

Pheromones and Dragon Scales

Chapter 8: Dragon VS Wild

- Max -

“N-n-no...” I stammered out, “Mom...Dad...” I looked up at Manson, my brow knitting in rage, “You’re lying!” I shouted. “They can’t be dea...” the word caught in my throat, “they can’t be.”

“Max,” Jonathan said, “please, calm down. We know this is a lot to take in...”

“No!” I shouted, “They can’t be, they had to have lived, they can fly.”

“Max,” Manson said in a somber tone. “It was a bomb. It blew up the ship.”

“No,” I felt sick. “no, no, NO!” I let go of Manson’s talons and banged my fist against the table.

“Max,” Manson’s eyes looked pleading.

“Shut up!” I shouted at him, my heart pounding. “I don’t want to hear another word!”

There had to be some way around this, some way to undo what was done. Some control-Z bullshit somewhere! My brain ached looking for some answer, searching for some universal “undo” button to change everything back to the way it was before I got my powers, before my dad was rich, before we moved out of our town house and into this mansion.

“Damn it!” I sobbed grabbing my head, ideas of how to fix this flashing in my head over and over, the same rationalization hitting me every time. They’re dead, they’re dead, they’re dead! And each time it pounded against my skull; I would say the same thing over and over again.

“Damn it! Damn it! DAMN IT!”

“Max,” Manson said getting up and going to my side of the table. “Please, we know this is hard for you, but...”

“This can’t be happening,” I gasped out. “Wait...” I paused, the two waiting patiently as I processed. A horrible dread flooded over me as I realized something foul.

“I...I killed them,” The admission fluttered past my lips. “I wanted to be alone for my birthday...I sent them off on that cruise! Oh god!” I sobbed. “I-I killed my own mom and dad!”

“Max,” Manson started. “This isn’t your fault. There is no way that you could have known. It’s no different if they went to the grocery store for milk and crashed along the way. You didn’t do this.” I felt Manson’s talons try to give me a reassuring touch on my wrist and I jerked away.

“It’s entirely my fault!” I snapped. “I could have had a normal birthday party with my family and suffered sending out invitations that no one would have replied to. I could have just let my mom plan the damn thing and she would still be here! My dad would still be here! It’s my fault!”

“Max,” Manson’s eyes went wide. “Your...your mouth...”

“What!?” I snarled, a few tongues of flame slipped past my lips. I slapped my paws over my muzzle. My eyes darted between the two’s shocked faces so rapidly, I was looking more at the space between them. The space seemed unnaturally small...everything did. I pulled my paws away from my muzzle and when I took in a breath it immediately was forced out with a sob.

“Max...?” the two started at the same time. I didn’t wait to hear the rest. I bolted, jumping over the table and using my wings to push through the air.

“Max!” they shouted in unison, but I ignored them. I couldn’t get to the front door quick enough. I swear that I used all the strength in my body to rip that door open. I was surprised it didn’t break. I dashed out into the front yard and ran right into Ajani.

“What’s wrong?” he gasped, his eyes filled with worry. I only looked back at the two running for me. I didn’t want to hear anymore, I didn’t want to be here anymore, I just pushed Ajani out of the way and ran forward spreading my wings. I couldn’t have gotten off the ground fast enough. I flapped my wings, even though every part of me felt like it was made of lead, I flapped my wings harder and harder. I wanted to get away, no, I needed to get away from those two. The image on the hospital TV flash across my vision and another sob forced its way out.

Another realization hit me...raven! He could fly! I looked over my shoulder to see that Ajani had Manson at his throat, his teeth bared and his claws ready to swipe, an infuriated baboon shouting in French right next to him. I felt relief flood me as I pushed onward, only to have it crushed by the weight of my parent’s deaths on my heart. Another sob pushed out of my muzzle. I looked down to see Nathan’s car rolling down the driveway. It was the last thing I saw before veering off over the canopy of trees and making my way into the forest leaving a trail of tears behind me.

I crashed down into the forest, tearing my shirt and pant leg, getting shallow cuts, scrapes, and bruises on my way down. I was flying over the forest and I just felt myself let go, of everything. I folded my wings in and just let myself fall, running right into an oak tree, and hitting a few branches on the way down. To be completely honest, the physical pain felt better than the burning grief in my heart, but now I had to deal with both.

