

## Pheromones and Dragon Scales

### Chapter 5: Dude! Where's the Life Guard!

- Max -

The thing about comas is that it's like you just closed your eyes...and then you open them a second later finding out that you had lost time without any rest. It's not like you have some dream—that is a rarity. Usually, it's dreamless darkness that lasts for about as long as it takes to close your eyes. I woke up in a hospital bed, on the third floor by the looks of it with the view I had from the wall of windows. It was a peaceful image, a pond and some expert landscaping. On my left there were some pictures of my insides on translucent paper hung on a square light that helped show the shadowed images.

I lifted a paw to my head to shake away some of the grogginess. My eyes landed on the chair next to me. Chad had fallen asleep beside me. He was sitting in it backward and resting his head in his folded arms on the backrest. His light snores the only sign that he was there at all.

"Chad..." I moaned and instantly regretted it—the vibration of my own voice made my head split in a migraine. Chad's eyes shot open, and I raised my hand to silence him before he could say anything.

"Sound hurts," I whispered, and I knew Chad's lupine ears could hear what I said, and as if to emphasize this they twitched when I talked. Chad's eyes glittered and his tail wagged in greeting that said, "I missed you."

"Could you go get Nathan or Alex?" I whispered, "Whichever you find first. Tell them I need something to clear my head."

Chad shook his head and pressed the nurse button.

“They have their pagers wired for this room specifically. They told me to press the nurse’s button when you woke up.” A soft smile played across his face and he came in to nuzzle my arm, his head gently rubbing against my shoulder.

I patted his head and he backed away to sit in his chair again. I looked past him and through the sliding glass doors that gave way to a nurses’ terminal. A female rat nurse was looking at us with envy, that quickly melted into a warm smile when our eyes met.

The last thing that I could remember was a smile, of...Alex as he held me in a warm embrace, but something was tugging in the back of my memory—something important. That must be a side effect of the drugs, short-term memory loss. It was something important, something very...frightening?

I racked my head for ideas, only to give up as my migraine throbbed and burned behind my skull. Hopefully Nathan or Alex would have something to unclog my brain, or at least stop the pain.

A few moments later, Nathan entered, all in his painfully white lab coat. His eyes looked concerned and worried, but softened into a loving fatherly gaze. Chad put a paw to his muzzle in a silent shush. Nathan instantly got the message and he pulled out a small bottle, aspirin. Chad got me a cup of water as Nathan gave me the pills. I downed them with the room temp water, draining the cup with an unexpected thirst despite its metallic tang. When I went to give back the cup, Chad had already gotten me another, and I drained that one too.

“Max,” Nathan whispered, “do you remember what Alex said before?” Nathan’s voice was much less deep and husky than Chad’s and wasn’t too hard on my head. I shook my head, something clawing at the back of my memory, or was that the migraine? Ugh!

“Max,” he continued, “I don’t have much time to explain, but I need you to pretend that you are still in a coma. The contact for the Blue Dragon will be here for his report on you.” My memory flashed back. Someone called the Blue Dragon had wanted me for my powers. He had set up Nathan through Alex to keep an eye on me, or more accurately, my powers.

“We need you to listen until Alex gives the signal.” Nathan continued pulling out a small vial from his lab coat with a milky white liquid in it. He handed it to me.

“Then smash this.” He instructed, “It’s a small amount of your semen we got off the floor of the clinic room. It will immobilize him enough to the point where you can take him and get any information you need.” I was actually impressed, I would have never thought of that, but not too many teens do think about bottling their seed in order to use it later on to enslave people that are trying to abduct you.

“After that,” he went on. “We can tell you your test results, but for now we need to move you into a more secure room.”

“What’s the code word?” I asked, my brain starting to calm down a bit.

“More of a sentence, ‘I’ll leave you two alone now.’ That’s what Alex told me it was anyway.” And with that Nathan motioned me to a stretcher that I quickly got onto and then he pulled a sheet over my body shrouding me in a wall of bed sheets. The game began. I was wheeled out of my hospital room and down a seemingly endless array of hallways. The hospital was in a constant buzz around me.

I felt my paw being squeezed by a big wolf paw.

“Don’t worry master,” Chad whispered just loud enough for me to hear. “You’ll be fine. We will protect you if he tries to do anything.”

A small calm rolled through me. Chad's words really did calm me down, and I gave him a gentle squeeze back.

