

Pheromones and Dragon Scales

Chapter 13: Bigger and Badder

(Max)

There was an alarm going off, but it was so faint and slow. Methodical, rhythmic beeps that cut through the darkness. I didn't want to open my eyes. Everything in the outside world was complicated and I didn't want to remember. I didn't want to face it. It was so much easier to keep my eyes closed and my mind shrouded in darkness. Regardless, I could feel my eyes working their way open like some hatchling pecking away at its shell. I knew my eyes were going to open, I knew they were going to put me back into reality, but I wouldn't wedge them shut either. That was just as bad.

That beeping was like the swinging of a hypnotists watch but instead of making my lids heavier, they got lighter with each little blip that went by. Lighter and lighter until a glaring blade split across my vision and made me wince. I took in a sharp breath, clenching my teeth as I lifted my hand to block the light.

But that wasn't my hand.

I blinked a few times, my pupils adjusting as I looked at that hand. It was obeying my commands, but...that couldn't be my hand, could it? It was thick, the fingers muscular and square. I flipped it to see my palm, the scales like armor on them and the onyx claws vicious yet elegant. I flexed each finger, watching as the bones beneath pushed up against the back of my hand. It was perfection in every sense of the word. Then, when I turned it, it caught the light at just the right angle where that rainbow sheen glistened against my scales. It was glorious.

I opened my eyes further, grunting as I sat up. I was back in the hospital room...again...I was so sick of fucking hospital rooms.

“Fucking hell...” I paused. Was that my voice? It was so deep and husky. It was...sexy. “Holy shit, is that my voice?” There it was again, only a hint of my high tenor was left, being brought to the surface by my surprise, but was quickly washed away by the new rolling tambour. I brought my hand up to my neck and flinched as I bumped into my Adam’s apple. It was thick and pronounced. I swallowed, feeling that lump bob as the tendons around my neck flexed.

“This can’t be real,” I sat up, the blanket rolling off my chest and revealing the nightgown they had me in. I went to remove it, but found my left finger had a sensor clipped to it. I rolled my eyes and pulled it off, much to the machineries protest, but that wasn’t my concern. I gripped the nape of the gown and tried to pull it up, but it got caught on the back of my jaw. I huffed, and put my hand there, feeling new horns having formed on my jaw line to make it more angular, almost like sideburns. I tried to lift it a few more times before I gave up and gripped the nape of that fabric and tugged. It snapped with hardly any effort, and I could see why.

As the gown fell from my chest I saw the shelf of powerful muscle. I had massive black man tits protruding out and pushing my nipples down. I rolled my shoulders, the cannonball sized muscles rippling with their definition before sweeping down to the double peak of my biceps and horseshoe triceps. I blinked, my jaw hanging open as I took one hand to grip my bicep and flexed. My claws were forced open as that muscle bounced into definition.

“No way,” I breathed out. I leaned back and looked down over my pecs to see the eight pack abs, my belly button popped out from how tight they were packed against those muscles. “My god...” I rolled a hand over those angry abs and brought my hand up to my pec, only to give a shuddering gasp as

my sensitive nipple greeted my meaty paw. I gave a low hiss as my cock throbbed, the blankets over my lap jostling as my pipe of a dick revealed it's virility and girth.

I glanced over at the wall of windows and threw my sheets off and padded my way over, my toe claws clicking against the floor. As the light of the sun struck my scales I felt it's warmth deep in my bones, but more importantly, it revealed my reflection. Standing before that glass pane was a college stud in his prime. I gasped, putting my hand against the glass and touching my reflection. I was huge, massive, tall, maybe not as bulky as the Cob brothers, but definitely taller. I started my ogling at the crown of my head where two proud dragon horns sprouted, my muzzle was so much more square, my jaw so sharp it could cut glass, and made sharper by the horns growing out at the edge of my jaw. A duo of spikes formed on both sides of my maw, one to accent my cheek bones and the other to sharpen the hinge of my jaw. I smiled, my teeth sexy, bright white, and vicious all at the same time. Such a wolfish grin. I lifted my arms and did a double bicep pose, my biceps bouncing and shoulders bunching to show off years of work that I had gained overnight. My lats spread out like wings, only to accompany my actual wings as they unfurled behind me, spreading wider than they ever had before. Even the arms of my wings were thick with muscle, the hands and fingers thicker than before between the black webbing.

