

## Cerberus

### Chapter 4: Mating Rituals

Flynn shuddered as he stumbled into his apartment, his trembling fingers going to the thermostat and cranking it up. He snagged a blanket and collapsed in front of the heater as it blasted hot air while he wrapped himself against the cold.

It was a lot more bearable now that he had the muzzle suppressing his ice magic, but a thin layer of frost was forming over the leather cup. Flynn just sighed contentedly as the warmth from the heater seeped in and thawed his bones. He cracked his neck and pulled out the book that was clearly defaced, the words scratched out and scribbled on with marker and pen. Flynn would have to replace it for the library, but a small price to pay.

Jace cracked open the book, Demons and their 'Baddass Beasts' for 'Stupid Skanks, like you Flynn.'

*Let's get to the bottom of this,* Flynn thought to himself, unable to speak due to his muzzle. He might have to reach out to Aaron about that, but for now, he needed to know more about his enemy.

Flynn opened up the table of contents. Scribbles and notes had been scrawled all across it, but one line was highlighted and circled multiple times.

*"Hellhounds – 'Bitch Destroyers' page 6 '9'"* Flynn rolled his eyes at how childish Cerberus could be. It's like he was taking this as a joke. Taking his life as a joke! Flynn just shook his head and flipped the pages over to hellhounds. There was a picture of a four-legged dog, a gorgeous penned image that came

with the book, but a massive dick spurting cum all over the pages was drawn between its legs.

Thankfully the ink didn't block anything that couldn't be divined through context clues.

"Hellhounds, the underworld's guard dogs and demon-pact-pet 'baddest bitches.' The practice of summoning and binding hellhounds is ~~one of great tradition~~ 'only old ass farts do it anymore!'. Many cultures the world over both feared and revered the hellhound ~~for what they were~~ 'for their ability to take names and nail bitches!'"

Flynn was already getting tired with Cerberus' commentary. He was about to throw the book when a particularly untouched section started putting things together.

"...a hellhound bite is a death sentence. A hellhound's fangs make a very specific, rune-like, bite mark of primal origin that burns mana from the inflicted. One bite is enough to cause you to perish from mana exhaustion. It is theorized that they needed this ability in order to afflict and harm souls without their corporeal forms to cow into order..."

Flynn lifted his hand up to his neck, his fingers brushing against that bite mark. Fresh blood had dried over the mark and he could feel the radiating heat of something rolling off him like a burn; his mana being scorched.

"...typically death is experienced within several minutes to hours depending on the size, depth, and type of mark. The only known treatment is – 'DEZ NUTS BITCH!'" Flynn growled at the book as he realized that Cerberus filled in some blanks, but he also covered some stuff up. That fucking asshole!

Flynn was going to give up again when he noticed a footnote on the page about...

*Mating rituals?*

Flynn flipped the page. Dicks were drawn all over the margins, but at least most of the words were legible.

“Hellhounds are primal beings and thus have primal rituals. When a male imprints on a female, he forces himself onto her, his pheromones act like a drug that seduces her quickly. Most female hellhounds don’t go into heat naturally. Hell- ‘bitches’ are assimilated into a harem by an alpha male, his drug like pheromones causing the female to go into heat. It is thought that this addictive property of the alpha’s reproductive cells is an evolutionary enhancement to ensure the pack grows strong. Without this added benefit, most hell-‘bitches’ don’t bother with males, often forming packs of alpha females. Though, it only takes one alpha male to completely convert a female pack. There are some instances when a female has overpowered a male, but these are considered rare exceptions. ‘Sometimes we like to switch things up, keep it interesting.’”

Flynn could feel the ache in his bones at the very thought of that hellhound hit he had before. The addictive properties so strong and potent he was ready to become a house bitch for that asshole. Cerberus was built to fuck bitches much larger than him, so the potency of that drug was more than just otherworldly. A deep shiver and throbbing need were already building up inside him. He wanted it so bad it hurt. He knew this need, this demand to be satiated all too well.

Withdrawal...

Flynn took a break, his stomach roiling and his mind throbbing as he leaned into the warm air of the vent. Things started to swirl, his nausea reaching a fever pitch. Flynn quickly unlatched his muzzle and gripped a garbage can as he wretched what little stomach contents he had into it. Had he even eaten today except from what Nathan made for him that morning?

Flynn hobbled over to the sink and drew himself some water. He sloshed it around before spitting it out, the liquid smacking the sink as frozen droplets from his breath. The wolf gritted his teeth. This was getting old fast. Flynn drank what was left of his water and went back to his little reading cocoon.

“Hellhounds can’t cast magic normally, not without draining mana from another source. ‘Like your faggot ass!’ Hellhounds usually have innate abilities that draw upon ambient magic, but without a pact bond or feeding, they can’t do much else. ‘But I can you little dip shit! I’m fucking Cerberus! How does it feel that I don’t even need your mana and you still quiver at the thought of me fucking it out of you.’”

