

Cerberus

Chapter 5: *Him*

Flynn...

“Who are you?”

Flynn...keep going...

The voice was distinctly female and...soothing. It was warm and inviting. Flynn leaned into it, his nose nuzzling something soft.

Flynn...find...

“Who are you? Find who?”

Find...them...find all...them...

The voice was fading and that warmth was reduced to a fluttering breeze.

“Don’t go...stay...”

Flynn...find Cerberus...

“I already found him...” Flynn spoke back his lips mouthing the words.

Find...Cerberus...

“I’ve already found him. I can’t keep going back...he’ll...he’ll ruin me...”

...

The warmth was gone. The only thing left was a biting cold, his nose practically frozen.

Flynn's eyes fluttered open and realized the sun was on the rise. He was still wearing his leather mask, so he couldn't speak, but a thick layer of frost had covered it. Was his magic seeping out?

He didn't remember falling asleep. He only remembered pouring over that defaced book. Flynn pulled his phone out to check the time, but he had dozens of texts. Flynn blinked and unlocked his phone.

Almost all of them were from a new number.

Hey! Its Aaron!

Aaron Stine. From the Library.

This is Flynn's phone number, right?

I got it from Nathan.

Sorry if this isn't Flynn, but I checked the number and it's the one Nathan gave me.

The messages went on like this for a couple pages. Single sentences, remarks about magic, what he was making for dinner, and how cool it would be if he could use magic to cook it.

My god, what have I done, was all Flynn could think as he scrolled through his phone. It's worse than getting a virus. He couldn't uninstall this malware without getting a new number.

After he got through most of the walls of texts, he realized Nathan had texted him too. He quickly pulled up their chat and read over them.

The first was just a heads up saying he was giving Aaron his number and to expect tons of messages. Flynn was sure the little weasel goaded Aaron on into sending him the dozens of texts. But the second one gave him pause.

Family emergency, won't be home until tomorrow night. Stay safe and call if you feel like you're going to use again.

Flynn's ears drooped. Nathan's family was like a second family to the little wolf. If there was some sort of emergency he wanted to know, but as long as Nathan thought he was using again, it made sense he wouldn't want to have him around the man that put his career on the line to expunge his records.

Flynn gave a little sniff and swiped the tears from his eyes with the butt of his palm before quickly messaging Nathan.

Everything is fine here, hope everything is fine on your end.

It was immediately marked as read, but there was no response. Flynn's stomach was in knots, and not just from withdrawal. There were very few people whose opinion he cared about. Nathan was definitely one of them. Sure he could be a selfish brat, but he was his best friend. It was burning Flynn up inside just knowing he disappointed him.

That was until he realized something was coming up. Flynn snapped his mask off and wretched into his throw up bucket, nothing but mucus and spit coming out, his belly completely empty. He spat a few times into the bowl, fog rolling around his lips and freezing some of it. This whole thing was getting old, but an idea did come to him.

He pulled his phone out and snapped a few pictures of the mask and sent them to Aaron.

Hey, do you know how silencing spells work? Flynn shot off the text and immediate text bubbles started rolling.

Silencing spells? Not really know much about them, but this one is a bit more complex and crude at the same time. Let me look it up for you.

Flynn paused and a few seconds later a couple pictures popped up with a volley of texts.

Not sure what the other ones do, but the suppression runes that look like this are used for silencing.

Oh, this would be a good way to keep your breath under control.

Is that what this is for?

Did you make this yourself?

Is that your mask?

OH, TMI, right?

Flynn simply shook his head and started texting back before the little guy had an aneurism.

Yeah, it's my mask, but what parts would I need to scratch out in order to get rid of the silencing effects without getting rid of the magic suppressing properties?

Aaron's response was just as immediate and overwhelming.

OH, you shouldn't do that. The silencing spells are what's weaving the suppression spells into the leather.

If you cut the wrong rune, or cut it the wrong way, it might make a new rune.

Or it'll make it useless.

Or even more powerful.

Is this helpful?

No, it's not, Flynn wanted to say, but he simply sighed and snapped on his muzzle.

Yeah, it's helpful. I'll let you know if I have any other questions.