I continued down to my bulky chest and abs, like an eight pack of eggs just below my tight skin and soft underbelly scales. My Adonis belt was cut to perfection, creating gorgeous cum gutters down to the thick rod that was pulling down on my crotch. It was so cut and defined the skin formed tendons rolling up to that shaft.

And what a shaft!

It was pulsing up to full mass, a foot long bitch breaker with ribbed scales and crowned with barbs along the head. The knot was a thick bulb of power at its base and was now lined with armor like barbs. My duo of baseball sized nuts hung low, pulling my sack taught and bouncing as I flexed my dick.

I moved my hands to my hips, feeling my powerful teardrop thighs and my thumbs brushing over the my thick ass. My tail lashed out behind me like a whip, armored spikes forming down it and turning to nasty looking barbs at the tip. My feet looked massive, slightly larger than they should be to show I was still far from finished growing. I gave a little huff, flames licking at my nostrils. I didn't even try to use fire, it was so effortless.

"Glad to see you're finally awake, Master."

I smirked and turned to see Doctor Viren and Alex. I smiled and huffed flames out of my nostrils.

"Good to be awake," I answered. I watched their reaction to my voice roll down their bodies. Their cocks in their slacks throbbing. "How long have I been out?"

"You slept peacefully through the night," Viren smiled, nodding his approval.

"We ran some tests too," Alex spoke up. "We examined your heart and the findings are quite promising."

"No heart issues?" I cocked a brow.

"None that we could find," Viren answered. "It appears that your orgasms are so intense that you just black out from them. That might be a problem going forward, but it's at least not as severe as we originally thought."

"That's good," I smirked. I had no idea where all this confidence was coming from. It was like weights had been lifted from my shoulders and shackles unchained from my heart. Is this how hot people felt? I mean, I look like a model for fucking playgirl! Of course a new sense of confidence comes with that. "How are you two doing? How is everyone else?"

“They went home,” Alex reassured. “Ajani made sure everyone got home safe and is setting up security detail at the mansion for you while I handle things here.”

“Good,” I nodded.

“We know it’s not our place, but,” Viren paused before continuing, looking for any hint of disapproval that never came. “But why did the Blue Dragon let you go?”

“It’s a long story, but for now, come here,” I smiled and pointed to the ground before me.

The two obeyed, their loafers clicking against the tile. I got a nice rush as I realized I was eye to eye with Alex, my cock throbbing as I noticed I had to tilt my head down slightly. Fuck it felt good to be tall and smoking hot!

“Good boys,” I murred in my deep tambour. Both the lion and the otter gave little mewling sounds, their legs coming together as their tails rose. “Oh, does it feel good when I call you good boys?” I decided to tease them, lifting my hands and cupping the sides of their faces, my thumbs brushing their lips tenderly as I looked at one and then the other. “Speak,” I said the order gently, letting it part my lips like I was letting the word simply flutter out of my mouth like a butterfly on the wind.

“Yes,” they both tensed up, not wanting to disappoint.

“So you two have been taking very good care of me, haven’t you,” I smirked. “What happened to the Cob brothers?”

“They are at the mansion with Ajani,” Viren answered, almost purring as he nuzzled into that hand.

“Good,” I smirked.

“There is something you should know—”

“Shhhhhh,” I silenced Alex by putting my thumb on his lips. “That can wait.” Fuck it felt good to have them as putty in my hands. The power and control I had over these two absolute knockouts was intoxicating. “There’ll be time for that, but first, I want to take this new body out for a spin. Do you two think you can help me with that?”

