

## Cerberus

### Chapter 6: Fuck You!

Flynn was in someone's lap, a tender hand stroking him. It was odd though. The drugs and delayed reactions made him feel like three hands were petting him simultaneously, but it was more like the hand would jerk through his mind's perception. How strung out was he?

"You are doing wonderful my son," the voice spoke so clearly and rang with such softness it was like he was in a mother wolf's den, curled up with his brothers and sisters. "Keep going..."

"Where are you? I can't see you..." Flynn's voice was frail and airy, as though he were a pup and didn't have the strength yet to fully form words.

"You have yet to open your eyes my sweet son," the voice continued, that tender hand stroking over his back as he curled further in on himself. Whoever she was, he felt safe in her presence.

"I'm...fully grown though..."

A giggle that sounded like crystal bells tinkling wormed its way through the warm, fuzzy, darkness.

"You are still just a pup, barely old enough to nurse, but your sisters shall help you. They will make you strong."

"Are...are they the one's you asked me to find?"

"No, but don't worry about that right now. You focus on licking your wounds. Once you are ready, you'll know what to do next."

“Who...who are you...” Flynn tried to open his eyes, but they refused to open. His lids were so heavy.

“Keep going...”

Flynn felt that presence waning, floating away as those hands cradled him.

“Wait...I...I don’t know what to do.”

“Keep going...”

Flynn started to struggle, grappling, his paws batting and trying to claw at that presence to prevent it from leaving. He craned his neck, and through his lids he could see a bright light. It was white and soft, yet radiated power. It didn’t sear his retinas through his lids, but he could feel it burning a circle in his vision.

Then his lids fluttered open. The light was gone and he was in bed. It was dark, but the afternoon sun sliced the room from a split in the curtains. Gold light filtered through and cast the room in shades of amber. It was a sparsely furnished, the only other pieces besides the bed was a nightstand, a dresser, and a closet.

Flynn sat up, took a deep breath and let it out slowly, the muzzle glowing before him as it suppressed his magic. The wolf rolled his eyes as he felt a coolness seep in, but it was much more manageable. He glanced to the side and saw that his phone was on the nightstand along with a pair of red glasses.

“Fucking Damian,” Flynn groaned and put his head in his hands. “Why did I go to him?”

Then he paused, his eyes going wide as he dropped his hands from his face. How did he get here? Already his dreams were gone, lost as quickly as they came, but he was sure there was something

from that drug induced haze he could glean. The shattering of that window and the flying shards...then the glint of teeth and warmth...a real powerful warmth.

“Cerberus,” Flynn shook his head. “He saved me...but why?”

“Because I had to,” Cerberus growled. Flynn almost jumped out of his skin as he looked to the other side of the bed. Sitting on the floor in the corner was Cerberus.

“What the fuck are you doing here! Get out!” Flynn bunched up his blankets and tried to cover himself up.

“Is that any thanks to the guy who saved you from being one of Damian’s whores?” Cerberus rumbled, but his collar glowed at the command. “Fine, I’ll go, but only because I can’t stand to be in the same room as you.”

Cerberus stood up, his massive form almost smacking the ceiling as he lumbered his way around the bed. Flynn had almost forgotten how massive the big guy was.

“I’ll be right outside. You can rest easy.”

“I don’t want you here,” Flynn growled.

“That makes two of us,” Cerberus snorted, his nose spraying a bit of smoke as he did so. “Fuck, you almost looked cute when you were asleep, then you had to go and ruin it by flapping your cock holster.” Cerberus got to the door and opened it up, his massive paw engulfing the entire handle.

“Wait...” Flynn squeaked out.

“What,” Cerberus growled through a clenched jaw as his collar held him in place.

“I...Why did you save me?”

“Because, I want out of this fucking pact you tricked me into,” Cerberus growled, jabbing his thumb at his collar. “And I made a deal to break it, but they wanted you alive and well.”

“What? Who is they?”

“The three sisters,” Cerberus huffed. “I don’t know what they want with you, but as long as it gets you off my dick, I don’t care if they skin you alive.”

“They’ll what!”

“Yeah,” Cerberus chuckled before turning and leaning on the doorframe, crossing his arms. He was wearing his usual attire. Did he have any other clothes? “Maybe scoop your eyes out and make jam with um.”

