

## To Ashes

### Chapter 4: Drop Off

Asher left Rox with an uneasy sense that Fynx was hiding something. The snow leopard ushered him out with one hand in his back pocket while he kept talking on his phone while the Rox bag hung in the crook of his elbow.

“I’m on my way baby, why you mad?” Fynx spoke down to the person on the phone as he continued moving them onto their next appointment. It was a strange mix of flirting and haggling that Asher didn’t quite understand. Why talk down to someone who you’re supposed to be meeting soon?

Either way, Asher wasn’t ready for another one of Fynx’s mood swings, so it was best to just go along for now until he could find a chance to either slip away or call for help.

But...as long as Fynx was blowing money on him...he could just enjoy it, right? The thought fluttered in Asher’s skull. He could sell the jewelry and pay off his student debts, he could even pay for rent for a whole year if what Fynx said was true. And that was just the rocks from Rox. Asher was ready to see what else Fynx was going to do, but for some reason all this money being thrown around made him feel both excited and uneasy.

What was the catch? Why was Fynx doing all this? He could have easily found another way to screw him over without spending any money. Hell, he could have done several things to him the car ride over and yet he still pushed this “prom” thing.

It was true that Asher never went to their senior prom. Nobody he liked was going and Asher wasn’t big on dancing with strangers, or worse, people who treated him like shit. Apparently, Fynx was

the life of the party and the prize of the night. He won prom king along with Alice Channing, a minx he ended up fucking that night even though he came with someone else and Alice was dating a football player. He was a legend for his prowess in bed and Asher knew all too well how that went.

“Seriously Fynx,” Asher cocked a brow. “What are you getting at with this whole prom thing?”

“Why don’t you let it go and just enjoy the ride,” Fynx pulled himself away from his phone call just long enough to answer Asher and went right back to his makeup contact.

“I...” Asher could feel Fynx’s fingers grip his ass, warning that if he pressed the issue he would claw him again. He just sighed. “Sure thing Fynx.”

“Good girl,” Fynx purred before his brow furrowed and continued his conversation. “Not you, you’re being a total bitch right now. You want my business, right? You want me to keep investing? Then you’ll stay open an hour longer. I don’t care what family bullshit you got going on. I’ll berry you if you think—that’s what I thought. I’ll see you there.” He hung up just as they came to the most extravagant dress store he had ever seen.

Stunning dresses made of flowing and shimmering fabrics, lace, and gems glittered in the display windows, yet the main floor was sparse except for a few tall and thin women in dark dresses. The main floor consisted of polished white tile and pillars made of mirrors, but a duo of escalators were set up on one side of the desk leading to some showrooms up above.

“Mister Fynx,” the woman behind the counter, a particularly busty kalak, addressed the two with a thick Russian accent. “My girls will be right with you.” Her eyes scanning Asher up and down with mild interest.

“Thank you, Oksana,” Fynx smirked. “I know this was last second.”

“Not a problem,” Oksana’s long, fox like ears twitched, her mane like a permanent stole around her neck. “You are by far our most frequent client. The day you are not welcome is the day you get one of my girls pregnant.” To emphasize her point, her long, onyx nails clicked against the glass counter top.

“Don’t worry Oksana,” Fynx smirked. “Your girls are off limits so long as you make *my* girls happy.”

“Is what I thought,” Oksana smiled and clapped her hands together, her long nails clinking as she did so. “Come on girls, we have much to do and not the time to do it.”

The white panels behind the desk flew open and a duo of girls, each a younger, slightly shorter and not as busty, copy of Oksana walked out.

“Glad the twins are in today,” Fynx purred as the two ladies came over to the snow leopard, their arms draping over him in a perfect dance. The two women were in similar black dresses as their mother, silted down one long, luxurious leg and coupled with black heels with red bottoms. The girls were tall, slightly taller than Fynx, and needed to slightly lean down to be eye level with the snow leopard.

“You think we would miss an appointment with our best client?” One of the girls murred into Fynx’s ear. She had a slight Russian accent, but it was barely noticeable. Had Asher not heard Oksana first he wouldn’t have picked up on it at all.

“Our best and favorite, *client*,” the other woman accented the word “client” by letting the consonants crack wetly off her tongue.

“Ladies, ladies,” Fynx ran his paws down the sides of the twins, his hands resting on their asses before turning and getting the two of them to look down at Asher. “Don’t be rude, say hello to my newest girl. Say hello Ashly.” Fynx gave a cocky grin, daring the drake to refute the female name.

"I..." Asher bit his lip. He wanted to be angry, but the woman's green eyes were scanning him up and down, their long lashes dancing in the lightest breeze and twitch of their eyes. Fynx had never been more intimidating than with those girls on his arms.

"Hi," Asher kept his arms to his sides and gave a little wave as he tried to shrink down. He had a horror flashback to high school where Fynx did the same thing with two of the popular girls and the three of them tore him do ribbons with insults as they cornered him at the end of a hall.

"Oh my," one of the twin's eyes lit up. Asher braced himself for the first criticism. "You have excellent bone structure."

The woman almost knelt down to get a better look, the other twin coming over as well.

"Who does your claws?" The other asked, her hands cradling Asher's. "They are simply gorgeous."

"Simply divine, and your hair, how did you give it such luster?"

"Yes, what is your secret?"

Asher was frozen. Were they complementing him? Or where they just saying these things because they were really making fun of him? "Good genetics I guess?"

"You are so lucky," one of the girls stood back up and crossed her arms to fake pout. "We need to get special nails put on or our claws wouldn't be nearly as good looking and our hair takes forever to wash."

"Your shoulders are perfectly spaced apart too," the other was still smiling and eyes glittering as she took a finger to his sweater's neck and pulled it down gently. "And such a cute collar bone too. You are truly blessed."

They were interrupted by Oksana clapping to get their attention.

“Lilliana, Rouge, stop your preening and get Ashly ready in the showroom upstairs for Mister Fynx.”

“Of course Mother,” the two said in unison before coming to either side of Asher and guiding him to the escalator.

“You must be so excited,” one of the girls commented.