I didn’t wait for them to answer and I simply let my thumbs slip into their muzzles. The two started sucking on those digits, their eyes going half sheathed. It was so surreal, standing there, having those two men suckle on my thumbs, each distinctly different. Viren opened his muzzle up, his hot breath rolling over that digit as that velvety appendage lapped and lulled over my thick and muscular tongue. Alex on the other hand wrapped his lips around my deepest knuckle, his coarse tongue nursing gently and tugging harmlessly at the armored scales while his lips worked over my flesh. I gave a deep murr, the sound like rolling thunder as flames licked at my lips. I let the hot air roll out of my nose as I extinguished the flames.

“Good boys,” I murred, both of them moaning, their knees shaking, their spines tingling. Wait...how did I know their spines were tingling?

BAM!

My breath hitched in my throat as my vision blurred, overlapping with other visions. Visions of myself, with my finger in their maw? It suddenly became very clear what I was seeing. I was seeing things through their eyes. A wave of nausea washed over me as it took a moment to realize what was happening, but as soon as I focused, it became very clear and crisp, like I was at a command station looking at multiple monitors and not having to strain. It felt new and a little jerky, but I could tell this

power was fresh and weak like an unworked muscle, but the fact I could process three times as much visual data and not vomit was a feat in itself.

It wasn't just visual sensations either. I could taste my own thumbs, feel the way my slave's spines tingled at my touch and how my words made them shiver to their cores. And was that how I smelled to them? Fuck, that musk! It was like burnt cedar, sandalwood, and a whiff of sweat. I instinctively took a deep breath through my nose to catch it, but it wasn't there, but as soon as I did, both Alex and Viren took deep breaths.

"Fuck, that's the stuff," I sighed, tasting the musk on their tongues. "Am I really that manly?"

The two of them nodded, completely enthralled, both pitching a darkening tent.

"Lose the clothes," I let the words part my lips again, smoothly and with that deep rumble.

They complied, nodding while sucking and huffing on my thumbs, their tongues getting more fervent. Alex's tongue going so far as to lap at my palm as they got down to their birthday suits. I gave an approving murr before pulling Alex closer. I removed my hand from his maw and brushed his cheek with it, smearing his own drool over his whiskers as my fingers laced into his brown mane. I pulled the doctor into a kiss, my tongue lulling into his muzzle.

It was sinfully decadent. The smell of my pheromones and the taste of my own tongue made Alex's tongue flutter and his fur stand on end as he purred. My tongue lulled deeper and deeper into that maw until I felt the broken lion gag as I slapped his tonsils. How long was my tongue now? I pulled back and swirled my tongue around his, flittering it about as our lips smacked and drool dribbled from the corners of our muzzles.

I was pulled from that kiss as I felt my thumb being sucked expertly. I broke with Alex's lips and I turned to Viren.

“Don’t worry, I haven’t forgotten about my favorite otter,” I did the same maneuver and pulled him close, then moved my thumb to his cheek to cup his face and press my lips against his. I had to lean down a little, my thick neck allowing me plenty of clearance to do so. Alex didn’t take the reprieve sitting down though and ran his lips along my neck, his feline fangs brushing my sensitive scales.

“Fuck, bite me,” I murred before going back to Viren’s maw.

Alex didn’t need to be told twice. He opened his muzzle and tenderly nipped at a few tendons until one struck a chord right down my spine. I gave a shuddering gasp as that rough feline tongue lapped at that sensitive string like a bow on a violin. The lion’s sweet licks elicited a moaning chorus and a guttural groan that was like the soft roar of a beast. I arched my neck back into that attentive maw, flames licking at my lips. Viren wouldn’t be outdone though as he slowly maneuvered his head to my nipples. My groan hitched in my throat as my nipple came alight with that talented tongue. A straight man as caring as him knew how to work some sensitive tits.