He sent the text and stood up, swaying and slamming his hand on the wall to balance himself. He hobbled over to the kitchen and grabbed a glass of water with some ibuprofen. He downed the water and the pills, hoping it would stay in his gut. He snagged a slice of bread to help keep things down with and filled another glass of water. He managed to get a pot of coffee going just before his energy ran out and he had to slump himself at the kitchen table, his head in his hands as he panted.

This can't be the only way spell casters deal with their innate abilities. There had to be some sort of other way.

That's when it clicked. Flynn shook his head no and slammed his fist on the table.

No, there's no way I'm going to him. I'd rather go to Cerberus than that fuckwad again! But...

Flynn shook his head, dismissing the thought on his withdrawal. The sweet call that offered him a way out from all the pain. His veins felt like they were so dry he was cracking apart. He hated it, he hated this helplessness. He wasn't helpless anymore! He was supposed to be getting his life together, but every part of him felt like he was back pedaling.

He could just text him, why not? It's not like he ever forgot the fucker's number. Would he even speak to him how he left things?

Flynn pushed his phone into his field of vision, one hand covering one eye and holding his entire head up as frost hazily tickled the air around his muzzle. Flynn bit his lip and started typing in the numbers. He didn't even know if it would work, if the number was still active. He just typed up the message and sent it.

Hey...

Flynn felt like he just shot a gun with that text, a bullet that couldn't be put back in the chamber. He paused, panting as he looked at his phone on bated breath. The message was marked as seen and a few dots started dancing, mocking him, plucking away at his anxiety. Flynn hoped it was just some random person he was texting, that he would get a "new number, who dis" kind of BS line, but instead he got the worst reaction he could have possibly gotten.

Hey baby, been too long.

Flynn's skin crawled like his veins were trying to get out of his body, only to crackle and collapse under the weight of his withdrawal.

Hi, I just had a quick question.

Must be pretty desperate to come crawling back to me for 'just a question' when you're the one who blocked my number. Prices are the same, but you can always get your usual discount XOXO

I'm not reaching out for drugs you fuck twat, I want to know more about your innate ability. Or at least that's what Flynn wanted to text. Instead he said something far more spineless.

Lol, no, not reaching out about that, but I wanted to know about your magic.

So you ARE interested in that discount, huh?

That message was coupled with an eggplant and devil face emoji. Flynn had to take a breath before continuing.

No, just need to know how you kept it under control.

What, do you have your own innate ability? Little old for that shit to be popping up.

Flynn bit his lip, he didn't want to give this jack-ass more info than was necessary, but...he didn't have the mental bandwidth to deal with being sneaky.

Yeah, I have my own and it's really fucking frustrating. You're the only one I know who has one that I can talk to and I need to know how to keep it controlled.

That may have been a bit brash but Flynn didn't have any real cards to play, at least not ones that he wanted to give the big asshole. Those dots bounced for a minute before a new text popped up with a location.

Come meet me here in an hour. I'll show you how to handle it.

Dozens of red flags popped up in Flynn's mind. He didn't want to go. He didn't trust he could control himself if he went. He couldn't, shouldn't, can't!

You can just tell me. He shot back quickly, hoping that would be the end of it.

Come, or don't bother texting me again. You want a fix, you meet me at my new location.

Fucking asshole! No, I'm not showing up just so you can fuck with me all over again! I'm not going to come crawling to you like I did all those other times on my hands and knees just to snort shit off your dick! You fucking piece of shit asshole! Fucking keel over and die...

That's what Flynn wanted to say, to text back, his thumbs paused before he slammed on the back button. It was like he was back pedaling with every deleted character, that line sliding across his text like an eraser destroying all his progress.

I'll be there.

Flynn smacked the send button and tossed his phone to the other end of the table and dropped his head in his hands as he tried to keep it together as shame and self-loathing threatened to tear him apart.

Fuck you Damien!

It took every ounce of strength Flynn had and a pot of coffee to get going, but he managed to walk a straight line down the street. The location was a quick bus trip away and Flynn bundled up to try and keep himself from freezing. At least it was fall so he didn't need to really worry about people eyeing him for wearing so much.