“Wait...you’re fucking with me,” Flynn sighed as he rubbed his temples, his fingers brushing against the straps to his muzzle. That’s when he realized he could talk. “Shit, I can talk?”

“Yeah, the sisters removed the silencing runes from the muzzle,” Cerberus sighed. “They wanted to make sure you could command me if needed.”

“Command you?”

“You still haven’t figured it out yet?” Cerberus cocked a brow. “Are you really that fucking dense?”

“No,” Flynn blushed, his face burning as he barked back his remark. “I just...I just don’t know exactly what’s happening.”

“I’m sure you don’t, dumbass,” Cerberus huffed. “Am I free to go?”

“I...actually...”

“What, *fucking*, now?” Cerberus growled, his claws digging into his own biceps.

“Jesus! I just wanted to thank you,” Flynn snapped.

“You can shove your thanks where the sun don’t shine, though with you everyone’s been getting a piece of that little hole. You so desperate for a fucking hit you found the only other hellhound in town willing to fuck a faggot ass junky like you.”

“Like I could turn to you!” Flynn snarled. “Every time I run into you, you try to find some way to kill me!”

“BECAUSE YOU WANT ME TO!!!” Cerberus roared, spit flew from his canines as his stance widened and his back fur bristled,.

“No I didn’t!” Flynn shot back, his voice shaking in a little fear. “When did I ask you to do that?”

“Back at the rave where we first met you dumbass!” Cerberus snarled. “You really had no idea what the fuck you were doing, did you?”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about!” Flynn felt like he was going crazy. When did he ever ask him to do any of this?!

“*YOU* offered me a deal,” Cerberus stomped forward, jabbing his claw at Flynn. “*YOU* begged me to fuck you till there was nothing left. *YOUR* command that sealed the pact was to fuck everything out of *YOU*. So here we fucking are, at a stalemate. A fuck bucket that can’t be fucked empty, and the fucking sucker who fell for it.”

“I didn’t even know I could do that!” Flynn threw his hands up.

“And that’s what makes you so FUCKING INFURIATING,” Cerberus roared. “I can’t even be mad at you because you’re just such a dumb stupid bitch who lucked their way into trapping the one hellhound in the fucking world that couldn’t be bound!”

“Then why the fuck are you mad at me! I didn’t even know what I was doing! I just wanted to get laid! Not have my whole fucking life ruined by the biggest jackass in the fucking world!”

“Oh? I’m the jackass? I just saved your fucking life!”

“Because you had to!”

“And yet, here you are! Safe and sound! Even cured you of the hellhound drug stuff!”

“I...wait,” that took the wind from Flynn’s sails as he realized he wasn’t suffering from withdrawal.

“You’re kind of an ungrateful little whore,” Cerberus huffed, crossing his arms. “Save your life, get you clean, and the only thanks I get is a ‘fuck you.’”

“So you could have relieved me this entire time?” Flynn’s eyes narrowed at Cerberus, daring him to lie.

“No,” Cerberus rolled his eyes, those onyx orbs with icy blue irises a clear sign of his demonic origins. “The sisters are who wanted you clean. If I had my way I’d rut you so deep and hard you’d only ever come up from your drug induced coma to birth my pups, then get right back to growing my brood.”

“So these sisters, they wanted me alive and well, not you. You just wanted to fuck me into a corner before I learned about the little collar around your neck.” Flynn pulled his legs to himself, his voice soft as the fire in his gut extinguished.

"I..." Cerberus paused, looking at the pup so deflated was...annoying. "Whatever." The hellhound leaned against the doorway. "Can I go?"

"No..." Flynn sighed. "I'm cold."

"So? You want me to get you another fucking blanket?" Cerberus gestured with his hand vaguely.

"You know what I want," Flynn sighed. "Can you keep me warm?"

"Fuck, I don't even need to try with you, you're so fucking easy," Cerberus walked forward, throwing his jacket vest on the floor, leaving him in nothing but his worn jeans. The collar glowed softly around his neck, the intricate runes reminding Flynn of ancient elven languages in his fantasy games. The entire bed creaked and groaned as Cerberus laid down. It was a queen and Cerberus filled the fucker, almost pushing Flynn off before he pulled him closer to his side.

