

Turning Faces

Chapter 1: A Rose by another Name

“So, you really want to give this a shot?” Fang asked the storm drake.

“You seriously asking me?” Teryx replied, rolling his eyes again. “Do I need to spell it out for you? I want my ass fucked. I want to be pinned down and fucked like cheap fuck trash. You know, the way I treat you when I’m horny and have a nut to bust. But I’m not going to submit to a little faggot fox like you.”

“Yeah, I get it,” Fang rolled his eyes. “You want to bottom. Believe me, I love it when I guzzle that storm dragon jizz. That shit *literally* tingles on the way down my throat, and the way it makes my prostate spasm, mmm fuck.” The fox bit his lower lip as his fur stood on end remembering their previous romps.

The black fox was a dazzling display of black with gray spackling all over his body. He had long fluffy ears and a tail where the spackling became more condensed into a gray-white tip. He had gray gloves and booties for his hands and foot paws, and dazzling cerulean eyes. The little punk was wearing a choker collar with a black tank top that hung loosely on his lithe frame and some forest green dress pants. Wrapped around his waist was his dress shirt that he took off due to the heat. He was a solid ten if he wasn’t compared to the storm drake.

“Yeah,” Teryx smirked, his eyes narrowing as he lustfully looked the fox up and down. “I know how mad you go for that shit. You’re such a good little slut when you want to be.”

Teryx was a beast of a drake. The massive creature was power incarnate. His body was solid and bulky without being bulbous or overly muscular. The drake hardly had to work out for his body to pack on muscle, so why work hard to get that bloated look when he was already so naturally fit? The storm drake had a sky-blue underbelly and a cobalt hide, his scales made him a fierce predator allowing him to stealthily fly over the head of his prey, plucking the suckers high into the sky and that way before they realize they were stalked. The drake's plumage was a sight to behold, like angry purple storm clouds being caught in the sun's corona, his mane practically glowed with golden rays of sunlight at the tips and grew to dark stormy clouds at its roots. His tail was long and powerful, the underside that sky blue cerulean and the top a glorious gradient of a storm's ferocity. The base of the tail had cobalt plumage that became thicker as it ran down the tail, going from angry storm cloud purple to blazing oranges and yellows until it was a searing hot white at the tip.

Of course he didn't actually glow, but with the way the sun caught his plumage, it tricked quite a few people. The drake wore a dark, tailored, two-piece suit. The coat wasn't there, the drake not wanting to have to carry it around.

"Dude, we're out in public," Fang blushed a bit as they sat at the restaurant. Teryx's response was to hook his navy blue claw under the fox's collar and give a gentle, yet firm tug. The fox met the storm drake's topaz eyes.

"Don't act like you're not already dripping wet from the idea," Teryx grinned down at his friend while he licked his chops. "I'd fuck me given the chance, and I know you'd fuck you, so why not do exactly that?" Teryx brushed his thumb claw over the fox's lips. "Besides, you'd do it regardless. You haven't been able to say no to me since I made you gag on my cock back in high school."

Fang yanked his head back and blushed.

“Seriously dude,” Fang hissed. “That was back in band camp. Everyone was blowing everyone there.”

“Yeah, and you were working the French horn,” Teryx jabbed him with his elbow. “Excellent lung capacity. And DSLs like that? No one could refuse donating to that sperm bank you call a throat. And not everyone was gaging their cock holster. Just yours.”

“Dude, the waiter is coming, shut up,” Fang covered his face and put his toes on top of each other, his toe claws flexing as he tried to hide in his menu.

“Don’t worry, Kit,” Teryx smiled, static rolling up his hair to straighten it back into his up do, his cobalt horns flashing with the static before returning to their dormant state. “When I’m around, no one’s looking at you.”

A snow leopard wearing the restaurant’s uniform approached. Teryx looked down at the cat with a cocky grin. The storm drake was resting his arms on the backrest of the booth, the massive drake looming over the table like he owned it.

“Sup kitten,” Teryx rumbled, his voice like rolling thunder, his fangs popping with static.

“I...” the leopard froze, his ears folding back, cheeks burning with blush. “My...um...name is Ron. I’ll be your server today.”

“Sounds good, Ronny,” Teryx smiled. “I’ll have the porterhouse, bloody, side of parmesan truffle gnocchi with extra herbal butter, served with your rosemary red-wine reduction on the side.”

“A-Anything to drink?”

Teryx lifted a pair of empty glass by putting his fingers in them and holding them together, the low-balls clinking as the ice chips in them slid to one side against his claws.

