

To Ashes

Chapter 12: Fight Club in the Inferno

Marcus coughed as the smelling salts assaulted his senses. He jerked awake, his eyes snapping open.

“Asher!” Marcus gasped, the black bear grunted as he realized he was tied up and naked. He was in large open sunroom, the windows overlooking a ravine. He had no idea where he was and it was beyond unnerving. The only thing he knew is that he wasn’t in the city anymore.

“Welcome back to the wakin’ world, mate,” a shark in a suit with a British accent started. “We’re going to ask you a few questions, and you’re going to be very truthful with us or things are going to get unpleasant.”

“What?” Marcus felt the panic welling up in his chest. He tried to get up, but the rope holding him kept him tied to the chair, his legs bound in duct tape. “Let me go.”

Marcus was suddenly swiveled around on his chair to see a massive grizzly, his long claws pulled up into fists to show some brass knuckles. Before Marcus could say anything, his gut was struck with a powerful sucker punch. The bear wretched, but nothing came out, his stomach was empty.

“You see,” the shark continued by swiveling him back around. “Nail over there isn’t so good at talking’ things through, so I’m going to make this very easy for you. Hey, don’t go blacking out on me,” The shark snapped his fingers, Marcus looking up as drool dribbled from his lips. “Like I was saying, this Grizzly here is Nail, and I’m Tooth. So, all I need you to do is answer truthfully and you’ll be dealing with me. But if you give us some backtalk, or we find out you’re lying, well, you get to deal with Nail again.”

The chair started to swivel and this time Marcus screamed, trying to kick back and keep himself from spinning.

“Stop! I’ll tell you what you want!”

“For sure, but your chair is a bit askew. Nail, you mind helping me with that?”

“You got it,” Nail swung a punch at Marcus’s face, a nice little hook, but not into his face, just enough to graze him and elicit a small yip. He turned back around, the corner of his eye swelling up.

“Good, have we come to an understanding Marcus?”

“Yes,” the black bear gasped.

“Well, you’re going to make our job very easy. First question, do you love the dragon cunt boy?”

“I...” Marcus wasn’t ready for that question, he blinked. Tooth sighed and spun the chair around.

“Wait! Yes! Yes! Please! Don’t—” Marcus was treated to another punch to the gut as he was turned around.

“Let that be a lesson for you, Marcus,” Tooth sighed. “Don’t make me wait on your answers. I’d hate to see you get beat up any more than we have to, so, I’ll ask again, and you answer truthfully. Do you love the dragon cunt boy?”

“Yes,” Marcus gasped.

“Good, easy answer,” Tooth gave the bear a gentle pat on his face. Marcus flinched, biting his lip. “Now don’t be getting all shy on me now. We got plenty more where that came from. Did you sleep with the dragon?”

“Yes,” Marcus answered.

“Was it penetrative sex?”

“No,” Marcus answered. There was a pause and Tooth looked at him with a scrutinizing eye. “I swear, we never did anything like that. Asher wanted to save himself, and I didn’t want to get him pregnant.”

“Such a chivalrous guy, don’t you think Nail?” Tooth asked.

“Right on ya, mate,” Nail responded. “Makes me almost feel bad for roughing him up.”

“Yeah, but let’s move this along. You know how the Boss feels about waiting. So, how long have you two been fucking?”

“We...I mean, just recently we started again, but it’s been a year or two since we did anything together before that.”

“Rekindled romance, we like a good romance story,” Tooth smirked. “So, was it your plan to get Asher out?”

“It was Amber’s plan, but I posed as a waiter to make sure Asher got out safe.”

“And who’s this Amber chick?” Tooth cocked a brow.

“It’s the drake’s sister,” Nail responded before Marcus could. “Have n’t you been paying attention to the news?”

“Right, right,” Tooth nodded. “Not much we can do to a government agent, but don’t worry your pretty little head about it. Now, would you say that you and Asher are an item?”

“No,” Marcus answered truthfully, but Tooth didn’t seem to like that answer so the chair started to turn. “NO! I swear we’re nothing. We used to be together, but he didn’t want me so we broke up and stayed roommates. That’s it, I swear.”

“Ah, so you thought this whole situation might be a fun little game, huh? Save the damsel in distress, get to live happily ever after, was that it?”

“No, I had no intention of using this to get anything out of Asher. He doesn’t deserve that.”

“And what the fuck do you know about what that little skank deserves.” A third voice entered the conversation.

“Boss, you really think you should be present for this?” Tooth asked.

“I pay you for your muscle, not your brain.” The man shot back. Marcus’s chair swiveled to a room where a snow leopard was seated on a pristine white lounge chair, his body clad in a white robe, a cigar in one hand, a glass of whisky in the other.

“Fynx,” Marcus’s eyes were wide. “Where is Asher? Is he safe?”

“He is now, knowing you didn’t fuck him.” The snow leopard took a long drag on his cigar and let it out slowly. “Would be a shame if I needed to rip your cubs out of his womb myself.”

“You’re a trained doctor?” Marcus’s brow furrowed.

“Cute,” the snow leopard chuckled, flexing his claws around his drink, the razor blades showing up and clicking against the glass. “Has that little bitch had sex with anyone? Is his heat still intact?”

"I..." Marcus was confused, still stuck on whether or not Fynx was a doctor. He quickly lost his train of thought as Fynx motioned with his finger to turn the chair towards Nail. Another flurry of cries and gut punches later, the black bear was turned back around to face the snow leopard.

"Tell me, yes or no, is the bitch still in heat," Fynx raised his voice, a very real threat behind it.

"Yes," Marcus groaned, spitting out a bit of blood. "No one has had sex with him."

"Ah good," Fynx smiled. "You may have just bought yourself and Asher a ticket out of here."