Flynn was going to protest the rough treatment, but as soon as he was held close by Cerberus, he started to murr. The warmth permeated his body, thawing any frost in his bones that had settled during his sleep. Cerberus smelled of his last cigarette and sweet burning cedar. Sandalwood and a fresh musk wafted off the big guy. It felt so good to be held in the crook of his arm, to be pressed up against that chest, that peck like a powerful pillow that beat with the sound of a strong heart.

And they folded together like two puzzle pieces; two very differently sized pieces, but they fit together none the less. Flynn's leg wrapped up onto Cerberus' thigh and his foot paw brushed against his knee. Wherever Flynn touched, it felt like he was laying down on hot asphalt, so much strong muscle beneath that fur and warm with hell's heat.

"You're like a furnace," Flynn murred.

“Yeah, no shit,” Cerberus huffed, but Flynn could swear he felt that massive paw on his back pull him closer. Those digits slowly worked into Flynn’s fur as the pup thawed out.

They laid like that, Flynn’s one hand gently tracing over the ridges of Cerberus’ chest, lacing into the thick fur and chest hair as he kept his head on Cerberus pec. The wolf’s ear though was resting in the crook of the hellhounds arm, the thick, humid heat of that pit warmed his ear and made the pink flesh inside tinge red.

“So...the sisters have a way to break this binding?”

“It’s what they promised me,” Cerberus huffed, turning his head away, but his hand gripped the small of Flynn’s back, that palm like a heating pad.

“Promised you for what?”

“I already told you, bringing you here,” Cerberus grunted. “Clean the cum out of your ears and pay attention.”

They were insults, but Flynn could tell they were hollow. Cerberus was simply trying to maintain some sort of composure even though he was bound.

“Do you know what they want with me?”

“Not a clue,” Cerberus shrugged, causing Flynn to sink further into the crook of Cerberus’ arm, that warm pit keeping that ear warm. “Though, I doubt it’s anything malicious. Not like you’ve been cutting into their business, so it’s probably got something to do with your bottomless mana.”

“So it is bottomless...” Flynn sank down, looking away for a brief moment. “I had a feeling that was the case, but I wasn’t completely sure.”



“If you had a bottom, I would have found it by now, or burned it out of you.” Cerberus huffed.  
“Either your reserves of mana are so massive that we can’t perceive a bottom, or you truly have infinite mana. It’s the whole reason we’re in this mess.”

“Sorry...” Flynn sighed.

“You fucking should be,” Cerberus’ little quips felt pointless now. He was a dog on a leash and that leash was stuck to a clueless mage that wanted nothing to do with the big dog.

Flynn took a deep breath before letting it out slowly.

“When will I meet them?”

“Soon I hope,” Cerberus shrugged. “Those bitches always run on their own schedule.”

Flynn gave a half chuckle, a smirk playing at his lips.

“The fuck is so funny?” Cerberus turned to look down at him.

“No, it’s just...I think this is the first real conversation we’ve had...we went straight to fucking each other’s brains out and then to being at each other’s throats.”

“Well, don’t get used to it. I don’t give a shit about small talk.” Cerberus relaxed back into the bed.

“Yeah,” Flynn rolled his eyes. “You only give a shit about pussy and gorging yourself on this hot ass.”

“Fuck you, Flynn,” Cerberus snorted. “I only give a shit about myself. I’d raw you down with a hate fuck right here and now, just slam you into the mattress and try to break your pelvis with my

thrusts, then really mark you. Make sure Damian's licking my piss off my property and not just my cum next time."

"Sure," Flynn laid the sarcasm on thick. "That is, if I let you."

"If you let me?" Cerberus growled, but there was a lusty hint to it. "You saying you'd be able to call the shots on me?"

"I don't think, I know I can. Cerberus, I want you to—"

Before Flynn could finish, Cerberus opened his arm and pinned him into his pit, his voice lost as he was pinned inside that musky crevice. The leather muzzle gripped down on Flynn's maw, that hot, humid pit was so thick with his man stink that it permeated through the leather, the actual sweat seeping in through the cracks that had formed from the ice frosting the leather over and over. Flynn squirmed as that thick musky pit funk started to fill his mask, his innate ability held inside his muzzle from being pinned, so it started to drip onto his nose and seep into his fur.

"Sorry? What was that Flynn?" Cerberus chuckled darkly. "Couldn't hear you over you snorting my pits. You like it in there? Keep squirming if you want more."

Flynn tried to push away, but that pin was too much, and that musky reek of failing deodorant. It was heady and fresh, like walking into an old locker room only the stale stagnancy wasn't there. It was warm, alive, beating, virile, and powerful.