“The barkeep has us covered,” Teryx nodded over to the bar, the bartender nodding back and prepping a couple new glasses.

“Oh, *us*?” The leopard glanced at the table and his fur stood on end as he noticed Fang. “Oh my, sorry. I didn’t-”

“-see me here?” Fang finished the leopard’s sentence. “Yeah, yeah, I’ll have the catch of the day and the side salad.” Teryx nudged his hip to the side, jostling the fox with his bulk as if to say “told you so.”

“Of course, anything else?”

“We’re good, Ronny, but take these to the bar for me. Save yourself a trip later.” Teryx handed the cat the empty glasses.

“Of course, um, Sir...”

“Master,” Teryx smiled down at the cat.

“What...?” Ron paused.

“Master Teryx, or Master is just fine.”

“Oh...um...sure thing, mister...er...Master Teryx...sir...” Ron blushed so deeply he looked like he was going to burst into flames as he hunched over and walked away.

“Don’t you say anything,” Fang spat at Teryx. “I don’t want to hear a fucking word.”

“Who needs to say anything when actions speak so loud,” Teryx chuckled as he slouched in the booth.

“And you couldn’t help but say something,” Fang rolled his eyes as a server came by and put fresh scotch on the table. The fox snatched it up and started to nurse on it, blaming his bruised pride.

“All I’m saying is that if we go through with this exchange, you’ll get to know how I feel all the time,” Teryx shrugged.

“What?” The fox rolled his eyes. “Ten feet tall with a knee knocking dick? How do you support all that and your inflated ego while still being structurally sound?”

“Well, that’s simple,” Teryx leaned in and whispered into the fox's ear. “I’m only seven feet tall.”

“Fuck you, Teryx,” the fox went back to nursing on his scotch.

“That’s what I’m trying to get you to do.”

“Yeah, you want to swap bodies to see what it feels like to get fucked by a worthy stud.” Fang sipped his scotch before turning to face Teryx. “You’re so full of yourself, you know that.”

“No, I’m trying to get full of myself,” Teryx chuckled, bouncing his white brows to emphasize his point. “You sure as fuck like to get blasted and piped down. I also know you’re verse, so you’ll enjoy the experience.”

“I’m not worried about enjoying it,” Fang confessed. “I’m worried you’re going to fuck it up.”

“Really, Fang? You have such low faith in me,” the drake feigned offence.

“You’re talking about soul magic,” Fang looked dead into those topaz eyes. “I know you’re a storm drake, and a powerful one, but magic like that is not easily mastered. Then, to use that kind of magic for something as irresponsible as getting your rocks off? There’s easier ways.”

“If you want to bottom, you can just say so instead of spitting on my prowess.” Teryx took a sip of his scotch.

“That’s not what I mean, and you know it,” Fang leaned back in the booth. “I swear, you know just how to get under my skin.”

“Again, I’m trying, but you haven’t let me yet.”

“Har, har,” Fang sighed. “Very fucking funny.”

“It’ll be fine, I promise,” the drake smirked. “Name one time I screwed you over with my magic?”

“How about band camp, since we brought it up,” Fang raised a brow. “I don’t think you meant for that cake to blow up in my face.”

“Not my fault that those candles couldn’t contain my power,” Teryx shrugged his shoulders.

“Or how about when you blinded me and I had to take a week off work for you to figure out how to reverse it. That’s why we use your silk ties instead of magic for bondage.”

“Really I’m the one who got screwed there,” Teryx rolled his eyes. “You got a week off work and now I got wrinkly ties and pocket squares that need to be ironed every time you come over to play.”

“How about Spain, when-”

“Okay, I get your point,” Teryx huffed and looked off to the side. “Should have asked for more than one example. Set the bar far too low. That’s on me.”

“And it’ll be ‘on you’ if anything goes wrong with this kind of spell. How did you even find it?”

"I...I looked it up in a few old tomes," Teryx sipped his scotch and refused to look the fox in the eye.

"Wait...where did you find it?" Fang growled.

"You're so cute when you're angry, you know that? You growl like a newborn pup." Teryx smiled down at the fox.

"Don't change the subject," Fang refused to take Teryx's bait. "Where did you find the spell?"

"I didn't..." Teryx pulled the drink up to his lips and spoke his next words into his glass. "It's from mu...huppp...ll"

"Speak up or I'm getting the live lobster from the tank and shoving it down your damned pants."