“Lilliana is right,” Rouge chimed in. “I would die for a dress like the one Mister Fynx has gotten you.”

“His approximated measurements look like they might be spot on too,” Lilliana said back. “You’re going to look like a princess when we’re done with you.”

“A princess, or at the bear minimum a goddess.”

“Um, ladies, I don’t know how to say this, but, ah!” Asher tripped and caught himself on the escalator railing. “I’m not a girl.”

“Girl, boy, or anything between,” Lilliana waived her hand dismissively. “You’ll be fabulous regardless.”

“Wake up and smell the century,” Rouge pretended to scoff. “Anyone can wear one of our dresses as long as they’ve got *the look*.”

Asher managed to stabilize himself as he was hauled up the stairs to the show room, and he was about to protest when something Rouge said made his ears twitch.

“The look?” Asher cocked his head to look back and not trip on his way off the steps.

“Oh, the look?” Rouge smiled. “*The look* is the look of something no one else has got.”

“The look is *the look* that turns heads and *makes* them stare.” Lilliana added.

“And you got a look that might just be the next look,” Rouge smirked.

“I...I do?” Asher was so surprised he stumbled over the top step anyway.

“Oh honey,” Lilliana stepped off and helped correct him, her heels clicking on the tile. “Why do you think Mister Fynx brought you here?”

“It’s because he knows you have the look,” Rouge ran her fingers over Asher’s shoulder as she walked by.

“And no one brings in more ladies with *the look* than Mister Fynx,” Lilliana smiled.

“You may not be the most attractive man in the world,” Rouge stepped into view, popping a hip and resting her hand on it.

“But you are a gorgeous woman,” Lilliana cupped Asher’s cheek, her thumb giving an affirming brush.

Asher blushed and stepped back.

“I’m not a woman,” Asher’s face burned red, his white fur turning pink as he crossed his arms in defiance.

The twins paused and looked at each other.

“If you really don’t want to, we can escort you out?” Rouge stated in a reassuring tone. It wasn’t a “get the hell out you poser” tone but a “if you’re not up for this, we can give you an out.”

Asher's stomach soured at that thought. What would Fynx do if he came back without a dress? He didn't want to think about the backlash from that and he simply shook his head.

"No, I'll go along with it. Let's just get this over with."

Asher looked up at the twins who were eyeing him with their emerald orbs.

"Champagne?" Lilliana asked her sister.

"Champagne," Rouge answered with a nod before the two of them looked at Asher.

"Champagne?" They asked in unison.

Asher gave a little smile as he fought back tears.

"Fuck yes," he sighed.

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Asher burped as he polished off the flute's burning contents.

"Slow down Ashly," Rouge teased as she poured more champagne into his flute. "Do you know how expensive this stuff is?"

"After the day I've had, I'm okay spending Fynx's money," Asher took the glass and started drinking this one slower, his cheeks already getting a rosy glow.

"Come now darling," Lilliana had a black garment bag hanging over her arm and a glass of champagne in the other. "Let's walk and talk. The fitting room is just down the hall."

The champagne was in a small office room just outside the showrooms. It was clearly for bridal parties, but they felt more than happy to charge Fynx for the bottle...s *bottles* they were drinking. It took

Asher half a bottle to calm down and now he was feeling warm and bubbly all over as though the drink itself was fizzing in his veins and warming him from his core.

They made their way into one of the show rooms, a large area with a lounging sofa that lined the back wall with a mirrored stage in the front. The lighting was bright and white, striking like daylight.

“Have you seen the dress yet?” Rouge asked as they came into the room and put the champagne in an ice bucket, the thing already filled with chilling cubes.

“Fynx just brought me here,” Asher rolled his eyes. “He hasn’t told me anything about the dress. I didn’t even know there was one until he brought me.”

“Well, don’t sound *too* excited,” Lillianna giggled her sarcasm. “You’re in good hands darling. Trust me when I say it’ll be perfect. Though, I’m surprised your makeup artist hasn’t arrived.”

Just as she said it the door to the showroom flung open. A pudgy black rabbit walked in, her kinky curly hair dyed blue while the roots were her natural dark color. Despite it clearly being from not touching up her dye job, it looked like a bursting fire work. Her eyes had blue eyeshadow and her lips were a metallic cerulean.

“Where is she?”

“Vivi, glad you could join us,” Rouge said with a sly smirk.

“Shut your trap Lillianna, or Rouge, or whatever! I’m done with Fynx constantly dragging my ass out of my shop to go paint another one of his whores.”

“Vivi! She’s right here,” Lillianna gestured to Asher. Suddenly Asher felt very guilty.

“Sorry...” Asher squeaked out and accented it with a little burp.



“Honey, it’s not your fault,” Vivi said it matter of fact. “Pour me a glass. If that ass is going to be keeping me going this long then I’m going to at least drink his booz.” Vivi wore tie-dye tank top and some booty shorts that showed off her busty form. She was cute and she was in charge. Her flip flops showed off her painted toes, each one a different shade of blue.

“Here you go darling, we appreciate you coming in,” Rouge handed her another flute of bubbling liquid.

“Well, neither of us have much of a choice, do we,” Vivi gulped down half her glass before pulling out the case from under her arm and a duffle bag off her shoulder. “Get her dressed and I’ll paint her up. Let’s do this. I got kids to get home to.”

“Wait, this is all happening too fast,” Asher put up his hands and the twins came to his sides.

“Don’t worry darling. The makeup will take about two hours, but we got to put the dress on first so Vivi can match things up well.”

“I can do it in an hour and a half with this one,” Vivi commented. “Won’t have to contour much with such a pretty face. Girl, I see why he likes you.”

“What are you talking about?” Asher’s brow furrowed

“Dress first,” Vivi snapped her fingers. “None of that languid beauty crap. We got a lot to do and I don’t want to be here all night.”

“Yes, Vivi,” The twins said in unison.

“Hand your clothes to Rouge, I’ll get the dress ready for you,” Lilliana ordered.

“My clothes?” Asher held his wine flute close to his chest.