I had no idea where I was, I looked around through the brush and found a deer trail headed off in one direction and thought it would be my best bet to find a trail out of the woods. Or not, I didn't care at this point. I cradled the arm I landed on and lumbered forward with my wings limping and dragging behind me.

I felt empty and miserable. It was a numbness that froze me to the core as I dragged, half stumbled, my way through the forest. The underbrush got thick and to the point that the trail completely vanished so I just took the widest path so I wouldn't keep getting my wings caught in the gnarled foliage. I don't know how long I was out there, how long I was trudging through that god forsaken place, but I eventually found a trail. I found the forest a great distraction. It was a lot like my mind, I would be caught in my rut, then it would trail off into unused paths that scratched and tugged.

How could they be dead? Why didn't I get off of my ass to say goodbye and get one last hug? I did this? Yeah, I did this. I didn't try to. You did it anyway. Your fault, your fault, my fault, MY FAULT!

Tears ran down my muzzle and I started to run down the narrow dirt path, wiping my eyes long enough to trip over a root and fall flat on my face. I just laid there for a minute, letting the pain go through me, desperately wanting the numbness to come back again, but it didn't. Worse, I felt anger well up from the pit of my stomach. Rage bubbled up in me, stronger than anything I had ever felt before. It was a rage beyond rage. It was a true hatred that seared through me like a fire that welled up and set each nerve ablaze. I pushed up off the ground and looked at the root that tripped me. My eyes locked onto my target. I reared my foot back and kicked, and pain flashed through me as I yelled out. I looked over to the thick and proud ash tree, the stem of my hatred, mocking me as it swayed peacefully in a gentle breeze.

"FUCK YOU!" I shouted and ran up to it and clawed at it, the bark catching beneath my claws and cutting the flesh beneath. I recoiled and pulled back to look at my paw, blood welling up under the

claws and I growled and looked up at the branches of the tree, still swaying peacefully as if saying “was that a mosquito bite?”

This time I just yelled and sprang and flew up into the branches, slashing at every branch, every twig, every leaf I saw. I wanted to hurt it, hurt as bad as I felt, but with each beat of my wings and swipe of my claws, I only got more and more beat up as I tore my flesh from attacking the jagged bark with not so much as a few leaves falling as a result.

I was about to let out another yell only to jump at the feeling of fingers brushing against the back of my head. I jumped and turned to see a maple tree’s leaves swaying and reaching out to tease me. I growled and lunged at my new target, vowing not to let go of the fucking branch until it broke off. I didn’t have to wait that long. I grabbed onto a dead branch and it snapped off sending me flying through the trees, beating myself up again. Branches slashed and whipped at me in some sort of plant retaliation as I flew through the brush. I burst into a clearing and I opened my eyes long enough to see that I was about to faceplant into a shallow stream. I flapped my wings in panic, reeling up just enough to do a very, very painful belly flop and skid across the water.

I got up, my scales screaming in pain, cuts and scrapes marred my underbelly, and some of my blood mixed with the water as it rolled off my chest. I put the branch down on the bedrock of the wide stream and used it to pull myself up, only for the branch to snap and toss me into the shallow water again. I flapped my wings, and pain roared through them, I instantly stopped that and got up in the ankle-deep water and looked back at the forest as another gust of wind went by, making the tree line sway and the already icy cold water cut through my flesh deeper. I felt the rage reach new heights as a whole forest laughed at me. Chucked what was left of the branch into the forest.

“Fine!” I shouted and fanned my wings, my left wing shouting in resistance and I yelped in pain, letting the wing go limp. The branch harmlessly vanished in the underbrush and the trees continued to

sway and mock me. I screamed and started to kick the water, splashing it in all directions, kicking up pebbles from the rock bed until I hit a stone.

“Fuck!” I jerked back and reared up and fell back onto my left wing. Pain roared through me as I landed back in the water, I quickly rolled over and got back up. This time, my rage would not be denied.

“You wanna play that way!” I shouted and took in a deep breath, my rage finally taking form. It bubbled up my throat and out my maw as I roared. Tie die flames and even a jet of some lava poured out of my maw with fire hydrant force. Burning a hole through the tree line and instantly incinerating through the trunk of an ash tree, taking the tree out of the ash. Birds squawked and flew out of the forest and some squirrels ran out as pandemonium broke out like some cry of pain from the forest. Satisfaction ran through my body, but all too soon the stream of fire subsided.