"God, fine!" Teryx sighed, static rolling between his horns and popping about in frustration. "I stitched it together from various other spells, okay?"

"I'm out," Fang huffed. "Spell weaving isn't easy, and if you choose the wrong spells they could backfire."

"It's just a simple curse and a..."

"A *curse*?" Fang squinted. "You're fucking with me. You're saying you wanted to try to pull a 'Freaky Friday' fuck-all curse and mix it with some other spells to keep it chained down? Curses are not to be messed with, literally and linguistically. Who knows what would happen."

"It's not like you'd be the one being cursed," Teryx admitted. "The curse only needs one body."

"Exactly how much testing did you do with this?" Fang continued to dig into Teryx for answers.

“I promise, it’s safe,” Teryx waived off Fang’s concerns. “All the spells wove together fine, I just need someone to swap with that I trust won’t just take my body and run.”

“You mean you can’t just swap back?” Fang was hardcore judging the drake.

“I can, but I can’t just swap with anyone. What’s the point of using all that magic when someone just freaks out and runs away? Or, if they go flailing into oncoming traffic? I can stop a truck with these guns *figuratively*, but a semi would turn me into nothing but paste and scales. I can cut the spell at will, but I need to be sure my body stays safe in the meantime.”

“There’s something else you’re not telling me, I just know it.” Fang shrugged but sighed. “Let’s just fucking do it. You’ll hound me like a dog after a bone if I don’t.”

“See,” Teryx smirked and lifted his glass to the fox to offer cheers. “I knew you’d come around.” The dragon had a big shit-eating grin on his muzzle, those vicious teeth looking dashing as always.

“Whatever,” Fang clinked his glass against Teryx’s. “At least I’ll get to be a pain in your ass for a change.”

“I’m counting on it,” Teryx winked.

“You always have to have the last word, don’t you?”

“No,” Teryx gave a cocky grin. “Not always.”

“Okay, so...naked?” Fang asked as he entered the drake’s apartment.

“Buck-ass naked, yes,” Teryx confirmed as he sauntered into the apartment above his gentlemen’s club. The drake was already undoing his tie as he tossed his keys into a bowl near the door.

“Any particular reason why?” Fang raised a brow as he started to unbutton his shirt.

“Don’t need you tearing out of my clothes or scuffing my shoes when we get down to it,” Teryx replied.

“You think I won’t have any self-control? I’ve edged for hours before. I think I can handle myself.”

Teryx just smiled mischievously as he walked ahead of the fox.

The two came to a den where Teryx’s need to be modern and also vintage clashed. Thick ocean velvet curtains draped over windows and dark paneling with matt wallpaper. A fireplace lay cold and dark, marred with scorch marks. The Victorian furniture was reupholstered with more modern fabrics that housed designs that were distinctly baroque, but not dated. Dark mahogany and deep velvety blues covered the den, and in the center was a coffee table with a simple silver plate. Fang scoffed as he walked in and noticed what the plate held.

“Fortune cookies? Really?” Fang rolled his eyes. “That’ can’t be what you chose to house the curse.”

“At first, yes,” Teryx paused and spat a tongue of flame at the fireplace. Static rolled in that fire as it shot into the yawning hearth before it burst into flames, the logs instantly igniting. “But that attempt failed. Those are the rejects that I forgot to put fortunes in.”

“Okay, then where is this curse? How are you going to enact it?”

“Come here,” Teryx was standing by the fireplace as he took off his vest and threw it on a chair continuing onto his shirt. “And seriously, Kit. Remove those clothes.”

Fang obliged, albeit begrudgingly. He tossed his shirt and tank on the pile of clothes. The two quickly got nude as Teryx instructed.

The supple fox's curves were so inviting, his sharp male angles softened and smoothed out by his fur. He had a nice set of bits between his legs. Average bordering on slightly above. His ass was thick and muscular, rounded out with a soft layer of fat that made it jiggle as he moved. His black nipples poked through his fur and his fluffy down was so light and airy it wafted with the slightest breeze. The fox would look quite submissive in nature if it wasn't for the constant look of skepticism.

Teryx on the other hand was as far on the other end of the masculine spectrum.

The storm drake stretched with a gentle sigh as he tossed his pants behind him. The thick powerful thighs exposed, his thick sheath swollen and heavy balls the size of apples, his paws fanning as he took a deep breath before letting it out slowly. His massive chest went down with that sigh into its resting bulk. Teryx lifted his arm up, his powerful and sculpted muscles in fluid motion. Stone in motion, painted with the colors of an angry sky is a striking contradiction.