Pre instantly dribbled from my nipples, clear liquid dripping from them and rolling down my onyx chest and glistening like tears. As soon as one sensation was about to overwhelm, the next would pull me away as Alex played with that sensitive string on my neck while Nathan suckled at my nip. I could feel every nub and ridge of my nipple being flicked and toyed with. The slick dripping from them and the roll of the drool from that otter’s muzzle was as evident as going down a gravel road with shot to shit shocks. Alex was lulling and grooming me like I was some bitch ready to lay, his hands coming up to my free pec and messaging in, the folds of his palm pinching and tweaking my leaking nipple.

Nathan bit down and I hissed, but he didn’t stop. The sudden shock of pain unfolded into a lapping bath of love. How pain and pleasure were so closely tied I would never know, but Viren got a mouthful of pre for that, a thick stream squirting into his muzzle that he promptly drank down before going back to pleasing me.

Then I felt it, their hands went to my cock, my rock hard member dripping my essence onto the floor. The both stroked it and my knees almost buckled. The new armored barbs were like the ones on the crown of my dick. It unleashed a torrent of pleasure, lighting up pleasure points I wasn't used to. It was like they found a chink in my armor and were relentlessly digging into it as they stroked my dick in unison.

Alex's large paw came to my thick cheeks, spreading them as his middle finger teased my hole. Instantly my pucker squirted out a healthy amount of lube, the slick rolling down my taint and dripping off my low hanging nuts. They didn't need words. Alex kept my cheeks spread while Nathan moved his free hand between my cheeks, getting his digits all slicked up before letting them slide home into my hole. He slipped his fingers in, going past multiple rings and pressing deep against one. I gasped as he entered. Each ring was like a prostate, but with each one touched it compounded the feeling, my dick lurching and shooting a thick stream of pre, my prostate a strong muscle that propelled my jizz several feet forward.

"Fuck that feels amazing," I groaned just in time for my dick to lurch so hard my toes flexed. "Holy shit. I-I think I just saw stars."

The pleasure was building and reaching that peak fast, but I knew my body better now. I knew it wouldn't end there. It would refuse to end. No, he needed to kick things up a notch.

I gripped Alex by his scruff and threw him down, my more powerful body easily able to man handle the lion now.

"M-Master! I'm sorry! Did I do—"

"Shhhh," I put my finger against Alex's lips as I straddled his shredded chest. "If you were in trouble, I assure you, you'd know."

My tail hiked up before curling around Alex's foot long destroyer. It wasn't as large as Chad's, but it would have to do. I spread my cheeks, the crimson red scales parting to reveal my black, glistening pucker. I pushed back and that barbed lion dick sank into it with ease. I arched my back, my hands gripping Alex's chest hair as my silent "O" face grew wider and wider with each ring his shaft slid past. Each time he passed a rib, my cock would reward him with a thick blast of pre on his chin. I eased myself down until I was fully seated, my ass still feeling like it could take more as that head pressed against another ring and tingled with need. I gave a contented sigh as I started to rock my hips back and forth.

"Nathan," I turned my neck to the otter standing next to me. "Don't think I haven't forgotten about your sexy ass. Get over here," I demanded, my topaz eyes glaring at him with the sultriest look I could muster.

He came, his cock throbbing and shooting thick ropes of cum onto the floor.

"Cumming so soon Nathan? Do I turn you on that much?" I reached out a hand and guided him closer. I sat up, my feet pressed firmly on the ground as Nathan straddled Alex's chest, facing me.

"I can't help it, Master...you're just...so fucking hot," Viren replied as he spread his legs. I gripped his ass cheeks and moved them closer. "I mean. You're just so big and fucking sexy. Will you even fit in me anymore?"

"We'll make room," I huffed, flames licking at my lips and I gave the cute otter a little wink.

His knees buckled as he fell on my cock. I couldn't help but chuckle.

"I'm sorry, I can do better," Nathan shouted, his knees jell-o.

"Nathan, no, stop, you're," I stifled my laughing just long enough to grab him and support him, my chest wobbling with my contained laughter. "You're doing just fine you dork."