I let out a dark chuckle as I saw a robin with its wing burning spiral out of control and fall into the river where it would inevitably drown. I looked at the chaos with rightness, the turmoil inside me meeting physical form and burning a tunnel of destruction into my enemy. That’s when I saw it, a wad of twigs on a burning branch slowly fell, the ball turning in slow motion for me to see baby robins, their feathers just coming in, the feathery down breaking off and igniting as it fell into a burning inferno, and as if on cue a robin flew over the nest, just missing it as it was engulfed in flame. I looked on in pure horror as I watched the innocence snuffed out in some horror show and one thought ran through me that made my blood run cold.

“I did that...” I felt how much loss that robin felt losing its children, to practically watch them burn up in a fiery explosion then drown to be washed away in a cold watery grave. I just barely held back the vomit as I collapsed down into the river.

“Max!?!” I jumped out of my skin.

How? How could he be here?

I turned my head down stream where it flowed into a wide and shallow waterfall that ran into a beautiful sand bar beach where two familiar polar bears in black and blue swim trunks stood frozen, their arms wrapped around each other as if they were fighting in the shallow water and stopped to look at the crazy dragon shout at the forest. On the beach there was an easel set up in a ring of wildflowers and behind it was an eastern dragon with salty white scales. A pencil was in his paw, probably sketching the scene before I barged into the peaceful landscape. The three stood there frozen in pure shock.

“Baxley” I gasped. “How...?” but I was interrupted as a tree fell down sending up a shower of sparks as it plummeted into the burning carnage. The various colors fading off as orange and red flame scorched the wildlife and started to spread past the tunnel of horror I had created. Two words kept flashing through my mind and the horror was that I was causing it, a forest fire!

Smoke billowed, the wet foliage making the fire smokier than normal. I started to back up. How could I stop it? Contain it? I could fly up wind, start another fire and have it smoke itself out! I tried to pull my wing up, but when it flapped, I cried out as pain once again flared through it. I let it fall limp and started to move away from the fire, the heat rolling out of the tunnel as if the forest was trying to breath the fire right back at me.

“Baxley!” I shouted down at him, my muzzle snapping back to the shocked brothers. “Get in the water! It’s the only place that’s safe!”

“Max?” Baxley blinked and shook his head. “You can...breath fire!”

“Baxley!” I shouted at him, “Get in the wat...” smoke billowed around me and I coughed, my words choking on the soot and ash as it rolled off the forest, the flames roaring around the trees. I pulled my shirt up and pulled it up over my muzzle to breathe through it.

“Max!” Baxley shouted.

He jumped up and it was my turn to stare slack-jawed; Baxley's body...lengthened and his scales shimmered as he started to snake through the air, hovering above his easel. His claws shifted and changed into sapphire talons, and his white sweatshirt hung on his body limply as his body became long and snake-like. The last thing that changed was his foot paws, the appendages shifting into taloned feet as he turned into a feral eastern dragon.

“Bax!” one of the polar bears shouted, “you can’t just...!”

Baxley's form hissed at his brother and snaked through the air between me and the roaring flames. He opened his maw and I saw his breath roll out in a foggy cloud as he hissed at the flames. It roared back at him as another tree fell down. The dragon's muzzle arched up and reared back as he took in a deep breath, his muzzle curling up in a silent snarl before he shot a stream of frosty breath. The very air around his muzzle froze up as the moisture around his muzzle crystalized into snowflakes as he blasted his icy breath into the hell-bent tunnel.

The fire sizzled and hissed against the onslaught of frost, but Baxley wasn't holding anything back. The sound of cracking ice could be heard as the river water froze and travelled downstream as Baxley shot down the flames, his muzzle quickly jerking back and forth to smother the parts of the fire that had spread, stopping only to take quick breaths to shoot more of that frosty mist of his. Like the flames, the fog made by his breath rolled over the water and foliage making everything it touched quickly form a thin layer of frost and little flurries of snowflakes would whip up every time his breath would hit a humid pocket of air.

I looked on in complete rapture, frozen crystals flurried around him in a shimmering haze of beauty and power as he shot down the flames with such ease. Though, my rapture was cut short as I

heard more than the crackling of ice. Another tree was starting to fall down...and it was going to fall right on me! I started to run, but I wasn't going to make it, I could avoid the trunk, but I would get sliced to pieces by the branches! I felt my adrenalin spike, but it was all for not as the tree started to make its way down, but before I felt the branches of that mighty oak smash me to the other side, I felt massive arms wrap around me and tackle me out of the way. The last thing I saw was the rock bed rushing up to meet my muzzle before everything went black.

