

## To Ashes

### Chapter 6: Mixed Messages

“All I’m saying is that if you’re going to get an upgrade, get a damn upgrade.” Amber was showing Asher one of the new phones on the display. “I mean, don’t you want to bring back that classic flip-phone swag?”

“I never had one,” Asher smiled. “What would I be bringing back? Your sense of nostalgia?”

“Okay, that stung,” Amber was flipping the phone open and snapping it shut like a compact. “You’re not that much younger than me.”

“No, but mom and dad were cheap as hell,” Asher shrugged. “They figured that I could just use the landline and the voicemail.”

“Oh god, that’s right,” Amber palmed her forehead. “That thing still used tape.”

“Yeah, by the end the only thing it recorded was telemarketers and political ads.”

“Good riddance to that old thing,” Amber set the phone back onto the rack, the line reeling it back into place. “Though, back to the topic at hand. What phone do you want? The new releases all have stylists and larger memory storage. Ya know, for all those nature pics you like to take.”

“My god, you’re worse than Marcus,” Asher smirked. “You’re really going to do all the upselling for them, huh?”

“They don’t get paid enough to upsell,” Amber shrugged. “I’ve seen what the average employee at these stores makes after taxes. They are right in the median of ‘not-my-paygrade.’”

“Is that the official term?” Asher rolled his eyes.

“In the office, yes, but on paper, no,” Amber brushed her hair back into place.

“Got it,” Asher smirked. “I think I’ll go with this one. It’s only one generation behind and I can comfortably make the payments.”

“You know, for ten dollars more you could get the flip phone.” Amber teased.

“And for ten less, I could get a phone that does the exact same thing but without a stylist I’ll lose, or a screen that doesn’t bend.”

“Fair enough,” Amber shrugged.

This is how they always interacted together. Egging each other on and teasing in good nature. Of course when they were younger it would be a sniping game of who could cut deeper, but they long since learned that they were better together than at each other’s throats. Besides, it was always Amber’s need to mother Asher that sparked most of these debates. They both knew it came from a place of love weirdly enough.

Asher went to the counter and explained what he wanted and handed them his broken phone.

“Well, it’s busted up pretty bad,” the chimp behind the desk answered, his voice low and droned out. He was obviously high. “But we can transfer the data manually. It’ll take...maybe an hour or two, but we’ll get it done.”

“That’s fine,” Asher shrugged. “I’m just glad the internal bits of the phone are still intact.”

“Yeah dude, pretty rad the phone’s screen is the only part busted,” The guy scratched his scalp, looking at the phone on all sides before smiling. “You got everything singed so we’re good to go here. We’ll text you when it’s done.” He chuckled. “That was a joke.”

“We have time, so did you want to grab a bite to eat?” Amber suggested.

“You buyin’,” Asher cocked a brow.

“What, with all the money you’re saving on your dated phone?” Amber chuckled and nudged her brother. “Come on, my treat.”

“You always have to have the last word, don’t you,” Asher rolled his eyes as they left the store and were back into the mall.

“Uh hu,” Amber agreed.

“My god, I see why mom was always at her wit’s end,” Asher rolled his eyes.

“Well, we all know why dad had a prickly asshole about you, but that’s neither here nor there.”

“His anal fissure of a problem has healed up some. He actually got on the video chat with mom that last few times I called.”

“He always wanted a son, but never thought it would happen this way. The fucking dickbag.” Amber shouldered her purse up. “Where do you want to eat?”

“There’s a great sushi place around the corner.” Asher smiled. “It’s not too expensive, but if you’re not feeling like that, there is a great vegan burger place at the end of the hall.”

“You a vegan now? And with all that progress you said you made with dad.” Amber joked.

“Not vegan, but if I’m already gay. I might as well be okay eating a fag sandwich.” Asher rolled his eyes. “Can’t turn me gay if I already am.”

“Well, I’ve never had one, so let’s try something new today.”

The two had a fairly cordial conversation going to the restaurant. You’d think the two were a mother and her adult son dishing like caddy teens. Once they got their food, and Amber had an eye opening realization that she loves mushroom patties, that’s when the conversation started to change up.

“You seeing anyone?” Asher asked his sister. “I feel like all we’ve been doing is talking about me. How’ve you been?”

“You know,” she mumbled around some food before taking a swig of soda. “Sorry, I know mom taught us better. Anyway, no one new. Been on a few dates with some guys and girls, but nothing really came of it.”

“Still dipping your toe into the bi-curious pool?”

“Yeah,” Amber sighed. “I feel like I need a man who is a man’s man, or I need a woman who is a total butch that can...well...this might be TMI, but someone who can shut me up.”

“Oh?” Asher raised a brow. “Is my sister saying she wants someone who can tame her?”

“I’d settle for someone who can be my match intellectually,” she snagged a fry and munched on it as she mulled over her recent sexual endeavors. “I want someone who can surprise me, but also someone who can just...I don’t know how to describe it.”

“Someone who just cuts through the red tape and does it,” Asher shrugged. “I get it.”