Teryx pulled a vase from off the mantle. A singular rose was in it.

"A rose?" Fang smirked. "Okay, *Bell*, what you gonna do? Enchant it and become a beast?"

"Oh hush," The storm drake smirked at the fox's joke. He pulled the rose from the vase and brought it down to show his smaller friend. "It's the curse conduit. I needed something that represents desire for it to work."

"Like a red velvet rose," Fang shook his head. "Why are curses so obvious and subtle at the same time?"

“Because, Curses 101 is that it’s not the power of the curse, but the power you give the curse,” Teryx smiled down at his now confused vulpine friend.

“What?”

“A curse’s power comes from the source of its tormented. In other words, it needs to represent what it’s being used to punish. So, because this is a desire, I need it to embody-”

“Desire, I get it,” the fox waived off the rest of his friend’s explanation. “It fuels itself on your desire to be fucked by yourself.”

“Well, not exactly, but the way it works is very simple,” the drake put his fingers on a pestle of the rose and plucked it. “Whoever touches a petal swaps bodies with me.”

“So you only have, what, fifty times to do this?”

“Oh, heaven’s no,” Teryx let go of the petal and it hovered midair, a red glowing aura haloing it before it lazily started to float back before plucking itself back into place on the rose. “It can only switch so many peoples bodies at one time, but can be used infinitely.”

“So I have to pluck it?” Fang tilted his head and looked at the rose with a furrowed brow. “So I have to choose?”

“I feel like it’s easier to explain by doing than talking,” Teryx plucked the same petal before putting it in his palm. He blew on it from his palm and floated in the air between the two. That same red aura glowed on that petal, but instead of floating back to the rose, it started to waft towards Fang.

“Wait, now?” Fang took a step back and the petal followed fluttering closer.

“No time like the present.”

“What the fuck, why is it following me?”

“It’s following a desire that’s linked to me,” Teryx chuckled. “Once far enough away from the rose it’ll naturally head towards someone with a desire for, well,” Teryx gestured over his body. “All this.”

“Dude, what the fuck, I thought you’d at least let me prepare first,” Fang tried to wave the petal away, but in doing so it brushed his fingers, the velvet petal sticking to him. That red aura bled over the fox.

“Ready or not, here I come,” Teryx smirked, sparks flying out of the corners of his smile as the same red aura started to radiate from his own body.

The silky sweet smell of cheap rose perfume filled the room. Lavender oils and bergamot incense washed over the two as their vision was covered by that crimson aura like red velvet.

Fang coughed and hacked as he tried to push away the smell, only to feel static roll over his hand. The fox knew when he felt the drakes magic.

“The fuck Teryx,” Fang paused mid complaint as he realized his voice was deeper, his teeth tingling with static. He opened his eyes to see static rolling over his arms...his thick, powerful arms corded with muscle. “Woah...” Fang took a few steps back as though he were trying to back away and get a better look before realizing the arms came with him. He looked down at his chest, those abs and pecks tingling with actual thunder and lightning.

“Damn,” Teryx said as he observed his new fox body. Fang looked up to see himself, or Teryx? There was a smile of cocky confidence on the fox’s muzzle instead of the sour one he usually wore. Teryx the fox leaned forward and arched his back as he gripped his thighs and rolled his hands up, sliding his fingers over his ass, hips, chest, then up into his hairs.

“Wow,” Fang’s deep voice was so foreign to him. “Holy shit, it actually worked.” Fang sounded like Teryx...but his voice didn’t have the same inflection or tone. He sounded a little whinier, his vowels lingered and ended in an airy huff like he did with his own voice.

“Damn right it worked,” Teryx walked in his new fox body. He acted like he was in high heels, crossing his legs on front of the other as he walked and swished his hips and flicked his tail up, showing off that round ass. “I’m so light now. I feel so, unf! Limber...” He murred, his voice rolling in his fry as though he were trying to keep it deep. “Your voice doesn’t sound anything like this when I’m listening to it. I thought it was so much higher.”

“Oh my god...mmmm...” Fang moaned and bit his lower lip as he gripped the powerful pecks on his chest, the static rolling between his fingers injecting directly into the core of his pecs. His nipples grew hard as he felt that electricity rolled through him. It didn’t feel like this in his body, no, this was like rolling cool pinpricks that bled into pleasure. It’s like each arch of energy was a bull in a China shop, and every cracked plate or shattered platter was a prickling arch of pleasure. The dragon’s sheath swelled and the tip of his bright pink dick slipped out. “You feel like this all the time?”