"..." I heard voices, but I couldn't make them out. Everything was so cold.

"Bax... .. can't..." the voices started.

I groaned, but it came out more as a release of air. I tried to move my muzzle away from the noise, but it was next to impossible to move anything. The longer I tried to stay asleep the louder the voices got. It sounded like they were shouting.

"What was I supposed to do!" One particularly familiar voice shouted. I just couldn't put my finger on who...wait...Baxley! It was Baxley.

"Get in the water like he told you! We could have just gotten out of here and back to the jeep without anything happening!"

"If we had gone Max would've been Swiss cheese fish food! If I hadn't moved in to save him, Clovis wouldn't have been there to save him when that tree fell!"

"He would have gotten out of the way if you wouldn't have frozen him in fucking shock with your transformation shit! Damn it Bax!"

Who was bullying Baxley again? That poor guy had been through enough already. I wasn't going to let him get a mouth full without me getting my two cents in, which was another groan, but this time it actually was one. A saber of light slashed across my vision as my eyes started to open up slowly, only to pinch shut against the afternoon sun. I felt myself slide back into my sleepy state, one step forward and two steps back.

"Guys?" I felt a voice say beneath me...where the hell was I, "I think he's..."

"Shut it Clovis!" Baxley shouted as I started to feel the slow rise and fall beneath me...and in front of me? Ugh! My head...

"I don't need any lip from you! I get it, I screwed up...I...I made a huge mess and..." I heard him sniff as if he was fighting back tears and I felt my rage build in my stomach and I tried to growl, but it came out as another groan. "I might have made it so we have to move again...and you guys hate moving and...and..."

"Bax," I heard the other voice start in a penitent tone. "I'm sorry I snapped at you, but you have to learn to keep your cool. It's okay Bax, come on, stop crying."

That threw me for a loop, I haven't heard a bully say that he's sorry...I must be dreaming.

"I'm," I heard him give a sniff. "I'm not crying...I'm just...okay, I'm crying! I really screwed up."

"Guys?" the voice said beneath me, "I think he's..."

"Bax," the other voice interrupted. "I'm really sorry that I upset you. Listen, it's okay, what was it that we told you when mom died?"

I heard him sniff, "That..."

“That as long as we’re together, nothing bad will ever happen to you. Keep your chin up lil’ bro. Big bro Bradley and Clovis will make sure that promise goes unbroken.”

With the image of the three in my head, my memories came flooding back to me and I tried to move, but I only managed another groan and to flutter my eyes open.

“Guys!” Clovis shouted.

“What!” Baxley jumped. “Is it another snake!”

“No, it’s...”

“Damn it Clovis,” Bradley cursed at his brother. “Don’t scare Baxley like that.”

“No! Listen for like two seconds! I think he’s waking up.”

“What?!” I heard Baxley gasp. “Put him down.”

“I could use some help.” That’s when I realized I was piggy backing on Clovis, because my head started swimming when I felt my weight shift.

“No...” I groaned out, my throat hoarse from smoke inhalation. I felt the urge to pass out again as Clovis kept me steady on his hand paws.

“Oh, Max,” I heard Baxley start. “I’m so sorry about what happened.”

“How could you possibly know?” I felt confusion wash over me. How could he know my parents were dead? I tried to look forward to Baxley, but all I saw was blurs and I closed my eyes again.

“Max, I was there. You remember the fire right?”

“Oh,” I felt my heart sink. “Yeah...that...”

“What did you think I was talking about?”

I felt my heart stop, sink, and contract. It was all I could do to hold back a sob,

“Nothing...nothing you would care about. I don't want to talk about it.”

I could feel that I hurt Baxley, but after that contraction in my heart my entire body went numb, physically and mentally. I just felt cold and stiff and empty, nothing more.

“That's okay,” Bradley said. “We called for an ambulance. We're taking you to the main road where they'll take you from there, but we need to talk to you first.”

“About what?”

“What you saw Bax do,” he said in a very serious tone. “You see, we can't have anybody learning about our little secret, and we think that you don't want anybody finding out about that little fire breathing thingy you can do.”

