

To Ashes

Chapter 8: House Rules

Asher was hyper ventilating as he listened to Fynx leave the penthouse, his breath deep and labored as he put a hand to his forehead.

This can't be happening, I can't be here, this has to be some horrible dream.

His mind was a vortex of raging confusion until he heard Fynx at the door.

"Treat her nice boys," Fynx's voice echoed through the penthouse as his shoes clicked on the tile. "One hair out of place and you'll be at the bottom of the ocean."

There were a couple of grunts and the slam of a door as Fynx left. Asher took a moment to simply breathe, his heart pounding so hard he could hardly think straight. He leaned back against the headboard, his juices cooling between his legs from the tongue lashing Fynx had just given his pussy, his ass a sore mess from the anal fucking that barbed dick gave him. Asher looked over to the wall of mirrors and looked into his topaz eyes...or rather Ashly's.

"You really going to just let him do this to you? Get up and find a way to fight back," Ashly urged him in his reflection.

"I," Asher swallowed hard, his throat raw from his moaning. "I don't know how."

"I don't know how' do you even hear yourself," Ashly mocked him in his mind. *"You're better than this, we're better than this. We can fight back."*

Asher closed his eyes and took a deep breath before letting it out slowly, his body feeling heavy and weak despite being fully awake. Heat is such a bitch. He remembered the last time he was in heat years ago. It was his first heat and it knocked him out of school for a full week. The story was that he contracted mono, and Fynx made some cheap joke about how it was impossible to get mono from sucking dick.

Asher used every ounce of strength he had and pulled the covers off him, the cuts in his abdomen had stopped bleeding and were now just bloody mats on his fur. Regardless he thought he needed to disinfect and shuffled his way to the side of the bed. It had never been harder to get out of a bed before, it felt like the softness and comfortability was some sort of Velcro keeping him tied to the bed. The pain from those scratch marks felt like anchors holding him down, nature telling him that his mate will provide and to simply rest, but he couldn't. He arched his back and shifted his ass over, and then his shoulders. It was a little two-step that took forever, but eventually ended with him being on the edge of the bed. He slung one leg over the side and felt nothing but air. The damned frame was so high off the ground he had no idea how he was going to get down. Asher propped himself up on his elbows and quickly learned that was a mistake. The bed sank lower with the focused weight and sloped to the side. Asher fell down and tumbled to the fuzzy rug below, the unforgiving cement beneath it softened by the rug.

"Fuck me," Asher groaned as he flopped onto his face, getting his hands beneath him and pushing up. Asher always hated push-ups, he didn't hate how they worked his muscles, but with the added weight of his heat, pushing himself up felt like he was trying to lift a hundred pound weight on his back.

"Miss Ashly," a deep voice rumbled. "Are you alright?"

A pair of powerful hands came to Asher's side and tried to scoop up the dragon. Asher swiped his claws, a sudden jolt of adrenaline allowing him a single fast strike. A sharp intake of breath from the man told Asher he landed a hit, but his claws were stuck on the fabric on the man's sleeve. Asher gave a little yip as he tumbled to the floor again, falling on his shoulder. It wasn't painful, but it did hurt the little drake's ego.

"Miss," another man urged with a thick British accent behind the first. "Please, we mean you no harm. We're your hired protection."

Asher kicked, his legs felt like they were full of lead and hit like they were made of feathers.

"Get away from me," Asher huffed and tried to drag himself away, his cuts scraping against the expensive rug and leaving a few droplets of blood, having reopened.

"Okay now little lady," the first man spoke through a smirk as he reached down and scooped up Asher easily, hoisting him high and in a pair of powerful arms. A grizzly bear with vicious looking claws, a dead eye and stubble met Asher's gaze. He wore a simple black suit and tie. "No more of that, you need your rest while in heat. The boss will be back this evening and we're here to keep you safe."

Asher's eyes were wide as he took in the grizzly. Asher thought Fynx was big, but this guy was massive!

"Top of the evenin' there Miss Ashly," the other man inserted himself into the conversation, the great white shark looming into view, somehow even larger than the grizzly. "This gentlemen here is Nail and I'm Tooth."

Asher's mind short-circuited and he blinked. He had no control over what rattled out of his maw as his mind ran a thousand miles a second.

“That can’t be your real names,” Asher muttered.

Tooth smirked, his vicious rows of shark teeth gleaming. “Right you are, Miss Ashly,” the shark stepped off to the side, but was still in view. “Right you are. Those are simply our code names. That’s as much for your safety as it is for ours.”

“How?” Asher was simply reacting at this point, he didn’t have the capacity to think before he spoke.