He looked boxy with so many layers he had stacked on, but the wolf wasn't trying to impress his previous dealer with his new figure. He was trying to cover the embarrassing leather hood with a scarf while trying to keep himself warm. Flynn had put some meat on his bones since he last saw Damien, but who wouldn't when you started eating regular food instead of booger sugar and cock six times a day.

Flynn hopped off the bus and made his way to the apartment complex, the neighborhood run down and trashy. The streets looked like they haven't been paved in years and cracks ran down them to the point that the old cobblestone beneath could be seen. Flynn made his way to the spot and rounded the corner and half expected to see a bouncer for a club, but instead he saw his ex-boyfriend and drug dealer.

The Great Dane was leaning against the door to an open garage, several of his underlings playing cards on a table while the big black dog smoked a cigarette outside. He wore a thick gold chain around his neck, diamond studs in his clipped ears, and some serious muscle. Damien must have bulked up since the last time he saw the guy. He wore a black dress shirt that was tucked into his pants. The top buttons undone to show his thick cleavage and chest hair, his powerful forearms forcing those rolled up cuffs to dig into his skin as his thick biceps worked on straining his sleeves to the point of bursting. He had his signature, brown leather suspenders and red dress pants, the matching coat slung over his shoulder.

Flynn half expected Damian to not recognize him, but when the Dane laid eyes on him, he tilted down his red glasses, his dark eyes locking with Flynn's. A wide grin spread across the Dane's muzzle, his golden tooth shining against the glow of his cigarette.

"Hey there Flynn, you finally coming home?"

That asshole did recognize him. Flynn stepped up to the Dane and snarled as he gripped the man's suspender and pulled him close. The sound of shuffling chairs and guns being cocked didn't scare the wolf.

"Relax guys, it's just Flynn," Damian waived the guards off. "I know how to handle this little cock junky."

Flynn knew it was a cheap shot at their past, but he didn't have any patience left to give. He just snarled harder.

"That your response baby?" Damian chuckled. "Cat got your tongue or did you sell that for something else too."

Flynn wanted to tear the muzzle off and freeze that fucker where he stood, but he needed his help. Instead Flynn pulled down his scarf, the runes on his muzzle glowing bright to try and hold back the energy roiling behind it.

“Ah, I see, that’s why you’ve lost your bite,” Damien smirked, his coal like eyes glinting darkly. “Someone trying something else to shut you up other than dick?” Smoke curled around his lips as he spoke, his teeth wet and almost reflective as he licked them over.

Flynn didn’t know how to tell him he wanted to go someplace private, so he tried to pull him away, but the Dane didn’t budge.

“If you try to pull on my fucking suit one more time I’ll chop your fucking hand off, skank,” Damian’s eyes grew very serious, the playful curve of his lips falling from his muzzle. “If all you did was come here to wrinkle my shirt you can fucking leave, but I know what you’re here for. Come,” Damian ordered as he blew the last bit of his drag into Flynn’s face and flicked his cigarette into the alley, his Rolex glinting like a massive gold cuff. He turned into his garage and tossed his jacket to one of the guards.

“Hey, I ain’t your fuckin’ dry cleaner!” The mutt barked.

“Tough titties,” Damian shot back as he slouched down to fit in through the doors, shoving his hands in his pockets. “New guy’s the gofer. While you’re out, get the boys some coffee. It’s going to be a long night.”

The guys at the card table all started shouting their orders and the new guy just kept complaining, but at least he didn’t have such a death wish that he would talk back to Damian twice.

Flynn followed the big guy through the back door, it was so dark he half expected to get jumped, but Damian flipped a switch to reveal it was a hall.

“Come on, my place is upstairs. I can help you there, not in front of the boys.”

Flynn knew he was walking deeper and deeper into the lion’s den. He had half a mind to turn around, but the ache in his joints, throbbing in his head, and twisting in his guts made him move forward. He needed a win and he needed it now. Besides, if he ran, the guys downstairs would bring him back. No, he was in this and he needed something to help.

Flynn stepped up the iron staircase to the drug lord’s home, each step making the metal clang and groan like the wolf’s joints. They came to a hall where the ceiling was exposed, the drop in’s not placed or framed to allow Damian’s tall ass to walk up straight. Even the door to the apartment was taller than normal. Damian always insisted that the world wasn’t built for people over six two. He exceeded that margin by nearly a full foot.