Flynn growled at the words in the margins. He was reading over the notes to see if Cerberus put anything really helpful in the book, but most of it was lewd comments. Despite the numerous vulgarities, he did feel his pussy clench. Flynn groaned and hugged the book to himself as his pussy dripped in his pants. He was such a sucker for bad boys and being treated like shit.

*Why am I like this? Flynn hugged the book closer for warmth. Why do I always fall for these kinds of guys? I know I can't fix them...I can't do anything to them that would matter, so why do I always gravitate towards these assholes!*

Flynn shook his head and curled up next to the heating unit and decided to close his eyes. He was exhausted and he couldn’t think clearly. He just needed to sleep this off...maybe sweat it out or something. Flynn took a shaky breath and leaned back, letting the warm air flutter over his head as he closed his eyes.

\*\*\*Cerberus\*\*\*

The hellhound snarled as he paced the streets, his massive boots smacking the pavement as he huffed and snarled. No little bitch was going to keep him tied down, not like this. He needed to ditch this chain before *HE* found out. If *he* knew about this kind of weakness, it would only be a matter of time before *he* strikes.

Flames licked at Cerberus' lips as he silently snarled, keeping his hands in his vest jacket pockets. He didn't care if the magic leaked out. Not like anyone could really see him unless he willed it. Simple cloaking spell he got from...

"No..." Cerberus gripped his gold chain, the crown that read "KING" on one side. He flipped it over to look at the intricate runes etched on its back. "They wouldn't help me twice, would they?"

Cerberus pondered things for a moment. He either had to deal with *him*, or *them*. *He* wanted to slice him from dick to lips, *they* only hated him for what he did to their mother. Not like they were known for holding a grudge, those vindictive bitches. Enough time has passed though...right?

"Hopefully my leash is long enough," Cerberus scratched at his neck where he felt the runes demanding his obedience to the pact. Cerberus stumbled as he bumped into someone.

"Yo tall ass! Watch it!" Some meerkat shot at him. "Don't go disrespecting our turf!"

Cerberus snapped, his hand coming down to grip the five foot little shit by the neck and slamming him so hard against the brick wall that his claws sank into the brick.

"You really don't want to fuck with me today," Cerberus snarled. "I've had the worst week so far, and I'm not in the mood to deal with filthy street trash that thinks it's tough shit!"

Bang!

Cerberus felt a tickle on his chest. His head snapped to look at a group of random guys, all of them wearing the same green bandana in one fashion or another, same as the meerkat's headband. In the hands of a tall, lanky buck was a smoking gun.

"Did you just fucking shoot at-"

The alleyway filled with the sound of that buck emptying his clip at the hellhound, the bullets nothing more than annoying slaps against his skin. The last one ricochet off his brow and landed in the meerkat's arm reducing him into nothing but a screaming mess. Cerberus just gripped the meerkat's neck until he heard a wet crack, the screams stopping as he let the limp body of the punk fall to the ground.

"You fucking done?" Cerberus snarled as he took a step towards the buck and his punk posse. "Cuz I think it's my turn," The hellhound cracked his neck once, then twice, on the second crack demonic horns flashed into existence, burning with blue flames.

They all whipped out their guns and started shooting like mad. Mismatched bullets flying through the alleyway and echoing off the walls as Cerberus lunged. He was seeing red, the only break in the curtain of rage were the flashes of those gunshots. Blood dripped from his claws, bones crushed beneath his feet, and their screams were silenced one at a time until only the buck remained.

"Dude...please let me go..." the buck pleaded as he tried to limp away, his leg bent at an odd angle. Cerberus just chuckled and gripped him by the shirt and lifted him up.

"Fat chance, fuck meat," Cerberus snarled, bringing the buck closer until he could smell the sweat and fear radiating off him. "I got something special planned for you."

The buck tried to struggle, but with a flick of Cerberus' neck, his teeth were sunken in on the buck's neck. Cerberus groaned as that buck kicked and flailed while his teeth sank deep into that neck.

He could taste the buck's heartbeat, his fear, his anguish. Cerberus rumbled lustfully as he sank further, breaking through critical arteries and causing his mouth to fill with the taste of copper.

As soon as it started, he was finished. He tossed the buck to the ground, the wound on his neck sealing up instantly, but a glowing bite mark glowed in its place. The buck was still thrashing, clawing at his own throat as though he couldn't breathe.

"How does it feel to choke on the smoke of your own burning mana?" Cerberus chuckled and slammed his foot down on the buck's broken leg. He tried to scream, but only pained gargling came out.

"I hear it's worse than drowning," Cerberus smiled darkly as he ground his heel onto the shattered shinbone. "The only thing that comes close is Greek Fire, sailors diving underwater only to realize the flames couldn't be doused. Drowned while burning to death."

The buck's body was limp and motionless long before Cerberus finished his thought. The burning mana ebbing as the buck's body seemed to dehydrate and shrivel up as he slipped from this world to the next. Cerberus watched with satisfaction as that soul was sucked out of that body by those flames and plunged down into the earth, plummeting to a hell where his hellhound brats would gnaw on that punk's bones for all eternity.

"Freeze!" a voice came from the far end of the alleyway. "EC Officer, don't move!"