"What?" Marcus looked up. "So Asher is safe? He's here?"

"I'm the one who asks the questions, or do you need another round with Nail?"

Marcus sucked his lips back in, silencing himself.

"Good," Fynx put his cigar out and left his drink on a side table before walking over. "You see, in nature, only the strongest, most fit get to survive. I clearly have you beat with money. You can't even provide your skank a half decent apartment, let alone a comfortable life. So how's about we go on the physical front."

Marcus looked up at the snow leopard, his eyes full of fear. The snow leopard looked down at him with a dark grin and pulled something out of his robe pocket. It was a dazzling gold and diamond collar along with a key.

"Let's see which one of us is fit to breed the ol' fashioned way. Fight me for your bitch."

Asher swallowed, but it was hard to do so. His mind was a fog, his memories a jumbled slurry. He was constantly floating in and out of a state of conscious and absolutely out of it. He tried to swallow

again, but his throat felt dry and constricted. Was he being held by his throat? Why were his hands floating. He tried to breathe but it was difficult, it kept catching in his neck. He couldn't get a good breath, his lungs were burning, his mind was starting to flare up.

Asher lurched awake, gasping, only to be forced back down by a metal bar. He blinked as he gasped and groaned from sleeping in such a strange position. He tried to move, but he was in a stockade. Asher tried to pull back, and he might have been able to get out if his horns weren't there, but the metal bar rattled and his wrists ached as he tried to get out. He was trapped in a dark room, the floor cement, the ceiling the same with fluorescent lights hanging from it.

Then the panic set in.

Asher tried to pull himself out, screams welling up in his throat as panicked wined as he tried to pull himself out. The metal chains and restraints clanked and lurched in protest of Asher's attempts. His bare feet dug into the floor, scraping against the unforgiving cement. A panicked scream ripped his throat as tears started to roll down his muzzle, his shouts becoming desperate sobs as they echoed off the walls back to him. His tail thrashed, his arms and shoulders flexed, his throat strained as he screamed as though shouting would give him the strength to break the titanium keeping him bound.

Then his heel slipped in something slick. Asher collapsed, his scream cutting off short as he fell on his throat. He tried to get his footing, but his one sole was soaked. He managed to swipe enough of it off so he could get a grip, but it became abundantly clear what it was.

His fem cum.

He pushed his thighs together, his pussy dribbling his heat laced juices down his legs and dripping into a puddle below. The adrenaline was the only reason he could move, he could already feel it waning as his heat forced him to lay down, to relax, to submit and let his mate take care of everything

while he nested. A defeated sob broke Asher's lips as he realized he was trapped. The strength he found in his panic was ebbing and giving way to an oppressive need to simply arch his back, keep his legs spread, and his tail hiked up.

It was a shaky transition, but he did just that, his legs spreading apart, his back arching, his mouth hanging open, his tongue lulling out as he panted and fought back sobs as his pussy continued to drip. It was like his resistance was melting out of him, dripping from his pussy lips with each passing moment.

"Please...someone...help..." Asher whispered.

The response was for the rest of the lights to flip on. Asher's eyes went wide. The room was a large circular wrestling pit, and he was in a cage on the far end opposite a set of stairs.

"Is the princess finally awake?" His voice echoed off the walls as his foot paws came down the stairs.

"Fynx," Asher breathed the snow leopard's name. "Please, let me go. I'm sorry for what happened at the restaurant. I...I...I'm sorry."

Fynx padded his way over to the cage and slammed his palms on it, the chain-link shaking as he glared into the cage.

"You're sorry? That's cute," Fynx's eyes were wide, his smile wild. "You think I give a shit what you have to say for yourself. You're just some dumb bitch, always have been."

Fynx was completely naked, his sculpted body on display, his foot-long cock rock hard and throbbing, his vicious barbs flexing with each pulse of his heart. Asher felt a modicum of safety because

of the cage, at least until the snow leopard opened it. Asher tried to pull away, jerking against the stockade only for it to jingle and clank against his attempts.

“To think I was going to collar you too,” Fynx’s smile flipped to a sneer as he held something up. It was a diamond choker, a little heart lock dangled on it loosely where the other end of the collar would clip in. The gold and diamonds shone like a hundred little high beams in the light, flashing different colors. Asher looked at it like it was an alien object. The heart had words etched into it with elegant script. *Princess Ashly* is what it read. “That’s what you fags like, right? To be owned by your fucking betters? Well not anymore.”

Fynx gripped the collar in his fist and whipped it across Asher’s face. Asher yelped out in pain as the heavy gold heart smacked his cheek bone, blood running down his face as the diamonds cut him. That strike sucked everything out of him, his knees knocking in weakness, barely able to hold himself up, his body shaking in a mixture of fear and exhaustion as a few more drops of his pre came dripping out.

“Yeah, yelp, fucking whimper like the beaten bitch in heat you are.”

“Please...I can’t...” Asher sniffed, trying to hold back sobs, his chest shaking.

“Quit your sniveling,” Fynx stepped outside the cage and closed it again, but this time he locked the collar around the door and the post, truly locking it closed. “Your man accepted a challenge.”

“My...My what?”

Fynx smirked and snapped his fingers. There was a commotion from the top of the stairs as Nail made his way down while guiding a computer chair down the steps one at a time. Tooth came soon after, but Asher’s eyes went wide as he realized exactly who was strapped to that chair.

“Marcus? You have Marcus here? Let him go, please. We aren’t even a thing, just let him go!”

“Oh,” Fynx sucked in air from his teeth. “Did that sting Marcus? Hearing your bitch say you two are nothing? Cut him loose,” Fynx nodded to his goons. Nail simply took his claws and slashed the rope and the duct tape off the bear, then pushed him out of it. Marcus flopped onto the floor, his arms shaking, his legs weak.

