

To Ashes

Chapter 7: Wakeup Call

Warm, Asher felt warm. He was in a humming state of warmth and it felt good. It felt *really* good!

Asher's mind was a fuzzy haze, a blurry buzz as he hovered in the crevices between the waking and dreaming world. That warmth radiated from the tips of his toes and ran up to the crown of his head, all focusing over his belly. He felt like he had swallowed a ball of sunshine that pulsed through him with every beat of his heart.

Then a shudder ran through him. A cord was played against his love-strings, his petals brushed with an attentive tongue. That warmth got hotter, like Asher had gotten too close to a sunlamp and it was starting to make his flesh pinch from the heat. It hurt in a good way. So very good.

His petals were flicked over, a rough tongue tenderly playing with his folds and rousing the drake with soft kisses and languid licks. The drake shuddered and moaned, that warmth heating him from his core and giving him a pink flush, the drake's muzzle parting to let out a hot sigh.

His legs parted, allowing better access to the one between his legs, the soft sheets he was under curling and clinging to him. He knew this wasn't his bed because it was so much better. It hugged every contour and the sheets were soft and airy. The tinge of cold from the mattress helped with the warmth that was pulsing through him, but the hot humidity dripping from between his legs kept the atmosphere beneath the sheets hot and heavy.

Then that mouth wrapped around his clit, that tongue tenderly pulling back the hood to find that pulsing little bullet and swirl around it. The shock caused Asher's eyes to snap open and his back to arch into that muzzle.

The room was...he had no idea whose room this was. The furniture was extremely modern. All white with black and gold accents. Concrete walls were covered with paintings of naked women in tasteful positions, but all of them were some white species or another. Their eyes painted over with golden streaks as drips of gold ran down their bodies to poorly cover up any inappropriate bits that may have been depicted, only for the gold to make tits and bits more easy to see in the end. The thing that caught Asher's eye the most was the giant mirror on the ceiling. Asher was completely naked, his face glowing pink with his blush as the shape of a man was hidden beneath the sheets.

Asher looked up in the mirror, his topaz eyes wide as he watched himself as that man beneath the sheets ate his cunt. That figure was powerful, the thin sheets clinging to his hard angles and toned frame. How big was this bed? The man was completely concealed under the sheets and Asher's head wasn't even against the headboard.

Those thoughts were banished as that tongue flicked over Asher's clit, lightly playing with that sensitive love button as the tongue both showed a reverence and disdain, that tongue lovingly attentive, but also rough with its feline nature.

"Fynx?" Asher gasped.

"Shhhh," the snow leopard purred from under the covers, his claws coming to grip his asscheeks. "I'm enjoying my breakfast. The only sound you should be making is moans, Ashly."

Asher was about to protest when that muzzle went back down on him, that tongue playing with his clit, those lips pursing around it to gently suckle and work over that love button. Asher gasped, his

legs thrashing as one of his hands went to rake through his own hair while the other went to go rub down over that warmth in his abdomen.

“That’s better,” Fynx purred from under the sheets, his long tail flicking as he gave that pussy a little hiss, the hot box he made of those needy pheromones filling his lungs and making his spine tingle. “No one wants to hear what you have to say.”

Fynx lapped over those petals, his tongue making sure to find every sweet spot and tease it, to really make that pussy puff up with need and drip with desire. He went back up to that clit, his thumb moving in to gently stroke over that opening and play with those petals as he slurped on that clit. Those lips worked over that little button as his thumb was soaked in the drake’s honey.

Asher had never been given better head in his life. Most gay guys had no idea what they were doing, but this, this was a man who knew his way around a pussy. He had studied them and made making them pop an art.

A tightness was building inside Asher, it was like he was going to cum, but it was far more focused and deliberate. He gasped, his legs shuddering as the sun inside him...flared? It’s hard to explain. It was almost a hiccup but it was a mini orgasm that kept him on the road to a real one without diminishing the glow. It was sinfully decadent and yet it was still painful. Asher gave a little yip as his pussy oozed out honey that Fynx eagerly lapped up. That’s when he did something that Asher wasn’t ready for.

Fynx moved his hand up to Asher’s belly, right above where that warmth was coming from, and extended a claw. He sank it into his flesh and dragged it down painfully slowly. Asher screamed in pain as that claw raked across his skin, tearing it and drawing blood.

“That’s one,” Fynx snarled, removing his now bloody claw from that belly and smearing the blood over Asher’s abdomen, staining it a fresh crimson.

