, the barbs flicking off his hard pads as he came to the tip. With a flex of his member it bobbed and dribbled more milky essence. "This what you want?"

NO!

"Yeeessssthhh..." Asher gargled his response back. Fynx swiped his thumb over that still warm seed and brought his thumb up to that hungry maw. Asher tasted it, it was what he craved. Drool dripped from his tongue as he closed his lips on that thumb and suckled, his coiling around it to make

sure every swimmer was pulled from every hair. The musky, salty, and bitter taste of man filled his muzzle and made him quiver.

“That’s right, you dumb bitch,” Fynx growled and slipped a few fingers between Asher’s folds, slipping into that cunt. “You can’t get enough can you?”

Asher gave a little squeal as he felt three of Fynx’s fingers sink right into his cunt, slipping in past Fynx’s knuckles and down to the hilt. Asher tried to pull his legs together, but they were simply too weak. All he could manage was to bend his limp leg at the knee while the other quivered on Fynx’s shoulder.

“That’s it you needy little whore,” Fynx purred as the quick slipping of his fingers filled the room. He wasn’t going in soft or gentle, this was a man showing he could take what he wanted when he wanted to. His fingers were already sliding in at a brisk pace and stroking Asher’s heat. That g-spot was brushed over and over, flicked by expert fingers that had made so many other women scream and squirt that he didn’t even need to think about it. His fingers simply adjusted to Asher’s quivers and shakes, his ball of heat in his belly burning and warm.

“That’s right, you gunna give me another egg to rape over?” Fynx smirked, pulling his thumb from the drakes maw with a pop and sliding his fingers to the drake’s throat. “Come on you little skank. I can feel you twitching, fucking milking my fingers. Every part of you is begging for someone to breed you, nail you down and fucking just rape your life to shreds. Fuck, you just gushed over my fingers a little bit at that. You can’t wait to have my brood boiling in that womb can you? And just look at how deep I’m going to get,” Fynx purred as he continued to grind down on that pussy, that knot flicking over that clit while he worked his fingers in that snatch. The tip of that dick was almost to Asher’s top row of abs. Sure it would be a little lower, but not by much.

“Fuck, my knot is going to rip you open,” Fynx smirked. “Just think about it. My knot is going to fucking pry that pussy open and lock me inside. It’ll probably tear you apart, ruin you forever. Fuck, I wouldn’t even want your torn up pussy after I’m done with it. You’ll just be a used up piece of shit with a pussy that couldn’t grip anyone else and a cunt that split from being fucked by the only man on the planet that fucking matters. Anyone you show it to will know you’ve been owned by a superior man, anyone who would be interested in you would be my cuck by proxy. They would know no one could fuck you the way I fuck you. No one could fucking rape you and cunt you into a whorish, cum guzzling mess like me!”

With every sentence Fynx’s hand gripped harder around Asher’s throat, gripping tighter and tighter until all Asher could do was give little airy gasps, his head ablaze and fuzzy from lack of blood while his pussy was being blasted by three thick, powerful digits.

Asher’s entire body tensed as he squirted, Fynx having struck oil with his fingers drilling that tunnel. Fynx didn’t stop, his hand slipping in faster to really drive home, his palm smacking that clit as he lifted himself up to really get into that pussy.

It didn’t matter how quickly Fynx finger blasted that cunt as time slowed down for Asher. He was a dripping mess as he tried to scream out his orgasm only for it to come out as a breathy hiss. Fynx didn’t let up and kept going at it, even forcing in his pinky into that pussy, stretching it wider, pain and pleasure racking that cunt as it gripped at those digits and tried to milk them for what that drake needed so desperately. Then he felt it, a pinch in his womb as it bloomed with another egg.

“Fuck yes, give me more, MORE!” Fynx demanded, gripping Asher’s throat so tight he couldn’t breathe as his pussy was assaulted. “Come on you fucking bitch! Give me more!”

Asher felt his orgasm wash over him in waves, stoked into multiple from those prying fingers. Asher could see and hear Fynx, the spit flying from his muzzle as he screamed and demanded he do more like he was watching one of his damned sports that he had skin in. But despite the waves of pleasure and various orgasms, his womb wouldn't drop another egg. Then the world started to go dark.