“Please, you don’t need to do this. I’ll do whatever you want, just don’t hurt him.”

“Too late for that,” Fynx chuckled darkly, flashing a small golden key held between his thumb and forefinger. “Just know this all could have been avoided if you were a good little girl for me instead of an unruly bitch. Now, how’s about we let the bitch know the rules. Eh, Marcus my boy!”

“I...Asher, I’m sorry, I didn’t know what else to do,” the black bear got up on his knees, his eyes glittering, one half swollen shut. “It’s the only way to get you out of here.”

“What do you mean?” Asher was so confused, his body burning up, his muscles weak and shaky from his heat, his need to lay back and let his mate have their way with him.

“It’s very simple,” Fynx tossed the key to Tooth who caught it effortlessly and put it in his suit. “We’re going to fight for the right to have you. If your tub of lard here can manage to roll over on me long enough to knock me out, you two get to go, no strings attached. But if I win, I get to fuck you.”

Asher’s eyes went wide as this all looked familiar. Something similar happened back in high school where Fynx fought some guy for his girl. At the time, she was very indecisive, but went with the other guy. Fynx beat the dude half to death and took his girl. No one knew what happened that night, but the girl wasn’t back in school for the rest of the year. This was all another one of his twisted games to relive his glory days!

“Marcus, don’t do it,” Asher pleaded. “Just go and save yourself. This is all my fault.”

“You got that right skank,” Fynx slammed his fist against the cage, rattling it. “But this aint’ up to you. You’re the bitch, a prize to be one, a piece of rape meat the men are about to fight over.” Fynx was pacing the circular arena, his foot paws padding against the cement.

“I...I got to do this,” Marcus coughed a little, shakily getting up on his legs. “I can do this.”

“Sure you can Crispy Cream,” Fynx jabbed at Marcus’s weight again. He wasn’t huge, but he definite wasn’t as fit as the model ready Fynx. “You know the terms. We go one round, winner take all, knockout or tap out.”

“Y-Yeah,” Marcus was shaking, taking a fighting stance, his legs positioned wrong, his fists low and elbows tucked. Fynx simply grinned.

“Then let’s fucking do this Tubs!” Fynx took a stance, his tail flicking behind him as his form was flawless, his stance square, his elbows raised, his fists ready for a fight.

The air was heavy and full of tension as Asher was forced to look on, the two circling the pit and looking for an opening. Then Asher noticed something. They were both hard, their dicks dripping as they squared off. Asher blinked and realized exactly what was happening. The entire room was soaked with his pheromones. They were going to fight like beasts over his pussy because his own pussy was fueling things. Asher gritted his teeth trying to hold back a shameful sob. This really was all his fault. He didn’t need to get other people involved like he did. He could have handled things himself...like a good little bitch.

“You gunna make the first move?” Fynx purred confidently. Marcus flinched at the words as though they were a fist cowing him into a corner.

“I...no?” Marcus squeaked.

This poor boy was not made for fighting. Marcus was the least confrontational person Asher knew. Fynx surely took his measure of the guy, and despite the black bear's nature, the snow leopard was still being cautious. Fynx was confident, not stupid. The black bear had about a hundred pounds on the snow leopard, most of it fat, but still weight he could throw around.

"Figures, you can't even get hard in a room full of bitch stink," Fynx gave the bear a smug smirk, jabbing at the fact Marcus's dick was smaller than his. "And I was worried you might have claimed Asher's heat."

"He's not some object," Marcus was finding his voice, his blood boiling, his nuts churning as his testosterone levels elevated from the potent dragon heat.

"She's just another skank like the rest," Fynx was baiting Marcus. Fynx could easily make the first move, but he didn't want this to be over so soon.

"No! HE! He is a man," Marcus shot back.

"What? A man like me, or a sissy like you?" Fynx cocked a brow.

"Stop!" Marcus charged forward, fist held high. Fynx simply smirked, feigned that he was going left just long enough for Marcus to correct himself, then slipped to the side.

Asher could see the whole thing, the cat like reflexes being used to guide Marcus the wrong way, but Asher knew enough to keep an eye on the snow leopard's feet.

"Marcus!" Asher tried to warn, but it was too late. Fynx side stepped out of Marcus's charge and did a perfect back kick. All that weight the bear had was used against him as that snow leopard used the bear's momentum to send him reeling face-first into the cement wall.

"Fuck!" Marcus shouted, pinching his nose as it bled.

“Ah, yeah, a real man, huh? I guess bitches do stick together, don’t they.” Fynx baited Marcus again. The black bear grunted before turning and lunging at the man, his arms held out and wide. Fynx slipped out the way and spun so quickly his tail whipped Marcus’s back. It was a light smack if anything, but coupled with the sting of missing twice, and the previous kick, it was like smacking the ass of a bull.

Marcus let out a loud bear roar as he came at Fynx, this time, his claws swiping at the snow leopard and catching his forearm as he dodged out of it. Fynx wasn’t even fazed. The snow leopard’s blood was pumping so hard, the air filled with so much heat, he didn’t feel a thing.

“There it is, show me what you got pansy boi!” Fynx shouted.

“Shut up!” Marcus screamed, his voice breaking as he swiped again, only getting results from that and sticking with it. Fynx looked to be on the defensive, but with one faked punch, Marcus flinched and got blind sided with a left hook. The big guy yipped, the fight sucked right out of him as he brought his hands to his face to cower behind.

“God you’re pathetic,” Fynx wound up a good punch and landed it square in the bear’s gut. Marcus didn’t even flinch. Fynx’s eyes went wide as he realized the muscles in Marcus’s stomach were flexed.