“Yup, off with them,” Rouge demanded. “Your sweater is cute and your pants are nice, but we’re stripping you down to the bones to build you back up, princess.”

“Please stop calling me that,” Asher said with his lips against the rim of his glass.

“I’ll call you King Louis if it gets this moving faster!” Vivi quipped as she started setting up her makeup on a side table.

“I just...um...” Asher had never felt more naked in his life. He could feel the threads of his clothes itching his skin. “I...”

“Darling, just start with your shoes and we’ll work our way up,” Rouge put a reassuring hand on Asher’s shoulder.

“Okay,” Asher took a deep breath and handed Rouge the flute and started with his boots, peeling them off and then his sweater and pants until he was in nothing but his panties. They weren’t anything overly exciting. Just old, comfortable, and faded from use. His bruises and cuts were well hid by his fur, but the claw marks around his hips were clear as day.

“How many hours a day do you work out to keep that figure?” Rouge asked. If she noticed the claw marks she didn’t say.

“I...I don’t really work out. I just walk everywhere I guess.”

“Take off your socks,” Rouge cocked her head to the side with an inquisitive look.

“I...okay...” Asher peeled off his socks. They were warm and lightly sweaty from his day at work, but at least they didn’t stink. His dainty feet were well kempt, his toe claws onyx little points on each of his toes. Asher hated the idea of being caught with dirty feet so he cleaned them quite frequently.

“For someone who walks everywhere you have no callouses,” Rouge put a finger to her chin. “I think we can go open toed for this. I’ll be back. Lilliana, you get her dressed.”

“Already on it,” Lilliana came back with the dress. Asher wasn’t sure what he was expecting, but to him it was just a bunch of golden satin. It was a lifeless sheet of fabric, hollow and empty.

How fitting.

“Okay, step into it and we’ll see if Mister Fynx’s approximations were correct,” Lilliana helped Asher into the dress, being very affirming with how obvious it was that Asher had never worn a dress before.

“So, where are the arm loopies?” Asher asked.

“It doesn’t have any,” Lilliana confirmed. “The bust is designed to hold against your chest when you’re zipped up.”

“Oh,” Asher blushed.

“Don’t worry, darling,” Lilliana pulled the dress into place and zipped it shut in one go.

“Holy shit, how do you breathe in these things?” Asher couldn’t take a full breath so instead he heaved with his chest.

“It’s designed to have you breath with your upper chest to accentuate your breasts, but since you have none, it’s just very tight.”

Asher felt exposed as the air brushed his shoulders, his exposed collar bone chilled and naked. The top of the bust had a twisting satin design with white gems tailored onto it. The twisting design provided more heft where he had no breasts to augment his more feminine features. The satin clung to

his form and showed every delicate curve and sharp angle. He may as well have not been wearing anything at all. He moved one foot forward, the mermaid fit accenting his hips and a large slit that went up his thigh so high if he sat wrong, his panties would be on display.

“It feels like it’s covering nothing and also too long at the same time,” Asher looked over his shoulder, his tail fitting through a hole in the back.

“Keep facing forward,” Lilliana instructed. “Once we get your full outfit and makeup together we’ll let you see the whole picture.”

“Okay,” Asher felt like he was rushing down a river and headed for a waterfall with how quickly things were progressing, but at least these girls were supportive.

“Found them,” Rouge came back with a pair of heels that even Asher knew were fabulous. They were golden open toed heels with an ankle buckle. The heel itself looked like a pink crystal and at the top of the heel there were golden butterflies with dazzling golden beads that caught the light light like morning dew.

“Holy shit,” Asher gasped.

“Now we’re talking,” Lilliana cooed. “I think they’re just your size too.”

“What? I’ve never worn heels before,” Asher shook his head.

“Pish-posh,” Rouge dismissed his concerns while holding the heels through their ankle loop and coming over to the reluctant drake. “Just walk in them like you’re walking on your tiptoes and you’ll be fine. And don’t forget to really lift your legs when you go up steps so you don’t trip on the heel.”

“I...how much is all this,” Asher gasped.

“We’re a ‘if you have to ask about the price then you can’t afford it’ kind of establishment,” Rouge said getting down to help Asher into the heels. “But it’s not you who is paying, so it doesn’t matter.”

“Are...are you sure,” Asher was suddenly taken off balance as one of his legs were taken and lead into the heel. He felt himself lift off the ground as he was forced to be taller by the shoe. Lilliana was a great shoulder to lean on. In seconds Asher was in the shoes and his ankles felt shaky as he adjusted.

“How do you even wear these things?”

“Shift your weight,” the twins cooed in unison. To help, Lilliana put her hand on the small of his back and forced him to arch it while Rouge forced his shoulder’s to set. Suddenly everything evened out. The heels forced him to arch his back for support and keep his shoulders rolled back, any other way he was unstable. His ass was on display and his long legs forced to flex in specific spots that accented his slender yet curvy form all the same.

“Holy shit,” Asher gasped.

“Nice, nice, whatever, get her ass in my chair or we’ll never get this done.” Vivi complained.

“Sure thing Vivi,” the twins said in unison and guided Asher over to the stool next to Vivi’s table. Asher took both of their hands and the girls gave him words of encouragement as he figured out how to walk, the sharp heels scraping the carpet the first few steps until he figured out how to really walk. The fabric no longer dragged across the floor. The lift of the heels was just enough to keep it fluttering just above and giving Asher some clearance for his footing.

“Good girl,” the twins both winked at the drake and his spine tingled at those words. They got him seated on the stool.

“Finally,” Vivi sighed, her long blue nails flying through her makeup and snatching just what she needed. “Your hair is perfect as is. I might add a little glitter here and there, but let’s keep it classy.”

“Um...sure,” Asher knew he wasn’t being the best conversationalist, but he was new to all this. So he buckled in and decided to learn something. “What’s that?”

“Try not to talk too much while I’m applying,” Vivi answered, her voice already distant as she worked on making the vision in her head. “It’s a primer. We want this look to stick for a bit before you got to get rid of it, right? Who knows what that prick has planned, so I brought everything I needed for emergency jobs.”