“Well,” Nail started as he set Asher back down on the bed, sitting up right against the head board. “Say your enemies want to get to you, but they got to go through us first. Our identities are safe and secure. Any family we got, anyone in our lives is kept secret so they can’t be used to turn us on our clients.”

“Or so that your clients can’t sue you,” Asher sighed. “Neither of you are going to let me leave this place, huh?”

“Right again, Miss Ashly,” Tooth nodded, both of the men standing next to each other and folding their hands in front of themselves. That’s when Asher noticed the little cut mark on Nail’s sleeve. It wasn’t even bleeding. That little scratch was nothing, a nuisance at best. He couldn’t fight through these two men even if he had his strength back.

“Don’t think of us as your captors,” Nail nodded. “Think of us as your body guards to make sure nothing else happens to ya.”

“Nothing that Fynx doesn’t want,” Asher folded his hands together in his lap.

“True,” Tooth nodded. “We’re not gunna lie to you, Miss Ashly. We don’t like every aspect of our jobs, confining girls to the boss’ quarters is one of the things we hate most, but we’ve been instructed to care for you and keep you comfortable.”

Asher simply sat there silent. He was trapped. It would have been impossible to escape even without his heat weighing him down, but he wanted so desperately to leave. The dragon hated heights, so being some helpless maiden locked in a tower wasn’t his ideal scenario. This was a cage, a gilded cage, but a cage none the less.

“I...” Asher paused and sniffed. He wanted to tell the two off. They could release him and get him to safety, convict Fynx on every crime they have ever witnessed, but he knew better than to play on the better nature of the Fynx family and their underlings. Carlisle was evidence enough of that. Either Fynx paid them enough to turn a blind eye or he had them under his heel with some sort of blackmail. Asher glanced back at the mirror, Ashly looking back at him and telling him to keep it together.

The old adage still stood. If you think the world hates you, sleep, if you hate the world, eat, and if you hate yourself, shower. In that moment Asher hated everyone and everything as well as himself.

“I want a shower...and something to eat.”

“Of course miss,” the grizzly nodded. “I’m your go to gofer! What kind of food are you in the mood for?”

“Please, stop calling me Ashly,” Asher snapped. “I...Fuck, sorry, but please. I hate it so much.”

“No can do Miss,” Tooth shook his head. “The boss had explicit instructions. You aren’t to go anywhere, and we are to always refer to you as Miss Ashly.”

“That fucking asshole,” Asher snarled and gripped the sheets in his fists, wishing he had the strength to tear them up.

“If it makes you feel better,” Nail shrugged. “He never has us call any of his other girls Miss. I think he likes you.”

“Oh, lucky *fucking* me,” Asher had to hold back the sob. He was so mad he could cry. “Sushi! Get me the most expensive sushi in town.”

“Can do miss,” Nail nodded. “Anything specific?”

“The whole damn menu,” Asher snapped. “Spend the full fifty grand if you want. I don’t give a shit. It’s his money.”

“You got it Miss Ashly,” Nail nodded. “I’ll be back in an hour or so. Tooth can help you to anything else in the meantime.”

“Yeah, whatever,” Asher pulled his legs to himself. His knees were shaking so he hugged them to his chest to stop them from moving.

Nail dipped out and left Asher with Tooth.

“Do you need help to the lavatory Miss Ashley?” Tooth asked with his British accent smoothing over his words, making them sound genuinely soft and tender.

“I...yeah,” Asher had no pride left. He wanted to pout and tell him to shove off, but if his first attempt was any indicator, he wasn’t going to be able to do much until he built his strength up.

“Lovely,” Tooth nodded and offered his hand. “Do you need me to carry you or just a shoulder to lean on?”

"I...I don't know if I can walk," Asher sniffed, his tears threatening to break over his cheeks.

"Do you want to try?" Tooth asked. It was a legitimate question. Asher had no idea if he could walk in his state, or if he was just incredibly weak.

"I'll try," Asher took Tooth's hand and gingerly angled himself so that his feet would slide down first and catch the floor beneath him. He did and Tooth helped guide him up. In one fluid motion Asher was up on his feet. He felt weak, but definitely mobile.

"Come now Miss," Tooth had to dip down a bit to give Asher the support he needed, but the drake seemed well equipped for the task.

Asher put one shaky leg in front of the other, his movement hindered by his heat as his body just wanted him to lay down and get laid. But he resisted.

It took some doing, but Asher finally made it to the bathroom, and man was it huge. There was a massive tub built into the wall next to windows that overlooked the city, a wraparound shower, and a duo of sinks. One of the sinks was surrounded with Fynx's hair products and lotions while the other was left empty.