Cerberus rolled his eyes and looked at the officer. A ferret, a very familiar looking ferret. He was much older than that bitch at Flynn's apartment, but he knew the smell of a family member. Maybe an older brother or father?

Cerberus' grin widened as he took a step forward, his claws dripping with the same blood his boots tread on beneath him.

“Freeze or I’ll open fire!” The officer warned. Cerberus only chuckled, he should have just shot. It was already too late. Cerberus lunged.

And was clothesline back, his feet flying out from under him as he slammed down onto the unforgiving ground. His collar glowed intensely, a burning cold biting into his neck as the command screamed in his ears.

*Don’t hurt Nathan!*

“Fuck!” Cerberus snarled.

Bang!

Cerberus let out a loud yip as he was shot, the blessed bullet sinking deep into his gut.

“Oh fuck,” the Ferret just saw the hound lunge and shot, first bullet flying over the hound before he corrected and shot down, thinking his attacker was ducking to attack again. He quickly holstered his gun and ran forward while shouting orders into his talky. Cerberus didn’t hear much, his vision was swimming and his gut screamed in pain. He lifted his hand, his paw tinged crimson with his own blood, blue sparks popping in it from how much mana he had gorged on earlier.

“Keep pressure on the wound, don’t move,” the officer demanded.

“Get off of me!” Cerberus snarled, his hand pushing the officer away. The motion lacked lethal intent so he could do so. The problem was that the officer spiraled and smacked against a dumpster.

Cerberus’ collar screamed, the magic giving a loud, high pitched sound only dogs could hear. It rang out loud and burned Cerberus’ neck with a cold so deep his flesh blistered.

*Don’t hurt Nathan! Don’t hurt Nathan! Don’t hurt Nathan!*



The command was on a loop in Cerberus' head, demanding obedience and punishing him for harming Nathan. The command was so vague that even harming someone Nathan cared about could be considered hurting him.

Cerberus bolted, running as the collar felt like it was going to sever his head with how tight it was digging into him, his voice coming out as yips and screams, snarls and yelps. Cerberus didn't know how long the command was cutting through him, but when he came to, he noticed the pain in his gut wasn't from the collar. He snarled, the bullet like a rapier lodged in his gut, the holy energies from it burning him from the inside.

He only had one option here. He had to go to *them*. *They* were the only ones who could heal him now. At least the only ones he knew that wouldn't turn him over to *him*.

"Fuck," Cerberus gripped his abdomen, trying to stem the flow of blood. "Those bitches better be open."

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Cerberus burst into the dark shop, ignoring the "closed" sign on the door.

"Wake up you fucking crones!" Cerberus snarled, his gut a bloody mess as he stumbled, his hands leaving smeared bloody prints all over the glass displays. "Get, fuck...get your asses down here!"

Cerberus shuffled forward, his leg giving out as he fell forward and smacked his hand on a counter. A bell rang, the service bell being smacked as he hit the floor. The bell followed suit and smacked Cerberus in the face. He hissed and slammed his fist on the bell, the metal giving one last broken ring before clunking into uselessness.

Cerberus didn't have to wait as the lights flicked on, followed by the light tinkling of earrings and jewelry.

"Well, well, well, what did the mutt drag in?" A woman spoke as she walked in and looked over Cerberus' vulnerable form. She was a hare, her fur a beautiful mix of browns and grays and her eyes an emerald green. Her long ears rode down her back, silver cuffs with emeralds and rubies weighing them down, her fingers covered in miscellaneous rings and her neck bound in metal chokers and dangling pendants. She wore a loose, airy black tank top that fluttered around her and a pair of torn acid washed jeans to show off her powerful legs.

"Tiahna," Cerberus spat, his mouth filled with the taste of his own blood.

"Yeah, that's me," she walked around Cerberus, hopping over his massive limbs. He probably had as much mass in one limb as the hare did in her whole body. "Now, why did you come all this way? I'm sure it wasn't to bleed all over our floor. If you're looking for another protection spell, my sisters are out on business."

"No, I don't need your other bitch sisters, I just need you," Cerberus snarled trying to prop himself up against the counter. "I got shot, with a holy bullet."

"Oh really? I couldn't tell from the gushing wound from your gut," Tiahna rolled her eyes. "Why don't you take care of it yourself? You got plenty of people that know how to treat those kinds of wounds."

"You were closer," Cerberus lied.

"Uh hu..." Tiahna narrowed her emerald eyes at Cerberus. "Listen, I know I'm the youngest of my sisters, but I'm the most grounded, catch my drift? Either tell me why you're here or I'll just let you

bleed out. Hellhound blood is a great ritual ingredient that Kamila would love to get her paws on, and your ashes would make a wonderful spirit conduit for Hemala.”

Cerberus’ hand swiped at the hare, his claws tearing some of her top as he tried to pull her closer.

“Fuck you Tiahna,” Cerberus snarled. “I can’t go back to hell, I *WON’T* go back to hell.”