"Oh, you must really like it down there," Cerberus chuckled. "You're really squirming about. You sure you want more? Okay." The hellhound was laying the sarcasm on thick, his muscles flexing to further pin Flynn in and fill his muzzle with droplets of his sweat. The hellhound huffed out his nose, streams of steam shooting out as he warmed his body, his pits getting more humid by the second.

Flynn felt his body aching for air, his lungs burning on a humid miasma of Cerberus funk. He felt his vision blur, and just before he thought he was going to pass out, the pressure was gone. Flynn recoiled out of that pit and gasped for air, but his muzzle wasn't equipped for that. He snarled and went to claw the muzzle off, but it zapped him. Flynn wasn't the one to put it on him. He snarled and he felt something snap inside as he opened his maw, the leather tore and ripped as frost and ice encased that muzzle before splitting open into a vicious maw of icicles and an electric blue glowing tongue.

"Holy shit pup, that's a new trick," Cerberus chuckled.

"Oh fuck," Flynn gulped down air, huffing through his torn muzzle, the thing stuck, to his face through the ice muzzle he put on himself. It was quite vicious looking, and the ice shifted and cracked to mimic Flynn's subtle facial movements. His breath seemed subdued, only huffing out in cooling streams instead of a blizzard billow. Flynn took in that cool air, but it was tainted with Cerberus's miasma of man, the icy hot a spiraling mixture that wafted in his lungs and kept his mind spinning.

"Seems like your breath is still under control though," Cerberus lifted a hand to touch Flynn's muzzle, merely out of curiosity, when Flynn's hand snapped into action and he gripped his wrist.

"Stop," Flynn ordered through a growl. Cerberus paused, but a cocky grin split his muzzle as he cocked a brow.

"The little pup finally find his bark?"

"Lift your arm above your head," Flynn commanded, the collar around Cerberus' neck glowed. The hellhound simply complied, keeping that cocky grin on his muzzle as he put his paws behind his head, his hairy pits exposed. With the cold air that Flynn was huffing he could see the heat rippling off Cerberus, the combatting temperatures canceling each other out.

"Now what?" Cerberus had a knowing look, his cocky expression never leaving his muzzle.

“Fuck, you’re such a jackass,” Flynn leaned into his pit and licked over it, that cold tongue like an ice cube that rolled over his flesh. Cerberus took a sharp intake of breath before he fanned his toes and huffed into the prickling icy pain.

“Fuck, right back at you, bitch,” Cerberus snarled. “This is the last chance you’re going to get to order me around, so fucking enjoy it you little skank.”

“Fuck you,” Flynn moaned, shuddering as he lapped over that pit, his tongue lulling over that hot pit hair as it filled his muzzle with a hot cloud of man musk, the sour smell making Flynn’s icy nose twitch. Flynn lapped at that sour, salty pit, each lick sending shockwaves through the beast of a man beneath him.

“Fuck yeah, lap that shit you little pit slut,” Cerberus bit his lower lip, his pit warming as soon as those icy licks lapped over his pit, the deep, sculpted crevice made deeper with the size of that lat and tricep.

“Oh fuuuuuck you, you filthy mutt,” Flynn moaned as he lapped up that pit.

“Who you calling a mutt! I’m the original dick of the hellhounds. I’m the purest of any purebred.”

“You sure are a fucking dick,” Flynn braced his hands on Cerberus pecks, his legs straddling his abs, his cunny pressed firmly against those hot, angry abs. “A headless prick if I’ve ever seen one.”

“The *fuck* did you just call me?” Cerberus snarled, his abs crunching and causing a nice pleasant heat to roll up that pussy as they flexed beneath Flynn.

“Strike a nerve?” Flynn grinned, his icicle canines flashing in the low light.

“Where did you hear that,” Cerberus tried to move his hands down to grip that little pup by the hips, but his collar glowed and his arms stayed behind his head, the order still active.

“Damian called you a headless prick,” Flynn murred, arching his back and pressing his pussy against that warm, rumbling abdomen, Cerberus’ angry growls vibrating right up into his puss. “Now that I think about it, aren’t you supposed to have three heads?”