“That’s exactly what I mean,” Amber sighed. “I’m tired of the dance. I’m tired of pretending that I have the time to spend on games. I want someone who knows what they want, takes it, and also finds ways to make me feel...safe? I don’t know.” Amber shook her head and went to take another bite.

“I get it,” Asher nodded. “It’s tough finding someone who checks all your boxes.” Asher looked at his sweet potato fries, one of them had split open and was steaming. That orange reminded him of Fynx’s eyes. It wasn’t necessarily the correct shade, but he felt an odd sickening feeling in his stomach and a warmth flush his pussy.

“All my friends have husbands or wives and are well underway to having babies,” Amber muddled out after her bite. “The thought of getting pregnant always turns my guts through. Some little leach attaching to the side of my uterus? No thank you. Thank god birth control exists.”

“Shit,” Asher’s eyes went wide.

“What? What’s wrong?” Amber sat up, already cleaning her hands with a napkin.

“I...” Asher blushed. How many days had he forgotten to take his birth control. Three? How could he let it get so bad? How could he be such an idiot!

“Asher, you okay?”

“Yeah,” Asher answered a little louder than he wanted to, but he quickly reeled it in. “It’s nothing. It’s just...I forgot to take my meds this morning.”

“Oh, do you want me to take you home?” Amber was already getting her purse to dig out her card to go.

“No, no, no,” Asher waived his hands. “I’m fine. I just...I’ll just take them tonight and adjust my schedule. It’ll be fine. No worries.”

Amber paused and looked at Asher, her topaz eyes regarding him closely before she set her purse down.

“You sure?” The way she said it reminded me that she was an auditor for the IRS. She knew how to sniff out a lie.

“I’ll be okay as long as I take my meds tonight.” Asher smiled. “Nothing to worry about.”

“Why don’t you set up an alarm on your phone when you get it.”

“Yeah, text me a reminder too. I’ve been pretty spacy lately and I think it’ll help.” Asher scratched the back of his head.

“You know it’s perfectly normal to be forgetful when you’re dealing with a lot.” She was discrete, but Asher knew what she meant.

“Thanks, just...yeah, dealing with a lot.” Asher cupped his soda and sipped from it. “I think I’m done eating for now. I’ll take it home and eat the rest later.”

“You’ve hardly touched it. At least eat your fries,” Amber urged him to eat. “You need your strength.”

“I can’t...” Asher regarded the plate with distain. He only took a few bites of the burger, the caramelized onions, fried green tomatoes, and melty cheese on a portabella mushroom looked amazing, but his stomach was doing flips. He couldn’t do it. “Marcus has an air fryer so I can just heat it up in that later.”

“Okay, do you need to go now?” Amber asked.

“No, no you can eat your food. I’ll be fine. I just...” Asher flicked one of the sweet potato fries over. “The fries reminded me of him and...now I’m not that hungry.”

“Remind you how?” Amber cocked her head.

“His eyes...” Asher paused and looked up at his sister. He instantly bit his tongue. She was fishing for information. “Could you just let it go?”

“Sure,” Amber nodded. “But can I have one of your fries? I love the sweet potato ones.”

“Knock yourself out. Have them all if you want.” Asher pushed his plate closer to his sister who gladly started eating up the fries. She did inspect one closely, a silent, shallow snarl taking on her face. It was only a blip, a fraction of a moment and it was gone. She took in the color, memorized it, then bit down on it and gobbled it up.

“I think I’ll get us some boxes,” Amber said. “I’m getting pretty full. I thought these burgers would be light, but they’re quite filling.”

“Honestly, they fill you up fast, but you’ll be shitting bricks if you’re not used to this much roughage.”

“Good thing I have salads all the time.”

“Salads? On your salary?” Asher smirked.

“They are very cheap to make if you’re not too picky.” Amber chuckled.

“Gotcha,” Asher rolled his eyes. “Hey, I have an errand to run while I’m here.”

“Well, we got time. We can shop together for a bit while we wait for your phone, head back, grab it, then we can do your errand.”

“I was hoping I could do my errand on my own, but it would only take a minute.”

“I have a few things I need to do too. I’m sure you’re not into bra shopping, so I can do that while you do your thing or whatever.”

“Sounds like a plan,” Asher nodded. The last thing he needed to do around his nosey sister was flash a massive pink diamond. He wouldn’t need to worry about being away from work for long if he could hawk it for even a quarter of the cost.

The two got the rest of their food packed up and put out in the car. It was cold enough out that it would keep it from going bad and they wouldn’t need to carry it all around the mall. It was also a good excuse to snag his satchel with the diamond in it. Asher got a few new scarves and helped his sister pick out some tops that were professional and flirty at the same time. All in all, they were having a good time. Asher caught Amber fishing for information once and a while and shut it down pretty quick, but that was the worst of their time. She never pried, but Asher knew that it would only be a matter of time before she started to. At least she had the grace to give Asher time to process before she pulled out her crowbar to crack the case wide open.