"Now, with cuts like those, how's about we take a quick rinse in the shower and I get you patched up, eh?" Tooth suggested as he helped Asher make his way to the shower. There was a built in bench in the shower and a touch screen. "To start the shower you touch the screen and designate what kind of water you want, preps the water beforehand and shoots it out for ya."

"This is beyond extra," Asher shook his head. "This can't be real."

"Welcome to modern day luxury where even the water works on microchips," Tooth chuckled. "I'll go get you some soap. Don't use the boss'. He insists his guests use this."

Tooth left for a moment and went into a closet that was built on the far wall and came back with a bottle with no label.

“It’s some fancy imported stuff he likes his girls to bathe in. Gets all the oils out and leaves you with a good shine, yeah.”

Asher took the bottle and set it on the bench before dialing in his shower. There were so many options, there were even favorited settings that the snow leopard had set for regular showers, quick rinse, post-workout, and even post-fuck. He clearly got to label them himself. Asher rolled his eyes and went to the options, a pre-made setting called “hot-shower” sounded easy enough so he pressed it. There was a whirl of activity behind the wall, rushing water, and then the water rained down from above. Asher furrowed his brow and noticed he would have to stand in order to bathe, but then he found another button on the screen that read “bench.” He pressed it and the water shifted from being in the center to one side of the bench, one side to clean and the other to lather.

The dragon was impressed and got to cleaning himself. When he went to cleaning his wounds he was particularly gentle, hissing some as the soap stung the fresh wounds, but he wanted to keep them clean. They got puffy and irritated, but at least they wouldn’t get infected. He washed himself with the special soap, the stuff coming out as a smooth oil that lathered easily into his fur and left him smelling like...he wasn’t quite sure. It smelled like warm sugar, but now that it was in his fur and gone it smelled...light? It wasn’t fresh, and it wasn’t clean, but it was ‘light.’

“There we go,” Tooth nodded and gave the naked drake a fresh towel. For some reason it felt natural to have Tooth dote on him this way. It was odd in a sense that someone was watching him bathe, but it made him feel...safe?

But that towel! It was so soft and fluffy, it felt like he was being wrapped in a cloud while being scrubbed by angel wings. It soaked up the damp from his fur and he wrapped it around his waist. He already felt much stronger after that shower.

“Okay, let’s get those wounds and you properly dressed.” Tooth had a first aid kit, but it sure as hell didn’t look like one. It was a mirrored box that opened by lifting its top off and revealing various tubes. He smeared a clear substance on Asher’s cuts with a delicate finger, the clawed tip being sure not to touch his skin as he brushed the tinniest amount of that salve over his cuts. Instantly the pain was gone, the wound stopped bleeding, and a soothing cool started to numb his flesh.

“There, right as rain,” Tooth smirked.

“What is this stuff?” Asher touched his wound, the sting gone and only a thin film of that salve keeping his wound closed.

“It’s a new age glue that can replicate stitches and soothes.” Tooth put the stuff away. “Now, let’s get you dressed proper.”

Tooth offered his hand and Asher took it, being brought further into the bathroom where a second closet was built into the back.

“Now, you get a choice here,” Tooth flipped a switch and the lights turned on. The room was filled with clothes, mainly casual and sportswear for Fynx, but half of the closet was filled with women’s clothes. Tooth walked past them and pulled open a drawer. Inside was lingerie, lacy panties with matching braziers, all made of high quality fabric while see-through.

“You must be fucking joking,” Asher cocked a brow.

“Sorry Miss, house rules,” Tooth crossed his arms. “All women staying in the penthouse either wear nothing, something sexy, or a swimsuit.”

“I told you I’m not a woman,” Asher crossed his own arms, glowering at the shark. The great white kept his ocean blue eyes locked with the defiant drake.

“Not up for debate, Miss.”

“Can I at least wear something more? There are some dresses right here.”

“You won’t be needing those.”

“Why not?”

“Boss keeps those for girls that are going out with him. You won’t be needing those until this evening.”

The reminder that Fynx would eventually come back later struck a pang of fear in Asher’s heart. Things were soft and comfortable now, but soon this rose patch would show its thorns.

“What if I get cold,” Asher raised a brow.

“Then you get cold,” Tooth had a unnerving edge to his voice, telling him it would be best if he minded the house rules.

“Fine, what would you suggest?”

“It’s a bit chilly out, so I’d suggest the swimsuit,” Tooth drew something from one of the drawers. A black one piece with gold chains holding up the neck piece. It looked like you stepped into it and clasped the chain around your neck leaving your back exposed. It didn’t look like much, but Asher had a feeling it would be one of the less revealing pieces of clothing. The drake pulled himself into the

suit with some difficulty, the shark clasping his neck piece for him with his talented claw tips. Asher looked at himself in one of the mirrors and was shocked at how well it fit. Sure, the suit was for someone with breasts, but the way the fabric clung to him it looked like he might be hiding some little apple fritters beneath the bust.