“Well, you came to the wrong place if you’re going to keep lying to me about why you’re here...wait a tick,” Tiahna leaned in and hooked a finger under the collar around Cerberus’ neck, the ring of icy blue runes flashing into existence. “Oh, that’s rich.”

Cerberus slapped her hand away.

“Fuck you Tiahna,” Cerberus growled. “What do you want?”

“For healing you, or to keep this little leash a secret?” Tiahna plucked on the invisible tether in the air, the leash flashing into existence as it vibrated from her touch. “Pretty powerful stuff too. I don’t think even I could have bound you.”

“For both,” Cerberus hissed. “I can give you another tooth.”

“Nah, one is more than enough,” Tiahna pulled a pendant from her neck where a canine had been strung on it. “How about you tell me who’s holding your leash and I might figure something out.”

“Fuck you, you cock sucking harpy,” Cerberus spat back before wincing and panting.

“Oh come now Cerby,” Tiahna gave a little pouty face, her lips black as night. “You used to love it when I drained those nuts of yours. Ya know, I might be down to have some fun.”

“Really? You horny little skank,” Cerberus coughed and winced, the pain shooting through his gut. “You really want to negotiate a lay in my condition? Isn’t that all against your crusade about consent and taking back the night bullshit?”

“So ornery, what’s got you in such a bad mood?”

“I don’t know, maybe the FUCKING BULLET BURNING IN MY GUTS YOU STUPID BITCH!”

“Ugh,” Tiahna rolled her eyes. “You are simply impossible to talk to when you’re like this.”

Tiahna flicked her wrist, one of her rings coming up to the tip of her finger. It was a spike ring that made it look like she had a vicious claw. She pointed it towards the bullet wound and angled it gently.

“Wait, be careful-”

“You’re telling *me* to be careful? Really?” Tiahna huffed before bringing her clawed finger and thumb together, a thread of green light materializing and stringing deep into the bullet wound.

Instantly her string glowed a bright seafoam, then flashed with icy blue light as the thread popped like a string of fire crackers.

“Fucking HELL Tiahna!” Cerberus shouted, his voice rattling the various crystals and light fixtures. “I tried to FUCKING warn you! Fuck that hurt!”

“What the fuck was that?” Tiahna gasped.

“I fed recently and am gorged with mana. You have to be fucking careful or you’ll make things worse. I’m a fucking powder keg right now.”

“I knew that you had fed, you asshole! I could smell the mana burn on your breath. But that wasn’t magical backlash, that was...that was something else.”

“Whatever, can you help me or not.”

Tiahna’s eyes were wide, as she rubbed her fingers together, remanence of that energy sparking between her fingers. Then she froze, her ears twitching.

“I can hear you...yes...but he...I see,” Tiana furrowed her brow. “It...resonated...who leashed you?” Tiahna got very serious. “Who did you make a pact with?”

“Who fucking cares! Some rando who didn’t even know he had magic.”

“He? A man? This is lunar essence. It’s resonating with mine so deeply that I couldn’t control it. That wasn’t a man’s energy.”

“He’s some little cunt boy, who gives a shit! Just fix me up and we can settle payment later.”

“He’s...a son of the moon...” Tiahna’s eyes were wide.

“Yeah, some fucking asshole who managed to trick me into a deal. He’s lucky he has near bottomless mana or I’d have killed him ages ago.”

“Wait, you bit him, and he’s still alive?” The hare’s eyes were darting between her fingers and Cerberus rapidly.

“Yeah, the lucky bastard didn’t even know he had so much mana. I gorged myself earlier and still he was full to the brim.”

Tiahna smirked as the last of the sparks rolled off her fingers.

“Lucky indeed...very lucky,” Tiahna smiled. “And you’re bound to this person, right?”

“What? Do you need bigger ears or something?! Yes! That little faggot did this to me! He’s the fucking reason I got shot, the little asshole.”

“Listen here Cerby,” Tiahna sat down, her long legs straddling one of Cerberus’ massively muscled thighs.

“Don’t call me that, bitch-” Cerberus was cut off as his mouth was laced shut with green thread.

“Oh, you’re going to listen, and you’re going to listen good, *pup*,” Tiahna’s eyes glowed with potent energy, candles around the shop flickering on with green flames. Cerberus’ ears folded back as glowing marks that revealed a skull over Tiahna’s face came into stark relief. “I’m going to talk, and you’re going to listen very, *very* carefully for once. You got that pup?”

Cerberus’ ears twitched and his mouth slipped into a silent snarl before he huffed and nodded.

“Good boy,” Tiahna smiled. “Now, I know you don’t want to go back to hell; such a trek to get all the way topside, and without your other heads, that won’t be an easy feat. So, I propose a deal. You’re going to make nice with your handler,” Cerberus scowled and Tiahna rolled her eyes. “Don’t even say anything I know the kind of prick you can be. I’m sure they’re looking for a way to cut you loose like a suborn turd. You’re going to convince them to come here, and you’re going to keep him safe until then. You feel me?”

Cerberus growled and nodded.

“Good boy, now, that’s just for healing you. In order for you to buy my silence,” Tiahna smiled and leaned forward. “I want the Cerby special I used to get.”