We stopped in an elevator, it dinged open, and then silence fell as we descended. The smell of disinfectant became stronger as we descended. I don't know how far into the depths of the hospital we sank. The doors opened with another ding and I was rolled through an endless maze of silent hallways. Chad's paw left mine and heard a door open, then Chad was holding my hand again, but just for a second.

"We have to leave you in here Master," Nathan informed me. "Alex will bring the correspondent down here and he will give you the signal. Just do what we told you, and this will all be over soon." I felt his heat leave me. With a final squeeze, Chad readjusted the sheet to cover my hand and he was gone. There was a soft click as the door closed behind them.

I was still groggy from the drugs, and I still had a headache, but the adrenalin was fighting the grogginess and the aspirin was fighting the pounding in my head. The fear that I hadn't realized was there until Chad comforted me started to rise in my gut and I gripped the vial in my hand tighter, not wanting to lose it. It was cool to the touch. They must have frozen it to keep it fresh or something.

I didn't know how long I had been waiting in that room, covered by that sheet, until I realized that if I was going to pretend I was in a coma, I couldn't be hyperventilating. So I forced my rapid heart to calm down so I could breathe through the sheet with my nose. Just as I managed that, I heard voices through the scream of silence. My heart skipped a beat. I forced my heart to calm again as the voices came closer. I readied myself to smash the vial.

It felt like an eternity before there was any sign of them approaching. Alex was talking to someone, guiding them in.

“Okay he should be in here,” Alex reassured.

“What do you mean, he *should* be in here?” a slightly different voice remarked.

“You know...” the door opened. “He’s right there.” He said in a confident voice implying that he saw me draped with my cloth.

“You have done well Alexander; know that the Master will be pleased.” If I didn’t know better I would say it was Alex talking. The only difference is that the voice didn’t have the deep rolling bass that Alex’s had. “Your findings will bring great joy to the Blue Dragon.”

“I live to serve him. I am honored to have one of his highest-ranking slaves in my hospital, and my cousin at that.”

“I will put in a good word for you if that is the reason for your flattery, and I would prefer if people didn’t know of our blood relation.” Now I could tell the voices apart easily. Alex’s was full of life and pride while the other was dismal and cynical, the only similarity was the tone. It was the emotion between them that set them apart.

“Now, if you will go get more sedatives,” Alex’s cousin continued. “I’ll strap him down for transport.” I heard the other lion move towards me. I had to be in the back of the room because it took a while for him to reach me.

“I’ll just leave you two alone then,” Alex signaled me, but I waited. I knew Alex had to get out first, just in case. I heard Alex leave the room and close the door. There was an ominous jingle of keys, and locks being turned. I felt the lion next to me tense up.

“Alex? Alex!” Though his voice rose in pitch, his voice still stayed void of emotion. His shoes patted against the floor as he went to the door and jiggled the handle to confirm his suspicions. “Alex,

this will be in my report. If you let me out now, I will soften your momentary lapse in judgment. You may not have had as many sessions with Master, but don't fight the thoughts that he so graciously gives you. Let him think for you, don't fight it."

The new lion was seriously starting to creep me out, so I decided to make my move and end this quickly. I quietly pulled my sheet off and I raised myself into a sitting position. I desperately wished one of my powers was to "vampire-out" of my downed position. We were in the morgue. There were some examining tables, a wall of those small doors that opened to reveal human-sized fridges, and various stainless-steel cabinets and counters. I turned my head towards the voices, and my eyes fell on a lion.

He was in a black suit, his back turned, and his mane was a green that was so out-of-place against his clean-cut suit and straight proper stature. He was tall, about six feet tall and held himself with importance and purpose as he continued to talk to the door. I raised the vial as high as I could and threw it down with as much strength as I could, making sure it would break.

I heard a shattering noise and a splat as the cum-filled vial broke into a thousand little pieces, the rubber stopper flying across the room to hit the steel door with a loud thud. The lion looked at the rubber stopper, then his head slowly turned to face me with his blue and empty eyes. No light or life emanated from them as he slowly turned to look at me. His undershirt was an emerald green to match his hair with some blue accents to complement his soulless eyes.

"Now, what on earth did you plan to accomplish with that?" he said like a mindless drone. "Even if it is an airborne toxin, it would still kill you as well as me. So what do you plan on doing with..." he sniffed the air.