“Here’s your new phone, my dude,” the same chimp behind the desk handed him the new phone. “Gave you a good discount with your turn in.”

“Thanks!” Asher smiled, clipping his new phone into its case. “I’ll be sure to take better care of this one.” He chuckled.

“If not, we’ll be here,” the chimp chuckled and went onto his next customer.

“Either that guy has massive tolerance, or he just looks high,” Amber smiled as they walked out of the store.



“I don’t know, maybe we should think about micro-dosing the next time we go down to Florida to see mom and dad.”

“If you know a seller I’ll buy,” Amber rolled her eyes. “Now, I got some girly shit to do, so you go do your thing and call me if you need anything.”

“Sounds good,” Asher gave her a thumbs up as he looked over his new phone. “See you soon!”

“Love you too,” Amber waived off as they split their separate ways.

Asher felt bad keeping this from Amber, but he needed to do this alone. The diamond would only be another clue she could use to track down Fynx, and the last thing he wanted in that moment was to be in the same room as him. He didn’t trust himself around the snow leopard right now and he just needed some quick cash to recover during his time off.

He looked up a couple places the night before where he could get the gem appraised and sold at the mall. There was a corner store that sold fancy watches and jewelry and they seemed like the best place to help, though he didn’t know much about the jewelry business. The place was simply called Vault, and it had two people working. It was a simple little curved hall with display cases on either side. There was a barn owl on one side who looked like he specialized in the watches while the other was a robin with feathery hair. She looked to be the jewelry expert.

“Um...sorry to disturb you, but I had a question.” Asher stood before the robin woman. She looked up from her phone and gave a dazzling smile.

“Of course sweetie, you looking for something nice for yourself or someone else? The name is Lexi. How can I help?”

"I'm actually here to have something appraised and potentially sell it," Asher smiled. "I have an old family heirloom that I wanted to sell."

"Well, we don't typically take in product outside of what our vendors provide, but I can take a look. What is it that you got? A ring or broach?"

"It's actually a...well," Asher blushed. "Sorry, I've never done anything like this."

"Let's start with getting a look-see." Lexi encouraged Asher.

"Of course," Asher dug into his satchel and quickly found the gem and pulled it out.

"Oh my, what sparkle," Lexi's eyes twinkled. "May I?"

"Yeah, sure," Asher handed over the gem and the girl gave it a once over.

"Oh my, quite heavy too. Not just paste here."

"It's a pink diamond."

"I doubt that," Lexi shook her head. "Not to disrespect your great grandma or whoever, but something this big and refined doesn't go unnoticed. On its own it would be worth tens of thousands of dollars."

"I'm pretty sure it's a diamond," Asher nodded. "But I guess that's what I'm here for." Asher sighed. He would have to play along for now. He already had to lie about where he got it. He expected it would raise less questions than the truth.

"Right you are," Lexi nodded and took the gem over to a counter behind the display cases. "Rex, do you have time for an appraisal?"

"You know I do," the barn owl replied in a sing song tone. "What do we got here?"

“Old family heirloom,” Lexi clarified. “The customer says it’s a pink diamond.”

“Well, really easy to test for that,” he donned some gloves and took the gem up to his mouth and huffed over it, his hot breath rolling over the crystal. He then inspected it, paused, blinked, and did it again.

“Holy shit,” Rex gasped.

“What?” Asher asked.

“It didn’t fog up.” Rex replied. Lexi even seemed shocked.

“Well...is that a good thing.”

“Well...” Rex looked over the diamond with wide eyes. “A diamond doesn’t fog up because...well...their too densely packed and refined for condensation to cling to.”

Asher simply crossed his arms. Rex dug into his slacks and pulled a pen light from his pocket. He clicked the end and a black light started to glow.

“Wait, do diamonds glow under a black light?” Asher asked.

“Well, not all diamonds have fluorescence, but it’s an easy test to—” He brought the pen to the diamond and it glowed, shimmering with so much glitter and luster that the cuts and facets in the diamond glowed blue while the rest of the diamond radiated a peachy pink-orange.

“Pretty as a picture,” Rex’s mouth hung open. “That’s some of the most beautiful fluorescence I’ve seen.”

“Is it real then?” Asher asked.

“I’ll have to do a few more tests, and then assess its purity. It might take a few minutes.” Rex set the gem down and put his UV light away. “Did you want to sit down in our break room for a minute?”

“How long do you think it’ll be? Should I go and come back?”

“No, no, no,” Rex dismissed the idea with a wave of his hand. “I’ll be but a few minutes. Have a seat and help yourself to the coffee. I just brewed a new pot.”

“I brewed the pot,” Lexi rolled her eyes. “Come on dear, let’s get you settled in.”

Lexi led the drake to their back room and asked if he needed anything or wanted company. He politely declined.

It was a lot like the backroom at Rox, only none of the cabinets had locks on them. In the corner was a mini fridge and a half full coffee pot. Asher took the offer and grabbed a cup of coffee and sat down with his phone to finish setting a few things up. He logged into his apps and started going through his backlog of texts and the phone calls.