“Shoes off,” Damian instructed with a cocky grin, his gold tooth gleaming. “Just the way you like it.” He gave a little kiss in the air that sent a shiver down Flynn’s spine, and not in a good way.

Damian opened the door, walked in, and held it open for the wolf. Flynn begrudgingly accepted the degenerate’s attempt at faux-chivalry. Flynn crossed his arms and kicked off his shoes, his socks keeping his paws warm. Though, he needn’t have worried. The floors were heated.

Flynn’s ears twitched as he blinked and looked around. It was a surprisingly nice loft. A wall of tinted windows allowed light in but not out along the entire length of the far wall. Exposed brick and ceiling gave the space a nice industrial look. The cement floors had various expensive rugs rolled over them as well as various lounging chairs and love sacks. Everything was open concept from the kitchen to the dining room and lounge area. There was a singular room in the back that had to be the bedroom. It had walls, but because of the exposed ceiling Flynn could see the top of a canopy that had been hung up in it.

Flynn shivered remembering countless nights where his eyes traced lacing designs in the flowing fabrics of that canopy while Damian has his way with him. A mix of sweat, sex, and drugs that went on for days. He remembered coming one week and leaving the next, reeking of sweat, smoke, and so many other fluids.

“So, you want something to drink, or something stronger?” Damian swaggered into the kitchen and opened the fridge. It was a giant, double door, stainless steel monstrosity that had barely any food inside, cases of expensive beer, and what looked like a half-eaten cake.

Flynn decided it was as good a time as any. He reached back and unclipped his mask. He gave a light gasp as his voice was given back to him, only for rolling mist to curl around his lips, the humidity in the air crystalizing before falling to the ground as snowflakes.

“I know you have an innate ability, and I know you keep it under wraps. I want to know how.”

“Slow down,” Damian smacked his beer on the corner of his counter, the cap flying off. “We have time.”

“No, we don’t,” Flynn’s voice had a very clear edge to it. “Just tell me what I want to know and we can go our separate ways.”

“Fuck, I forgot what a fucking buzzkill you are sober,” Damian lifted the bottle to his lips and drank it, his thick Adam’s apple bobbing with each powerful gulp. The thing was basically nothing but a bit of foam and half a drink when he pulled it from his lips. “Honestly, the fucking sex muzzle is an improvement.”

“Don’t talk to me like I’m one of your crack whores,” Flynn huffed. “I’m not that kind of guy anymore.”

“You see, that’s where you’re wrong,” Damian smirked. “You’ve got the stink of another dealer on you. When was your last hit? Over twelve hours? The withdrawal kicking you like a mule?”

“Don’t change the subject,” Flynn took a step forward. “Just tell me what I want to know and we can keep this civil.”

“And what are you going to do about it? Keep flapping your dick trap like a fucking brat till I tell you what you want?” Damian smirked. “Not like you had to come here. There are plenty of other resources that could have helped you. Though, none of them assist without taking a physical exam. Your little fag ass is bouncing on some other dealer’s dick and you can’t have that cum stain on your record or you’ll lose your comfy little stitcher position.”

Flynn took a step back before he steeled himself and took one forward, snarling as fog rolled between his teeth. “Have you been following me?”

“Keeping tabs on my favorite customer is all,” Damian smirked. “Nothing illegal about that.”

Flynn shook his head. Damian was just baiting him. He would have caught onto it sooner if his entire body wasn’t working against him.

“Whatever, how do you handle your innate ability?”

“Rather simple, but complicated as well,” Damian shrugged. “Pretty expensive too if you don’t know the right people.”

“I’m not in the mood for riddles.”

“Looks like you’re in a mood though,” Damian chuckled. “Need some hair of the dog for that hang over?”

“Stop trying to change the subject,” Flynn took a deep sigh before breathing out gently, the air getting colder with each exhale. “What do I need.”

Damian paused, eyeing Flynn up and down, his eyes almost disinterested. An old fear played at the back of Flynn’s mind. You never wanted Damian to be bored with you if you were his bitch. That meant less drugs, less dick, or worse, you’d be thrown to his boys downstairs. Flynn knew that look very well, but it was never directed at him. Not when he was in Damian’s den.