“Your seed...” His nose curled as he leaned his head back in disgust. “Now I see, Alex told me how your power worked. This was a trap from the beginning.” He then went into his pocket and pulled out an iPhone, and his eyebrows knitted in frustration. “I don’t get any reception below ground.”

The lion sighed, and then his paws went to open his suit jacket and flicked one button open.

“Honestly I do feel the pull of your pheromones,” he confirmed as he undid another button, “but they don’t call to me like my master’s mind does.” He undid the last button and he put a paw into the jacket, looking for something. “Too bad it had to come to this,” He let out another exasperated sigh, “You could have made this much easier on yourself.” He pulled out two daggers, and my blood ran cold.

“Stay back!” I shouted and breathed a ball of fire at him, but he elegantly jumped out of the way, landing on the floor in a crouched position ready to jump if he was attacked again, a dagger in each paw and completely unfazed. Fear plumed in my chest.

“I’ve been trained in various martial arts and in the way of many weapons from the poison dart to the modern-day rocket launcher. You don’t stand a chance Max,” he said, getting back up to his feet in one fluid motion, and brushed imaginary dust off his suit. “So just give up. Come peacefully, and the Blue Dragon will treat you with respect and reverence. He has regarded you for quite a long time, and I would hate to be the one to keep him waiting. So please, just make this easier for me and for you, and get over here so we can get a move on.” He then did a quick once-over of his suit, seemingly satisfied, and he looked at me once more with those soulless eyes while buttoning it back up.

I deflated. I was trapped in my own trap. It was a brilliant plan, but it was solely based on my pheromones being stronger than the mind control of this Blue Dragon. I had barely converted Alex, and that was because I had shown him how living with me could be better.

That's when I had an idea, my pheromones worked because they fueled desire, but I hadn't tempted this guy with anything other than burning him alive.

"Why do you serve him?" I asked in a little more forceful tone than I wanted. "I mean, what makes him so...worth serving."

The lion cocked a brow.

"Because he is simply what gives my life meaning. He has done all the thinking for me. I don't need to analyze the inevitable anymore. The simple fact is that he wants you and he trained me to be able to do it. In this he has given me purpose. So to answer your question, he has given me all the answers I need and has given me a reason to live. Is that response satisfactory for you?"

"Well, that seems like a boring existence," I commented. "Constantly having to do what you are told, without any mind of your own, without emotion. Do you even remember what it was like to make your own decisions, to choose to be with another based on what you had with them?"

I saw a glimmer of something behind his eyes before it faded back into nothing.

"I had one of those people in my life long before I met the Blue Dragon. I had lost that person and the Blue Dragon took the pain away. He took me out of my spiraling life and put me on a straight path where I could see the happenings at every crossroads. Every time I deviated from his path I would just go back to that horrible place from before, so I chose him. It has always been him, and will always be him. He keeps my goals focused and my decisions clear. He made my life simple: serve him and I will not feel pain."

Another idea popped into my head. "Now ask yourself this question. Why did you tell me all of that?"



The lion's eyes looked confused. "Because it is irrelevant to the situation and wouldn't matter if you knew or not." But he still looked confused, and his voice held a hint of uncertainty.

"I know *you know* that you don't believe that. Why did you tell me about this other person, the feeling you had when you lost him."

His brow furrowed in thought, "because you...Stop!" His eyes had a flash of anger in them before they faded to nothing again. "You are stalling, and I don't want the master to wait." I could see the faintest reflection of a glimmer in his eye as he made his way towards me, daggers in hand. I kept my veneer of calm as he approached, but I also forced a look of concern.

"What was his name?"

The lion froze, his steely eyes showing the faintest memories of emotions, "Chris...has nothing to do with what is happening at hand. You don't care about him; he is just a name to you. This is just another stalling technique."

"I think you remember that feeling he gave you." I said truthfully, not having to force my concern anymore. "What if I could give you back that feeling?" The lion's eyes flashed with what looked like sadness then turned to fatigue.

"Only he could give me that feeling and no one else."

"Your master or Chris?" I instantly saw that the question shocked him. He almost dropped one of his daggers, but caught it in a fluid motion that looked like he meant to, but his facial expression betrayed his actions.