“But I need to be my best for you,” Nathan looked away. I wasn’t going to have any of that. I took his muzzle and pulled him into a kiss.

“You just keep your sexy back arched and I’ll do the work here. You ready down there Alex?”

The dean of medicine had become a purring puddle beneath me, the vibrations rolling up my ass and into my balls. It was so good that it made it hard to talk, but I wouldn’t be outdone by my slaves. I gripped Nathan’s ass cheeks, that cake welling up between my fingers as I thrust into him, my hips smacking over and over as I came back down, crashing on my rings of pleasure.

“Holy fuck yes! Fuck YES!” I growled, my thighs burning with exertion as I started to plop up and down on that proud lion dick and sink my dragon spire deep into those otter cheeks. Thick wet plopping and slapping filled the air as my hole clenched on that lion cock, gripping every barb and pulsing vein, each rib busting with pleasure and oozing my pre over it. My ass cheeks had become a stringy mess in no time, strands of my need glazing my powerful globes as they bounced on that dick while my spire of man meat dug into Nathan. My cock would plunge in and rake back on my barbs, both Nathan and me moaning and screaming in pleasure as it built and boiled.

“Fuck yes! Fuck yeah, you’re both my good fucking boys! Fuck yes! YEsss! YEEEEESSSS!!!”

The pleasure was building fast, my toe claws digging into the tile beneath me as I ramped up. Then, our minds connected. Both Alex and Nathan screamed, knowing how much pleasure this was giving me. It was other-worldly, godly levels of pleasure. They came, and as they did, I could see it. My pheromones working through them. Their eyes rolled into their skulls as their muscles seized up, flexed, and rolled out. Flexing, bulging and becoming slightly more defined, more asthetic. I could even feel those ass cheeks push my claws apart a bit more as they swelled in my hands.

“Fuck yes! Grow for me! Fucking grow my slaves!” I thrust deep, my balls churning before bouncing.

It was like a mortar had gone off. Pleasure rocked me so hard, every one of my muscles flexed. I could actually watch my veins roll up my body, each fiber of muscle rolling, each striation ripple as it washed up from my dick and to my brain. I roared, my maw opening up and screeching as rainbow flames shot out over the ceiling, burning the drop downs and melting the metal holding them together. I didn't care. I was in that world of white, my ass squirting on that cock as my ribs clenched and milked that dick for every drop of cum and my cock spewed what felt like a quart of jizz deep into Nathan.

And all the while they grew. Alex's cock dug a little deeper, breaking that final ring of throbbing muscle and compounding my orgasm. Nathan had a solid six pack now, his pecs coming in nicely as he screamed in orgasm.

The world of white was a bit different now though. It was more like an overlay than a blazing white new plane of existence. I felt more in control than I ever had, and I kept thrusting through it. The blazing pleasure roaring between the three of us...but not just the three of us.

All over the city my servants stopped, their bodies seizing up as they came, their bodies flexing and getting tighter, their definition getting deeper by proxy.

Then I came rushing back into my own head. It was like getting a flash of a bird's eye view and then immediately crashing to the ground. Nausea washed over my stomach and I almost wretched, but I kept it down.

“Holy shit, what a fucking boner killer,” I gasped, falling back, my head resting at Alex's larger feet. Damn, those feet were big before, but hell.

I suddenly felt that tongue on my sole, my toes flexing and fanning as Alex licked over my thick sole. Pleasure tingled up my spine as the sweat between my toes was lapped away, the strain of fucking like that being worked out as he messaged them.

“Don’t worry Master, we got you and we won’t ever let you go again,” Nathan murred, slowly riding my dick, his stronger legs allowing him to hop on my cock and keep going.

“Fuuuuck yeah...” I groaned as I leaned into the worship. I was going to enjoy this new body.

“Wait...before we get too lost...” Alex murred and nuzzled my sole. “I...there’s the thing we wanted to tell you.”