“That’s right fuck face,” Marcus was angry as he gripped Fynx by his arm and yanked it back behind him and fell forward to pin the snow leopard down. “Get Houdini-ed!”

Fynx let out a feral screech as he started to fall, but of course he corrected himself just enough to only have half of him pinned.

“Get off me you fat cow!” Fynx snarled, kicking the bear’s side and causing Marcus to grunt as pain racked his side. He recoiled, just enough for the snow leopard to crawl out from underneath him. He got back up into a fighting stance.

“Son of a bitch,” Marcus huffed as he pulled himself up.

“That’s right, get back up,” Fynx smirked, his teeth glinting like smug daggers. “You like getting beat down, don’t you, you little bitch.”

“Shut up,” Marcus coughed, gripping his side. He didn’t know if one of his ribs was broken, but it hurt to breath in all the way.

“Fucking make me pansy,” Fynx chuckled. “The reason you never fuck her because that little prick isn’t even long enough to get past her pussy lips?”

“Shut up about him!” Marcus grunted and started running at Fynx again, this time angling his shoulder to slam right into the snow leopard. He didn’t dodge it completely, but not because he couldn’t. He spun around the back side of the bear, bearing his claws and raking them down his back as he ran by. Marcus shouted in pain as blood dripped down his back.

“You really are just a fucking simp for that pussy, aren’t you?” Fynx wasn’t letting up with his insults, needling the bear into frenzy. He could finish the bear off, Marcus was slowing down, his breathing labored and his stance sloppy. “I bet that’s why she left you, because you were some little bitch who just berried himself between that fag’s legs, not having the actual equipment needed to actually get into that pussy. Your tongue is the only thing that’s going to be able to get her off, not your little dicklet.”

“Shut UP!” Marcus screamed, swiping wildly as he came forward, his hands cycling, his claws slashing, but connecting with nothing but air. Then Fynx saw it, an opening. One powerful hook, connected with Marcus’s face, his eyes rolling into his skull as he fell onto the ground.

“Come on,” Fynx sniffed and shook the pain from his knuckles. “Can’t even take a real punch? What a fucking fag. Or are you just throwing this match because you know she can do so much better than a little cuck like you.”

Marcus groaned, his eyes coming back, unfocused as his brain sloshed back into place. Fynx wasn’t having any more of this one sided fight though, he kicked Marcus onto his stomach, the bear grunting in pain before he was pinned in a head lock.

“That’s right Gaylord, it’s fucking over. I got you right where I want to. Give up. Look at your fucking bitch as the light fades from your eyes.”

Marcus was looking Asher dead in the eyes, his hands trying to grip Fynx and claw his arms out of the way, but he just couldn’t get the right angle. His eyes bulged out of his head, the blood vessels popping as Fynx flexed and cut off more blood flow.

“Fynx! Stop! You’re going to kill him!”

“Not if he taps out,” Fynx smirked. “You hear that, even your bitch wants you to quit, you pathetic waist of a Y chromosome. Give up, or pass out, either way her ass is mine.” Fynx flexed a little harder, the light fading from Marcus’s eyes before he tapped the ground, the black bear’s hand fluttering in a last ditch effort to stop the darkness from closing in.

“He taps out,” Tooth answered. “Boss is the winner.”

“Fuck yeah I am,” Fynx snarled in Marcus’s ear before he let go. The bear gasped, heaving as he rolled onto his back. Bits of blood and sweat smeared and stained the cement flooring as he heaved. “Look at you, beaten and bruised,” Fynx spat on Marcus. “You aint shit! YOU AIN’T SHIT!” Fynx snarled and kicked the bear in his side, the black bear rolling over as he curled up into a ball.

“I’m sorry Asher,” Marcus whimpered, unable to look the drake in the eye as he sobbed. “I’m so sorry.”

“It’s not your fault Marcus,” Asher tried to comfort him.

“Oh, it’s his fault for being a fat piece of shit that can’t keep himself in shape enough to protect his bitch,” Fynx added, his breathing still heavy but even. “But you’re right about one thing. It’s not entirely his fault.”

Fynx snapped his fingers and Tooth came over and handed the golden key over to the snow leopard.

“It’s your fault too,” Fynx snarled as his tail flicked, his foot paws padding across the floor as he came to the lock and undid it. He threw the cage door open and gripped the drake by the chin and forced him to look the snow leopard in the eyes. Those orange warning flashers were ablaze with rage and dark with cruelty.

“None of this would have happened if it wasn’t for you, you stupid SKANK!” Fynx slapped the drake across the face, the drake giving a little yip. “You were doing so well, everything was falling into place, and you had to go and ruin it. What do you have to say for yourself?” Fynx gripped a fistful of Asher’s hair and forced him to look up again.

“I...I’m sorry...” Asher squeaked out. He could barely do it, his heat draining him of any strength, that slap tearing away any resistance he had. He just needed to lay down and take it, like a good doormat, like a good little house bunny, a good little seed bank, a fucking cum dumpster, a nut bucket, that’s all he was, and now more than ever.

“Not yet you’re not,” Fynx snarled, shoving the drake’s head down painful as he walked around. “But you fucking will be. I’ll give you a reminder that you won’t soon forget.” The snow leopard gripped

Asher's legs and forced them apart. There was no resistance, Asher had no strength to resist. His pussy gaped ever so slightly, a steady stream of fem juice trickling out between his legs, his pussy lips pink and swollen with need. The little hole winked, contracting with need to milk a mate's babies deep into that wanting womb.

"Get the loser in his chair. I want him to watch while I take his girl," Fynx purred darkly, his fingers coming up to pet that pussy.