"I...never...No! Stop! Stop trying to trick me into divulging information and pitting me against my own thoughts." This time his voice has a hint of an accent. Maybe a British accent? "Now get Alex to

open the door so we can get going.” His accent faded and his eyes fogged over. “We’ve wasted enough time here already.”

Whatever hold the Blue Dragon had on him, the key to breaking it was through Chris. I just needed more time with him, and there was only one way to get more. I got up to my feet, the cool floor almost making me shiver, and I went over to the lion with dignity—well, as much as I could in a patient gown. The lion put one paw gently around my back pulling me towards the door.

“Tell him to open it,” he commanded.

I knocked on the door, “Alex? You still there?”

I heard a fumbling and then “Yes, Master. Is Ajani one of us already?”

“No, he is resistant to my pheromones and...well, you’re just going to have to let me go with him.”

“No, Master, we can...take him out. We will fight for you.”

“Sorry Alex, but I don’t think this is one you guys could win. He’s too skilled to fight. I don’t want any of you getting hurt because of me. He’s got weapons, and is very skilled with them. Don’t worry, he won’t hurt me. Just trust that I know what I’m doing.”

I waited for a long time. I was about to ask if Alex was okay, but then I heard a jingling of keys and the sound of tumblers as the locks came undone. The lion, Ajani, opened the door and escorted me out, his arm gently guiding me forward. When we passed through the threshold, Alex was in his eyes.

“I’m sorry Master. I thought this would work.”

“It’s okay Alex. I’ll be fine,” I gave him a wink that Ajani couldn’t see. Alex saw, and he just bit down on his lip in frustration and turned away.

“Just get out of here Ajani. Tell the Blue Dragon that I will serve him as I did before.”

“Your plea will be put in my report. You are lucky that the Blue Dragon believes in second chances.” Ajani then turned and pulled me with him. Nathan and Chad were at the end of the hall. Nathan looked defeated and Chad was snarling like a rabid wolf, foaming at the mouth.

Ajani didn’t even flinch, but his eyes narrowed.

“Chad,” I said in a forceful tone, implying that I wanted him to stop.

“But I can’t let him take you. Not you!”

“Chad!” I shouted and he broke his gaze from Ajani and looked at me with anger in his eyes.

“You can’t just give up Master, I wouldn’t know what to do without you. Please don’t go,” His face was shifting from anger to fathomless sorrow, and his voice broke from uncontrollable rage to a desperate plea. “Please, don’t go.” He fell to his knees, his voice getting softer. “Please don’t, please, please, please...please...p-p-p.” He couldn’t form any words, and tears flowed down his muzzle.

“Don’t worry Chad,” I said in a soft tone. “I’ll be okay.” My words gave him little solace as Ajani directed me down a hallway that led to the elevators, but I needed to say one more thing that I knew would cheer Chad up. Not because I might not make it back, but because it was true.

“Chad!” I shouted from inside the elevator. Chad bounded around the corner and stood frozen looking at me. “Before I do go, I need you to know that I forgive you!”

The elevator door dinged and the doors started to close. The last thing I saw before I was alone in the elevator was Chad's face looking confused then exploded into a thousand rays of color. Elation and joy flooding his features, and I thought maybe I wasn't such a bad person after all.

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Ajani, I have to admit, had an amazing car. I almost felt bad about sitting my bare rump against the heated seats. It was a sleek black sports car, but I'm not much of a car person, so I couldn't tell the make or model. Though, I could tell it was an environmentalist's nightmare. Real leather seats, chinchilla fur lined, dash made of wood from the African rain forests, and the platinum trim was everywhere. We were zipping down a highway in the dead of night. Not the way I wanted to spend my Sunday, but then again I didn't have anything planned. That's when I realized that it had only been three days since I got my powers on Friday. So much had happened, so much had changed...and there's that sense that I'm forgetting something again. It's clawing at the back of my head, something important.

I shook my head and decided if it was important I would remember it.

"Ajani?" I spoke. He just gave a grunt that meant he was listening, his cold eyes locked on the road in focus, "How would you...describe the Blue Dragon? Is he...nice?" I started to fake nervousness to show I was innocent, but I didn't have to force all of it.

"He is very generous. To paraphrase, he will give you all the cookies you want, but if you put your hand in the cookie jar, he will cut your hand off." Ajani never broke his gaze from the road as he changed lanes, never going above or below the speed limit.

"Well," I said in a confused small voice. "That's...descriptive, but...what do you think of him?"