“Shut up you little shit! You don’t know anything!” Cerberus was basically foaming at the mouth, Cerberus was struggling against the command, Flynn’s order starting to warn Cerberus against his disobedient behavior, his neck feeling colder and colder as that magic collar dug into his skin. “That fucking alpha wannabe don’t know shit about what he’s talking about! None of those bitches do!”

“Really?” Flynn put his hand on Cerberus’ collar bone, gently pressing him back down with the smallest of effort, the light crackle of ice on Cerberus’ collar like the sizzling of fresh meat on a grill. “Then what’s the real story? Huh? Tell me the truth, is he wrong?”

“No,” Cerberus snarled, the collar compelling him to tell the truth. “I am headless.”

“Then what is this cute little face,” Flynn cupped Cerberus’s muzzle, the hellhound hissing and snarling , jerking his head away, his pupils turning into demonic slits.

“None of your business! You little nosy tramp!”

“Awww, is the big bad hellhound worried about bearing his feelings? You’d rather show your fangs than your fee-fees?” Flynn said in the most mocking baby talk he could muster.

“I swear, if you compel me to answer I’ll let this collar kill me,” Cerberus hissed.

“Don’t threaten me with a good time,” Flynn smirked.

“You little—I’ll fucking kill you when this leash is off I swear to the old gods and the new!”

“Oh, with such a real threat like that, how could I ever muster the courage to ask,” Flynn murred, biting his lower lip, the ice mimicking it and crunching around his jaw.

“You sopping little skank, you’re getting off on keeping me down you little shit!” Cerberus rumbled, his snarl vibrating up into Flynn’s pussy and making his petals twitch. “You little cocky faggot. I’m going to rape you into fuck dust I swear to god.”

“Big talk from a guy who just admitted he would rather die than answer a simple question,” Flynn lifted his foot paws up so they were cupping that heavy sack, then his shin felt it. That fucking flagpole of a dick throbbing hard and oozing pre that was dribbling out of his jeans. “Seems like the big guy likes’ to be pinned down.”

“You wish, fag stain! I’m chomping at the bit to rut you into the ground. I want to hear you scream as I fuck you so hard your fucking bones break! I’ll bite you so hard I’ll rip that scruff right off your neck! I don’t need to burn your manna, a little fag like you can be killed twelve different ways.”

“And yet, you won’t,” Flynn murred, rolling those thick balls between his toe claws, the pheromones from Cerberus’ pit funk making his spine tingle, but he wasn’t feeling the effects of a hellhound hit. “You made a deal with those sister bitches. You wouldn’t dare touch me.”

“I’m going to rape you until you can’t fucking breathe you little shit lick!” Cerberus snarled.

“You promise?” Flynn was just playing with him now. “Your hits don’t smack as hard so I’m going to be conscious the whole time, giving you orders.”

“Wanna bet you little shit! Just let go of your-mm-fucking restraints and I’ll stress test the sister’s little cure on you.”

“Then do it,” Flynn smirked. “I dare you.”

“Is that an order?” Cerberus snarled.

Flynn paused, his eyes narrowing as he leaned in, his icy nose pressing against Cerberus’, the ice sizzling against the heat.

“Yes—”

Cerberus didn’t give Flynn a chance to talk as he sprang forward and pinned him to the bed, gripping Flynn’s throat so hard he couldn’t breathe.

“Open your fucking mouth,” Cerberus snarled. “OPEN IT!”

Flynn opened their maw, the icicles clinking as he shakily opened his muzzle. Cerberus snarled before spitting in the back of Flynn’s muzzle, the thick wad of spit smacking his gag reflex and making him choke on it wetly.

“That’s right you little fucker,” Cerberus snarled and gripped tighter on Flynn’s throat until his entire airway was closed, meshing that spit manually in the back of his throat. “Feel how easy it would be for me to fucking end your life, you little dipshit.”

He loosened his grip just enough to let Flynn breathe, the little wolf coughing up a wad of throat sludge and that spit as he tried to catch his breath. Flynn was going to push away from Cerberus, but he simply snatched the pup’s hands with one of his big mitts and pinned them above the wolf’s head.

“This rough enough for you? This getting your little puss wet!? You fucking squirting for me like you did that Damian skank! His reek is all over you, and the last thing I’m going to do before we cut you off like a tumor is bruise, scrape, and beat every last bit of that fucker’s mark off you. So when you go

crawling back to your little dick dealer, he'll know you're damaged goods. Used, abused, and broken! Even Damian will kick you to the curb when I'm fucking done! What do you have to say about that?!"