“Brad!” Baxley shouted. “We can't blackmail him!”

“Bax,” Clovis said sternly. “Let your big bros handle this.”

After a moment, and a silent conversation passed between Clovis and Baxley, Bradley started up again.

“There are people that can't find out about Bax's gift, and those people would love to add a little fire breathing lizard to their ranks for a fire and ice set. So, in other words, we're in the same boat here and all we're asking is that you don't rock it so we don't all go under.”

“Blue dragon...” I groaned, it was supposed to be a question, but my mind felt like a bundle of scrambled eggs, every thought and word slurring into each other and making it hard to focus.

“What?” Bradley started, “I don’t think he’s awake enough to understand.”

“No,” I tried to nod, but I couldn’t find the strength. “I understand...boat...don’t rock it.”

“Good,” he said with finality. Baxley gave a sigh of relief.

“Okay,” Clovis said hefting me up gently. “Now that negotiations are done, let’s get you some help. Sorry about how hard I tackled you, but I had to make sure I cleared the tree.”

“It’s ok,” I mumbled as I rested my head down on his shoulder. “I think...I’m going to take another nap...”

“Max, no,” I heard Baxley start, “if you have a concussion, you have to stay...”

And I slipped out of consciousness again...

Alex

I was looking over some client files in my office when I was interrupted by a slightly flustered Ajani that came in with news about my new master.

“He’s in the hospital again!” I roared in disbelief.

“This wasn’t my fault Alex!” Ajani spat back crossing his arms. “How was I supposed to know how he would react?” Then he sighed. “Actually I completely understand his reaction. I could have been there when he got the news. I could have at least helped him cope. I could have...” a dark cloud started to hover over Ajani, “been there for him, so he wouldn’t have been alone.”

“Ajani,” I breathed out. “We can deal with Max, he’ll be fine. I just want to know what happened to him.”

“He got the bad news and he just snapped,” Ajani’s eyes were far away as he talked, most likely back in Europe. “I thought the suits were attacking him. I think we’ll have some legal problems with Maximillian Enterprises. I kind of broke some glasses and...” he cleared his throat, “clipped some wings.”

“Ajani,” I sighed. “You got to control yourself better, and besides.” It was my turn to sigh. “Max is the C.E.O. of Maximillian Enterprises anyway. Not like he would take legal action against one of his servants.”

“That’s just it Alex!” Ajani snapped. “Sometimes I just don’t feel like one of Max’s servants. I have gotten rid of all of the Blue Dragon’s influence in me but this overwhelming sense of protection. I can’t control it. It just sort of...comes out. I know the science behind everything that I’m doing and how, just...not why.” Ajani held his paws out in front of him and held an imaginary sphere. “It’s like a burning writhing snake bursts from my chest every time I whiff even the slightest bit of danger.” The muscles corded in his arms and fingers as he started to fight for control over the imaginary object in his paws. “It’s like some overwhelming animal and primal instinct mixed with a very refined knowledge of fighting.” His paws sliced through the air as the something there slipped through his fingers.

“It’s okay Ajani,” I said getting up from my chair. “We can run some tests to find the source of the mental blocks and manipulation. It’s just going to take some time.”

“You don’t get it Alex,” he gasped hugging his chest again. “It’s like he still has a claw in my head, like his fingers touch my heart and mind in a burning grip. It’s violating, I don’t want it at all. It makes me feel so...” his paws flashed to his green mane and grabbed fistfuls of his hair.

I walked over to him and put a paw on his shoulder and he jumped.

“It’s okay Ajani,” I started pulling him into my arms. “I’ll do everything to help you through this. Not just because you’re one of Max’s servants, but because you’re also my cousin.” I gave him a squeeze and nuzzled his brow gently, taking in the scent of his mane as I gently rubbed his back.

“We’ll help you,” I murmured into his fur. “I promise. It’ll just take some time.” Then, I pulled my paws up and grabbed his paws still in his head fur and pulled them down. I took his muzzle in my paw and lifted his gaze into mine. His eyes were glistening with tears and his lips were quivering.

“I promise...” I started again, but was interrupted as he pushed forward and pulled me into a kiss. I was so surprised for a minute that I didn’t know what to do, but I got over it pretty quick. I purred deeply and pushed forward as well and my tongue entered my cousin’s maw.