Cerberus rolled his eyes and huffed, but he nodded his approval.

“It’s a deal then?” Tiahna held out her hand, green flames lapping at her fingers. That was a demon pact, that bitch mastered the art ages ago. Given, this would make Cerberus bound to two people, albeit temporarily until he fulfills his end of the bargain, but it also ensured Tiahna’s help.

Cerberus held up a finger, indicating he wanted one small stipulation. Tiahna sighed and let the green threads disappear.

“What?” Tiahna rolled her eyes. “I think it’s a pretty easy choice.”

“Oh it is, but I want to make it clear that I’m going to be the one on top in your Cerby special.”

“Oh boo, you’re no fun,” Tiahna’s eyes flickered with the amendment. “I was so ready to chain you down and ride you all night, but I understand. You’ll need to not be restrained if you’re to fulfill your end of the bargain. Alright, we got ourselves a deal.”

“Damn right we do,” Cerberus clapped his bloody hand around Tiahna’s tinny paw, gripping hard. Green flames curled between their fingers, a ring of green runes flashing into existence around both their middle fingers.

“Oh, this’ll be fun,” Tiahna flicked her wrist, this time multiple rings came to her fingertips, a series of green strings forming and lashing like snakes. The strings coiled around the bullet wound, energy spiraling around them like a trapped eel pulling it away so she could work without setting off another resonance burst.

Cerberus winced and snarled.

“Oh suck it up you big baby,” Tiahna chuckled.

“I’m going to make you pay for that later,” Cerberus growled.

“Oh, I sure hope you do, big guy. Don’t tempt me to get sloppy,” Tiahna smiled, her tongue sticking out of the corner of her grin as she focused. The blood around the bullet sizzled and popped as it was pulled out of the wound, the small bits of shrapnel also coming out on strings.

“So much fuss over such a small piece of metal,” Tiahna clicked her tongue. “What will mortals come up with next?”

She took the bullet and its fragments and put them in a small pouch before tossing it behind the counter. Already her other threads were stitching up Cerberus, the threads lacing together to make complex, deep tissue stitching. It was old fashioned and a dated method, but it did work wonders. Cerberus felt the burning pain slip away as his flesh mended itself. The extra energy that Tiahna was pulling away with her strings seeped back in and her threads vanished. Her rings rolled back onto her fingers, locking into place.

“There ya go big guy,” Tiahna smiled, nuzzling her nose against the big brute’s. “So, how about your end of the bargain?”

Cerberus growled and ran his claws over her back, tearing away her top and revealing her pert little tits.

“I’m going to make you bleed, you bitch,” Cerberus rumbled out.

“Just remember, no biting,” Tiahna smiled.

“Oh, I’m not going to kill you, but I’ll make you see heaven,” Cerberus growled, gripping her hips and pulling her close. “Now open that pretty little mouth of yours.”

Tiahna craned her neck back, her soft paws on Cerberus’ chest as she parted her lips for the dominant hellhound. He gave a cocky smirk before he leaned forward and pressed his lips against hers.



“You sure you won’t OD on my drug?” Cerberus more asked as a formality.

“I can handle anything you give me, Cerby,” Tiahna’s muzzle was silenced as Cerberus shoved his demonic tongue down into her muzzle. It was so dainty and small, not like Flynn’s at all. Cerberus growled in his frustration at that fact. This little bitch’s muzzle couldn’t take his demon tongue like Flynn could. He wasn’t even halfway in filling her cute little muzzle and he was already slapping her tonsils, making her gag and gargle on their drool.

But Tiahna wasn’t without her own talents.

That tongue slipped deeper into her throat, her actual neck bulging as Cerberus sank it deeper. That demon tongue digging down into her throat and choking her as they made out. Cerberus had killed countless little sluts this way. Their minds shattering on his drug as he gave them a kiss of death. He was simply too much for some little skanks, but not Flynn. Flynn could handle his entire tongue and more.

Wet smacking and gulping could be heard in the shop before the two broke from their kiss.

“Can you handle that hit, bitch?” Cerberus growled darkly.

“What? Did you even start?” Tiahna smiled, her muzzle matted with a mixture of their drool from that sloppy kiss. Though, Cerberus could see her pupils dilate, he could smell the warmth of her womb rise, her heart race a tick faster, her blood hum and resonate with his own. She could handle him so much better than Flynn ever could. Flynn did reject him though, so maybe he could handle it better than he thought. That little prick was such a fucking thorn in his dick.

“Ow! Careful with those claws big guy,” Tiahna complained. Cerberus didn’t realize he was raking his claws on her back. He let up.

“Bitch, you worried about scars? I know a skank that can stitch you up just fine.”

“Is it me?” Tiahna rolled her eyes before sliding sideways in Cerberus’ lap. “Carry me to my bedroom like you used to? It’s so hard to find a man that’ll do it right.”

Cerberus chuckled, his sly smirk shifting to a mischievous grin.

“Should I say I told you so now or later? About not finding a lay as good as me.”