Cerberus gripped Flynn's neck harder, his throat wetly squelching from the grip, his head pounding, begging for blood, but Flynn knew Cerberus couldn't kill him, not with the commands in place and with his deal with the sisters. Eventually he loosened up enough for Flynn to breathe again, and when he did, he knew just what to say to set him off.

"H-Harder," Flynn smirked at him. First, Cerberus' eyes went wide, but then they snapped into demonic slits as he snarled. He let go of Flynn's throat and unbuttoned his jeans, his cock flopping out and smacking on his pussy like a burning curling iron. It sizzled against the cold of Flynn's natural magic, the ice forming to protect him and instantly boiling away.

"You want harder, you little shit," Cerberus thrust into the wolf, his hot pipe splitting Flynn's pussy open. "Like that? That's the shit you were waiting for, huh? Left you hanging with Damion and now you're sopping, ready to fuck anything that moves."

"Damion fucks harder than that," Flynn coughed out, his throat bruised from the powerful grip Cerberus had on him. The hellhound snarled, foaming at the mouth as he thrust, the entire bed groaning and sliding across the floor as he slammed into Flynn's pussy. The sound of their hips smacking was drowned out by the screech of the bedframe scraping the hardwood, the bolts and screws splintering as they tried to keep the bed together.

"This good enough for you? You little fucker!" Cerberus snarled, his hips digging deep, his cock tip bulging Flynn's abdomen every time he bottomed out. "This what you want you filthy fuck! To be used by a fucking mutt! Well fucking take it you stupid bitch!"



“HARDER!” Flynn snarled and Cerberus gripped Flynn’s ankle and yanked his leg behind the wolf’s head while pulling back on his other leg with his thrusts, that cunny pried open and beaten rough. Stabbing pain filled Flynn’s pussy, it was being roughly jabbed by that angry cock, but it felt so good. Flynn’s pussy was caught in a twisting sensation of pain and pleasure, forced to deal with a raging bull that was bearing down on his open cunt.

Drool dribbled from Cerberus’ maw, strands flying as he huffed, sweat matting his fur as he rut Flynn into the mattress. Flynn snarled, his maw a vicious display of icicles as his eyes glowed with his mana. Hot radiating waves of heat combatted with wafting rivulets of steam from that frost, all curling into a dripping mess as Cerberus relentlessly pounded that pussy.

“You-Call-That-Fucking!” Flynn snarled between the claps of their hips. “Fuck me like you boasted! Fuck me-like-you’re trying to fucking-kill me you-headless fuck!”

“Don’t you DARE CALL ME THAT YOU JUNKY SLUT!” Cerberus gripped so hard on Flynn’s ankles the bones inside them creaked. Flames and static sprung from Cerberus’ markings, his fur adulating with static and rolling flames as his ass snapped into action, those sculpted globes never fully relaxing as he slammed forward. The bedframe shook and shattered, the mattress slamming onto the floor, but it only briefly stopped Cerberus as he continued to stab his dick into that cunt like he was trying to break that little pup’s fucking hips.

Plapping and staccato slapping filled the room as Flynn’s entire body adulated on the mattress with Cerberus’ thrusts, the relentlessness of his hips smacking, strands of pussy juices and pre stringing off in all directions. The matted fur on Cerberus’ hide adulated and rippled, causing the sweat to drip down off him, the hellhounds own pores spitting their disrespect onto the slut beneath them.

“You call that fucking you fucking mongrel!” Flynn snarled.

“You bitch! Take my fucking dick! Fucking take it!”

“Headless tramp!”

“Fuck trash!”

“Street trash!”

“Pup dump!”

“Oh, you headless shitlord!”

“DON’T CALL ME HEADLESS!!!” Cerberus roared and slammed his hips in, his knot prying that pussy open and stealing Flynn’s voice away. “What! Nothing to say when you got a muff full of knot! That’s right! Shut the FUCK UP YOU STUPID SKANK!”

“OH FU-Fu-FUcK!” Flynn’s eyes rolled into the back of his head, his pussy ablaze with pleasure and pain as that knot fucked in and out of him. Cerberus’s thrusts getting more erratic when his knot wouldn’t come out and take a few more strokes to plop back in.