The swimsuit consisted of a singular Mobius piece of black fabric. The fabric crossed over the shoulders and breasts and then crossed under the legs and over the ass leaving plenty exposed. His entire back was on display, his tail swishing out languidly behind him. His thick cheeks were supported by that tight twisted fabric and showed off his mound. It even had a diamond shaped window right over his belly button to show off any jewelry there, but the only thing it exposed were the edges of those hash marks that Fynx had clawed into him earlier.

“Exquisite, Miss Ashly,” Tooth nodded. “Pardon my harshness before, but there is simply no disobeying the boss’ house rules. If you do get cold, we have some blankets for you, the floors are heated, and a fireplace in the den.”

“Gee, thanks,” Asher accepted the compliment with a show of his own distaste for the situation, but at least he wasn’t naked, though he might as well be.

“The pool is heated as well, so if you desire a swim you are more than welcome. Though, I would suggest holding off until your wounds have a chance to heal.”

“Yeah, whatever,” Asher pursed his lips.

Just then, there was a light ring of a doorbell as the front door opened.

“Seems like Nail is back with your order.”

“Great, I’m starved,” Asher almost growled, his exposed little tummy rumbling as that warm star of a womb radiated his heat out of the swimsuits window.

Asher’s guards ate the sushi that he didn’t want, having the pieces that would otherwise go to waste. Not that the drake really cared what rolls or sashimi he could get. He was mainly just trying to regain his strength, but he was fascinated with the penthouse. It was unbearably posh while also being a single man’s fuck den. Paintings of naked women with white fur and accented with gold adorned the walls in various places. The kitchen was lined with white marble that had veins of gold running through them. The stainless steel appliances were spotless and had gold handles and knobs to accent the counters. The concrete floors were heated and had various white rugs rolled out across the place to help accent it. Slate black tile and charcoal stone with gold accents were used to break up the monotony, but the entire place’s pallet was black, white, and gold.

“The boss should be coming back soon,” Nail said while sucking down some sashimi. “He said to remind you to look nice and have something ready for him when he gets back.”

“I’d rather choke on a sandpaper dick,” Asher sighed. He felt trapped and defeated. There was so much he wanted to do to Fynx, but he couldn’t claw his way out of a wet paper bag, let alone his captor’s eyes out.

“You know, he’s givin’ you a chance here,” Nail started. “If you play his game, you might be able to actually leave this place.”

Asher’s ears perked up. He wanted to get out, but at what cost. A dark thought ran through him, his heat warming deep in his womb.

Why would you want to leave? Your man...your rapist and abuser...has promised you a strong litter...

Asher shook his head and ate his edamame aggressively, sucking the soybeans out and munching with a rage that boiled from the cuts on his abdomen.

"I honestly don't know what his plan is," Asher sighed. "He always has something more sinister planned with everything that he does. I hate it so much."

"If you're looking for some advice—"

"I'm not," Asher cut off Tooth.

"Well, I'm giving it anyway." The shark continued. "Boss is playing house. He wants you to greet him at the door with a drink in hand and with amorous intent. Things will only be worse for you the longer you resist. Just play his game and you'll be fine."

Asher gripped a pod so hard one of the beans flew out and smacked the counter. It didn't take much to do that, so it's not like he was at a hundred percent, but he did feel some of his strength coming back to him. He could walk without help and he could move without shaking. Maybe he was simply hungry before, but more likely his heat wasn't suppressing his every need to move from his mate's den.

"What does he like to drink?" Asher asked.

"Whisky, brandy, really anything that he knows the common man couldn't afford. He has a liquor cabinet over there." Tooth jabbed his thumb over his shoulder to a cart that had a bartender's set on it with various crystal glasses. Asher hopped down and went over to it and furrowed his brow.

"Where's the booze?"

“Push on the mirror on the wall.” Nail said through a mouth full of dragon roll.

Asher looked at the wall, the slate stone slotted across the wall had a mirror imbedded in it. He pressed on it and the mirror sank in before a mechanism in the wall slid it down and pulled forward a rack of expensive looking bottles.

“Which one is his favorite?”

“Look for the least expensive looking bottle,” Tooth swiveled on his chair, the stool at the kitchen island was almost comically small for the great white. “The one with no label.”

Asher scanned the bottles, most of them gilded with gold or made with luxurious glass work. Then, there was a small bottle with no label and a nipple on the top. It almost looked like an olive oil container. Asher picked it up.

“Yeah, it’s a brew they made in Japan or something or other.” Tooth shrugged.