Sure enough, there were two missed calls from Fynx, one text, and a voicemail. The text was one word, “answer.” Asher decided to take the time to go through his voicemail and clear anything out from the time he was missing.

The first couple of messages were Marcus freaking out and his sister calling because Marcus called her to see if the drake would answer his sister’s calls. Though, between those sincere calls, was a single call that struck him deep. It started off with the fizzle and crack of a cigarette as someone drew on it.

*“Answer your damn phone,”* Fynx growled into the receiver. Asher felt the anger and annoyance in his voice, the threat was real. He could practically smell the smoke curling around his teeth. *“I won’t ask again.”*

Asher didn’t realize it, but when he heard Fynx’s voice his legs had shuddered and spread apart. He quickly pressed his thighs together, his pussy warm from those simple two sentences. The bruises and healing wounds all over his body ached in a sinfully delightful way. Such a powerful and profound reaction.

*“Would you like to hear that message again—”* Asher didn’t let the automated voice continue, he just slammed the repeat button and put the phone back up to his ear to hear the crackle of that cigarette.

*“Answer your damn phone. I won’t ask again.”*

Asher’s lips parted gently as he took in a deep breath. He wanted to simultaneously claw Fynx’s face and ride his dick while the big guy spat in the little drake’s mouth. His pussy continued to warm, getting puffy with need as he pressed the button to listen to it a few times. He imagined the snow leopard behind a big office desk looking over the city while smoking, not giving a shit that he’s not supposed to smoke indoors. Calling his bitch up for a quick lay.

*“Would you like to hear that mess—”* slammed the button, rubbing his thighs together as his petals started to glisten.

*“Would you—”*

*“Would—”*

*“Wo—”*

Asher was hitting the button before it could get to the end of the message, making it replay his favorite part. The command, the deep, rugged voice of his bully and rapist just demanding him to answer his phone. To give him attention. To come crawling back. Asher sighed as his need started to drip into his panties.

“You doin’ okay in here?” Lexi cracked the door open. “Thought I heard a little peep or something.”

“No!” Asher almost dropped his new phone as he clutched it to himself, the same automated voice mumbling into the threads of his sweater as he held it to his chest. “No, I’m fine. I’m just, on my phone.”

“It’ll only be a few more minutes dear,” Lexi’s voice said from beyond the door and closed it.

Asher let out a shuddering breath. He quickly saved the message and moved onto delegating the others.

He finished that up and confirmed a few things on his social media as well as settings on browsers. He set his phone down and took a sip of his coffee. How long had he been here? They said it was only going to take a minute, right?

Asher started tapping his heel as he watched the minutes tick away on his phone while sipping on his coffee. He decided he might want to go shopping anyway. He deposited his phone in his satchel and went up to the door.

As soon as he opened it he saw a duo of mall cops talking to Rex. Asher glanced over at a computer screen and saw the original necklace that the diamond was from. It didn’t take a genius to put two and two together. Asher froze and he looked over at the owl and the security guards, all three of them meeting his eyes.

“Come with us son,” one of the guards swaggered forward, a large hippo with bulky arms.

“Don’t make this any harder than it’s got to be,” the ape next to him took his aviators off and clipped them onto his shirt.

Asher clutched his bag closer and the two guards put their hands on their belts, their thick fingers going for their holsters. The drake immediately put his hands up.

“I didn’t steal it, I swear,” Asher said as he stood there.

“We just have some questions for ya, kid,” the hippo said, taking his hand off his holster and walking forward. That’s when Asher realized the belt didn’t have a gun, just a talky. Asher wanted to slap himself. Of course mall cops wouldn’t have guns. Why would they? So they could go off the handle and shoot down halls of crowded shoppers.

Unfortunately it was too late. The guy was close enough he could take Asher by the arm and drag him off. The drake groaned and followed.

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“Don’t I get a phone call?” Asher rolled his eyes. He was in a room much like the other breakroom only this one was only accessible behind the stores. How many of these rooms were in the mall?

“We aren’t the police,” the ape said as he sat next to the exit door.

“So I’m not under arrest?”

“No, you aint, we just have some questions,” the ape shrugged as he flipped the page of his paper, clearly uninterested in the turnout of what was going to happen. “If you want to leave we got your name and information. The real authorities can find you pretty quick.”

“Then ask your questions so I can be on my way,” Asher rolled his eyes.

“Okay, did you steal the diamond?”

“Of course not,” Asher groaned. “It was a gift.”

“A gift you say? The people at Vault said you claimed it was an heirloom.” The ape chuckled and turned another page. “The serial number laser etched on the diamond says the necklace was purchased two days ago by a Mister Christian Fynx. Are you Christian Fynx?”

“You know I’m not,” Asher practically growled back.

“So then you stole it?”

“No, he got the necklace for me,” Asher rubbed his temples.

“Very generous gift, if I say so. Could buy yourself a nice little starter home with the fortune that rock cost. I can see why someone would be tempted to take it, remove it from the setting, hawk it for pieces. Not a very smart jewel thief trying to have it appraised in the very mall he got it from though.”