"I already told you. He is every point on my compass. He will always lead me to where I need to go. He has taken away the pain in my life, and I am grateful for that, so I serve him."

“Is pain the only thing he took away?” Ajani looked confused and the speedometer raised just a little over sixty-five.

“He also took away emotions that do not matter. Ones that he said were unsafe for a person in my position.”

“You mean a slave?” I said tucking my legs closer to my body, trying to warm myself up on the heated seats. Due to my lack of clothing, I couldn’t keep warm. Patient gowns aren’t very good sources of warmth.

“You have slaves as well Max,” Ajani reminded me. “You can’t necessarily be saying that he is wrong and you are right. That is what we call hypocrisy.”

“No,” I said in a slightly angry voice. “I don’t think I ever had slaves, Ajani.”

The accelerator rose another degree.

“Don’t play dumb, Max.” Ajani continued the conversation with mild interest, but interest nonetheless. “I saw them. Even the ones you stopped from confronting us in the lobby. Yes, Max, I saw those two rabbits.”

“You didn’t let me finish Ajani. I don’t have slaves, I have servants.”

Ajani’s eyes narrowed and that glimmer was back.

“What’s the difference?”

“Slaves are mindless drones; their free will stripped from them and forced to do the bidding unwillingly of their master. But a servant is someone that serves his master of his own accord; you could see the emotion in their eyes. The willingness to fight for me if need be, to make their own decision to

protect me. Ajani, when was the last time you were happy? Or even sad, for that matter? When was the last time you even felt anything?"

The glimmer in his eyes grew and his accent started to creep into his voice.

"When I inhaled your pheromones," the speedometer started to plummet. "It was exactly like when I would smell Chris's pillow at night, the memory of a memory. It felt so good at that one moment I had to restrain myself from running over to you." The fog from his eyes was slowly starting to clear and his accent was becoming more prominent. It wasn't that whiny British accent; it was the smooth kind. This time he broke his gaze from the road. "And when I chose not to be with you, I felt pain. The first time I chose to go with the Blue Dragon's plan and I felt pain." Something new started to play across his face.

*Anger.*

"He promised me!" Ajani snarled.

*Bam!*

I hit the back of my seat as the lion floored it.

"He promised I wouldn't feel pain! He promised me I wouldn't have any more regrets!" His angry eyes were locked on the road in front of us as he wove in-between car after car. "The first time I would have actually been happy and I chose to be a numb, worthless, slave!" His voice was getting louder and stronger, and emotion poured into his face as we sped down the highway going ninety, the fog in his eyes replaced by blue fire and glittering tears.

“Ajani! You’re going to get us killed! Stop!” I shouted, my claws digging into the leather and gripping the memory foam beneath it. My words fell on deaf ears as the speedometer continued to climb.

“I regret not choosing you! This pain! I want it gone! I don’t want to feel this PAIN!”

“You won’t feel anything if we are dead Ajani!” I shouted. “Stop the car!” That’s when I realized I had said the wrong thing.

I looked to see tears streaking Ajani’s eyes.

“Yes, I wouldn’t feel anything…” he breathed the words and I saw the steering wheel start to tip in the direction of the road where a lake was bordering the highway. Damn it!

“No!” I grabbed the steering wheel, and we started to swerve on the highway. “I won’t let you throw your life away!” *Or mine for that matter!*

“Let me do this!” he screamed, “I don’t want to live numb, it’s just as bad as the pain! I don’t want to live in pain! I would rather be in a cold eternal sleep!”

“Ajani, stop! I’m not going to let you kill yourself!” We swerved just in time to miss a semi and crossed into the third lane just before reaching the grassy marsh before the lake.

“Too late!” Ajani forced the wheel with his superior strength. Time slowed down as we hit the bumpy damp ground and glided over the surface. I let go of the wheel and looked for a means of escape, the doors were locked and I couldn’t unlock them from my side because the child locks were on. Wait! Sports car! I looked on the roof for a switch. We were less than half a football field away from the edge of the lake, and it looked like Ajani was driving to a big drop-off going directly to deep indigo in the moonlight. I flipped a switch and the roof started to peel back. I unclicked my seat belt, the wind

whipping all around me and my gown flying away in the wind. I undid Ajani's seat belt and grabbed onto him by the shoulders, but he shrugged me off. We were just about to hit the water. I panicked! I spread my wings and I flew up into the air. The speed I was going at made it easy to get a lot of altitude in seconds, like a parachute.