“Oh,” Asher breathed through his lips to keep from moving too much until she went back to finding the right tool or product.

“Sorry if I sound a bit miffed, but that Fynx guy really gets under my skin in the worst ways,” Vivi sighed. “I know you’re new to all this so I’ll try to let you know what I’m doing and I’ll give you my card if you have any questions on replicating the look.”

“Vivi, I really appreciate it, but I’ve never worn makeup before.”

“Up,” Vivi directed him to lift his chin and he obeyed. “Really? Nothing at all?”

“Well, I exfoliate and moisturize,” Asher paused as she worked on laying the foundation. “The occasional mud mask, but nothing like this.”

“That’s skin care, this is painting a portrait that says ‘I’m here,’” Vivi said as she continued with her work and motioned him back into a normal position. “I’ve gotten really good at painting white one’s like you for Fynx too, so you’re in good hands.”

“What do you mean?”

“Don’t furrow your brow, keep your face relaxed,” Vivi ordered. “And I mean, that Christian has a type. White, short, and cute.”

Already Asher felt like his face was caked with creams and colors and she had just gotten started.

“Really?”

“Really, really,” Vivi shook her head as she focused on blending. “I’ve painted more porcelain dolls for that asshole than children in sweatshops overseas. Son of a bitch calls me on a whim and gets me doing shit at all hours of the damn day.”

“Sorry,” Asher felt his head dipping down, but he quickly corrected it. He could see the look in Vivi’s eyes go from “don’t you dare look down,” to “Good job, you’re learning,”

“Like I said,” Vivi sighed. “It’s not your fault. Just don’t let the guy near your business if you have one. He’ll have you by the short and curlies before you know what happened.”

“I don’t own anything like that,” Asher sighed.

“Well, you be careful,” Vivi looked him dead in the eye, her blue contacts coloring her dark eyes. “And if you need any advice on navigating that asshole’s impossible standards, feel free to hit me up. My number is on my card. Hey girls,” Vivi shouted at the twins. “Can you put my card in porcelain’s pants?”

“I actually have a question,” Asher didn’t know why he felt comfortable enough to ask, but something about how real Vivi was made him feel...comfortable. “Did you ever do anything with him?”

“Girl, I’m too curvy for that feline’s tastes,” Vivi had a sly grin. “You think he would want anyone he couldn’t lift? I’m three of you put together, and half that weight is in my tits. He comments on it all the damn time.”

“So, why do you put up with him?”

“Because he owns my business and could shut me down if he really wanted to,” Vivi answered bluntly. “It’s no secret and I ain’t ashamed of it. Just fucking sucks.”

“What do you mean?”

“The guy is demanding, short tempered, and always treats me like I’m under him, but the truth is, I wouldn’t even have my business if it weren’t for him. He’s not a nice guy, but he’s a smart businessman if nothing else. So, keep that in mind when trying to navigate his damned attitude.”

“Stuffy and stuck up?” Asher huffed.

“Not wrong,” Vivi smirked and waited for Asher to relax his face again before getting back to work. “What I mean is that he won’t do anything without getting something in return.”

“He said he was going to give me the prom I missed,” Asher looked down without moving his head, keeping it in place. “So what does that mean for him? What does he get out of it?”

“Girl, I don’t know,” Vivi sighed. “Though I think that you’re on the right track.”

“Wait,” Asher paused, the gears turning in his mind. “Every time we’ve done something...it’s been to reenact something that happened in high school. One way or another.”

“I would say he sounds like a guy who peaked in high school, but we both know he makes stacks and has plenty to burn.”

“It’s not that,” Asher felt like he was onto something. “All the other times it was something we both did together, but twisted. I never went to prom though. What would he want to change this time?”

“Hell, maybe he wanted to go to prom with you?”



“He would rather die than be caught with me in public like that.”

“Honey, you’re the prettiest bitch in this room. Any man would be busting down doors just to hold them open for you. What are you talking about?”

“Well, back in high school...he didn’t know I was...well...everyone thought I was a normal boy. So he treated me terribly.” Asher had to cross his legs, his pussy warming as he thought of the bullying so casually. “So he never would have taken me to prom.”

“Well, what do you mean by the normal boy comment?”

“I’m...how do I say this...I’m a boy but I have a vagina,” Asher gestured to his hips with his hands in a “V” shape.

“Ooooh,” all three girls paused as the final puzzle piece fell together. Asher jumped a bit not realizing the other girls were listening beside him with champagne.

“Yeah, so...what would he have changed in this situation? How do I prepare myself for what’s going to happen?”

“Do you really want my advice?” Vivi asked as she set the brush down in her lap.

“Yes, please,” Asher shook his head.

“Run,” Vivi pointed at the door with her brush. “There ain’t no dick that’s *that* good to deal with *that* man. I saw those claw marks on your hips. Is he rough because you want, or because you don’t want him to.”

Asher looked down and pursed his lips into a line.

“So it’s complicated,” Vivi smiled gently, the faintest look of pity and understanding filled her eyes before she continued painting his face. “My advice is very simple and probably the most effective, but the problem with it is that I ran one time too. He found me again and lured me into a business transaction that trapped me down here. I ain’t saying it would be easy, but I would say running would be better than having that man in your life.”

“Vivi has a point,” Rouge cut in. “Though why not get as much out of the man as you can before you cut and run. Your dress alone is a boon, let alone the jewels he gave us to dress you with.”

“Nothing wrong with being a sugar baby, baby,” Lilliana winked and handed Asher another glass of champagne.

“But what if I don’t want to be anyone’s sugar baby,” Asher took a sip from the glass.

“Then we get you out of here right now, no questions asked,” Rouge put a hand on Asher’s thigh. “But if you want to be here, we’ll do our job and make you the most beautiful woman Mister Fynx has ever seen.”

“If this is what you want Asher,” Vivi said his real name and it somehow struck the drake to his core, like Ashly was a cocoon he was being wrapped into and the rabbit makeup artist knew how to free him. “I’m not one to get into other people’s business, but if he is hurting you, we can help.”