“I’ve had sex better than yours,” Tiahna protested. Cerberus smiled as he cradled her in his arms, standing up and taking a deep sniff of her neck.

“Ah, you reek of lies,” Cerberus smiled. “You can try and cower behind your talismans, but you can’t hide the truth from me, skank.” Cerberus flicked the button of her pants open and pulled down the zipper, his claws adapted to ripping flesh and as well as being delicate and controlled.

“You’re such an ass,” Tiahna slapped his shoulder.

“And that makes you wet,” Cerberus growled leaving little nips in between her chokers and various necklaces, being sure not to break skin. “I remember how you like to be treated in the bedroom. You’re such a pendulous verse. Swinging from one extreme to the next.”

“Oh shut u-u-up! Oh fuck...” Tiahna moaned as Cerberus’ hand that was cradling her ass slipped his fingers between her legs, finding that little pussy with his ring finger and brushing over her wet folds.

“Now that’s a good girl,” Cerberus rumbled into her neck. “When was the last time you had your pussy properly played with, and not by yourself?”

“Oh fuck you Cerberus,” Tiahna whined. She didn’t need to answer. Cerberus could feel it in the way her pussy quivered and winked around his finger. He was brushing those folds, playing with that clit, and teasing the entrance, reveling how it twitched and dribbled with need.

Cerberus chuckled, his deep voice rumbling through him before he gave a little huff, his hot breath rolling through the fur on her neck.

“That’s what I thought,” Cerberus ran his finger over that cute peach, those folds glistening with Tiahna’s desire. The massive hellhound had scooped up the hare and carried her through the shop. The place a dark wood mess of glass cases, overstuffed shelves of crystals and ritual ingredients. The musty smell of old books was hidden behind incense burners and talisman pouches full of dried flowers. Cerberus carried his sexual prey with guided knowledge. This wasn’t the first time he visited the three sister’s shop.

That was until he knocked a small side table over, the lamp on it shattering over the floor.

“Careful big guy, you’ll have someone call the cops.” Tiahna smacked his shoulder again.

“Like your neighbors would let that happen,” Cerberus growled and carried the hare upstairs, the steps creaking and groaning in protest of the hellhound’s weight.

Cerberus kept Tiahna cradled in one arm, his fingers slowly sinking deeper into her needy hole, his expert movements making her twitch and moan. With his free hand he opened the door down the narrow hall. It was a bedroom overflowing with potted plants, birdcages, and a massive circular bed that had a wrought iron canopy over it with crystals and chimes strung up in no particular rhyme or reason. Cerberus parted the wall of chimes and dazzling crystals and tossed Tiahna onto her bed, the emerald satin accepting her.

“I do love fucking a bitch in her bed,” Cerberus growled as he threw his jacket-vest and shirt off, the articles of clothing slapping onto a vanity and a desk where a bottle of ink was spilled. He went to ditch his pants when the hare came over and put her little dainty hands on his massive muscled fingers.

“Oh, don’t take the reveal away from me,” she smiled up at him. Cerberus smiled and crossed his arms across his massive pecs while giving a huff and a nod for her to continue.

Tiahna gave a little chirp of excitement as she undid Cerberus’ belt, the jingle of that buckle a deeper tone than any of Tiahna’s chimes.

Then, like magic, those pants fell down around Cerberus’ ankles, his massive bitch sticker flopping forward and springing up, spitting a disrespectful string of pre across Tiahna’s face.

“Oh, so happy to see me,” Tiahna gripped the base of that cock, the knot pulsing and forcing her fingers apart.

“It’s angry to see you,” Cerberus kept his icy stare locked on the hare. “Now why don’t you two kiss and make up.” Cerberus flexed his cock, his sixteen inch monster and orange sized bastard factories bouncing.

Tiahna opened her muzzle and let her tongue lull over the tip. Her ruby red appendage lapped up Cerberus’ raw, undiluted essence from the tap. Flynn would have shoved his head down on that rod by now and gaged himself. This bitch wishes she could deep throat like – HELLO!

Tiahna opened her muzzle and sucked that cock deep into her muzzle, her throat bulging as she swallowed that sword down to the hilt, her soft, velvety tongue flicking over the underside of that knot, cradling it in slick warmth as she pulled back. Thick schlorping filled her room as Cerberus groaned in pleasure. He brought his hands up to grip the canopy and gently thrust as Tiahna showed off her new cock swallowing skills. She would slick all the way down, her head gyrating and her throat clenching, then come all the way back up, her cheeks sucking in and keeping the pressure until just the tip was in her muzzle. The suction only easing as she took a deep breath through her nose before sliding back down.

“Holy SHIT, yes!” Cerberus growled, his nuts bouncing and a thick wad of pre smacking the back of her throat before she used it as lube to suck that cock back down. “Fuck, that little faggot’s got nothing on that throat. He’d already be a drooling mess. It’s nice to have a bitch that knows what they’re doing.”

Tiahna pulled back, her lips smacking off that cock as she gasped, her mascara running down with her tears as she slipped her paws up and down that thick shaft.