“Later,” I ordered. I wasn’t ready for reality yet. This felt too good. “Lick the shit between my toes bitch! You’re going to be my little foot slave for a while.”

“Fuck...yes master,” Alex drooled over that sole, his rough tongue lulling over it.

Chad

I stumbled forward, panting as the intense pleasure roared through my veins. I felt my hands cracking, my back extending, my shoulders broadening as my already amazing physic grew thicker and stronger.

I snarled as a thick load creamed in my pants, the jizz oozing down my pant leg. I snarled and let the blessing from my master wash over me. I knew the fucking doctor otter said something about compounding growth, but it was never this intense before.

“Thank you master,” I growled as I flexed my fist, my black jacket feeling tighter and my athletic shorts more skin tight as they overflowed with my nut. “This changes nothing though. You may be safe, but I won’t let you be taken away from me. Not by anyone,” I snarled.

I snuck my way into the alleyway, my mind drawing upon Ajani's skills as I pushed the dumpster closer to the fire escape. I pulled myself up and over, my more powerful body and Ajani's acrobatics making it a synch. He hated that faggots guts, but he could at least be useful.

Especially those Cob brothers. They knew exactly where that little shit lord Baxly was staying. I steadied myself before calling upon Bryan and Carson's leg strength to jump me up. My fingers just barely gripped the fire escape. I smirked and pulled myself up like some crazy salmon ladder before gripping onto the landing with my foot and hoisting myself over.

I was in. I started jogging up the steps, my footsteps making the metalwork of the fire escape rattle gently as I attempted to keep myself quiet, not wanting to abandon stealth.

It was simple. If that blue and white fuck noodle was going to try and steal his master away, he was going to eliminate him. One way or another Bax would be removed as a problem and Master would be all mine again!

I made it to the top floor of the apartment complex where the suites were. Where Bax was staying. I called upon Alex's younger years and used my jacket to conceal my fist to break open a window. The straight laced dean of medicine had a bad habit of doing B and E's when he was younger. Such a naughty little kitten. I unlocked the window and slinked inside.

"Fucking posh fuckers," I spat the words out under my breath. The place looked like some fancy penthouse. All white, marble, and concrete. Black leather upholstery with gold and blue accents.

I stepped forward, a bit of glass from his shoes getting stuck in the thick carpet rolled out in front of the entertainment system. I rolled my steps to keep myself quiet, calling upon Ajani's skills of stealth to keep moving. I crept down the hall, images of those polar prick's running to and from one room, but never to the one at the end of the hall.

“There you are,” I growled, my eyes locking in on the doorknob. I inched my way forward, my teeth gritting together anticipating the taste of blood. I had never killed a man before, but fuck, I’d do anything for master. I just got his forgiveness and I wasn’t about to let that go.

I slowly turned the knob, the inner workings quietly clicking against one another. Each one like a bullet going off. Couldn’t these rich bastards afford quieter WD-40!?

The door at least opened quietly, swinging inward into a room that reeked of the blue haired fucker.

“Goodbye son...”

“What?” I furrowed my brow, calmly turning to look behind me, but...I was alone. I had somehow gotten into the center of the room. I blinked a few times before realizing I was holding something.

I looked down to see a sketch. It was a forest scene where a blazing circle had torn through it, and in the center of the circle was...

“Master?” I put a hand on my head as I let the sketch fall to the ground.

What was I doing? Why was I even here? I mean...I remember coming here...I remember being mad but...who was I mad at? I could feel the anger there, but it was like a flame in a lantern, contained and muted.

“Whatever, I need to get home before my parents start asking questions,” I shoved my hands in my pockets and made my way to the door with a strange sense of purpose. “I need to be by Master’s side and keep him safe.”

I exited by the front door, my brow furrowing as I pulled from the Cob brother's memory to punch in the code to leave. The security system turned on and I sighed before punching the code in again to disarm it.

"Fucking stupid," I rolled my eyes and made my way out, taking the stairs two at a time and making my way to the street.