It was lightning, it was ecstatic, it was pleasure incarnate. Asher gasped, screaming in need as he pushed back against those fingers. Every bump on those pads was like a tongue licking and playing with his sensitive petals. Asher felt like he was on edge already, his lips quivering, his legs shaking as his cunt soaked those powerful fingers. Fingers that were stained with the blood of an inferior man, a man that his mate beat into submission for breeding rights of his pussy. His abuser, his captor, his rapists! Asher's eyes became unfocused as he pushed back, his hips gyrating as he gave choked screams of pleasure, his lips desperately trying to suck those fingers in as his heat ravaged his mind.

"Fuck, you're ripe and ready," Fynx smiled. "Now, tell me little bitch boy. Who put that ninth mark on ya?"

"Meee! It was me," Asher's mind was ablaze with need. Nothing mattered more than pushing back, to take dick, to take cum, to be a good, submissive little slut for his mate and rapist. Anything he wanted, anything he desired, he would be whatever his mate and rapist wanted him to be if he promised to breed his hole.

"That's right, you really want my fucking cubs don't you, you stupid skank."

"Yes! Yes please!" Asher found a sudden wave of strength as he fought against his restraints, the metal chains and locks jingling and clanking as he tried to free himself so he could get lower. He wanted

to be at his mate's feet, to be worshipping him, to let him treat him like fuck trash and dirt, to belittle him and degrade him with words and love taps. He didn't care. Whatever it took to get pregnant. Whatever it took to get knocked up like some stupid whore. That's what he was for his mate and rapist, a dumb, breedable punching bag to drain his nuts and frustrations into. That's all that mattered was his nut, his nut going where it's supposed to, and if he's a good enough girl, a good enough bitch, maybe he'll cum inside.

Asher gargled as his pussy lips drooled on those fingers petting his pussy. Fynx hardly had to do anything. He was just petting those petals and already the drake's mind was poised to break. The weight of that heat was enough to crush anyone, and Asher was no exception. Far from it. If anything, he accepted the breaking of his resistance, his need to pull back and defend was gone. If his alter ego Ashly was somewhere, she was locked in a box, thrown in a trunk, and dumped in the deepest trench the little cunt boy could think of. She wouldn't be there to guide him out or away. He didn't want this, he needed it, and Asher couldn't be denied. Not when the promise of cubs were within arm's length.

Asher's mind was so gone he thought he heard those balls calling to him, the children demanding his womb. His idea of motherhood was a twisted gross fantasy of a bloated belly, the stretch marks accenting the scars from the hash marks. His belly bloated with massive cubs, the drake bedridden with the size of those strong sons that were spat into his womb. Those cubs trampling him from the inside, kicking him in his sleep, walking all over him before they're even born, spoiled brats as is their birthright. If he could, he'd find a way to make sure they were all Fynx and none of his bitch genetics. He wanted nothing more than to be a cum drunk slut, bathed in the superior nut of a man who treated him like absolute shit. Less than a toy and more like a dirty mag to bust his nut over.

"Look at you," Fynx purred darkly. "Already broken with just a little pet of that pussy. Can you feel that? That's just my fucking fingers. Bet Marcus never made you squirm this much."

“Never!” Asher screamed out, his voice hoarse from his heavy panting.

“You hear that Marcus? I can do more with two fingers, than you ever could with your entire body.” Fynx pulled his fingers away and spread them, a thick snail trail trying to hold them together. The snow leopard licked between them, the juices filling his nose with the warm, fresh smell of bitch heat.

Asher grappled with his urges, his mind a roaring inferno of need. It was like the heat from his womb was searing his brain, cooking it in his desperate desire to breed. He came too and gasped, looking up. Just outside the cage Marcus had been sat down on the swivel chair, Tooth and Nail keeping him from leaving or looking away.

“Marcus...no...I didn’t mean—OH fuck yes!” Asher felt like a puppet being toyed with, Fynx’s fingers slipping into his pussy to gently paly and toy with his love button. “Fuck yes Mister Fynx! Yes! Make me your bitch! Please! I’m your good little fucking fag brood whore! Fucking fuck me! Fuck meEE!”

Asher’s mind was lost to him as Fynx simply played with the dragon’s pussy. A dark grin playing on Fynx’s muzzle.

“Now, be a good girl and tell me the truth.”

“YES! Anything!” Asher screamed.

“Do you love Marcus?”

“FUCK NO!” Asher shuddered, a flash of his face turning to normal contorted in regret before melting back into ecstasy.

“Good girl,” Fynx purred. Asher screamed as his pussy popped, thick gushing spray splattered the floor. “Fuck, you like it when I call you a good girl, don’t you?”

“Y-Y-YES! Treat me like DIRT! Use me! Please! Whatever you want! I’ll be your good girl! You’re good, good girl for you please! Whatever you want! Just please make me your bitch! Make me your brood whore! I just need that fucking nut!”

“Damn, needy little skank, huh,” Fynx smirked. “So back in high school, you loved when I treated you like the fag you are?”

“Yes! It’s my place as a fucking pussy boi to be your punching bag!”

“Good girl, now, would you have let me use you back then?”

“Yes! Whenever you wanted! I don’t care if I’d have to suck your dick in class! I’d snort your fucking cum off your cock if it meant I could be your bitch! I’d have been a teen mom ten times fucking over!”

“So, when you landed with a pansy like Marcus, did you ever think you’d love him?”

“N-N-N...” Asher’s eyes focused, his mind fighting it, but Fynx snarled and moved his fingers faster.

“Answer the question you dumb bitch.”

“NEVER! I never could have loved such a weak man! He’s not like you! It was always you! You treated me just like I needed to be treated! The way I was BORN to be treated! Like dirt! Like fuck trash! FUCKING RAPE MEAT!”