Then Asher suddenly was able to breathe again, gagging on his spit and cum breath.

"Fucking hell," Fynx snarled, pulling his hand from that sopping cunt, the juices having soaked him to the wrist. "Looks like we're only getting the one," Fynx brought his fingers to his muzzle and licked them, his fur bristling as the pheromones ran through him. Asher could watch as the power of his sweet heat rolled through that snow leopard right down to make his dick throb. "At least for now."

The snow leopard took his thumb and raked it next to the other two hash marks he made earlier.

"Eight," he murred. Fynx stood up and made his way back to his initial spot on the couch, flopping down and resting Asher's head in his lap and picking his cigarette back up that he had on the end table.

Asher was able to get a look at himself, glancing over his body and seeing the wet mess he had become. The frothy cum from his asshole had squirted out along with his fem cum, his holes having clenched trying to milk whatever male essence they could in vain. He wanted to take that cum and shove it up his pussy, but he couldn't. He was simply too weak. He wanted that nut, tears streaming down his eyes. Though, Fynx had other ideas for the drake's face besides hosting tears. The snow leopard shoved his fingers into Asher's muzzle, the drake instantly trying to lick his fem cum from them all only for them to plunge into his throat to gag him and make him drool.

“Don’t worry, plenty more for you to occupy your maw with,” Fynx looked back up at the screen. “And plenty of game for you to suck me off to. Don’t be shy. I got a lot of pent up frustration, and that bitch heat ain’t going to let me go soft. So get to work.”

Fynx pulled his fingers out of Asher’s muzzle as the drake rolled onto his belly again, the sting of his new hash marks staining the white couch. Fynx slipped his freshly cleaned fingers back into Asher’s ass and the drake sucked that cock back into his muzzle. That cock was already getting hard again. Fynx worked so hard making those loads. He deserved to be milked, to be worshiped, to be pleased...it was...

His birthright...

That was the thoughts that ran through Asher’s skull as his eyes unfocused, becoming a cum-drunk slut as he continued to bob on that shaft.

Asher bolted up in bed, his eyes going wide before he realized where he was. He was in Fynx’s bed. Flashes of memories came back to him after the blowjob. He remembered sucking over that dick till it refused to let anything out. He remembered each creamy load, but he didn’t remember how many there were. It was odd, he knew there were a lot, but he couldn’t remember exactly how many. Then he was cold...and...did Fynx carry him to the bed? He sure as fuck didn’t walk.

Asher put a hand to his forehead, his fingers slowly threading through his hair as he swiped it back. There was something there. Well, not really there, but there was a memory his lust soaked mind couldn’t quite remember right, but...

There was a sudden memory that tickled his forehead, the brush of lips and whiskers. As he moved his hand back behind his head he felt that memory tingle down his neck and onto his shoulder.

"You cold pussy boi...?"

Asher shuddered as the memory unfolded. Powerful arms pulled him close and filled him with warmth. He then found a tuft of fur on his neck that had dried into a colic. He traced his fingers over it and a memory that felt like a lie came to him. Did...Fynx groom him?

A sudden shiver ran down the drake's spine, his thighs coming together as he gave a little gasp. It had to have been a dream. There was no way his bully, his rapist, his abuser pulled him into that powerful chest, nuzzled his neck and purred in his ear.

"You like warming my bed pussy boi...?"

Asher took a sharp intake of breath as his pussy clenched and dribbled fresh fem cum onto the sheets, the linens already a sticky mess of cooled cunny honey.

"Good boi..." that memory purred as his pussy was gently petted and kept in a gentle soothing strokes as he fell asleep in arms...

No, that had to be a dream...it had to be.

"Fuck, awake already?"

Asher lifted his head to see Fynx. The drake's pussy dribbled more honey out as his knees shook. The man had just taken a shower, his fur matted and in tufts, hair slicked out of his face. His body was flawless, every curve and bulge a testament to the panicle of aesthetic and man. Nothing was overly defined, and any fat on him simply rounded out curves that accented the sharp angles of his form. His furry sheath bounced between his legs as he held onto the towel slung around his shoulders.

“After last night I thought you’d sleep until dusk,” Fynx smirked, a surprisingly devilish grin that tainted the warmth of those pearly whites into something more cocky and sly. “Surprised your ass can move at all.”