“No...I...” Asher took a deep breath and knocked back the drink, gulping it down before handing it off to one of the twins. “I don’t know if I want it to stop.”

“Then have an exit strategy,” Vivi advised. “And be ready to turn that man away if he comes back. He doesn’t let go easy, but if you stick to your guns, he doesn’t like women who don’t want him.”

“But...what if...what if I want him?” Asher felt dumb just saying it, but with the bubbles in his head and with the realness of what Vivi was, it was so easy to just spill his guts. “I...I don’t know anyone who’s that hot...no one compares to him and he’s such...such a man, ya know?”

“Sounds like you’re dancing around what you really want to say,” Vivi pursed her lips in suspicion.

“Well...I don’t know,” Asher shook his head before locking it back into place for Vivi. “I always wanted him and I still want him despite his bullying,” or because of it. Asher still had enough of his wits about him to not let that slip.

“I can’t tell you why the heart wants what it wants, but just be safe. You get an exit strategy and make sure he doesn’t do anything that can’t be undone.”

“Yes,” Asher nodded, and the girls and him continued to go back and forth, but what he did last night nagged at him.

How could he develop an exit strategy when he was already starting the kindling that would burn away any bridges or doors of escape. Asher couldn’t help but rub his thighs together, remembering how he threw away his birth control.

“Okay, it’s done,” Vivi said throwing her brush into her bag and starting to pack up. “Jewelry girls.”

“Wait, what really?” Asher didn’t feel like it had been that long.

“Yup! Now you think about what we discussed. I’m going home.” Vivi snagged her bags, packing up fast and getting ready to go. “I’ll talk to you soon Asher.”

“Thanks Vivi,” Asher nodded.

“Uh hu,” she smirked and hauled her stuff on her back as she started to make her way out of the room.

“Okay,” Rouge came back holding the necklace from Rox. “This is going to look amazing.”

“We got you a clutch to help accent everything.” Lilliana pulled out the earrings, they had been clipped into special attachments to make them clip-ons. They took Asher to the mirrored stage and had him face away from it as they put on the jewelry. The pink diamonds accented well with the gold satin. The clutch looked like it was made of gold glitter with a pink gemstone as its clip.

“Okay,” the twins gestured for Asher to turn and face the mirror.

Asher took in a deep breath and turned.

And before him was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. Asher was no longer there, but rather Ashly. Asher’s jaw dropped, his glossy lips parting smoothly as he lifted his hand to touch the mirror, his claws clinking against the glass. The dress was fabulous, it clung to his body perfectly and slit up his leg to show his thigh. The bracelet matched his clutch and made a pop of color on one arm, his necklace moved with his new breathing technique and the way the bust twisted with its fabric made him look like he had breasts. His hair was a crown of feathery pink locks, accented with the lightest amount of glitter that brought out the pinks more. The rose gold eye shadow and black lashes made his topaz eyes practically glow. The contours of his muzzle were softened and made sharper in a perfect mix to show his more feminine features. Asher shook his head, the earrings flashing in the mirror and their weight proving it was truly him.

“How is this even possible?”

“We’re very good at what we do, darling,” the twins said in unison.

“What do I do with all this?”

“What feels natural?” Rouge asked.

Asher paused and cocked his lip and rested his clutch and hand on it, his bracelet glittering in the light. He moved one foot out of his slit to show it off and the gorgeous heels. He lifted his jaw slightly up to look down on his own reflection, showing off his slender neck and the heavy rocks that hung from it. He looked like one of those short hair models that just scream “I can own you.”

“Holy shit, they really changed you from Anal to Ashly, huh?”

Asher flinched and spun around. Not something easily done when he wasn’t used to heels. He had to quickly brace himself against one of the mirrors as he turned to see Fynx at the entrance to the showroom.

“Ladies, leave us,” the snow leopard ordered. The two girls gave Asher a gentle smile and sauntered out of the room.

“I’ve never been much into feet, but damn if those are some sexy heels,” Fynx purred out as he came up, the powerful woman painted over Asher didn’t conceal his fear as his ears drooped.

“Fynx, I...” Asher had never felt more vulnerable in his life or more exposed. Is this how women felt all the time?

“Calm down, Anal, let me just take the picture in for a minute,” Fynx came up to the stand and gently guided Asher to spin and face the mirrors. This time, with Asher’s added height from the heels, he was closer to meeting the leopard face to face, but the snow leopard’s eyes still cleared his horns.

“They really cleaned you up and buffed out the edges,” Fynx continued his assessment, those eyes drinking in every inch of work his money bought him. Fynx’s hands rolled down Asher’s shoulders,

one cupping the wrist of the hand holding the clutch, the other going down the drake's side, his fingers lightly brushing his hip as his warm palm rested on the bridge of his thigh and ass. "You really are my good girl now, huh?" he purred in Asher's ear, his hot breath tickling him.

"I'm..." Asher glanced at himself in the mirror and then at Fynx. For the briefest of moments when Asher slipped into that power pose, he felt powerful, dominant, and fierce, but next to Fynx, he looked feeble and weak. How could he be anything...anything but...

"I'm your good girl," Asher breathed the words out, his pussy quivering as Fynx continued to purr in his ear.

"That's my girl," Fynx's hand slid down further and slipped into the slit of the dress. "Such a good and obedient little...what is that?"

Asher was pulled from his deepening lust at that change of tone.

"What?"

"This," Fynx's thumb scraped down the elastic of Asher's panties. "Did I buy you panties? Did I give you permission to ruin the lines of your dress with underwear?"

"I..." A shard of fear lodged itself into Asher's heart.

"Get rid of them or I'll rip them off you," Fynx's purr slowly shifted to a snarl.

"Yes..." Asher found it difficult, but with a little finagling they fell down to his ankles where they caught on his heels. He shifted a bit, and managed to step out of the old pair of undies.

"Good girl," Fynx ran the back of his claws over Asher's cheek gently so as to not smear his makeup. "Pack up, let's get going."

"I...didn't bring anything though," Asher spoke.