“Then why don’t you contact Rox and have them confirm that Fynx got the jewelry for me. It came with earrings and a bracelet.”

“We already confirmed with the manager of Rox that the gems were purchased by mister Fynx.”

“Then what are we waiting for?”

The ape stayed quiet and turned the page of his paper, snapping it back into alignment.



Asher just sighed and put his head in his hands. Of course he would get stuck in such a stupid situation. His sister must be freaking out. He had been held up in the office for almost an hour and he was about to risk going to jail by leaving.

Asher was bouncing his heel and getting ready to bolt when there was a knock on the door and it opened up. The other officer from before came in, but this time someone else accompanied him.

“So, is this the one you gave the necklace to?” The hippo asked as he dipped into the room.

Behind him was the tall snow leopard clad in a three piece suit. Christian Fynx. Asher already felt himself shrinking away, as though the room was one of those optical illusions where the one side of the room everyone looked smaller and the other looked giant. He felt like he was shrinking as his tail coiled around the leg of his seat.

Asher glanced at the security guards, each giving him a smug look as though his defensive, frightened expression was an admission of guilt. Then he locked eyes with Fynx’s. Those blazing orange warning flashers bore into his soul as the man before him held his fate in his hands. The drake knew that Fynx could spin any tale, say anything that he wanted, and it could tip him into ruin or get him out. The drake hadn’t garnered any favors as of late, and the cocky smirk that slid into place on the corner of Fynx’s muzzle only made him look more devious.

Then Fynx did something he didn’t expect. He snapped his gaze to the guard.

“How dare you confine my girl without cause,” Fynx growled.

“I’m sorry, what was that?” The guard took a step back. Despite being wider than Fynx, the hippo seemed to cringe away from the big snow leopard.

“I asked you why you would detain my girl here without just cause? You do realize keeping her here without charging her with a crime violates her rights.”

“I...I just wanted to know if they were stealing—”

“Then you should have called the real authorities,” Fynx snapped back and walked over to the other side of the table and picked up Asher’s hand. “Get up. We’re leaving.”

“Wait,” the hippo started. “We have a report—”

“And if you breathe one word of this situation to anyone, let alone write a report, you will have the full force of my legal team come shove the book so far up your ass, your kids will be able to see your words when you speak.” Fynx guided Asher out of the back room and through the front.

Asher was so shocked he didn’t resist. He just followed.

“My bag...”

“I’ll get you a new one,” Fynx snarled, his hand gripping Asher’s harder, just on the verge of being painful, and tugged him closer. He wrapped his arm around Asher’s shoulder and pulled him close.

“But, my phone—”

“I said, I’ll get you a new one,” Fynx growled under his breath, his hand gripping Asher by the shoulder so hard, his claws dug into it. The drake gave a little wince and simply followed. The snow leopard guided Asher through the mall, the drake hoping his sister would spot him. She didn’t.

They came to a hall between two closed stores and Fynx spun Asher and pinned him to the wall, the Snow leopard gripping the drake by the shoulders.

“You want to give me an explanation as to why you haven’t been answering my calls.”

Asher felt a sudden fear grip him, but anger welled up and overthrew it.

“You broke my phone when you left me for dead out in the middle of fucking nowhere,” Asher growled. “I just got a new phone today. A phone I intend to get back from the mall cops.”

Asher shrugged off Fynx’s hands and turned to walk away.

“Don’t you DARE turn your back on me,” Fynx hissed, snagging Asher by his sweater and yanking him back into the hall. A loud rip filled the air as Fynx’s claws tore the top, but the sweater held and caused the drake to be pulled back into the hall. Asher gave a little yelp, but if anyone heard it, it was mistaken as background noise in the mall.

“Let me go,” Asher growled. Fynx gripped the drake by the shoulders and slammed him against the wall, smacking his head a bit and rattling the drake’s skull.

“You’re not going anywhere you dumb little shit,” Fynx snarled. “Tell me—” Asher tried to struggle out of Fynx’s grip again, but the snow leopard gripped the drake by the neck and slammed him against the wall again. “Tell me how you got back?”

Asher opened his eyes, his vision coming back into clarity as he locked eyes with his abuser. There wasn’t anger or rage in those eyes. It was something far darker. Something far more sinister that caused Asher’s legs to quake in both fear and delight.

Excitement. Fynx’s eyes were wide as he waited on bated breath to hear how the drake struggled out in the wilderness. Well, he wouldn’t give the asshole the satisfaction. He was about to get ready to spit when Fynx gripped his throat. He didn’t have the breath to spit and it just dribbled over his lips as his head started to pound.

“What was it like?” Fynx growled through clenched teeth. “To crawl on your belly like a worm in the mud, naked and alone, with no way to get help. How was it to be utterly helpless in the wild after being rutted like a cheap whore. How did it feel to be thrown from my fucking car like a piece of used trash on the highway?”