“A talisman,” Damian shrugged. “Not just any talisman, but one tailored to your specific power. That little silencing mask will keep your ability under wraps for now, but not forever. It’s already leaking.”

“Okay, where would I get a talisman?” Flynn urged Damian on with a roll of his hand. The Dane just smirked and sipped the last of his beer before setting it down.

“I can get you one, but it’ll cost you,” Damian walked over, unphased by the cold floor and mist curling around his toes as he came to Flynn and cupped his chin. Flynn tried to pull his muzzle away, but Damian gripped it painfully and forced Flynn to look him in the eyes. “I know you can’t afford it in cash, so I’ll have the only other thing of value you got.”

“Go to hell,” Flynn snarled, the curling wisps of cold rolling over Damian’s fingers didn’t seem to bother the Dane.

“Already been, bitch,” Damian chuckled. It was an old joke, one he told most of his clients when he cut them bad deals or product. “But you need a talisman, and that ability of yours ain’t goin’ away any time soon. If anything, it’s getting stronger, huh?”

“What if it is,” Flynn’s lips curled back to expose his teeth.

“Well, what kind of danger do you think you’d put people in if you were to leave that shit unchecked? How long do you think you can hide you have an innate ability without the MHM finding out? How—hu...” Damian leaned in and sniffed, his own lip curling up. “Who the fuck is your new dealer?”

“What?” Flynn was given whiplash by the sudden change in demeanor. “I don’t have a deal—”

“I know that stink,” Damian took another deep breath and a low growl rumbled through his throat. “Cerberus.”

“You know Cerberus!” Flynn’s eyes went wide.

“Yeah, we go way back,” Damian gave a fake friendly tone before it snapped to rage. He gripped fistfuls of Flynn’s coat and pulled him closer. “Where the fuck is that piece of shit!”

“I don’t know! How do you even know him anyway,” Flynn felt a panic building as some gears started to turn.

“I’ll give you one guess,” Damian slammed his lips against Flynn’s. The wolf gave a little yip, but his spine tingled, his bones rang, his veins sang as he instinctively opened up to that hit.

That hellhound hit!

Flynn melted, the warmth from Damian soothed his bones, the cold that was creeping in on him was banished by the warmth of hell’s heat. His body opened like a rose blooming through the frost as Damian’s tongue forced it’s way deep into Flynn’s muzzle, forcing him to take that hit.

Hellhound! He’s a Fucking hellhound! How did he not notice before! This sensation, the way his veins rang in familiarity. It all made sense. Damian’s drugs were laced with his mating pheromones, at least the one’s he gave to the bitches he wanted. He reeled them into his harem that way, keeping them

warm and ready as he pounded them endlessly, making them think they were coked up on something else, and making sure the only product that would satisfy them was the shit he slung.

Flynn had a moment of clarity and he bit down on Damian's lip HARD. Damian shoved Flynn back as he gave a yip.

"You're a fucking hellhound!" Flynn growled.

"You really didn't know? You really were just here for the dick and blow." Damian snarled as he swiped the blood from his lip with the back of his palm. "Now, where the hell is Cerberus. Where is that cuck fucker!"

"I don't know," Flynn stepped back, his tail trying to tuck between his legs and raise at the same time. That hellhound hit wasn't as potent as Cerberus', but hell if it didn't make him want to drop to his knees.

"Don't you lie to me," Damian took off his glasses, his eyes instantly glowing a deep and demonic red, black horns with an unholy red glow flashed onto his skull. "You know what my fucking spit can do, you little skank. I can make this a pleasurable experience, or I can choke you out."

Flynn's eyes went wide and he tried to spit the flavor of that kiss out, but it was too late. Damian's innate ability had already taken root. The Dane had a very unique ability, one that even Flynn didn't fully understand. He could make water sing, or at least that's what the Dane called it. He would lick his finger and stir a drink before it started to hum and sing along with whatever was playing on his sound system as a party trick. But it was so much more than that, and Flynn was about to get the brunt of it.

Flynn's mouth shot closed as his muzzle twisted shut. He couldn't breathe, he couldn't speak, his mouth was sewn shut by the blood curdling in his own veins. His teeth tingled and felt numb from that hit, but he could still feel his blood screaming with the foreign magic.