"Can't leave your panties on the floor. Put them in your clutch and get a move on."

Asher tried to bend over, but realized he couldn't, so instead he knelt down and picked up his panties and bunched them up into his clutch before turning to Fynx who was biting his lower lip and eyeing him up and down.

"You were fucking born wrong," Fynx said it like a compliment. "You should have been all girl, and maybe you would have been more popular."

Asher didn't know what to say, but Fynx extended a paw to help him down. He took it and stepped from the mirror stand as Fynx folded him into the crook of his arm with his hand on his ass.

"Where are we going?"

"Where everyone goes before their prom night," Fynx pulled out his phone and dialed a number. "Out for a nice dinner."

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"My lady," Fynx purred and pulled out a chair for Asher. The drake blushed and slipped himself down onto the chair and it glided up underneath him.

"Fynx," Asher didn't want to ask the question, but it was strange how Fynx was suddenly treating him with...respect? "What are you getting at with all this?"

"I told you to just enjoy the ride," Fynx surged and went to the other side of the table. "Can't I treat one of my girls a little?"

"But...all these purchases, the exorbitant amount of money, and now the dinner."

“It’s a traditional French restraint,” Fynx smirked. “I thought you would like it.”

“I mean, I’ve never been to one before,” Asher picked up the menu and furrowed his brow. “Am I having a stroke, I can’t read this.”

“Now who doesn’t understand French,” Fynx prodded as he pulled up his menu and flagged the waiter over.

“Wait, I don’t know what I want,” Asher crouched down almost hiding under his menu.

“Like you’ve ever known what you’ve wanted, Anal,” Fynx commented in a hushed tone while the waiter approached.

“Are the monsieur et mademoiselles ready to order?”

“Oui,” Fynx purred and started to rattle off an order in perfect French. He even joked with the waiter and said something about Asher being shy and not knowing how to read the menu. Well, Asher didn’t catch it, but it was implied with the way Fynx gestured and how the waiter gave him a pitiable look. The two laughed as the waiter took their menus and walked off to put their order in.

“What the hell did you just order for me?” Asher glanced over at the waiter and then back at Fynx.

“Don’t worry, you’ll love it,” Fynx took a sip of water sitting back in his chair. “So, how did you like the dress fitting?”

“How long have you known French?” Asher narrowed his eyes, refusing to let Fynx change the subject.

“I took it in high school,” Fynx shrugged.



“But you failed French,” Asher had a tired look on his face, the dark rings under his eyes hidden under a layer of thick paint.

“Because that teacher was a raging bitch,” Fynx said it so matter of fact that it almost felt true. In reality he skipped that class a lot to fuck girls in the locker rooms after gym. “I do a lot of business with the French and I needed to learn quickly.”

“So my last name?”

“You think I’d give up a perfect nick name like that?” Fynx’s cocky grin glinted in the candle light. “You still blush every time I say it.”

“Whatever,” Asher rolled his eyes.

“Hey,” Fynx’s voice had an edge to it. “Show some respect Ashly. You’re lucky I ordered for you instead of making you look like a fool.”

“I kind of thought that was the whole point of tonight, right?” Asher crossed his arms.

“No, tonight is about fixing past mistakes.”

“Like bullying me all though high school?”

“Like you don’t flick your little dicklet to the thought of me beating your ass every night,” Fynx smirked. “Like I said before, I’m not sorry for beating a little fag boi back when he deserved it. No, I’m going back and righting the wrongs that your little gender identity crisis caused for me.”

“For you?” Asher had to scoff. “What do you mean, for you? I spent my entire high school career hiding-”

“Hiding the fact you had a sweet ass pussy to pound instead of a fag clit? Yeah, had I known I would have made sure your life was so much fucking worse.” Fynx purred as the waiter brought them wine, a deep red noir. “Do you have any idea what kind of shit you put me through with that?”

“Me?” Asher shook his head. “I have no idea what you’re talking about.”

“And that’s why we’re here.” Fynx swirled his wine, aerating it before taking a luxurious sip.

“You’re really not going to tell me what you’re doing, are you.”

“If you’re half as smart as you thought you were back in high school, you should be able to figure it out. That, or you’re the dumb slut everyone thought you were.”

Asher simply huffed and looked away, but not before taking the wine and sipping on it. He cursed the flavor and how good it was.

When the food finally arrived Asher was blown away. It was salmon, crisped to perfection on a bed of lemon herb risotto. The skin was flaky; the meat was tender and almost spongy. The waiter brought a white wine for him to pair with the fish and a port to end the night off with their dessert. It was fabulous in every sense of the word, and once Asher decided that prodding Fynx for answers was going to get him nowhere he actually enjoyed the dinner.

Fynx never stopped jabbing him with insults, calling him a girl, or any other number of misogynistic crap, but at least it wasn’t a completely one sided conversation.

As they were leaving Fynx ordered a few bottles of the wine to go back to his penthouse and guided Asher out with his hand on his ass.

“So, how was your prom night?”

"I mean, we didn't really dance much, but other than that part, it was...surprisingly nice." Asher admitted.

"Good girl," Fynx purred and pulled him closer.

"But...why?" Asher shook his head. "Why remake a prom night I never went to?"

"You're not going to let it go huh?" Fynx smirked, his voice deep and husky. "I guess our little outing is coming to a close. I might as well tell you."

Fynx guided them down the sidewalk towards where Carlisle parked, his hand never leaving Asher's ass.

"You know the part where I won prom king and fucked Alice Channing, but do you know why I fucked her?"

"Why?" Asher took the bait with a shrug.

"Because my date never made it to the dance."

The way that Fynx said that sent a dark shiver down Asher's spine.

*...never made it...*

"What happened to her?" Asher's heart felt like it was beating ice water through his veins.

"Oh, nothing happened to her," Fynx shrugged as they turned the corner. His Rolls-Royce parked with Carlisle holding the door open.

"Then...why didn't she come?" Asher asked.

“I took the girl out, got her new jewelry, paid for her dress, and even took her to a fancy restaurant. Given, she thought that tacky Italian chain was fancy, but I took her there because she loved the burnt ass salmon they served.”