“Good,” Asher looked at one of the paintings, a dark smirk played across his muzzle as he got ready to throw the bottle, but a powerful hand gripped his wrist. Tooth stood there with a stern look on his face.

“Sorry Miss Ashly,” the shark took the bottle and set it on the drink cart. “One of the other house rules is no wasting the boss’ whisky. Says it’s a matter of principal, not money.”

“Let go of me,” Asher tried to pull his hand back, but it was like he had been fused to a statue.

“Only if you promise to play nice.”

“Never,” Asher snarled and tugged back.

“Miss Ashly, please, I’m only trying to help you,” Tooth insisted.

“Then get me out of here!” Asher screamed as his legs gave out beneath him as tears stung his eyes. “Please, I can’t be here. I can’t get pregnant. I can’t...I just cant. I won’t...I can’t let him ruin my life again...”

Asher collapsed to the floor as Tooth let him go. He raked his claws down his expensive suite as he went, leaving only a scratch on his jacket pocket where his nails hooked in.

Pull yourself together! Ashly shouted in his mind. *We can’t fall apart now.*

Asher grit his teeth before he let out a little yell and batting the tears from his eyes.

“Miss?”

“I’m fine,” Asher shot back and pulled himself up to his feet. “What kind of glass does he take it in?”

“The whisky?”

“What else would I be talking about?” Asher crossed his arms.

“The crystal on the cart is fine,” Tooth answered. “Neat, never on ice.”

“He’s on his way up,” Nail shot over. “We should be going.”

“Wait, you aren’t going to be here?” Asher looked from one guard to the other.

“Sorry Miss Ashly,” Tooth started. “We’ll be standing outside. The boss likes his evenings unsupervised.”

“Gee, I wonder why,” Asher’s shoulders slumped as he padded over to the counter where the sushi was displayed.

The two simply looked at him and gave oddly sympathetic smiles before getting up and going to the door. There was a ding of an elevator signaling Fynx's arrival. Asher felt his body tense as he poked at a large roll of sushi. He looked into the marble counter top, his reflection glaring at him, or more precisely, Ashly.

"You got this," she encouraged him. "Stick it to that asshole."

Asher grit his teeth as he got a crystal lowball and went to the fridge and filled it with ice. He then took that expensive whisky and poured so much of it in it was barely contained inside the glass. He left it on the counter as he sat back on his stool and looked into his reflection. Ashly gave him an approving nod.

Asher bid his alter ego goodbye as the doors to the penthouse swung open.

"Honey, I'm home," Fynx rang out in his sarcastic sing song voice like a kid playing a game of hide and seek. The sound of approaching footsteps made Asher's fur stand on end. "My, my, do you clean up nice. I half expected you to still be a puddle of cum and bitch heat."

Fynx came up behind Asher, his hands roaming over his form, sliding under his swimsuit to brush over his nipples and then slipping down into that womb-window to find those healing hash-marks. Asher's body shuddered in pleasure and revulsion, the two sensations clashing against each other and sapping his strength. Fynx's hand rolled up from his nipple to his neck to gently cup it and force his muzzle to arch back while his other hand went down to his pussy. Despite being unstimulated it was still a hot, humid, slick mess between those legs.

"Such a good girl," Fynx purred into Asher's ear as he licked it. "I've been thinking about your dumb ass all day. I had to fuck my receptionist or I wouldn't have been able to finish my work. Do you have any idea how frustrating that is?"

Asher wanted to push away, to fight back, to bite, scratch, kick, scream, but one little nip on his ear and his lips parted into a breathy moan. Asher's legs spread wider, Fynx's fingers circling that hood and finding that clit, already slick with his peach juice.

"Tooth and Nail have told me you've been a bit ornery today," Fynx smiled, his teeth brushing against Asher's ear. "They just don't know how to properly handle a bitch in heat."

Asher felt his resolve waning, his thighs quivering as Fynx's fingers played with his clit, slicking him over and causing his cunny honey to drip down his knuckles and stain his swim suit. The dark fabric drank up that honey, growing darker with each circular stroke of those talented fingers.

Then it all stopped.

"The fuck is that?"

Asher froze, fear blooming in his gut as he followed the direction of Fynx's words. It was the whisky glass, practically overflowing with ice, the bottle next to it showing exactly what it was. Fynx's claws gripped the drake's throat, his grip getting tighter and tighter while his other hand slipped from that peach and gripped his hip with a fist full of that swim suit.

"When I ask a question, I expect an answer," Fynx gave a dark growl, his claws sinking into Asher's neck, not deep enough to bleed, but just enough to make the threat very real.

"It's...your....your drink..." Asher shuddered, his pussy quivering. Why did that thrill him!?