"Where is Cerberus you little skank," Damian snarled. "Where is he!"

"I...I don't...know..." Flynn answered truthfully. Damian let Flynn speak just enough to get his words out.

"That headless fucker is going to pay," Damian snarled. "I fucked you first, I marked you as mine!" A sudden shift of Damian's lips changed that snarl into a menacing grin. "If he thinks he can take you from me, he's dead wrong!" Damian lunged forward and Flynn tried to dodge, but his reactions were slowed already. His mind was mixing with the stinging pain and euphoric hit. He was helpless as Damian gripped onto Flynn's coat and tore it off him, the hellhound's claws long and menacing. How Flynn managed to keep his shirt on was beyond him. Damian slammed Flynn against the wall, the Dane's massive paws pinning Flynn by the shoulders.

"Open your mouth," Damian ordered, his innate magic burning in Flynn's muzzle and forcing him to open his muzzle, but Damian gripped his throat. Flynn couldn't breathe, he couldn't even speak, his frost breath rendered useless. "Good boy," Damian snarled and shoved his tongue deep inside Flynn's muzzle, forcing him to take more of that drug, more of that cursed spit!

Flynn thought he was going to pass out, he was seeing red, but when Damian let go of Flynn's throat, he continued to see...well...red. He was wearing the Dane's glasses. Flynn fought through the fog of that hit and went to blast him with his frost breath, but only drool and spit came out.

“Looks like we’re compatible enough that my talisman actually works on you,” Damian chuckled darkly and licked up Flynn’s neck. “You remove those dammed glasses and I’ll rip your throat out. Moan if you understand.”

Flynn tried to claw back, but his hands hit Damian like a kitten pawing at yarn, but that drug tingled down his spine and he couldn’t help but moan.

“That’s my good boy,” Damian growled lustfully as he scooped Flynn up. “Still so needy for a big strong dick to fuck him down. I’m going to enjoy taking you back from that prick.”

“1...” Flynn tried to push away, but he was feeling so weak, so buzzing, his veins were singing in more ways than one this time. Both Damian’s innate ability paired with the hit were causing him to feel and hear things that simply weren’t there. He could swear he was back in the Dane’s old drug den. Things started to spin and swirl, his vision getting loose and choppy before he felt himself falling. He had to have been falling for hours. It was only a second, but he was so warm and comfortable in his weightlessness that his mind wanted to grip onto that feeling for a bit. The pillows he fell into broke his fall, but when he cracked his eyes open all he saw were lights.

Damian had carried Flynn into the bedroom and flopped Flynn down onto his bed, the wolf starting to giggle like a little school girl. Cute for a fully grown man. Then again, most men looked cute in comparison to Damian. The Dane smirked down at his property and threw off his suspenders and shirt, leaving him in nothing but his signature red pants.

“That’s it, just like ol’ times,” Damian growled. “I’m going to enjoy removing every trace of that cocky mutt’s scent from you and marking you up with mine. This time I’m not just going to fuck you. I’m going to breed you. I’m going to knock you up you dumb slut! I’m going to cuck one of Cerberus’ skanks. I’m going to take one of the famous hellhound’s bitches.”

Damian crawled onto the pit of pillows, his horns clanking against the Turkish lamps hanging above from the tapestries and canopy.

To Flynn, he heard Damian's words and wanted to get away, but...he couldn't really move. The pillows had him now. He knew this feeling all too well. To be so strung out that even pillows felt heavy. It wasn't so much that they were heavy as much as they were so comfy that if he got up his body would ache like it was going to rattle apart. Flynn's ears twitched as he felt a breeze between his legs. He...he was naked from the waist down. Then he gave a long, loud, shuddering moan as Damian's thick tongue lulled over that pussy.

Damian savored his lick over that cunt, the bitter taste of another man's property being cleaned of its mark soured his tongue in the most delightful way. He finished his lick with a flick of that clit, the tip of his demonic tongue glowing red with power as he twirled the tip over that sensitive bullet.

"I'm going to enjoy removing every trace of that fucker from your body and making you into a proper little drug whore again," Damian murred when he broke away from that pussy. His spit was already working its way into that clit, and that's what really took Flynn back.