“Yeah, you get used to the constant buzz of pleasure,” Teryx smiled. “Did you say you took ten years of gymnastics?”

“F-F-Fourteen,” Fang stammered out as that energy continued to rattle between each fold of his skin, between each scale and through his loins.

Teryx smiled and slowly bent over, touched his toes and then put his hands flat on the floor before, with a light huff, he put his feet up in the air.

“Never did a hand stand before,” Teryx smiled then pushed off, doing a half tuck and landing on his feet. “Oh fuck, that felt great. Oh how are you not just an absolute slut all the time?” Teryx slid one

hand up and over his neck before running his claws through his hair, his other hand went down to brush his downy fur and soft belly. "Shit, I thought fur would be warm, but it's actually cool on the outside. A layer of fluffy snow atop a fleece mat of warmth."

Teryx took a deep breath, a new spectrum of smells on the cool air was tickling his sensitive vulpine nose. The dust and cleaner, sweet incense and soot from the cedar log in the fireplace, his own musk light and hidden beneath a spritz of cologne. He breathed out, his breath shaking as he sighed lightly before he let out a giddy giggle. He was unashamed of the effeminate feel, unchained from his masculine body he didn't feel compelled to emulate power.

"I can't remember the last time I giggled," Teryx let another little bubbling of laughter come out of his muzzle, a weight that had kept his broad shoulders tense was now gone as he spun. Expertly twisting like a seasoned ballerina. Fang having taken dance for as long as he was a gymnast. His tail twisted around him before he flicked it out and allowed himself to fall back onto the couch with a little snicker.

"How does it feel going from a slug-bug to a monster truck?" Teryx turned his head to look at Fang. He couldn't see him, but he could hear him. Popping static and wet squelching accompanied by staccato huffs. Teryx sat up on the couch and smiled as he realized what was happening. He looked over at Fang. The drake was on all fours, well...he would be if his hand wasn't stroking his cock.

Fang had collapsed down to his knees while Teryx was playing with his new flexibility. The apartment shook, but Teryx must have not noticed. He was used to his place shaking when he moved, so when someone else did it, it wasn't like anything new. The heft Fang's new body had was glorious. The muscles weighed heavy, yet bent to his will. Fang had never felt so much heft that just flexed and turned into dense slabs of power. The fox in drake's flesh groaned, his toe claws scraping the floor as electricity

rolled down his spine, causing his tail to flick. He gouged his claws into the tiled floor, his powerful talons breaking it effortlessly, causing tile to crack and shatter.

“Holy shit, no wonder you’re so FUCKING horny all the GOD. DAMN. TIME! Fuck!” Fang snarled, the sound deep and feral. Then that lightning rattled in his loins. Those heavy dragon nuts flexed, that cock throbbed out further to slap his abs and shoot a rope of pre that shimmered with the static.

“Oh yeah...” Teryx got up and sauntered over, enjoying the way his dainty foot paws graced the floor. “That lightning hits like a bitch. When I started to come into my powers, I was drenching my sheets with wet dreams non-stop. That was until I found fags to deposit it in.”

“Holy shit, it’s so fucking potent,” Fang’s eyes rolled, the storm dragon’s mane and tail sparked with electricity. “Every time I flex, it’s like I’m wringing out a sponge of pleasure, the static rattling into my fucking bones. OH fuck, my cock is so fucking hard.” Fang gave a deep, guttural growl. “Get your ass over here.”

“Oh, does the big bad dragon stud want to take this dainty little slu-”

Fang lunged, that massive dragon body tackling Teryx and pinning him to the floor.

“I didn’t ask for you to flap your cock holster,” Fang snarled, his spine tingling as he felt those balls churn with thunder clouds, demanding a hole to drench in a monsoon. “I said, get your ASS over here.”

“Shit, such a fucking stud taking charge,” Teryx spine tingled with more than just pleasure as his former body pinned him to the floor, that powerful form surging with unrestrained mana. “You have so much strength, you could fucking crush me so easily you massive stallion.”

“Yeah,” Fang’s eyes were getting wild, his face holding a menacing blush made of glowing static on his cheeks. “And you’re a little vulpine fuck toy ready to be broken in.”

Fang gripped his former body and pulled him closer, Teryx raked his claws against that dragon chest, those powerful muscles and scales chipping his claws as he did so.