*SPLASH!*

The car hit the water and was instantly consumed by the dark waters. I watched in horror as Ajani faded to black. I started to climb into the air, wanting to get away as fast as I could, but then I stopped. I couldn't let him die. I turned around and looked at the dark water, a plume of white where the car went down and it hit me: an overpowering sense to save Ajani and a powerful case of *déjà vu*.

"Ajani!" I shouted and dive-bombed for the foamy surface of the water. When I hit the water it was surprisingly warm, but I didn't stop. With my superior night vision I could just vaguely see the fading lights of the car caught in a veil of bubbles. I pumped my wings, moving at lightning speed through the water. It took me seconds to get to the car as it continually dragged itself deeper and deeper, the water pressure pushing on my lungs as I dove deeper.

In all the confusion I saw a flash of green and gold. I dove for it. I grabbed Ajani by the shoulders, his body limp, and I pulled him out of the driver's seat. I wrapped my arms around his chest, my lungs screaming for air, and I looked up, but all I saw was darkness. I watched the bubbles floating sideways and I followed them until I overshot them and pumped with all my strength. I couldn't see the surface, all I saw was black. Is this how I'm going to die? At least it would be dying by saving a life. My parents would be proud. I started to pump harder with my wings, push, fold, up, push over and over, rocketing myself towards the surface. The pressure on my chest softened, but the burning didn't, it only got worse and worse until...



Splash!

I heaved for air as I rocketed out of the water and hovered in mid-air. The heavy lion weighing me down, we were about a hundred yards away from the shore, I rocketed the lions limp form to dry land.

I set him down, but he wasn't breathing, so I ripped layer after layer of clothing from him until I got to his still defined chest. I plugged his nose and breathed into his muzzle. His chest rose a little, and I let go and started to push down on his chest. Water ran out of his muzzle and I breathed back into him, this time getting a little more air into him. His body convulsed and he rolled onto his side as he hacked lungful after lungful of water out of his maw, taking in deep labored breaths.

I practically collapsed as I relaxed, my panic ebbing. Ajani only managed one word through his coughing fit.

"Why?" He continued to cough up little spurts of water.

"Because," I said in a sincere voice. "Nobody is beyond saving, especially someone like you. Someone with so much life, I can see it, I can see you through that fog. You just have some demons to take care of, and I want to help you get over them." I saw the fog finally leave his eyes and confusion spread across his face.

"Chris?" he said, "Is that you?"

I blinked and I shook my head, "No Ajani, it's Max."

"But I feel the same way when I looked at him as when I look at you."

"Because you know I care about you," I said, my eyes softening.

“Max...” Ajani’s eyes started to get wet, and he dragged himself over to me and cupped my muzzle in his large paws. “I...want you so badly.” His paw was surprisingly warm against my muzzle and I could smell the sweet breath of the lion in front of me.

“You can be mine Ajani. All you had to do was ask.” He pulled me into a deep kiss, his rough tongue playing with my smooth one in an elegant dance. Ajani pushed his body onto mine, rubbing his firm chest against me and causing my nipples to tingle as his wet fur rubbed against my bare chest.

Ajani pulled away, “Max, are you sure you want me?”

I answered by pulling him in for another deep kiss, shivering as our chests rubbed against each other once again. Our hot breath mingled, warming us up in the dark night. I felt my cock grow in excitement as it rubbed up against that damp fur. Ajani knew exactly what I wanted. He pulled away and undid his belt, followed by a splash as it hit the water, then a slow zip. Ajani’s black cock was seven inches long completely flaccid. His furry sack was a cream color. He had a somewhat lithe body that was packed with muscle. He was still bigger than me though. His golden fur surrounded his body and then, like a reverse dandelion, his mane shone an emerald green in the moonlight, his blue eyes glittering with happiness and lust.

Ajani then came back down onto me, his soft cock growing harder against mine, our barbs pulling on each other's sensitive skin. I was the first to break the kiss, throwing my head back as my body shivered in pleasure, and I pulled Ajani closer only to shiver again as his silky fur brushed against my nipples. I then got on all fours and turned around.