Damian didn't even need to lay with his bitches to get them off. He just needed to eat them out one at a time then have them stew in their need until they bounced on his dick. His innate ability allowed him to sing into those pussies, filling them with vibrations and songs that would make them needier by the second. But the fewer people he needed to entertain the stronger the sensations good go.

And Flynn didn't see anyone else in that den of pillows.

Flynn's foot paws fanned as his thighs instinctively spread as the vibrations hummed right up into his clit, his pussy lips quivering and glistening with those vibrations. It was like he was listening to choirs of angels hum in his ears calming songs of pleasure while his pussy quivered on the subwoofer.

"Now, knowing that cocky dick and your slutty ass, I bet he came inside too," Damian murred and cupped Flynn's ass cheeks as he opened his muzzle, his jowls from his Great Dane ancestry slowly going down like curtains, draping Flynn's entire cunt in warm, vibrating flesh. Flynn's back arched as he felt that tongue slowly slip inside him, flicking over his entrance before slipping further, deeper, and tasting that sweet honey. The deeper that tongue went, the further those vibrations kept going. The outside of his cunt felt like it was being massaged by several disco sticks, buzzing little fingers working over his most sensitive bits, those lips tugging and slurping as that tongue flicked over the entrance only to slip in and tease the edge of that sweet spot.

Flynn gave a moan, his mouth hanging open as the cunt-man's legs spread wide, his toes fanning and flexing as Damian set to work remarking his territory. Flynn could almost feel it, how each little lick and flick of that tongue peeled away a protection he didn't even know was there. It's not like Damian was removing anything physical, but it was like Flynn was being disrobed by one shred of fabric at a time. Like a flower and an anxious lover plucking petal after petal and stripping that flower bare.

Flynn's cunny clenched, trying to milk that tongue as it brushed the edge of his sweet spot, his entire pussy quivering as that muzzle nuzzled his clit, those jowls slurping at those puffy petals. It was too much, even just a light brush and Flynn gushed. Damian never stopped sucking on that peach, not letting a single drop of that honey go to waste.

"Fuck, so close...almost...there...you almost got to my...my spot..."

“I know exactly where you spot is, baby,” Damian growled lustfully and licked the cum from his lips before pulling out a hand and spat on it before moving it down between his cheeks. “I ain’t done yet. I’m saving that spot for the main course, but not before I make you scream my name.”

Flynn’s muzzle shot open, drool connecting his teeth as his asshole was brushed with the wet fingers of that Dane, those thick digits playing with that tight pucker and spreading that singing spit right on it.

“That’s right baby, keep that face for daddy,” Damian lifted up, his cock coming into view. It had to be at least a foot of bitch breaking dog dick. Red and angry with a knot pulsing for a pussy to lock behind, but Damian wasn’t done prepping his bitch yet.

Flynn obeyed Damian’s command and kept his mouth open and Damian smirked before spitting into his muzzle. That thick wad smacked the back of Flynn’s throat, a strand of it flying up and smacking his nose. He could taste his own sweetness and the smoky sourness of Damian’s last cigarette on that wad. Instantly his throat relaxed and he swallowed that spit as it tingled and sang on its way down.

“Good boy,” Damian murred and traced circles along Flynn’s asshole. It hummed with that spit like the Dane was making a wine glass sing, only these vibrations rolled up deep inside him like he found the right pitch to cause that note to roll into the needy wolf.

“Fuck Damian! D-Daddy! Damn! Damian!” Flynn couldn’t help the words come out. He was too far gone, his pupils dilated and his loins alight with song.

Damian smirked and moved his lips down to take more of what was Cerberus’, to lick and lap over that pussy, his lips tugging and tongue swirling over that clit before he resumed flicking into that lovely peach. His tongue slipped inside, quickly working up to that lovely g-spot. Flynn moaned, his gasps

and pleas of pleasure couldn't be impeded. Damian's tongue practically slapped up onto that sweet spot, circling it and tracing it with a skilled tongue.

The Dane had tasted Flynn's sweet snatch many a time and he knew exactly where to hit to make the little bitch squirm and scream his name. He didn't care if his boys downstairs heard them going at it, as a matter of fact, he wanted them to. Flynn wasn't a small guy, and would look rather imposing if he wasn't such a little bitch about everything, but the fact still remained. The screams of a man in utter bliss were echoing off the walls and down into the garage. His boys knew he could make bitches scream, but they hadn't heard him play on his favorite instrument yet.