“That’s right you stupid skank! Unprotected, raw cock from a fucking headless mutt! I’ll fucking bust my brats so deep Damian won’t be able to sing them out of you! FUCKING TAKE IT BITCH!”

Cerberus snarled, his hips slamming forward, his cock like a plunger as it suctioned behind that pussy, the knot locking them together. The tip of that dick visibly throbbing against Flynn’s distended abdomen before the tip was distorted by a thick wad of glowing blue cum. Flynn screamed, his pussy popping as his mana went wild, flowing so fast into Cerberus his markings burst into flames, lighting arched off him as frost rolled out across the floor from Flynn.

Cerberus snarled like a rabid beast, his hips digging deep into that pussy, the sensation of being in tight warm snatch while also surrounded by the crisp cold was a orgasmic contradiction, his flames combatting the cold and melting the thaw in that womb with his molten seed. Flynn felt warm, warmer than he had felt in days! It was like he was being injected with pure heat, the essence of hell itself as his abdomen distended, bloating with that busted nut.

Their tie swelled, Flynn's pussy and clit distended from that massive knot claiming him. Cerberus growled and flopped back, Flynn yipped as he fell forward, pulled by the log in his womb before slapping wetly against Cerberus's sweat drenched abs and pecs.

"Fuck," Flynn groaned.

"Fuck you too," Cerberus panted breathlessly.

"I wasn't saying fuck you," Flynn huffed.

"Fuck you anyway," Cerberus panted, one of his massive forearms covering his eyes as he continued to pant.

"You're such an ass," Flynn huffed.

"How the hell are you still talking?" Cerberus complained, swiping his arm on his forehead and flicking sweat at the pup. "I dumped enough hellhound hit into you to drop a rhino."

Flynn's ears perked up and he focused. Apart from the glowing pleasure, ache of a rough fuck, and the blazing warmth of that cum filling him up...he only felt a little hazy tickle of that hellhound hit playing in his veins. It was like an extra strong glow.

"Guess whatever the sister's gave me was stronger than your nut. The big guy losing his edge?" Flynn started to grind his hips down on that cock and Cerberus clenched his teeth.

“Fuck, stop,” the hellhound hissed.

“Why? Sensitive during a tie?” Flynn murred as he gently tugged on that dick and slipped down, the thick slosh inside his gut gurgling as he did so. He could audibly hear thick wads of pup batter squelching and sloshing into him as he played with that not.

“I said stop!” Cerberus gripped Flynn’s hips, his hands shaky from exhaustion.

“And I’m not done yet,” Flynn murred. “So, lay back and let me have my way with you.”

“No-FUCK!” Cerberus’ collar hissed and sizzled, threatening to blister his skin before he laid back and let Flynn continue to tease him. Flynn grinding that thick rod deep inside him, that knot swelling even larger, that rod getting harder as he worked that melon sized knot over his g-spot.

“Fucking stop!”

“Shut up,” Flynn snarled. Instantly Cerberus’ maw was sewn shut as Flynn continued to ride his tie, the big guy snarling before his voice broke into little whimpers, his cock painfully hard as it continued to dump into the pup.

Flynn kept going, loving the warmth, the curling sensation of rubbing hot cum over his g-spot, he swore he could feel the hellhound’s swimmers stimulating every nerve as he bit his lower hip.

“Oh...oh fuck! Fuuuuuck!” Flynn came again, his cunt clenching down as best it could on that log, the muscles stretched to their limit and unable to clamp harder over that prying intruder. His honey dribbling down over that shaft and coating those nuts in his sweet cunny glaze.

Flynn flopped forward exhausted, Cerberus whining and panting.

“You can talk now,” Flynn released the order.

“Fuck you,” Cerberus whined like a little bitch. “Fuck you so hard. That was so fucking much. I think my skull is melting. Fuck you, you little cum drunk whore, fuck you, fuck you, fuck you,” Cerberus continued to pant and whine.

“Now who’s the little bitch,” Flynn huffed, their bodies soaked in each other’s sweat.

“Fuck, those bitches better be back soon,” Cerberus whined.

“We’ve been back,” Tiahna said from the open doorway. The lean hare was standing there, smirking. “Just didn’t want to disturb a beast in rut. Fuck, why don’t you ever fuck me like that Cerby.”

“Cerby?” Flynn chuckled, he was far too exhausted to worry about decency.

“Don’t you dare,” Cerberus snarled.