Fynx’s hand kept gripping harder and harder, Asher’s windpipe closed as he gripped and clawed at Fynx’s fingers. The snow leopard either didn’t feel it or didn’t care.

“A little naked skank like you wandering out in the woods, all alone at night, the unimaginable already done to her and forced to endure more. How was it you stupid little skank, and don’t lie to me.”

“F-F-Fffffffpppp” Asher tried to form words, but he couldn’t breathe. Then, Fynx’s hand opened slightly and air fluttered into Asher’s maw as he tried to cough up more words. “F-FFffuch...y-yuck,” He managed to gargle out wetly.

Fynx simply chuckled, his eyes wide as he kept Asher only seconds away from passing out, but then his grip changed, shifting to allow him to breathe better and letting the blood flow to his brain again. Asher gave a choked sigh, his tail twitching.

“Now, tell me exactly how it was,” Fynx cooed into Asher’s ear. “Every detail, no matter how small.” Fynx ran a claw over Asher’s temple and cheek, that claw a dark reminder of how much worse this could get.

“It...It was...awful...”

That claw flipped around and started to skid across his cheek, lightly digging into his skin before popping off and moving down.

“*Details,*” Fynx warned.

"I...I bruised my shoulder, my...my dress was torn," Asher gulped air as best he could. Fynx's claw pulled away and went back to gently brushing his cheek. "I, had to...walk...bare foot...because the...heels couldn't catch the...the mud right."

"And how long were you out there?"

"All...all night and well into...into the morning..." Asher spoke wetly. "They found me...dehydrated and exposed to the elements...I...I burned the dress and...twigs for warmth..."

"Yes," Fynx hissed, his hand slipping down between Asher's legs, those powerful digits brushing his little mound through his pants. "Lost and alone. Abandoned, beaten, and bruised." Fynx purred as he gave Asher a little kiss on his cheek. "A crumpled up piece of fuck trash walking in the ditch like a plastic bag no one wanted. How did that make you feel?"

"It...was horrible..."

Fynx gripped Asher's throat a little tighter.

"Don't lie," Fynx growled. "Tell me the truth. How did it make you feel?"

Asher's feet twitched, his thighs trying to push together to deny Fynx access to his pussy, but even an oblivious dolt could tell what was happening between his pants. He was warm, hot, his pussy swollen and dripping just thinking about how he was treated. How he was used, and then literally tossed out of the car like a condom. Even now he was man handled like some indentured whore to her pimp. Like some dumb slut that was tricked out of their freedom into being this powerful man's play thing. Just a toy for him to squeeze, to beat, to break...to throw away...to fuck and dispose of...

"Amazing," Asher admitted it. His spine tingled and his eyes rolled into his skull as his tail twitched. "So...fucking...amazing..." Asher groaned, his words popping wetly in his mouth as drool

dribbled from the corner of his muzzle. "It made me...feel like trash...like a worthless whore...I...I came twice while out by that fire..."

The memories came flooding back. He shame flicked his bean next to the flames of that pathetic blaze. His body aching with pain and pleasure, his freezing fingers playing with his needy snatch as he felt his rapist's seed slick his fingers.

"It," Asher paused, swallowing, Fynx letting him. "It kept me...from my..." Asher knew he shouldn't say it, but his mind was so light, his pussy was being rubbed so nice. "It kept me...from my birth...control..."

"You missed taking your pill?" Fynx chuckled darkly. "Good girl. Are you going to keep taking your birth control again?"

"I..."

"Say you won't and I'll choke you out on my fucking cock right now," Fynx rumbled.

"Fuck...I'll...I'll stop..." Asher collapsed as Fynx let go of his throat. The drake took deep gulps of air as his head throbbed. He coughed up a wad of phlegm as he continued to catch his breath only to hear the jingle of a belt being undone.

Asher hurriedly stopped Fynx, his dainty fingers stopping the snow leopard from undoing his belt.

"No...may I?"

Fynx simply smiled and moved his hands away. Asher blushed, his muzzle curving into a moaning grin as he undid Fynx's belt and pulled open his suit pants. The drake wasted no time pulling the hem of the designer underwear down to reveal his praise for being such a dumb fucking slut. That

hot cock flopped forward and smacked his face. The thick barbs already flexing with the pulsing of his cock. It grew and ran over his face, the barbs brushing over his cheek much like his claw did before as Asher took a hold of that monstrous shaft.

“Look at me,” Fynx demanded. Asher glanced up as he saw those powerful eyes glare down at him. “That’s a good girl. Keep your eyes on me while you suck that cock down.”

Fynx’s cock throbbed, the tip swelling, the barbs flexing out as a thick marble of pre oozed out of that tip. Asher moaned, his white fur turning pink with his blush as his eyes glittered and tried to keep eye contact with Fynx. The drake opened his muzzle, his tongue lulling over that head, feeling how the barbs caught on it before he moved on. This is why he didn’t tell on him, why he didn’t actually press charges, why he didn’t want the kit. He wanted it again. Asher took one of his hands and guided Fynx’s hand to one of his horns while the other hand went to his heavy, musky balls.