Damian's tongue dug deeper, sliding and slurping over that love button, pushing up on it and curling his tongue to pull at it gently before swiping it with skilled and velvety ease, all while his tongue tip sank further. Damian's jaw dripped with the mixed juices of his drool and Flynn's honey. Damian knew Cerberus was big, but he didn't know the scope of things until he realized his tongue was going to bottom out. Damian simply grinned, his lips smacking off that clit as he sank deeper and deeper into that love tunnel until the tip of his tongue graced that cervix.

Flynn screamed, his cunt clenching and begging that tongue to stay against that little ring of muscle. If Flynn thought his ass was a wine glass singing, this was like a whole damn song being played with a crystal collection. Damian practically lunged forward, his tongue curling and circling like a serpent around that little spot, Flynn's entire womb was humming, buzzing with music. He could feel every little bundle of nerves, every sweet spot being simultaneously played with and worked in just the right amount that was making him scream. Flynn's fingers gripped Damian's skull as his cunt quivered, his womb practically clenching as he came.

Damian didn't stop his eating, he didn't care if he drowned in that pussy juice. He kept Flynn going, harder and harder, the tip of that tongue slipping into that womb, teasing that sensitive ring of

flesh as he Hellhound continued to give Flynn hit after hit, slamming into orgasm after screaming orgasm, drenching his own muzzle and chest in the proof of his prowess.

“P-Please! No mORE!” Flynn screamed as Damian continued his assault, his tongue pressing harder and flicking around the inside of that cervix and causing it to hum. From his clit to his fucking ovaries Flynn could feel himself buzzing. Then it all dulled as Damian pulled his tongue out, the thing slinking out of Flynn along with the last of his dribbling orgasm.

“I think you’re properly prepped now, baby,” Damian smiled. “Ready for me to make a mother out of you?”

“Fuck...yes...yes...yes...” Flynn kept panting, his pussy gushing as that continued song rolled up and down his cunt like he was already getting fucked by a vibrator.

“Good boy,” Damian snarled, his cock tip smearing over those petals, flicking between them, the tapered tip already glazed in his own need. “I’m going to bust inside you, breed you night and day, all my nuts are going into that dumb cunt until I know you’re bearing my fucking pups. Sound good baby?”

“Yes...yes please fuck yesyesyesyesyes!” Flynn came again, his pussy popping against that humming song that rang up into his womb. His slick drenched Damian’s cock and lubed it up for the final nail in Flynn’s fate.

“Then I’m going to throw you to my boys,” Damian snarled. “Pass you around, charge them per nut. You’ll be my little money making, cum dumpster.”

“Yes...whatever you want...daddy...mfff!” Flynn didn’t even really know what was going on, he just wanted that dick. This was a need deeper than any heat he had ever experienced. He swore if he didn’t get fucked then and there he would die.

“Fucking pathetic,” Damian reared his hips back, his cock lined up with that pussy. “You always were just a dumb, fucking crack whore.”

The window to the bedroom shattered and the canopy came crashing down. Flynn screamed as everything was moving in slow motion for him with the hits smacking his perception. The window broke, the morning light glinting off the shards of glass as Cerberus came crashing through, his claws and fangs bared, his collar glowing with power as he tackled Damian. The Dane yipped and crashed through the wall, his body flying and hurtling into his kitchen.

“Cerberus?” Flynn’s eyes fluttered.

“You dumb bitch, you would go to *him* of all fucking people,” Cerberus huffed before scooping up the strung out pup. “Come on. I made a promise and I intend to keep it.”

The hellhound was warm...smelled of cigarettes and burning cedar...he smelled like...

“Home,” Flynn snuggled closer to Cerberus, his nose nuzzling into that warmth, his pussy dripping between his legs forgotten as the humming stopped. Damian must have been knocked out cold.

“I...” Cerberus blushed, his muzzle taking on a rosy hue as Flynn nuzzled into the big guy. “Fucking junky,” Cerberus grumbled before jumping out the window with Flynn in his arms.