“What are you...Oh,” and Ajani stopped with my cock in his face, getting into a sixty-nine position. I looked at his ash black member as it grew into a nine-inch slab of lion meat, throbbing with need. I just breathed on it for a minute, just taking in its salty, musky scent. Then as the first bead of pre

welled up at its tip I went down and licked it up. Then I travelled down, licking the front, the lion behind me imitating me, and I wrapped my flexible tongue around the base. That's when I noticed that the cum pipe on the underside of the cock was a thick pink line. I started to lick the entire thing all over, tasting the whole member before I found my way back to the now ten-inch member, swollen with its arousal.

I wrapped my lips around the mushroom tip and started to suckle and gently tease the tip, and the lion suckling my tip did the same. I moaned onto the lion meat in my maw as the pleasure shot up my spine. Ajani shivered in pleasure as my voice vibrated around his cock, and he started to play with the barbs that lined my mushroom tip. The floodgates broke out and pleasure washed through my body. I thrust deep into the maw of the lion, wanting more as I dove my own head down. It hit the back of my throat, but I didn't feel mine hit his. I wrapped my slick tongue around his shaft, milking the clear, salty, bitter liquid.

I could barely control myself as I sucked on that member with all my force, wanting to please Ajani as much as he was me, and for us to reach that state of euphoria at the same time. I knew that was next to impossible. I had so much stamina, and I wasn't even near halfway to the breaking point, but it felt like I was having one of my old orgasms continuously. The pleasure only grew as Ajani sucked on my cock. His expert muzzle lapping and sucking my cock like a pro.

I pushed my chest against the lion's fur, trying to get some friction on my nipples as they leaked pre all over the lion's chest. Then...Wow! The lion started to purr sending shockwaves down my cock and nipples as he started to vibrate. I had to fight to keep moving through the pleasure, my spine like a lightning rod as bolt after continuous bolt of pleasure shot up my spine and practically overloaded my brain. I still wasn't even close to orgasm. Ajani grabbed onto my ass cheeks and forced me to face fuck him hard and fast, playing with my leaking asshole as he forced more of my cock into his skilled maw.

All of a sudden, I felt the cock in my mouth flare and its barbs stick out as the lion roared on my cock and came. Rope after rope of seed was shot down my throat as I massaged at the lion's tip with my swallowing muscles. After about a minute of Ajani trying to make me cum with his expertise I started to lift myself off him and out of him.

"Ajani, that was amazing!"

"But...you didn't cum..."

I turned on his chest straddling him.

"That's because with my powers I have amazing stamina." I said with difficulty, pleasure making me thrust into the fur of the lion for release. "But I don't think I can move much longer, the pleasure is becoming too much." I then collapsed onto him.

"Ajani," I moaned. "Please fuck me. I need you to fuck me over the edge." I started to kiss him all over. "The pleasure is paralyzing me." I continued to kiss him on his neck and muzzle saying "please" and "fuck me" in-between kisses. The lion was breathing heavily.

"Okay," he said with labored breath. He lovingly gathered me up in his arms and set me on my side. He lifted one of my legs and positioned his still completely hard cock at my ass. I started to play with one of my nipples and then I felt the lion's other paw cup my head and I looked up. Ajani looked into my eyes with tender love, his green mane haloed by the full moon and a star-dusted sky.

"I love you so much Max," he said, coming in for a deep kiss, and then a small knock on my back door as he slowly made his way in. Ajani was so gentle, so kind, so loving. I gasped as he pushed his tip in, just keeping it there as he slowly entered with small precise, loving thrusts. The lion started to purr into our kiss, causing my whole body to vibrate as his chest pressed against my back.

Ajani pulled his arm holding my leg forward and wrapped his paw around my nine-incher and started to slowly stroke. I opened my mouth in a gasp and Ajani just dove deeper into my open maw, dominating the kiss. I had almost forgotten to tend to my nipples and I started to play with one with my free hand, and run my fingers through the silky green mane of the lion with the other.

My ass was creating a nice lubricant for the lion's cock as he started to push in more of his member. My hole was a tingling mess, that delightful pressure sliding in, gliding out, sliding in, gliding out. I didn't want to, but I pulled away from the kiss, gasping for breath, a small strand of saliva linking our two mouths, "Yes...harder please."