“Oh come on now, stop talking about the tenant who’s living rent free in your lil’ head and start focusing on me,” Tiahna murred, rubbing her soft mouth against that hard onyx tip, glossing her lips with Cerberus’ throbbing need.

“Shut up bitch, you love it when I talk about how much better you are than my other bitches,” Cerberus flexed his dick, that tapered tip drooling a healthy amount of pre. The hare grinned and stroked it down with the rest of that throat and cock snot, wetly stroking the hound’s ego.

“Oh, I sure as hell do,” Tiahna opened her muzzle and sucked that cock head one last time before popping off it and rolling back onto her bed, her legs spread, her petals glistening with her desire and need. “Come here and show me how you want to fuck that little faggot.”

“Fuck, Tiahna,” Cerberus rumbled, brushing the hanging crystals out of his way to enter the bed, the mattress creaking in protest to the massive weight. “You’re such a slut for this demon dog dick, aren’t you.”

“Stop telling me things I already know and start treating me like one of your bitches,” Tiahna murred, her legs spreading wider. Cerberus’ massive paw gripped one of her ankles, his grip almost painful.

“First of all, bitches don’t lay on their backs,” Cerberus gave his little hare a cocky grin and flipped her over onto her stomach. Tiahna was disoriented from the powerful man handling, but her pussy dribbled her approval as she moaned and giggled. Her little tail flicked up to expose her pucker and glistening peach.

“Good girl,” Cerberus rumbled, slipping two of his fingers down between her legs, not entering, but brushing those petals with a talented hand while his thumb rubbed that clenching pucker.

“Don’t call me that, call me dirty things big guy-” Tiahna gave a little yip as Cerberus gripped her tail and forced her back to arch.

“I’ll call you whatever the fuck I want,” Cerberus rumbled, his fingers slowly sinking into her in a sinful two-step. One fraction in, then pulling back out tantalizingly slow, the dripping juices around his knuckles telling him all he needed to know if she was enjoying herself. “It’s not about what I call you, it’s the fact that it’s not your name. You’re just a number, princess. One of hundreds of bitches that exist for one thing, and one thing only.”

Tiahna gasped as his fingers started to slick over that little love button, that little bundle of pleasure, his two step slowly eclipsing it, like the moon would the sun until it was a burning corona of pleasure.

“Growing my brood,” Cerberus rumbled the words. “So, does it fucking matter what I call you, princess?”

“N-N-No...,” Tiahna’s legs quivered her juices rolling down Cerberus’ fingers and dripping off his wrist while this thumb messaged and played with her asshole.

“That’s right, because I don’t use pet names to be endearing, it’s because I’m not going to bother remembering some random bitches name. You’re whatever the fuck I call you, and in the end, you’re just a hole to milk my dick. You feelin’ me princess?”

“Oh fuck yes I feel you,” Tiahna shuddered her walls gripping those fingers, quivering and milking them like a bitch in heat. That hellhound hit making her heart flutter and pussy drip. Through the hare’s eyes, she could see the twinkling lights of her crystals and chimes around her bed, glinting off the moonlight like dancing stars. Maybe she couldn’t handle such a raw hit, but it was too late to turn back and she was about to get smacked by more of it soon enough.

“Good girl,” Cerberus slowly drew his fingers out, his digits squelching and popping wetly as he drew them from that pussy, those walls clenching and begging him to stay inside until he was completely free from their desperate embrace. He smiled at the snail trail of need between them as he fanned them out before bringing the sweet cunny honey to his lips and licking it up. He shuddered at the taste of her sweetness.

Tiahna was in physical pain as she tried to push back on something, her pussy clenching on air, winking with desire, but Cerberus’ hand on her tail kept her firmly face down, ass up. Then she felt it, Cerberus’ tip kissing her folds. She moaned, that tip dribbling more of his drug on her like it had painted her throat. As he smeared his musky essence on her folds, they buzzed, humming with pleasure from another hellhound hit freshly produced from the source. He smirked as he watched her writhe while he played with her folds, the tip tickling and teasing her entrance as she squirmed in his grip.

“Such a needy girl,” Cerberus rumbled and continued to torture the bitch. “You sure you can handle me?”

“Fuck you Cerberus!” Tiahna gasped, her toes flexing, her claws digging into her own sheets. “You’ve fucked my pussy to pieces before. Stop teasing me and fuck me like one of your god damned bitches!”

“Very needy girl,” Cerberus murred and licked his chops. “The only thing that would make this better is if you’d let me bite down on that pretty little neck of yours. My cock throbbing deep as I drink deep of your essence. Draining my nuts as I drain your fucking magic from you until you’re a cum filled husk. No more useful than a fucking condom.”

Cerberus chuckled and leaned in, his body looming as he gripped her hips, forcing her to stay just on his cock tip, his tapered length threatening to spear that throbbing hole.

“Come on baby, you know you’d do anything for me,” Cerberus rumbled into her neck, his teeth brushing her scruff. “You want it, don’t you? You want to feel the full extent of what it means to be my bitch. To feel my teeth sink into that little neck of yours, to feel my bite as I pound your pussy into the dirt. Say it, tell me you want it.”