“Holy shit, you’re such a fucking stud,” Teryx groaned, his five inch dick throbbing and dribbling onto his stomach, his coin purse tingling with static as he was put into position. “Oh fuck, that static hits so different! Is this what it feels like being around me all the time? How do you not just want to suck me off every moment of every day?”

Fang gripped Teryx by the hair, forcing him to gasp and do a half murr and giggle as static popped between his follicles. Fang pushed his dick go Teryx’s mouth, the storm dragon drooling. Thick drips of saliva rolled down his chin and dribbled onto the floor.

“Open your fucking mouth,” Fang snarled out his demand.

“Hells yeah stud,” Teryx opened his muzzle and took that cock tip into his muzzle. He didn’t just suck, he made love to that dick. He opened his muzzle and lulled over it with his tongue, but the motion was to circle it with his tongue and plunge down. Teryx sucked that cock tip into his muzzle and slurped on it as he moved his shoulders forward so his chest fluff was brushing up against those nuts and those soft hands gripped that shaft, feeling the under ridges and flicking against them.

“Holy shit!” Fang collapsed, his head hit the floor. The pleasure was so intense and sudden that his knees gave out, or in this instance his elbows since he was already on his knees. He kept his ass in the air, his tail thrashing back and forth as static popped in his plumage. Every time he thought Teryx had hit every pleasure button on that dick he found another to add another layer. “Oh fuck, oh fuck, OH FUCK!”

“I know my own dick, baby,” Teryx chuckled, but it was short lived as that hand on his skull clenched and forced him back down on that angry dragon dick as Fang thrust forward.

“That mouth isn’t used for talking, fucker!” Fang snarled as he started thrusting into that sweet slick hole. Thick shlorping gags started to come from his groin as Fang fucked that mouth below him. Teryx didn’t know exactly what to do, but he moaned as he felt his muscle memory take over. He lifted his hands to grip his own sculpted ass and pulled forward. That cock smacking the back of his throat, those ridges being played with by that talented tongue. Each time that cock slid in, the base of that dick was assaulted with pleasure and a hungry tongue that slurped and sampled every ridge and fold of flesh.

Fang took those hands on his ass as an invitation and started to thrust. His shaking thighs kept them sporadic as he thrust forward while digging his claws into his little fuckhole’s skull.

“Yes...fuck yes...” Fang growled. It felt like storm clouds were rolling in his nuts, each shot of pre may have been a flood that filled Teryx’s mouth to gulp down or splatter out of his nose, but for Fang that was just a warning sprinkle of the storm brewing.

Teryx gagged, cock snot coming out of his nose while drool and pre dribbled down his chin, but he loved every moment of it. He felt used and controlled, abused and taken advantage of for being so inferior to this massive stud. This superior stud with his strength, money, and power. He could fuck him into next week, make him a cum rag for his pleasure, and no one would question why. Teryx was a number for this studly bod, another notch in a belt, and another hole to pleasure him.

Teryx raked his nails against that ass, his claws chipping against that impenetrable scale armor, forcing Fang to fuck harder, faster, more erratically.

Fang couldn’t hold back anymore. He came.

“FUUUUUUCK!” Fang shouted, arching his back and thrusting his hips forward. His balls drew up and glowed with compacted energy, the lower half of his shaft barely glazed by the fox’s spit as what felt like actual lightning strikes were shooting out of his cock. Power surged through his cum pipe and down into that wanting throat. Fang’s body tensed, his foot paws digging into the tile and tearing it up. His one hand clawing at the floor while the other forced that head to stay down against his shaft as he deposited his load down that throat.

Teryx couldn’t breathe, but that was lost on him. That cum was a drug! It tingled down his throat, bubbling like soda only instead of a burn it was like each fizz and sizzle of static was a bloom of pleasure. It filled his senses, the musky smell so crisp and deep. It was like petrichor, the smell after rain, and the roll of thunder. The bubbles of static rolled over his face like he was looking up into a sky that tore open with thunder, drenching him in a torrent of droplets. Tears streamed down his face from his throat being abused, but also from the truly religious experience he was feeling. He watched as that wall of abs and powerful dick thrust and convulsed with power, like a roiling sky as it filled him with pleasure. That slurry ran down his throat, his stomach, and made his head light and airy. He felt like he was halfway to a decent buzz as his head floated in its own personal storm.