Ajani pulled away with a gasp, “Thank’s Alex...” he started looking back up into my eyes, “I’ll try to be more patient.”

“How about I give you a little something to tide you over till then?” I gave a deep growl.

“What would that be?” Ajani’s eyes widened.

“How about a taste of what it’s like to be master’s bitch?” I gave him a wicked grin.

His ears folded back as his eyes smiled, but his expression became submissive and almost pouty, “Please?”

I smiled and purred deeply, the sound almost growl like, “Then rip those clothes off. Pets don’t wear clothes.”

Ajani didn't have to be told twice, he took a few steps back and started to pull of his orange tank, but I stopped him. He gave me a confused look and I grabbed the front of his shirt in both paws, my claws digging into the fabric. With a deep growl my arms bulged and the thin athletic fabric tore down the middle.

"But...I thought you wanted me to..."

"I changed my mind." I growled. "On your knees."

His ears folded back again as he linked his thumbs under the elastic of his athletic shorts and pulled them down as he went to his knees in one fluid motion. His member flopped out as his underwear hit the floor. I started to unbutton my dress shirt. Ajani's eyes were fixated on my bulge, his eyes unmoving as he gently purred and his tail flicked back and forth. I felt a soft smile spread across my muzzle.

"Why don't you unzip me pet," I chuckled out. "Then you can really get an eye full."

Ajani purred as his paws went to my zipper. My black briefs bulged out in front of him and out of the V of the zipper. His paws moved to pull down the elastic of my underwear, but I quickly swatted his paw away.

"Did I say you could take my underwear off pet?" I growled down at him as I unbuttoned the last button of my dress shirt and let it hang open, my black tie hanging loosely around my neck and down over my meaty pecks and the crevice between my abs. I went over to the couch and sat down and rested my arms over the back rest. Ajani followed, kneeling in from of me and put his head between my splayed legs. I purred as I looked down at the green mane of fur gently nuzzling into my groin.

I kicked my shoes off and hooked my thumbs under the waist of my dress pants and pulled them out from under my muscled ass. Ajani pulled them off the rest of the way. I sunk my foot paws into the

deep carpet, the cool fibers molding into the shape of the pads encased in the dress socks that ran up to my knees.

“You know what Ajani,” I started as I lifted my arm and looked at the sweat stain in the crimson fabric. “I don’t think I like suits that much myself. Too sweaty and constricting.” I put a paw on the back of Ajani’s head and pushed his muzzle into my damp musky crotch. “But at least they are good for bringing out that natural musk.” I grinned down at Ajani gently lapping at the thin fabric that was growing thinner by the second.

Ajani gave a soft meowl and opened his maw, taking most of the bulge in his mouth as he started sucking on it through the fabric.

I scratched him behind the ears in approval. The sensations were muted by the fabric, but the willingness to suck through my clothing to please me was definitely something that Max would like.

“That’s a good pet,” I said through a rumbling purr. “Now, why don’t you start working on the real thing.”

Ajani took to being an obedient pet like a fish to water. He nipped the elastic with his teeth and pulled it down unveiling my half erect member. Ajani pounced on it as soon as the elastic was pulled down past my sack. I felt a light breeze tickle my balls before I felt warm paws cup them. Though, my attention was quickly diverted by the feeling of Ajani’s muzzle wrapping around my tip and diving down to deepthroat me. I moaned in pleasure, my claws digging into the upholstery. Ajani’s muzzle never moved, just his tongue as he swirled it around my iron hard member. He gently stroked what he couldn’t suck on with his other paw as he rolled my jewels in the other and gulped down his drool.

“Damn,” I gasped. “You’re a fucking great cock sucker.”

At my words, Ajani meowrled and the vibrations shot down my rod and into my sack as he started to purr. I gave a couple of good thrusts into his muzzle. Ajani started to bob up and down in gentle gyrating motions as he sucked down on my cock and worshiped that spire with his tongue. His tail was lashing behind him in anticipation and excitement. His eagerness made it even more evident of how much he loved it, and how horny he was. I had a thought; I lifted my foot paw up and moved it up under Ajani and to his groin. I purred my approval when my silky sock covered foot was met with a slick sticky rock hard rod. A dark grin played across my muzzle as I started to slowly stroke my foot paw up and down that member. His cock twitched and I elected a high-pitched whine from Ajani as more pre leaked out of his member.