"No," I would have been shocked, but Ajani's voice was gentle and caring, "I want this moment to last as long as possible. I want to remember you as the hero who saved my life. I want to enjoy every emotion that you give me. You make me feel like I'm finally living. Kissing you is like taking a deep breath after I've been underwater. And you are so sexy, so hot, I don't ever want to let you go." Ajani's thrusts only got a little faster, but they were still him pushing in and pulling out. A slow rhythm that kept me in a limbo of euphoria.

I leaned into the warm chest behind me and settled in for the long ride as Ajani continued to make love to me, pulling out and pushing in, all in a slow erotic pace. He would slow down, do some deep strokes to stoke my pleasure, then slowly build the pace back up. He pulled me in for another kiss and I was happy to oblige him. We only broke the kiss for much needed breath and then dove for each other's maws again. I stayed like that for hours, Ajani's cock getting deeper and deeper all the while. The smell of sex engulfed us as my pre literally soaked the ground and us, making us one gooey sticky mess. Ajani's thrusts and ministrations on my cock were maddening, but I endured through it by biting softly on Ajani's lip as we kissed.

We were coming into our third hour when I felt my pleasure build to a breaking point. I clenched down on Ajani's cock, sending him over the edge. He let off a soft roar as he came into me. My cock exploded and my nipples spewed their cum. Instantly I was thrown into that cut off senses realm of white, floating in a sea of euphoria. I watched and felt my muscles bulge, my cock getting a little bigger, my scales stretching as muscles continued to fill them out. My horns inched up, and my red scales turned to a darker shade of crimson. My dark underbelly turned black as night. I felt amazing, heat and sweat rolled off my body as my orgasm slowly started to taper off.

I hadn't noticed my eyes were closed until I opened them.

"Ajani," I breathed, "that was amazing." My vision cleared, and I could see the soft smile of Ajani as he just stared at me.

"You grew," he said in a happy tone as if we were longtime friends meeting up in school after summer break. His accent sent goosebumps all over my scales.

"I have a tendency to do that," I said in the same tone and I smiled back. "Whenever someone chooses to be my servant I just sort of...well...grow."

"Well then," Ajani leaned in and kissed my cheek, fuck that sexy accent! "We are going to have to get you a bunch more servants, because I like my guys big." He playfully squeezed my cock making me shiver again and eliciting a small moan from my maw. I felt the cock in my ass slowly start to deflate and an overpowering sense of emptiness started to take hold of me. Ajani felt me squirm and he took me into another passionate kiss. Then, with a *plop*, his cock slipped out along with a small flow of cum.

"I'm going to have to get used to calling you Master," he said, nuzzling my cheek.

"You can call me Max."

“Well,” he said in a slightly sarcastic tone. “I am honored to serve you Max.”

“I think we need to make it back to the hospital,” I said, some concern in my voice. “Sorry about your car.”

“Not mine,” he said pulling himself up. “Was...it was...” He shook his head in confusion, his silky green locks waving as he did. His head fur long since dried. “I remember remembering him, but I can’t remember his name. All I can get is Blue Dragon”

“Well, do you remember what you were like under his control?” I said propping myself up on my elbows.

He was standing now, his seven-inch cock dripping seed and his balls were soaked in pre, “Vaguely. I remember feeling empty all the time. I don’t remember places, just flashes of images of places. And something about...about...ugh. I’ll think of it later.” He said extending his paw to help me up. “For now, let’s get you back to your servants. They must be worried sick.”

“Yes,” I said, accepting his paw and pulling myself up. I was about two inches shorter than him, and I was just slightly less muscled. “But I think a change of clothes would be better. Let’s face it, they may be sexy, but our birthday suits aren’t going to help us blend.”

“Yeah,” he said putting a paw behind his head to scratch his mane, “that would probably be for the best. Hey, what was I wearing before?” His head cocked to the side in curiosity.

I pointed over to the layers of cloths in a heap over by the lapping waves of the water. Ajani’s eyes narrowed and his nose curled in disgust.

“What the hell is that?”

“A tailored suit I think,” I answered. “Is something wrong? My dad wears them all the time.” All of a sudden I had that powerful sense I was forgetting something, something really important.

“Ugh, I hate suits.” He said, “They remind me I’m getting old.”

I cocked an eyebrow.

“You can’t be a day over twenty.”

“Twenty-two, but thanks for the compliment.” Then he hooked his arm in an offer for me to do the same. “Shall we go find some new clothes?” I linked my arm in his, blushing slightly as he escorted me out of the marsh.