Fang on the other hand was having his own spiritual moment. The way his balls churned and rose before his taint snapped with lightning. His prostate propelling his essence forward in a lightning strike like Zeus flinging bolts from Olympus. The drake’s wings materialized behind him forming from lightning itself. Unfurling and showering the room in sparks. It was like peeling off a too-tight shirt to be suddenly freed. He could breathe again, he could feel the cool air and buzz of pleasure tickle his spine as he unleashed his storm.

And it subsided far too quickly.

“Holy shit,” Fang pulled his cock away from that warm hole, the fox tongue on his shaft still slurping and lulling more pleasure out. “I see why you’re such a fucking horndog. I feel like a fucking god.”

Teryx coughed and gargled as his mouth was freed.

“You didn’t even sample the best part yet,” Teryx chuckled and lifted his soft vulpine paw to caress the swollen knot.

“Fuck!” Fang snarled as an echo of his orgasm shot down his shaft, smacking Teryx with a thick rope of pearly seed. That cum looked like liquid opal with how it shimmered with static.

“Oh fuck,” Teryx’s eyes fluttered. “I want you to paint me in that cum you fucking stud.”

“Ass first!” Fang put his powerful claws on his former body’s shoulders. “I’m going to finally top your arrogant ass.”

“Whatever are you talking about,” Teryx smiled and hooked a leg behind Fang to put his foot paw on his ass and beckon him forward. “I would never be cocky. I’m just a coy little fox tease for my big dragon stud.” Teryx murred and bit his lower lip. “Oh, I can’t wait to feel that knot lock us together, my prostate drenched and blasted by that potent seed. Fuck, make me your fucking cum bucket.”

“Yeah, real fucking coy,” Fang snarled and lined his dick up with that fox hole. It wasn’t intended, but when he gripped the base of his cock, that knot shot pleasure up his spine like a lightning rod, a thick wad of pre splattering the gray splotches on that fox’s ass.

“Oh god,” Teryx wined, his breath hitching in his throat as that pre splattered his sensitive pucker. It was like someone had stuck a teaser up his ass that sent little tongues of static over his walls.

He knew exactly where his prostate was in that moment as those static tongues swirled like an unrelenting storm-cell right over it.

“Please, fuck me,” Teryx couldn’t take it anymore, his own cock throbbing and oozing milky pre as his body twitched. His other leg gripped around the massive drake trying to pull him closer. “Please, I can’t wait any longer-oh fuuuck!”

Teryx’s eyes rolled back into his skull as Fang obliged his request, sinking his dick in.

“Please, not so fast, you’re so big-” Teryx tried to warn but his breath hitched in his throat again as he gave a high-pitched moan, his toe paws flexing as that cock rolled over his prostate.

“Shut up, fuck bucket!” Fang snarled. “I know what my body can take, and you’ve fucked me raw into next week before. Let’s see what it’s like to be on the giving end of that monster pipe!” Fang started to thrust, that warm and quivering asshole gripped his cock with mounting need. He seated his dick all the way to his knot and grinded it against that entrance.

“I remember when I first took this dragon dick of yours,” Fang smirked down at the fox, his eyes a twitching mess. “I remember you saying something cocky, but what I remember is the fact that I couldn’t think straight. My entire mind went foggy and my ass became a churning super conductor for that tesla coil of a dick. So, got anything to say, you cocky bastard?”

“l...lggllllg...” Teryx had lost himself. He was a virgin to this sensation, no resistance, and completely raw to the sheer force those thrusts could do. He had a moment of clarity as Fang thrustured inside of him, he screamed, thick jets of his own cum splattering his face.

He came? When did he?

“Aw? The little fag can’t hold his load, can he,” Fang growled, his nuts starting to churn again.

“Fuck you Fang-oh good god!” Teryx moaned before Fang started to rear back for another thrusts, only for Teryx to scream and gargle as his ass was assaulted by that cock. This time Fang had a better handle on his dick, his powerful thighs feeling light and airy as his power fueled his thrusts. Actual static shimmered between his thigh scales and pucker as he slammed his hips forward. Electricity rolled through that smack and up Teryx’s fox body. From toe claw to ear tip he was in a rolling maelstrom of pleasure. Each thrust caused a pop of static on his nipples, his toes to twitch, his ears to ring in a humming song of pleasure as he was used like a cheap sex toy.