Was he seriously doing this? Was he on his knees bobbing his head on Fynx’s dick right now? Asher’s thighs quivered, his pussy dripping as he slurped. He was before his rapist again, on his knees, his little pocket pussy that came crawling back like a needy whore in heat. His lips twitched, glistening in his panties as he shuddered.

“That’s a good girl,” Fynx purred his approval as Asher’s maw opened up wide so Fynx could watch as Asher sank that cock deep into the back of his muzzle, only slowing down once he felt his gag reflex going off. He hid his gag by closing his muzzle down on that shaft and giving a nice deep suck, his tongue lulling over half of that thick abuser shaft. His lips felt those barbs brushing them, sliding down only to have them comb and brush over his soft lips as he swirled his head and suckled on that cock. He gave low murring groans as he slurped over that fuck log.

Fynx wasn't forcing Asher to do anything. No, the snow leopard had a point to prove. He held his hand on Asher's horn, letting him know he could take control at any moment, but he wanted the little drake to gag himself. Asher could get away at any moment now, but instead he was bobbing his head on Fynx's cock, drool dribbling in strands over his chin as Fynx glared down at him from above.

"That's right you dumb skank, suck it. Fucking suck it! Suck my dick like I give a shit about you. Or maybe you should suck my dick because you know I don't give a shit about you."

Asher shuddered at those words, his head bobbing faster, his tongue lulling over that shaft as it spat thick, disrespectful wads of clear and salty pre into the back of his throat. He loved it, he loved how Fynx could read him like a book. He was bare before those eyes as they bore deeper into his soul. He begged them to reach into the darkest corners of his mind and claw out his deepest, raunchiest desires. The look of condescension and entitlement on Fynx's muzzle only made Asher's pussy clench harder, his throat grip more and accept the biting grip of those barbs as they started to rake his soft throat flesh.

"That's right. Suck my cock knowing I'm going to beat you, rape you, fuck you over and treat you like shit. The way that makes you drip and moan. Suck it and show me just how much you love how I shit on your life. Show me why I shouldn't be fucking sorry about beating your ass. I bet that's the shit you think of while flicking your little bean."

"Mhmm," Asher moaned around that cock. It was true, he loved the force, the abuse. He was a junky coming back to snort lines of degradation off this absolute stud and bitch destroyer. That's when Fynx forced him down harder.

"No one gives a shit what you have to say, skank. Sluts like you should only speak when told. Now fucking gag on it," Fynx thrust in and held Asher's horn in place. His cock sank into that throat only for his head to pop out, the barbs flicking over that soft flesh and causing the leopard's toes to curl



in his shoes. “Fuck yes, give me that fucking throat. Surrender to my superiority you dumb bitch. My nut is so much more important than your breath. Take my dick. Fucking take it.” Fynx thrust forward again, this time gripping both of Asher’s horns.

Normally Fynx would be shouting, but they were just down a dark alleyway between two stores. Anyone could walk by, hear the wet slapping and schlorping and see them. A few people did walk by, but they were on their phones and didn’t notice. They could get caught at any moment. The wet slapping and squelching echoing out of the halls.

Asher looked up, his jaw already aching as he tried to keep his teeth from that shaft, pursing his lips to really work over that member as it slammed down into his throat relentlessly and beat his gag reflex. Asher blinked back tears, the streams of them rolling down his muzzle to join the strands of drool being fucked out of his face. Those barbs sank deep down into his throat, raking his esophagus and making the drag gag. Each gag only made Fynx that more aggressive, his cock thrusting faster, his hips pushing harder and demanding more space.

Asher got into a rhythm of accepting that dick, sucking it down into his throat only for it to proverbially slap him for his efforts by raking across his throat, his gag reflex being challenged with every draw back. Asher needed to keep it together, for Fynx, for Fynx’s pleasure. He needed to be a good hole. It was his only worth was a series of holes to fuck. The rest of him was just a stress ball, a physical and verbal punching bag for the man before him to beat and abuse. He would soak it up like a sponge, like a little dumb whore, a stupid fucking whore who came crawling back to her rapist.

Asher’s eyes glistened with tears as they streamed down their face, their eyes unfocused, but still trying to maintain eye contact with Fynx as he relentlessly fucked his face. He didn’t care if he broke his fucking nose at this point. All that mattered was making his man...no...his master...no...his bully...his rapist happy. Making him happy, horny, and interested in beating, abusing, shredding, fucking, tearing,

and degrading him and his holes like the expendable, fuck trash, fuck piece, fuck...fuck fuck fuck FUCKing Dumb BitchslutWHore!

Then Fynx's ears parked up, his tail flicking as his balls churned. He could feel his blood boiling, and it wasn't just from the fantasy. No...Fynx took a deep breath in through his nose. He looked down into Asher's eyes as the little drake shook, trying to take that cock, but a wet spot was forming on his groin in powerful washing spurts as he squirted, the little drake's thighs quivering as he tried to maintain eye contact through his orgasm. It was subtle, it was very subtle, but Fynx could smell it.