“And the truth comes out,” Fynx pulled his fingers out and Asher wined with need before he opened his eyes and saw Marcus there. The black bear’s face was shaking from the sobs he was biting back, tears streaming down his face.

“Marcus...please...I didn’t mean it...AAAH!” Asher cut himself off with a whorish scream as Fynx slapped his ass. That cheek jostling and glowing pink with that hand print.

“Oh come off it Ashly,” Fynx purred. “You never liked the guy. That’s probably why you never let him smash. You knew he was nothing compared to a real man.”

Marcus sniffed, his cock twitching like mad before milky pre oozed from it. Asher’s eyes went wide and Fynx gave a cocky sneer.

“You really are a little cuck fucker, aint ya?”

“N-No,” Marcus squeaked out.

“Don’t make me get Nail involved again,” Fynx glared at the bear.

“Yes! Y-Yes! I’m...I’m just a worthless cuck,” Marcus was gritting his teeth, trying to hold the words back as tears continued to roll down his muzzle.

“Glad you could admit it,” Fynx purred. “As reward for your honesty, I’m going to give you a front row seat to the cucking of your worman.”

“He’s...” Marcus stopped.

“What was that, Wide Load?” Fynx smirked. “Might want to speak up or Nail will have to show you some manners on keeping secrets from the fight club.”

“He’s not a she,” Marcus shook as he spoke, fear filling his bones.

“Wanna bet?”

Fynx gripped Asher's hips, his claws digging in as causing Asher to give a half wine half scream. The drake's tail quivered up and out of the way so Fynx could just look at that sexy, tight ass and those dripping lips.

"Sure looks like a skank to me," Fynx purred. "Dripping cunt and all. Now, I don't fuck dude s, so why don't you drop the woke bullshit and just admit it. Ashly is a girl."

Marcus bit his lip and wined. Fynx nodded to Nail and he punched Marcus across the face.

"Tell me I can have your woman, or I'll have them take you out back and keep punching till the ambulance comes."

"Y-You..." Marcus looked at Asher, the drake's eyes glazed over as he was man handled. "You can have my woman."

"Fuck yeah, I've been waiting for this. For nine, fucking years you dumb skank." Fynx ran his hips forward, his barbs teasing those pussy lips as he had his hips flush with that ass. Asher's thighs instinctively came together and it looked like he had a decent dick with how Fynx's cock throbbed between them. Juices dripped over that cock as he gently thigh fucked Asher, his barbs raking his inner thighs.

"OH fuck yes!" Asher gasped, his tongue lulling out. He couldn't fight the heat anymore if he wanted to. It was too intense. It was like his brain shut off every time Fynx even grazed his pussy. And those barbs were mean, lightly scratching his petals and causing sparks to fly across his mind.

"God, you're such a fucking slut," Fynx growled, lustfully, his claws raking the sides of Asher and causing blood to well up around the shallow cuts. "Just imagine, you could have been in this position a lot earlier if you didn't disobey me like a stupid skank."

“Yes Mister Fynx,” Asher gasped, rocking his hips back and forth shakily, squeezing his thighs weakly to try and stimulate his rapist into breeding him. “I’m just a stupid skank. A stupid slut who needs to be told what to do. Please! Please use me, make me your cub bucket!”

Fynx smirked as he rolled his hips back, the head of that cock coming back to tease that hole, push forward, and bounce out and back through Asher’s thighs, teasing him, torturing the little drake.

“You want it? Right baby? You want that dick, don’t you?”

“Yes Mister Fynx!”

“You want my cubs, you want this dick?”

“Everything! Please! Fuck MEEEEEEEEEEYEEAAASSSSSS!” Asher’s words bled together as the thick helmet of that cock pressed against his entrance and slipped it. That barbed monster slipped further and further into his hot pussy.

“Fuck baby girl, you’re fucking sopping. You fagging over me that hard huh? I bet you were even thinking of me when you were with Marcus, huh you dirty little bitch.”

“Yes,” Asher couldn’t control his words. It was like that dick wasn’t just sinking into his sopping folds, but into his brain. The drake couldn’t think unless Fynx told him to. He couldn’t respond or say anything unless Fynx willed it. Then Asher let out a whorish moan as that dick bottomed out, that head kissing and drooling right up against that cervix. Fynx gave a deep purr.

“Fuck, that bottom is a lot spongier than the last time I was in here,” Fynx smirked at Marcus. “Yeah, he’s been riding my dick. How does it feel to have my dick back where it belongs baby girl?”

“Fuck! Yes! It’s the best! I can feel you working the trenches you’ve already raked into my walls, those barbs are so fucking good! So fucking AAAHHH!” Asher screamed in pleasure, his pussyclenching

down as Fynx pulled back, his barbs raking those walls as his head pulled away from the burning heat of that soft cervix.

“Good girl,” Fynx purred cupping one of those ass cheeks and petting the drake’s asshole with his thumb. “That’s right, you dumb faggot, know your place. A fucking cock sock for your betters.”

“Yes Fynx! Yes! I’m just a hole! A fuckable punching bag doormat!”

“That’s right!” Fynx thrust hard, his cock smacking that cervix and nearly slipping in, the bulge visible against Asher’s stomach as that cock head throbbed in the depths of Asher’s heat. “Just a hole! It’s my world, and you have the privilege, the honor, of getting me hard. You’re going to deal with every one of my boner’s you’ve caused. Every fucking nut that never went into that skank ass, that tight pussy. It’s your fault for coming off as a fag, but if I knew that’s just because you wanted to be treated that way, I would have done more. So much fucking more. I would have made you bleed, I would have made you gush over the thought of me every night as you licked your cuts and bruises you dumb fucking skank.”