"And why, pray tell, did you think it was a good idea to pour it over ice?"

"I..." Asher gulped wetly, the grip on his throat getting tighter as those claws threatened to tear his throat out. A sudden image of his blood spewing across the counter flashed in his mind's eye as fear gripped him. "I...made you...a...drink..."

“You think I’m going to buy that shit from you?” Fynx’s hand let go of his throat, but it quickly slithered up to his skull and yanked him back by his hair and forcing him to gasp out in pain. He was forced to look the snow leopard in the eyes, those orange warning flairs glowing with rage. “You think I can’t tell a ‘fuck you’ when I see one?”

“Fynx, stop,” Asher pushed back against the snow leopard’s grip, but despite the extra strength he had built up, he was woefully underwhelming. Fynx took offence to Asher’s resistance and clawed harder onto the drake’s scalp and yanked back, the stool falling out from under the drake as he fell to the floor, smacking down as the snow leopard started to drag the drake further into the penthouse.

“I let you have free reign over my house, gave you personal guards to satisfy your every whim, a fuck ton of money to blow, and you thank me by pissing in my favorite whisky?! Every finger of that whisky is worth more than you make in a year you little shit!”

Asher screamed, tossing as he tried to work his way out of Fynx’s grasp, but he already felt the pain echoing through him like a harsh wave that crashed against his bones. The fire on his skull was magnified and shot through him, begging him to stay down and let his mate do the heavy lifting. Only this was so much more piercing because his mate was the one doing it.

“You ungrateful little fuck stain,” Fynx snarled, dragging Asher by the hair, kicking and screaming, the drake knocking over an end table as he was hauled past it, the contents shattering onto the floor. “You must be a real glutton for punishment, or you truly are just that fucking stupid. Is that what you are? Just a lump of rape meat ready to be fucked over? I’m going to make you pay for every ounce of that shit you wasted.”

Asher felt a rug beneath him bunch up as he was dragged further, and then the angry sliding of a door being slammed open. Then unforgiving of concrete scraped against his fur as the wind whistled around them. The sun having set and the skyline illuminated in the growing dusk.

“You know what I said about being a dumb bitch this morning, what I would do,” Fynx snarled a dark grin playing at his muzzle, he kicked his shoes off and undid his tie with his free hand. He let the wind pull it from his neck and flop to the ground. “You really think I won’t do it? That I won’t make good on my fucking threats? You think you’re fucking special, faggot? You think I give a shit if you live or die? You think I care about you? I only give a shit about what’s burning in your womb, and I can get that from anyone you kitten trap.”

Fynx threw Asher forward, his head flopping down and going below the concrete before tipping down and splashing into the shallow end of the pool.

Asher’s scream was cut off as he was submerged. He spun up and made his way to the surface, his legs smacking the bottom of the pool as he corrected himself. Just as he broke the surface, Fynx was standing above him, his suit coat and pants discarded. He was standing in nothing but his extravagant dress shirt and black dress socks. His cock flopping forward and throbbing as he glared down at Asher.

“Stay down you bitch,” Fynx lifted his foot and kicked Asher’s face, the Snow Leopard’s heel catching the drake’s eye and forcing a little yip from him as he fell back into the water. A muted splash ran through the water as Fynx came in after him. Asher managed to get up just in time to cough up some water, only for Fynx to grip him by his throat and force him under again.

Asher screamed, his breath bubbling up in the water and distorting Fynx’s image at the surface. He only got glimpses of those wide and predatory eyes with a ravenous grin as he was pushed through the water. He smacked the edge of the pool, his arms gripping and clawing at Fynx as his lungs burned

for air. He thought for sure he was going to drown, that he would be forgotten and discarded, but then he was suddenly pulled from the water and slammed against the side of the pool. Asher coughed, a wad of water flushing out of his maw as he took deep, needy breathes.

“You fucking think I won’t?” Fynx growled, a vicious glinting grin played at his razor teeth.

“Wh-What?” Asher coughed out.

Fynx’s smile fell into a snarl as he gripped Asher by the shoulders and spun him around, smacking him against the edge of the pool

Asher’s entire body tensed, his eyes went wide as he realized exactly where he was. Wind whipped at his face, water sloshed over the edge of the glass as he was face to face with the skyline and the impossible drop down below. He screamed as he tried to push back, but Fynx pinned him against the glass, his fancy white dress shirt was see through and clung to his form, revealing his elaborate spotting, his hair matting down as he swept hit back, his dark chuckle lost to the channeling gales of the skyscrapers.

“That’s right, scream,” Fynx gripped Asher’s throat, his claws grazing his jaw line as he forced him to look over the edge of the water. “Scream for me. No one can hear you, you dumb slut!”