“I...” Asher felt his heels scrape against the cement. That open car door suddenly didn’t feel very inviting. It looked like the gallows and Carlisle was the executioner.

“And when I made a move on her, she told me she wasn’t the kind of girl to put out,” Fynx’s claws sank into Asher’s ass, the snow leopard’s claws slicing through the satin and gripping that bare cheek. “And to this day, I couldn’t tell you what I said. After she said that, all I saw was red.” Fynx’s claws dug deeper into Asher’s cheek, his ass welling up between those fingers as they white knuckled that cheek, the drake wincing. “I showed her kindness, I was a gentleman, and all she had to do was give me a blowjob to take the edge off before the dance, but that little skank couldn’t even do that for me.”

Asher didn’t want to hear the end of the story. They were only a couple paces from the car and he spun to run, a loud tear coming from his dress as large claw marks ripped across that ass, a trickle of blood staining the gold fabric. Unfortunately, Asher had never ran in heels. He tripped on a crack in the sidewalk and Fynx caught him by the wrist in a death grip.

“Where the fuck do you think you’re going Ashly,” Fynx snarled and yanked him back up to his feet. Asher gave a little yelp and stumbled back into Fynx’s chest before he gripped him by the bust of his dress. “Get in the fucking car.”

Fynx shoved Asher forward, the curb forcing him to topple backwards and smack his head on the opening as he fell into the vehicle. Asher gave a little yelp, his scream echoing off the walls as he scrambled into the car reaching for the other door, but he should have known. As soon as he reached it, he realized it was locked.

“Where ya going Ashly, nowhere to run now,” Fynx practically lunged into the car and pinned Asher down. “You’re just like that stupid skank.” Fynx’s eyes were wild, his grin frighteningly malicious. “Trying to dip out after I spent all that damned money on her.”

“Get off me?” Asher swiped at Fynx’s face. The snow leopard let out a hiss as Asher clawed at his cheek, a few scratches forming and drawing blood. Instantly Fynx gripped Asher’s wrists and pinned them down

“You’re going to pay for that, bitch,” Fynx snarled and twisted Asher around and forced him on his stomach. Just as he did the car rumbled to life. When did they close the door? Asher screamed, but the sound of his yells were caught in the sound proofing of their cabin, the tinted windows making it impossible for anyone to see.

“That bitch did the same thing,” Fynx snarled as he gripped Asher’s hair and forced his face against the seats, his makeup smearing across the fabric. Fynx pinned Asher down with his knee and gripped the back of the dress and started tearing. Asher felt more and more of his body exposed, claws tearing away his layers and rending it to ribbons. Asher tried to get away, clawing at the door, his claws chipping as the leather on the car door was scratched and scarred.

“I made sure she never made it home,” Fynx growled as he tore away the last layer of fabric hiding Asher’s ass, those exposed cheeks jostling with the car. Asher felt like he could squirm out, but as soon as he tried Fynx gripped his hands by the wrist and pinned them to the small of his back and tied them together with a torn ribbon of satin.

“Her parents called me and begged me to tell them where their little girl went,” Fynx snarled. Asher tried to scream again, but Fynx took more of the torn pieces of dress and shoved it into his muzzle. “I told them I left her out in the country, her dress torn, her ass beat, her pussy scarred.”

Asher struggled, his arms trying to twist out his restraints, but that satin was strong. The ease in which Fynx tore it came from his claws, and Asher simply couldn't get the angle to tear or scrape.

"I gave her the best night of her life, and then she had the nerve to deny me?! Christian Fynx! I put that bitch in her place. I'll tell you what I told them. I raped her. I fucked her raw and tore her hymen to shreds. I stole her virginity. I stole her innocence. I made her a sullen little whore who's only worth was the one-time nut!"

The sound of Fynx's jingling belt and unzipping pants filled the cabin as Asher screamed into the fabric, tears breaking over his cheeks and running black lines through his makeup.

"I gave her permanent scars, I paid off the police and slandered her name, I even paid off the school to make sure it wasn't public. She transferred schools and dropped out the next semester." Fynx leaned in and licked Asher's ear, gripping the earring with his tongue and pulling it off with a jerk of his neck, the thousand dollar earring rolling under his car seat. "I ruined her life for fucking with my prom night. What the fuck do you think I'm going to do to you for hiding your dumb ass secret from me? All the times you could have been draining my nuts, all the fucking worship you could have done. You owe me YEARS of dick debt and I'm going to collect whenever I want, however I want, as much as I *fucking* want."

Asher's cheeks felt a hot slap as the barbs of Fynx cock pushed against it, his tail being gripped and thrown over Fynx's shoulder. Asher's tail did have barbs, but he never really learned how to use it defensively. Fynx took full advantage of that.

Fynx peeled back his sheath, his knot already throbbing to attention, his cock a glossy mess of his own juices from being hard all fucking day. The bully was back in high school, his mind's eye reliving

the thrill of his first rape. A stud, a fucking stud seventeen and raping his first victim, ruining her life with his dick. He couldn't get enough of the fantasy.

Fynx gripped the base of his cock and kneed Asher's legs open. He angled his dick down, the barbs flexing with his cock and scraping his inner thighs as Asher tried to keep his legs together and protect his pussy. Fynx snarled as every time he got close, Asher would twist away and have him slip out.

"You slippery little slut," Fynx's claws gripped Asher's necklace and yanked back, the metal holding as he twisted the chain until it was digging into the drakes throat. "Stay still or I'll choke you out. My date that night may have survived, but no one is going to look for a stupid cock slut like you."

Asher froze from the fear of that statement, and Fynx took the opportunity to thrust forward. Asher screamed as his cunt was forced open, the angle not right for such a massive and aggressive fuck log.

"Fuck yes," Fynx hissed and thrust harder, seating himself deeper, his cock sinking further, his barbs hooking him deeper into that sweet pussy flesh. "I fucking own you. Just like that stupid slut. I fucking own you."