I gave a light chuckle as I started to paw him off, my sock catching on the barbs every once in a while, but the results were undeniable. Ajani's sucking got more and more feverish and desperate. His gentle movements became fast and deliberate as he propelled his muzzle into my groin with no heed for his own throat's safety. I was so impressed that he never gagged once. With a growl I grabbed onto his mane and shoved his muzzle all the way down, forcing him to reposition himself to let my cock slide deeper down his throat as I planted his nose in my crotch fur. It didn't even faze Ajani as he kept messaging my sack and the tip of his tongue came out to gently tickle and lap at them. I couldn't take it anymore. I ripped Ajani off my cock, the thick rod twitching with excitement.

I stood up and grabbed Ajani by the scruff of his neck and lifted him off the ground and threw him onto the couch. He quickly recovered and landed with his paws on the back rest with his ass spread wide. I gave a little growl of satisfaction as I let my underwear fall to the ground and grabbed Ajani's hips. Ajani tensed up for a second as he shivered, but as soon as my cock tip touched his pucker, he relaxed as I hilted him in one thrust.

“Fucking tight slut!” I growled under my breath, but I knew Ajani could hear me. Ajani’s tail lashed around as he stiffened up, probably because he hadn’t been taken in a long time, at least that’s what I gathered from his tightness.

I slowly snaked my paws around him, my claws combing through his fur as I let him adjust to the full intrusion. As soon as my paws were wrapped around him, he was purring in delight and gently pushing back. He lightly bucked his hips, but I could feel the muscles in his chest tense up in pain with every little movement. I just stood there and gently lapped and nibbled at his neck as he adjusted to the feeling. I felt my hips give an involuntary thrust, just a little one, but it sent Ajani reeling. His tail wrapped around my waist as he started to purr deeply.

He turned and wrapped an arm around my thick neck to look back at me with one eye as he panted.

“Please,” he whined. “Again...” he closed his eyes and purred deeply between pants.

“Are you sure slut,” I smiled, my cock throbbing deep in that hole. “Your ass is so tight, I’m not sure you can handle...”

I was silenced as Ajani turned at the waist enough to silence me with a kiss.

“Please...I need it.” He pleaded. “I need it so bad. Please...Master, fuck me.” He breathed out the last words, his breath mixing with mine as I pulled him into another kiss and my hips started to rock back and forth slowly.

I rolled my hips smoothly, Ajani giving a gasp of ecstasy each time I pushed in. He looked down at my rolling chest to watch my cock pull out by barely an inch. The view of my inward thrusts was blocked by the belly dance of my abs pushing against his back. Ajani meowled as his cock jumped and shot a rope of pre onto the sofa. Normally I would have cared that a six thousand dollar sofa was being

used as a sex implement, but at that moment I couldn't have cared less. I moved my paws back to his waist as I started to pull a little bit more out each time and rolling it back in, my own growls and hisses crescendoing as our fur started to stand on end. I kept one paw on his waist while the other moved to his shoulder, my massive paw covering the entire bridge between the shoulder and his neck as my rolls started to become thrusts. I bent forward and moved my hips under Ajani to get a better range of motion. Slaps could be heard despite the fur between my thighs as his ass. Ajani made no attempt to stop me. He actually started bucking back harder.

My muzzle was curled back in a constant snarl as I brutally thrust into Ajani, his ass clenching down every time I would try to pull out and accepting me back with each thrust. I felt my cock twitch and pulse hard, I was getting close, my sack was shooting pleasure through my body and I felt them rising to deposit their load. With a final snarl I bit down on Ajani's neck to muffle my roar. I felt my cock explode, my seed filling out my cousin's ass and squirting over the sofa as I fucked that tight hole through my orgasm. I heard Ajani moan and I could hear his spunk hitting the couch as he reached his own orgasm.

I slowly let up my death grip on Ajani's neck, and lapped lightly at the marks I left behind; luckily I hadn't broken the skin. Ajani purred in delight as my spunk slowly seeped out of his hole and dripped down his thighs and our sacks.

"You feel better?" I asked as I nuzzled his mane.

"A little," he admitted. "But...can we do that one more time..."

My cock throbbed, "How about on my desk." I growled.

Ajani murred, "Then we'll go check on Master."

“Yeah,” I breathed. “Now get your slutty ass bent over my desk, skank. I want to make this quick, we can’t keep Master waiting.”