Fynx gripped the back of Asher’s swim suite and hoisted him up, his hips coming all the way up to the edge of the glass as he was forced to lean forward. He screamed, his arms flailing as he tried to push back, his legs kicking as he tried to grip onto Fynx as he laughed like some madman, dripping with the hot pool water as Asher felt the bitter sting of those unforgiving trade winds as the sprawling cityscape yawned before him.

“That’s right you rape meat! Just imagine? The sound of the rushing wind as it sucks your breath away! The chorus of cracking and crunching as your bones and muscles meld with the pavement. Maybe

if you're lucky a car will break you fall and keep you alive. Agonizingly alive as your body tries to breathe through your death rattles."

"Fynx stop! Stop!" Asher couldn't help but scream, his voice and mind lost to the fear, his body sliding back, pushing away and slipping from the water. "I'll do whatever you want! Just AHHH!"

Fynx let go.

Asher swung forward, his legs swinging upwards as his head smacked against the glass, but he hung there, his legs kicking as Fynx held onto him by his swimsuit with his other hand.

Asher was paralyzed in fear as he watched the world beneath him, his legs quivering as he was face to face with one of his greatest fears, gravity threatening to swallow him and take his life. The only thing keeping him safe was the powerful hand gripping the fabric around his ass.

Fynx yanked back, pulling Asher back into the pool, the drake's stomach threatening to toss his sushi as he was pulled back into the water's warm embrace. Though as Asher got back into the pool, the water wasn't the only thing hugging him. Fynx's powerful arms wrapped around Asher and pulled him close as Fynx's lips came to his ear.

"Don't ever make me do that again," he growled. "You hear me, rape meat?"

Asher's spine tingled, his legs quaked, the only thing holding him up was the water and Fynx's arms as Fynx's claws ran down Asher's neck, his free hand going down into that little womb-window and slipping between those legs. Asher gave a light gasp as he humped into those probing fingers.

It was Fynx's turn to be surprised as Asher's body melded into him, the drake giving out light sighs as he rode those fingers in the water. A shaking hand made its way out of the water and pressed on the back of Fynx's neck as Asher craned his head to press his lips against the snow leopard's.

Fynx's eyes went wide as Asher pressed his lips against him, his quivering jaw, streaming tears, and rolling hips giving Fynx so many mixed signals.

"Fuck me..." Asher breathed, his womb a burning sun as he was pulled into the arms of the most dominant and fearsome man he had ever known, his heat burning like a bonfire stoked to upheaval. The brush with death and the possessive grip on him was too much. The little drake gave a whorish moan into Fynx's lips as the drake pushed back, his ass cheeks finding that thick, barbed bitch breaker.

"What the fuck," Fynx didn't understand, but he pulled Asher closer, those cheeks rubbing against that fuck stick. "You fucking with me, brat?" Fynx flexed his claws, threatening to rip out that drake's jugular.

"No," Asher gave a hot sigh before biting his bottom lip. "Fuck me Fynx...fuck...I'm...I'm your good...good little rape meat. You fucking worthless little slut. Your disposable fuck trash! Fuck me! Please! OH fuck-fuck-fuck-fuck,"

Fynx could feel the water around Asher's pussy get warmer as he came, his pussy squirting over his fingers as he came. Asher opened his muzzle, his tongue lulling out as his eyes rolled into the back of his head.

"T-Treat...me like shit...you're my b-b-bully and my fucking rapist...and...fuck, my captor...my abuser...my life is in your hands, so please fucking fuck me." Asher humped back against those fingers, his womb burning, blazing, scorching him from toe to horn tip.

"Holy shit," Fynx was completely taken aback before he pushed forward, pinning Asher against the edge of the pool. Asher gave a little squeal of fear, his legs coming back to grip around Fynx as he arched his back to press against the snow leopard. "Calm down bitch," Fynx purred into the dragon's ear. "You be a good girl and you get to stay. Are you going to be my good girl?"

“I’m...I’m a good girl for my...my rapist...my fucking captor...” Asher’s mound brushed against that cock, his womb burning for the kittens those heavy snep nuts could give him. He moaned, his pussy on the verge of popping again. “M-Mark me...c-cut me with your k-kitten count...” Asher moaned, his eyes wild as he grinded into Fynx.

“Don’t tell me what to do,” Fynx growled, a dark grin coming onto his muzzle as he nipped Asher’s ear, a trickle of blood coming out and dripping into the water. “And you’re not ready yet. This is only day one, bitch. We have plenty of time left before my kittens rape those eggs over. For now though,” Fynx drew his hips back, his cock sliding against that mound, the barbs like teasing fingers with that fabric in the way. “You know what hole I’m dropping the kids off at.”