“Oh fuck Cerby, YES! Fuck me please...use...use me! Bite me please!” Tiahna’s face was a blushing mess, her grip on her senses slipping as that hellhound hit drenched her mind.

Cerberus rumbled, dragging his fangs across her neck before a wicked grin played across his muzzle. “No chance, bitch stain.”

Cerberus nipped her neck, being very deliberate not to break her skin. Tiahna felt her bones run cold. She wanted to be bitten more than anything in that moment. She wanted to use her magic to force his maw to sink into her scruff, but in her submissive state, she couldn’t conjure if she wanted to.



“Looks like you’re not as in control as you thought,” Cerberus rumbled as his claws dug into her hips as he slowly forced her down on his cock. “If I didn’t have that deal with you, I’d have been able to sink my teeth into you.”

Tiahna screamed in pleasure as her pussy was spread, her abdomen distending with that bitch breaker as he sank deep inside. Her scream getting higher in pitch as he sank deeper, his entire cock seated deep in that wanton pussy, his knot pulsing on the outside.

“How does it feel, to know you’re still so easily broken by me?” Cerberus rolled his hips back before thrusting forward with a sharp and deliberate smack of his hips. “How does it feel to break under me? To still be powerless to control me? How does it feel knowing you couldn’t tame me, that you would always be under my dick and unable to handle me, you dumb bitch.”

Cerberus was doing quick and powerful thrusts to pry and wreck Tiahna open, his cock gaping that pussy as he continued his powerful and jabbing thrusts. Cerberus put one of his massive feet forward while keeping his other bent at the knee to get a better angle in as his claws dug into her flesh, a light trickle of blood welling up between his claws.

“OH fuck me,” Tiahna was a drooling, gasping mess. “Oh fuck Cerby, fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, fuck me...”

Cerberus long since stopped listening to Tiahna’s ramblings. Her mind was broken, she’d say anything to get more of that demon dog dick. He just kept spitting insults at her, showing her how truly inferior she was to him. Her mind was broken, she was nothing but a bitch to fill with pups. He knew she couldn’t get pregnant. She made sure of that long ago when he made their first pact. Not like she could survive a pregnancy from the massive stud. His litter would pop her gut before she came to term. No, she was just an easy lay, and a needy one at that.

Cerberus was thrusting with intent to cause pain, not pleasure. He had no desire to get Tiahna off, and that's exactly what she wanted. To be used by a beast, to be fucked by a legend, and used like cheap fuck trash.

The bed rattled, the chimes and crystals clashing like a mix of demonic sleigh bells in a maelstrom of musical chaos that jostled with every murderous thrust of Cerberus' hips.

"Fuck yes! You're so fucking pathetic you dumb bitch! You wish you were as good as my pact holder! How much does it fucking burn you knowing some novice could leash me and you NEVER could! You couldn't tame this in your many lifetimes, so just learn your place beneath my heel and on your FUCKING knees!"

Wet slapping and squelching filled the air as Cerberus worked to get his first nut out, Tiahna screaming in her third orgasm and splattering her bed in her pleasure.

"Fuck you, you dumb slut," Cerberus snarled. "I'm going to gape that pussy right open again. I bet it just closed up from the last time I gave enough of a shit to drag my dick through your fucking door! Now take it you stupid slut!"

Cerberus thrust forward and grinded his knot against that hole, the bitch far too small to take that grapefruit into her bruised pussy. Instead her soft little bunny paws reared up and gripped the base of it, simulating a tie and causing those nuts to finally draw up. Cerberus snarled, gritting his teeth as he desperately wanted to bite her, but he couldn't. Instead he snarled through his teeth; spit flying as his prostate lurched, snapping into work as his balls ordered him to seed this whore. His cum pipe bulged before a thick wad of hellhound cum squelched audibly into that rabbit hole, the outline of Cerberus' throbbing cock growing softer as her belly filled up around it.

Cerberus growled lustfully before smacking her ass and pulling out, his cock still shooting a few hot, steaming strands of prime, alpha, hellhound batter. He flopped down on his back, one of his legs hanging off the bed as he dug into Tiahna's night stand and pulled out a hand wrapped cigarette. He put it in his muzzle and snapped his fingers.

"Light me," Cerberus ordered. Tiahna shakily got up, a gushing flow of her own sex and that demon hound cum coming from her gaping hole as she flicked her fingers. The end of the dooby sparked up and Cerberus took a long, luxurious drag. His massive lungs taking in half of that blunt before he blew the smoke in his bitch's face.

"Why aren't you bouncing on my cock? Hop to it skank!" Cerberus smacked Tiahna upside the head, the girl shuddering in her drunken haze before crawling up and sliding her gaped pussy over Cerberus' cock.

"That's a good girl," Cerberus murred out the corner of his mouth. "We're going to be at it all night you stupid bitch." He chuckled, putting his hands behind his head as he continued to smoke Tiahna's stash and use her as his personal cum bucket.

Flynn could wait until tomorrow, tonight he had some steam to blow off.