“Did...Did we cuddle last night?” Asher asked as he looked into those orange eyes.

“You think I’d be into that gay ass shit?” Fynx tugged on his towel like they were suspenders and let the fabric fall between his fingers before he crossed his arms. “Why?”

“Nothing,” Asher pulled his legs closer to himself, hugging them to his chest as he rested his head on his knees. “It must have been a dream.”

“Yeah, I bet your fag ass would love a cock to hot dog you to sleep,” Fynx chuckled and swaggered over to the closet of mirrors and went to picking out his wardrobe for the day. “You should get cleaned up. We’re going out today.”

“Out?” Asher’s ears perked up. “I thought you had to work.”

“If you think I work every day like one of the rats out in the maze you’re more dumb than you look,” Fynx started assembling his outfit. “If you’re up and awake, you can accompany me to breakfast.”

“I...” Asher blushed.

“If you want to eat today, you’re going to eat with me,” Fynx threatened casually. “Or would you rather starve?”

“No, it’s not that,” Asher blinked. “It’s just that...I can’t really move my legs.” He glanced over at his reflection in Fynx’s closet, Ashly looking him in the eyes and nodding.

“Better that he thinks you’re helpless.”

“Oh really?” Fynx smirked, as he buttoned down his shirt, that sexy demon grin making Asher’s spine tingle. Did he really want to lie to his mate?

“He’s not your mate, he’s your rapist!” Ashly screamed at him. *“You need to play it cool for now and maybe we can get away while we’re out, or at least get help.”*

Asher felt fear grip his heart at that thought. He wanted to be free...but...the softness of that dream felt so real. His heat warmed his gut, warning him that he wouldn’t find another man like Fynx as long as he lived...maybe...maybe he wanted...

“NO!” Ashly mentally slapped him. *“Pull yourself together. He hasn’t done anything that can’t be undone. Your life is still yours.”*

“But...” Asher muttered, his pussy quivering at the thought. The thought of him being bent over, not just physically, but financially, weighed down by such massive kittens...unable to get away. Truly owned by this beast of a man.

“Well, if you can’t move,” Fynx finished buttoning his dress shirt and let out an ear splitting whistle through a purr, it was a very unique sound. “Tooth and Nail can help get you ready while I do a few things. Don’t keep me waiting too long.”

Already Asher could hear the guards from downstairs making their way up to the master bedroom.

Asher took a deep breath and let it out slowly. No, Ashly was right. He needed to get out of this, and the more helpless he pretended to be, the better.

“Thanks, I’ll be as quick as I can for you Fynx,” Asher muttered.

“Good girl,” Fynx continued getting dressed as the two men came into the bedroom to help the drake.

Asher felt his resolve coming back despite how deep his heat had gotten. He couldn't give in. He just needed to get away. He needed to get away from Fynx long enough for his heat to pass. He was only one hash mark away from Fynx's goal and it had only been a day. He couldn't get pregnant, especially with that man's seed. He wouldn't survive the pregnancy.

No, Asher would clean himself thoroughly, use that stupid body wash, wear the dresses and jewelry, hell, he'd use make up if need be, but he would find a way to rid himself of this man. He couldn't let it happen. He couldn't...

“Hey boys,” Fynx said as he strode past the grizzly and great white. “Treat my girl right.” Before he left he came over to Asher, the drake barely able to keep eye contact with those amber orbs. “You be a good girl, and today will be a good day. All right, princess?” He patted the side of Asher's face a little harder than needed, almost slapping him, but it was enough. Asher gave an involuntary coo, his pussy dripping, soaking through the sheets and into the pillow-top.

Just like that his resolve was shaken. It didn't take hardly anything to make the drake's knees quake, his pussy to drip, and his fur to stand on end. He needed a way out of this soon. He needed to get away or he was afraid he might never want to leave.

Even with that light touch it caused time to slow down for the drake, by the time he came to Fynx was gone, the guards the only ones in the room.

“Need a helping hand Miss Ashly?” Tooth asked and extended a hand.

“Please,” Asher sighed. He would need all the help he could get if he wanted to escape the fate Fynx had in store for him. He would need every ounce of strength just to want *to want* to escape.