Fynx was rolling his hips back and forth, his tail flicking behind him as his cock raked that quivering pussy before plunging back in and spitting more of his prenut into that open womb. He wanted to work that cervix open, to really make sure there was nothing between those eggs and his bastards.

Fynx widened his stance, his foot claws digging into the cement as he laid into that pussy, Asher a drooling mess as his heat was assaulted right where it needed to be. Every time that cock head smashed his cervix, it would send a shockwave up into his body, his heart skipping a beat. Would this be the time it wouldn’t pull back? Would this be the moment he became a mother? Fulfilled his purpose as

his mate's cub dump? It was maddening euphoria that melted his brain. Asher couldn't form words as drool dripped from his maw, his teeth biting so hard on his lip that blood trickled down his jaw.

The stockade rattled and shook with the force of Fynx's thrusts, those hips digging deep, those cheeks clapping, precum and pussy juices dripping in strands between the snow leopard and the drake as he staked his claim. That pussy ablaze with the promise of eggs to be taken, and Fynx wouldn't be denied.

"Hey cuck! Get down there!" Fynx ordered. Before Marcus could comprehend what was happening Tooth and Nail pushed the chair forward, the bear falling forward into the slop of pussy juice and precum drippings. Marcus recovered and looked up. He was right at crotch level with Asher's sex. It was pink, red, puffy, and stimulated beyond what it should. A little blood came out from those barbs marking that pussy again, but Marcus watched as the image of Fynx's cock plunged in and reappeared as a bulge where Asher's womb was. That thick foot long cock, that wrist thick bitch breaker was sinking in with the lubricated ease of a slut dripping in heat. The individual barbs of that cock could be seen as he ground his hips deep, the little bumps pushing and stimulating those pussy walls as he worked that cervix open while his knot stretched those pussy lips.

"I..." Marcus didn't know what to say, he was memorized. There was something else behind the potent bitch stink, there was the musk of a man, a real man, an alpha who was claiming a skank in his harem. The dominance pheromones filled Marcus's nostrils and mixed with the heat from Asher, his mind short circuited. He leaned in, his nose pressing against that clit and slurping it, his tongue lulling over that little bullet as Fynx's heavy nuts slapped his chin.

"FAAA!!!" Asher screamed, his pussy gushing as that tentative tongue lulled over his cunt. In Asher's mind it was a strange form of Marcus giving consent for the better male, the dominant male, to breed his bitch. In that moment, Asher wasn't a person, but an object, a piece of meat these two men

were fighting over, and one of them won in a landslide. One was slamming away at his sexy silk while the other was forced to suck on his clit, a muzzle not even worthy of sucking the real man's cock.

"Fuck yeah! Gush for me you fucking pussy boi! Fuck yeah fagot! Fucking squirt for me! Fucking Christian Fynx!"

"YY-Y-Yes!" Asher screamed through his orgasm as Marcus continued to flick his tongue over that clit, licking over that as Fynx continued to tea-bag him while sinking his dick deep into those depths, calming the bear's bitch for his own.

"That's right cuck! Fucking lick that shit! It's as close as you've ever gotten, and it's as close as you're ever going to get! Fucking brush my nuts with your beard hair you stupid faggot! Fuck yeah! Make me nut! You aren't a man, you're just some fucking fat ass fag who's only use is scratching my fucking balls! Take it you stupid skanks!"

Fynx snarled, his hips a blur as they slapped that pussy, Marcus forced into a submissive trance as he lapped at that clit, his movements jerky with how he had to keep up with Fynx's thrusts. Asher was a screaming, dripping mess as his high school bully, his rapist, his abuser demanded more from him.

This wasn't just a smash and dash, this wasn't just a fuck, this was a *breeding*. This nut was going to bust in him and he had no say. The only person that could have stopped it was beaten to a pulp and broken into the bull's cuck. No, this was a life ruining experience, and Asher knew it. He knew that cock beating his insides was going to ruin his life. He couldn't take care of one cub, let alone nine. No, Fynx was going to ruin his life with the most deadly weapon he had.

His heavy, massive, bitch subduing balls!

Fynx snarled and slammed further, his knot fully formed and demanding entry into that hole.

“Fuck yes! I’m going to fucking ruin your life you stupid skank! Your ass is mine! I’m going to blast my fucking brats deep inside you, and you’re going to keep them, aren’t you skank!”

“Yes! Whatever you want Mister Fynx!”

“Fuck yes! Help me breed your bitch you worthless cuck!”

Marcus didn’t know what to do with that, but he wasn’t going to let the pack Alpha down. His hands came up to Asher’s cheeks and helped spread them, Asher’s legs spreading further apart as Marcus’s fingers gripped the edges of that pussy to pry it as far open as he could while Fynx continued to slap that bear’s face with his nutsack. He ramed hard, his knot beating that pussy, prying it open little by little with his angry and powerful thrusts.

“Yes! Here it comes you stupid skank! Just tell me you don’t want it and I’ll pull back!”

“NO! Don’t pull out! Breed me! Fuck me! Nut in me! Ruin me! I’m Nothing! Your fucking bastards mean more to this world than my fucking future! Destroy me! Breed me! AAAH!” Fynx no longer needed to hold Asher’s hips, so he reached forward and yanked back the drake by the hair as he put one foot on Marcus’s back to get better leverage.

“Fuck you’re tight! Wider you bitch! I’m going to tie with you if it fucking kills you!” Fynx slammed his hips harder, his short, jabbing strokes shaking the drake and the stockade as he rammed forward. His knot still mostly outside of Asher and demanding entrance. “Come on you fucking bitch! Open for my nut! Open for my fucking knot! Pull harder cuck!”