“I...please...I...I want them so bad,” Asher gasped, his breath hot as Fynx drew his dick back between those sexy thighs, filling the gap between them with premium fuck meat.

“I know baby,” Fynx purred into that ear, licking that blood from it as he tasted how thick Asher’s pheromones were. “But this isn’t about what you want.” He drew back, pulling the swimsuit aside, the way it was designed able to shift over to the sides of the ass, exposing that bright white rump. “This is about what you deserve.”

Asher gave a scream, his raw vocal folds ringing out as Fynx sank his dick into that hole, his barbs raking over that sensitive pucker and punching that womb as he hilted his cock, a wave of water washing over the edge of the pool and the jostle reminding Asher exactly where he was.

“You think you deserve a litter yet?” Fynx purred into that ear as he slowly started to saw his dick into that drake ass. “You think you’ve earned the right to take my kittens you little shit stain?”

Asher gave whorish gasps with each thrust of those hips, those powerful thrusts smacking under the water and causing the pool to froth and spill over the edge as Fynx continued to stake his claim in that ass, raking it with his vicious barbs.

“No, you fucking haven’t,” Fynx growled on that ear as he gnawed on it, the taste of copper coating his tongue as he continued to bleed. “And do you think I deserve a litter less than what we agreed upon?”

“No,” Asher gasped, pushing back against that cock, the thrusts pushing him out of the pool and Fynx’s powerful arms pulling him back down. Each little thrust causing a bloom of pleasure and a shock of fear as he was fucked on the edge of his demise. He could see the entirety of the city, the stars starting to take the sky as more of the light faded on the horizon.

“That’s right,” Fynx started thrusting, faster, his cock plunging deep into that ass, the water sloshing as he fucked into his little whore. “You think I would settle for anything less than nine? You think I deserve anything less?”

“No, you-you deserve so much more...Fynx...please...more...more,” Asher felt like his heart was constantly caught between heart stopping fear and pleasure as he was pushed up to face the skyline and pulled down onto that cock reaming his ass, Fynx’s hand slipping into his pussy and playing with those folds under the water as he hit him from behind.

“That’s right you little fucktard,” Fynx snarled, his tongue lulling over Asher’s neck. “And I’m going to fuck you full, make you bigger than the octomom. Just imagine how much larger my kits would be? Think about how small you are and how they’re going to fucking destroy you from the inside.”

“Fucking destroy me! Harder! Fuck me hard—ahh!” Asher’s eyes rolled into the back of his skull as Fynx slammed into him, his hips a blur as he got down to the short thrusts, that knot smacking against his hole and trying to pry it open.

“That’s right, take it, fucking take it all,” Fynx snarled around Asher’s neck. “Take it! My rut! My frustration, my fucking nut! Take my nut! Take my FUCKING NUT!”

Fynx’s knot was beating that hole, working it open, but it just wasn’t enough. Asher screamed, his mind blanking through the pain of that bulb splitting him open, only for it to swell and lock outside. Despite Fynx’s best efforts it simply wouldn’t go in, but not for a lack of trying. That bloating bulb seated itself a quarter of the way in, swelling and spitting that hole wider, that tight ass being stretched and prepped for it’s next beating while it slurped and clamped on that beating dick. Asher’s scream of pain warped into a wheezing orgasm, his cunt slurping and clamping on Fynx’s fingers as he came again. Fynx snarled before letting out a leopard screech, his balls bouncing in the water as his toe claws dug through his socks. His barbs flexed, seating themselves deep in that hole as those balls drew up and dumped their thick load into that needy bitch.

“That’s right! Fucking take it! Take it all you dumb, stupid, skank!” Fynx thrust, pushing Asher up higher and higher on the glass, so much so that Asher was worried he’d fall back over.

But then they both fell back into the water, the big cat cradling his dragon close as he bread him, those pheromones making him nuzzle and purr as his balls continued to drain into that drake.

It was sweet until Asher realized why. Two of Fynx’s claws raked across his abdomen and caused the drake to gasp as his blood oozed into the pool water, the sting of the claws and chlorine making it that much more intense. The blood turned green in the water, the lack of light making it look like some demented curling seaweed as Fynx clawed a new kitten count into the drake.

“That’s seven,” he purred.

Asher couldn’t talk, he could only pant as Fynx continued to shoot thick wads of cum deep into his needy hole.

“Fuck...” Asher moaned, the warm water and the warmer snow leopard holding him close made the drake drift in a stew of his own shame. He was such a dump little slut...a dumb piece of rape meat for his rapist and captor. He was...so happy...and he didn’t care where it came from. His entire mind was so steeped with heat he didn’t care. It just felt right...to be owned...like a cheap whore.