*Heat...*

Fynx snarled and licked his chops, his knot bashing against Asher's nose.

"Open up Fagtard, fucking open," He hissed at Asher. The little drake's muzzle was quivering as it tried to open to accept that knot. Fynx was so close and he wasn't going to be denied. He gripped the front of Asher's muzzle, his claws digging between the drake's teeth as he pried that mouth open. The only protest was a wet and gargling wine that bubbled and popped around the thick strands of drool that clung to the cock filling the sluts maw. The snow leopard snarled, his voice quiet as he could be as to not alert anyone outside the hall as he continued to fuck forward.

"Open the fuck up! I don't give a shit if I break your damn jaw! I don't care if you're sucking my cum through a straw for the next year! Open up you dumb slut! Open your fucking mouth!" Fynx slammed his hips forward and his knot beat against Asher's nose. Fynx gave a little hiss and slapped Asher's face as he felt teeth brush against his knot. "Open or I'll leave you here and never call again. Open your fucking mouth." Asher complied, his jaw creaking painfully as his muscles strained, begging him to close, but instead Fynx slammed forward.

Asher's vision swam as he came. He could hear Fynx demanding something, but he didn't know what it was. The edges of his vision were already getting dark. He was holding his breath as best he could with his old swimming training from back in high school, but he was starting to feel lightheaded. Fynx's nut was so much more important than air, he needed that cock busting deep inside his gut, he wanted his stomach full of that kitten batter and he wanted Fynx to give it to him. Asher winced as Fynx became impatient and gripped his maw open, forcing it wider to accommodate his owner's dick.

*Yes yes yes! Own me, open me! Fucking break me! Get it in, I need it! Tie with my face! Use it as your personal pocket pussy! Drain your nuts inside your worthless little skank whore!*

Asher's thoughts were wild as his muzzle was pried open, his nose was beat with that knot, forcing it open further and further. He thought for sure his jaw was going to snap, like he was some beta bitch beast that a warrior was prying the jaw open of to kill his prey, only this was so much better. He was doing this for pleasure. He didn't care if Asher lived or died, he just wanted his nut and he would happily deny himself air for that endeavor.

Asher's maw was forced open, Fynx's claws cutting his gums and causing a trickle of blood to taint the drool oozing around those teeth. With one last powerful thrust that knot slammed inside. Asher tried to gag, but there simply wasn't enough room, then it was pushed further apart, those barbs claiming more and hooking in to get ready for the final push. He tried to moan, but only gargling came out as he tried to slurp on that jaw breaker of a knot. He was rewarded by that cock shoving deeper and tied with him. It swelled, pressing against the roof of his mouth and pinning his tongue painfully down as he was locked in.

"Look at me you worthless cum rag," Fynx demanded. "Look. At. Me. I want to see the light fade from your eyes as I dump my brats in your throat. Don't you dare look away."

Asher looked up, his vision swimming as he started to feel the burn in his lungs, demanding air. His adrenaline spiked, his heart raced as his eyes went wide. Fynx regarded him with a dark stare as he licked his chops. Asher kept his eyes locked with his abuser's as he tried to push back, only for the barbs to dig in deeper and that snow leopard to hiss with approval.

"Fuck, struggle, keep trying to pull of my dick you dumb slut. I'm almost there. Struggle for your fucking life." Fynx chuckled darkly as his cock got harder, his barbs dug deeper and locked him in place, his knot swelled, prying that jaw to almost beyond its breaking point. Asher screamed, or tried, no sound came out, just drool and tears as his abdomen convulsed, trying to get air in as his vision swam.

"Fuck yeah, keep struggling...fuck...almost...shiiiiiiiiit," Fynx's cock throbbed, practically pissing cum before throbbing violently. The shock of that cock's barbs flaring causing a burning pain to rocket through Asher's chest. He could feel that cock throbbing and drenching his stomach in that seed. The world got fuzzier and fuzzier with each thick wad. He didn't realize he was passing out until it was too late. All he could feel was that shaft clawing at his throat, each pulse causing that cum pipe to swell and a burst of warmth to well up in his gut while his entire esophagus burned.

Fynx watched as the light in Asher's eyes flickered as he came. The leopard giving no fucks as he watched with seditious satisfaction as each throb of his seed going into that bitch muzzle brought that drake closer and closer to oblivion.

Asher watched through saline lenses as the world grew darker, each throb of that cock jostling his entire body. The darkness closed in, the last thing that Asher saw before, his fingal slap to try to get free, were those eyes. He should be mad, he should be terrified, and he was, but mostly...he was more turned on than he had ever been in his life.

“Fuck...” Fynx groaned as he felt Asher’s body go limp, the angle making his barbs dig further and his knot to throb deep into that gut. “Hopefully you don’t die little fuck. I have big plans for you,” the snow leopard chuckled darkly as he let the tie continue, consistently dumping into his muzzle as he snapped a few pictures on his phone. “Big plans.” He murred, his cock throbbing as he watched the passed out drake’s belly bloat from his load.