Marcus whimpered, those balls bouncing against his chin as he gripped Asher’s cheeks harder, his claws pulling wide and hooking into those petals as that knot demanded more of the drake than he could handle.

"Please! Get it inside me! Please! Tear me in half!" Asher screamed.

"Call me by my name you dumb skank! Call out to me while I fucking make you a single, fucking mom! Take my FUCKING BASTARDS!"

Fynx slammed forward, his knot sinking in with a loud and squelching pop. Asher came instantly, his cunt clamping down on that knot as that cock head pried his cervix open and locked behind it. There was nothing between him and Fynx's nut. No hymen, no condom, no diaphragm, no pill, no plan B in sight. A direct pipeline from those nuts to that womb. That dick head was gorging with blood and oozing pre directly into his most intimate and fully exposed places.

"Do it Christian! Fucking spit it in me! Disrespect my fucking cunt! Cum in me!" Fynx screamed through his orgasm, his own words echoing off the walls and back in his mind. Just then Ashly's voice came screaming through.

NO!

"YES!" Fynx screamed. It was too late, there was no holding back. Fynx's cock head swelled, a thick stream of cloudy pre was oozing from that tip as his powerful balls drew up to drop his brats off at the gene pool. Marcus even helped their ascent, his tongue lulling over those nuts as they drew up, his talented tongue lulling over both to warm them, to give his blessing, to pray at that alter of virility, and to officially hand over any breeding rights he may have had. If those balls could have drawn up any higher, they would be inside Fynx, but they were simply too large. Marcus could see Fynx's taint flex into action, an actual snap of that muscle could be heard as the cum smacked into the pre already in his cum pipe in some seamen traffic jam before launching forward. That cum pipe distended, Asher could feel it like a long tongue snaking its way up to his womb before it lurched.

Asher gasped, he felt it, a powerful smack against the back of his womb.

Fynx roared, his claws raking over Asher's side, his fist gripping his hair harder like the reins of a horse as he leaned into his orgasm, thrusting hard as thick shot after shot spat into that womb. His foot claws dug into the small of Marcus's back as he thrust.

"FUCK YES! TAKE IT! YOUR LIFE IS OVER YOU STUPID BITCH! FUCK YEAH! TAKE MY NUT! TAKE MY FUCKING NUT! YOU STUPID FUCKING BITCH!" Fynx screamed as thick shot after shot bulged Asher's stomach. Each shot was so strong that Marcus could see it, fucking hear it colliding into the previous load. Each time Fynx's prostate wetly crunched, pumping more of his kids into Asher's unprotected depths, he could see the head of that cock and the jet pushing at the drake's skin. The outline of Fynx's cock got softer, the barbs smoothing out as the sheer volume of that cum flooded Asher's love tunnel.

"Y-Yes..." Asher moaned, the blazing heat instantly turning into pleasure. It was like his veins were alight, like he just shot up with something strong enough to make his pain vanish and replace it with a soothing pleasure. Every ounce of pain, every burning sensation melted into a sense of such deep satisfaction that it was beyond euphoric. He couldn't see. He was just a receptacle fulfilling its purpose as shot after dousing shot of cum expunged the burning heat.

Then Fynx chuckled.

"Fuck yeah," He snapped his fingers, letting go of Asher's head and letting it slump down. Tooth came over with a lit cigar and the glass of whisky from upstairs. "Thank me boys. I'm going to be a daddy."

"Good on ya Boss," Tooth and Nail said in unison as though this wasn't the first time this had happened.

"Yeah," Marcus moaned before giving a little cry of pain as Fynx scratched his back with his foot claws.

“No one asked you cuck! Now keep sucking my nuts! I want you to taste me making your bitch a mother.” Fynx took a sip and sighed as Marcus got back to sucking those bouncing balls. “That’s right. I ain’t done seeding your skank yet. Keep it going as long as you can you dumb faggot.”

Asher could hardly hold himself up, his hips coming down to rest on Marcus’s head as he gargled on Fynx’s nut sack while it seeded him.

“I’m...just...sum dumb...” Asher mumbled, drool dripping from his maw. “A dumb...dumb slut...AH!”

“Hey, no one said you could talk. I don’t need your cock holster right now, so stop flapping it,” Fynx demanded. “We’re far from done here. Don’t go begging for round two until I tell you.” Asher’s entire body practically jostled as Fynx’s cock lurched inside him, never growing soft with all the bitch stink in the air. “We have a long weekend ahead of us. My arraignment isn’t until Tuesday. Hope you two can survive till then.”

“Yes...Christian...” Asher moaned.

“Good girl,” Fynx smirked. “But you can call me Daddy from now on. All my pregnant skanks do.”

“D-Daddy...” Asher moaned, his hips gently working back, but Fynx gripped the base of his tail, causing the drake to squeak out a little yip of pain.

“That doesn’t mean you’re any less of a skank,” Fynx snarled. “I make the rules you dumb slut.” He sipped his whisky then shattered the glass on the floor before sticking the stogie in his muzzle and thrusting again, his knot still fully tied as he milked his dick.

“Yes! Yes Daddy!” Asher’s body buzzed like he just shot up again, his pussy quivering as his rapist made sure to keep him in his place.

“That’s right, and you keep sucking my nuts fag boi,” Fynx demanded. “I’m not pulling out till I’m damn sure you’re good and pregnant.”

And so the day went on, the two in a haze, never leaving that basement as the stink of sex kept them in a constant state of euphoria. The days passed and not once did Asher hear Ashly’s voice in his head. Maybe she abandoned him, or maybe he killed her, either way, he was riding dick, and that’s all he wanted.

To be Fynx’s good little girl. His breeding bitch. His...mmm! Brood mare.