Fynx thrust hard with each sentence, seating himself deeper and deeper until his hips were flush against Asher's cheeks. He growled, gripping the necklace harder, the metal grinding and the jewels jingling with each forceful plunge into that pussy. Asher tried to scream but the sound caught in his throat and gargled wetly in his mouth around the satin. His head was light, but his body was ablaze with adrenaline and he couldn't fight back.

"I ruined her life, I fucked her raw, my only regret is that I didn't knock her up," Fynx snarled as he continued his confession while reliving his crime. "I fucked her up, I raped her, she even came to me to demand me to confess. I fucked her again, but that time in her own bed. She was so dumb, so fucking

stupid. All she was and ever would be was a dumb slut. I took her home, her safe place, and proved to her I could reach her there if I wanted. I made sure to cum inside her, to breed her, to mark her, to stain her fucking pussy with my nut!”

Fynx thrust hard, his cock flexing and squelching in that pussy. Asher tried to both get away and shift to make a better angle, but he was pinned. Those barbs raked his walls, demanding his pussy shift to accommodate his vicious spikes. Each smack of those hips was like a claw to his gut, telling him how stupid he was, how dumb he could be for letting this happen. For being such a dumb slut for going along with his rapist the whole fucking way. A blood tainted mixture of his pre and Asher’s slick oozed out onto the seats of the car as Fynx continued to grind his way into that ass.

“That’s just for ruining one night, Anal,” Fynx spat on the back of Asher’s head. “What do you think the better half of a decade will cost you?” Fynx started to pound harder, his knot smacking against those cheeks as he dug his dick deeper into that abused cunt, his cock head grinding against that cervix every time. “A dumb, tit-less little fag like you doesn’t deserve to lick my paws let alone take this dick. You should be thanking me. Fucking thank me!”

Asher screamed into the fabric, choking on his own spit and snot as he cried with each thrust. He smacked his head against the door with each thrust from the snow leopard, but the drake was also beating himself up. Such a stupid skank, such an abuse addicted whore for thinking he could play Fynx’s game and not be taken for rape meat!

“I can’t hear you,” Fynx chuckled darkly as he gripped that necklace harder, Asher barely able to breathe as those diamonds dug into his neck, the gold links pinching his soft scales. A thick wad of pre spat at his inner walls and was dragged through the trenches those barbs were marking in their territory. Milky pre was drooling deep inside the drake and he couldn’t help but try to push back and make it end faster.



“Fuck, I’m getting close,” Fynx snarled. “Beg me not to breed you like that little skank did. Fight me! Just try and deny me what the world has so clearly made my fucking birthright!”

Fynx’s cock was a blur, the back of that car a frightening mix of screams and wet plaps as Fynx raped his prom date, reliving the best lay of his life as his balls drew up and his taint tightened.

“Hope you took your pill, because I’m going to nut deep inside you.” Fynx snarled and Asher’s mind short circuited. The sudden realization of the real, life altering danger he was in smacked his gspot like a disco stick. He screamed, but this time because his cunt was clenching down on that cock.

“Shit, did you just cum, you filthy faggot?” Fynx chuckled and started the short forceful strokes, his cock beating on that cervix for entry. “Come on, get me in there. You lubed the way, now fucking seal your fate. Make me cum. Grip my fucking knot and have me blast my babies right into your dumb ass womb! Do it!”

Asher’s back was arched already from the choking of the necklace, so he didn’t have to shift too far for his hands to move down to the fat bulb of flesh that was pulsing and jostling against his ass.

“That’s right, grip my fucking knot! How does it feel knowing your helping your own rapist fuck you! To stain you further you dirty, crusty, jizz rag!”

Asher’s makeup smeared down his face, dark lines from his running mascara destroying the work Vivi did. The dress, the jewelry, the makeup, it was all for Fynx’s amusement. To destroy everything for his pleasure. Asher cried helplessly as his fingers circled that knot. He could have clawed at Fynx’s dick, but the burning need deep inside of him, his quivering pussy walls, they all demanded obedience, and he couldn’t deny it any longer.

He wanted that cum to blast his womb. He wanted the risk, the very REAL risk of him getting pregnant. His pussy gushed on the seat again as Asher gripped that knot, his shuddering sobs muffled by

the fabric in his muzzle. That knot throbbed, forcing his fingers apart and he gripped harder to stimulate the tie. Fynx couldn't hold back anymore and he busted, his cock squelching and draining deep inside that pussy.

“Fuck! Take it! Take my bastards you stupid BITCH!”

Cum, blood, and cunny honey oozed out of that pussy as Fynx came, his balls bouncing and dumping whatever they had in the most powerful nut he had in years. He relished in the flow of his seed draining into that abused, beaten, and obedient cunt.

As they came down from their high, Fynx gripped Asher's makeshift collar and pulled him up and smacked his head against the window. They were driving in the country and Asher had a bad feeling as to why.

The door opening made it clear. Before Fynx could shove Asher, the necklace snapped and he fell out of the car as it came to a stop, the drake smacking his shoulder before rolling into the ditch.

“Take your shit with you,” Fynx shouted, taking the work satchel and dumping the contents out on the country road, his work laptop smacking loudly along with his phone. Fynx threw the empty satchel at Asher, smacking his face.

“I'll call when I'm horny again. Hope you enjoyed your fucking prom night, bitch.” Fynx laughed as he smacked his door shut and the car started to roll off into the distance. Asher didn't even have the strength to run after them. He was in a tattered mess, out in the cold, and with a bleeding pussy. He had never felt more ashamed in his life, and the only thing that scared him more than being lost out in the country in the dead of night, was how hard he came in that car.

None of his exes or fantasy finger blasts could compare to the brutal rape he just experienced. His pussy burned with a need for more, already puffy and red as trickles of blood stained cum dripped

from his lips as he clung the tattered dress to himself for warmth. That cum like tar with how virile it was smacked the ground and slowly gelled into puddles. Asher clenched his pussy and screamed into his gag as tears streamed down his face. His legs quivered and shook as that alpha nut gargled angrily in his broken love tunnel.

*Fuck...*