Fang snarled, losing himself to the pleasure again. The pleasure was intensifying, growing far more rapidly than it did before. A gust started to fill the air, the curtains wafting as those hips thrust forward, those wings beating to grapple onto something for leverage. Fang used his hands to grip that fox’s hips and thrust, hard and fast. His knot was a bundle of lightning demanding a place to take root. He would not deny it as he slammed forward. Quick short thrusts to seat himself as this fox’s fucking alpha. He was going to claim that ass as Teryx had done so many times before. He always begged him not to tie him, and that asshole always did and the drake could make his knot disappear with magic, he was just a selfish prick. Not because it was painful, but because he felt like he was strung out for days from the pleasure. He loved it, but he usually had shit to do.

Not today though. This little fox fucker had all the god damned time in the world.

Thick wet slaps filled the air as the drake snarled, a small gale picking up and rattling the windows.

“That’s it, take it! Take it you fucking cocky asshole! See how it feels to be such a little bitch on this stud dick! Fuck yeah! Who’s fucking ass is it now! Still fucking mine!” Fang was snarling and hissing between his words and Teryx was a screaming mess, his cock throbbing and cumming again as he was

forced to take an unimaginable amount of pleasure. His hole quivered and quaked as his ass was slapped by powerful dragon thighs. His paws bounced as those hips thrust.

Fang snarled, pulling his own body closer, his knot slowly sinking in.

“Almost. Fucking. There!” Fang roared as his knot slipped in with a squelching pop.

Fang thought he knew what pleasure was, but now he knew he was kidding himself.

That knot felt like a full orgasm as he entered, but it wasn't clear how potent it was until after that asshole clenched down.

Fang's pupils became angry slits as he roared, his body linking back to its feral instincts as lightning arched in all directions. Storm clouds formed above them and the air spiraled in a storm that the room could hardly contain. The windows shattered against that roar, flinging open as blasts of wind and rolling thunder coalesced into a cyclone with the rutting dragon at its center.

That knot swelled and pushed back against those clenching ass muscles, demanding the tie stay secure. That dick grew several shades of red darker as it swelled and got ready to spit its progeny into a willing hole. Everything was in slow motion for Fang, prolonging the experience as his senses expanded. The turning winds, the flying debris of paper and decor, the storm winds catching rain droplets as a personal storm cloud tore open above them. Fang beat his wings, the two floating in the air as the torrent cradled them in a true storm dragon mating tie.

Then, Fang's cock let loose. He roared, his cock pulsing harder, causing Teryx to jostle on that dick. Thick jets of cum blasted deep into that hole. That lightning opal liquid flooded the fox's hole and drenched him with his first hit of that pleasure drug. Instantly his prostate clenched and shot, his dick dribbling out whatever cum still remained, but continued to throb and shoot blanks as he was caught in a perpetual pleasure loop. Throb, prostate shocked, cock spewing blanks. His belly bloated with that

churning maelstrom of dragon seed that was violently looking for a womb, those angry swimmers filling the fox with a tingling that encased him from head to toe. Powerful arms and sculpted muscle pulled him close and kept him safe from the storm that raged in the wake of the dragon's orgasm.

Fang was inexperienced in this kind of magic, obviously, and had no way of restraining himself. So the storm raged. The cyclone kicked up everything and tossed it as warm rainwater pelted the two in their unbridled bliss.

Unfortunately though, they didn't notice a particular rose flying in the storm. The flower was picked up and pulled into the maelstrom, caught on a powerful gale that swept it directly into the center. That flower spun like a top, its petals flying off in all directions.

A particularly powerful throb of the storm drake's cock caused a blast of wind and the two were lost to their pleasure.

"Fuck my head," Teryx groaned, his fluffy fur keeping him warm as his bed partner had taken all the blankets. Only a thin sheet draped over him. He noticed the pile of snoring scales beside him and he rolled his eyes as he got up. His legs were shaky and his ass felt raw. He felt empty and kind of hot.

Is this how all furs wake up? He pondered as he got out of the bed, the sheets feeling scratchy against his fur, the carpet feeling thicker on his foot paws. He stubbed his toe on the nightstand and hissed, his voice soft and airy. He shook it off and leaned into his body's muscle memory.

Fang knew where his bathroom was.

It was true. As he waded his way through the dark he felt as though he were in a different world. The hall felt so much longer too. He reached for the light and he shielded his eyes.

White...white fur? Teryx looked at his hand and then back up at the room as his eyes adjusted.

“This...this isn’t my bathroom.” Teryx’s eyes darted about the completely modern bath, not anything like his stylized one in his apartment. This looked far too mundane and mainstream. He looked over at the mirror and fear gripped him. He leaned on the counter, his mouth agape as he spoke with a voice he didn’t recognize.

“Who the fuck am I?” the snow leopard in the mirror spoke with him.