“What the fuck!” Asher moved his hand down to cover the claw mark. He brought his hand back up and there was a fresh swipe of blood. “Did you just cut me?”

“I’ll do a lot more than that if you keep complaining,” Fynx snarled lustfully against Asher’s clit. Don’t you dare move. I’m not done with my breakfast.”

Asher felt fear grip him, his legs wanting to close, but his burning sun was keeping them wide and shaking. The warmth of that blaze trickled from his abdomen as he pressed down the sheet to stop the bleeding. The cut was shallow, but it still stained the sheet as the flow was stemmed. The sting of that scratch was very real and Asher wanted to kick Fynx off him, but that sun was almost a weight holding him down. He felt heavy and subdued while also alive and on fire.

Fynx wrapped his lips around that clit again and got back to his meal, his tongue flicking over that clit while his thumb sank slowly into those sopping folds. Asher gave a light gasp, keeping his hand on that wound while also gripping the pillow behind his head as Fynx continued to eat him out. That thumb was sinking in slowly as to not hurt any of the bruising the snow leopard had planted before, and quickly went to work lightly stroking those sensitive walls. Fynx purred, the vibrations rolling through that clit as he felt the marks he had left in there with his barbs. The walls healed, but never fully recovered, his mark of ownership still alive and well on those walls as he sank his thumb deeper to tenderly caress that g-spot.

Asher gave a shuddering gasp, that warmth building again as Fynx played with that little spot, teasing it while he continued to play with that hole.

Asher was pressing down on his new wound while his bully and rapist had his way with his pussy. He felt both violated and protectively owned, in danger but also secure. He didn't know why yet, but the way Fynx was acting was wildly out of character. The guy would never go down on him in a million years, but it wasn't because he was bad at it, that's for sure.

Asher's toes flexed, his spine tingled, his fur stood on end, his breathing was ragged, and his tail thrashed beneath him as Fynx continued to devour his pussy. The snow leopard removed his thumb only to slide in a couple fingers and beckoned his pleasure forward with a slow and languid "come-hither" that sent his body blazing. Another one of those mini orgasms pinched in his deep warmth, blazing through his veins like a hot flash and making the drake sweat. Fynx drank down that honey, gulping it with loud slurping pulls as he brought his free hand up to his belly again. This time Asher was ready and gripped his wrist.

Bad mistake!

Instantly fangs snarled and grated around that clit. Asher knew instantly what was at stake if he denied Fynx, those claws prickling at his g-spot and threatening to tear him open from the inside. He slowly let go of Fynx's wrist, the sheets pulling away from that hand to let it continue up onto his abdomen and lay a claw next to the other mark. Asher gritted his teeth as that claw raked over his belly, leaving another bloody mark.

"Good girl," Fynx smacked off that clit. "That's two."

"The fuck are you doing?" Asher snarled.

"If you question me again, Ashly, just know I can make this a much more painful experience for you." The snow leopard gave that hood a little nip, a shock of pain flying up and clashing against that

sun, souring the warmth deep inside him. “So, sit back, enjoy the ride, and let me enjoy my fucking breakfast.”

Fynx leaned his head into that cunt, his fingers coming out only to be replaced by that tongue. Asher’s eyes rolled as that powerful, thick, rough tongue ran into his insides and practically slapped his g-spot. His legs quivered as that tongue flicked over, rolling so the underside would slick smoothly over that love button, only for the rough upside to pull back on it and stimulate every nerve. You’d think it would be painful, but after having been warmed up by that dick, it was like having a hundred little fingers play with his sensitive bits. Fynx’s fingers weren’t done though. He took his soaked digits and brought them to Asher’s little pucker, slowly tracing circles over that little asshole. Asher’s cheeks pushed together to try and prevent Fynx from going around there, but he retracted his tongue and gave a threatening hiss. Asher got the idea and relaxed, those fingers coming to lightly press at his hole.

Asher’s breath was uneven and shuddering as Fynx continued to have his way with the little drake. Those fingers at his back door sank in with little effort, the dragon’s tail flicking back and forth as those digits sank in, playing with his asshole while his thumb ran up to play with the lower petals of his cunt.

Fynx spent time eating that cunt out, that tongue lapping at those insides and slurping at those juices, coaxing out his pleasure then drawing back when the goosebumps would ride across his skin, keeping Asher in a constant state of torturous teasing. Those fingers in his asshole would ride up, brush the very bottom edge of that sun, sending a hot flash of warmth through the little drake as his toes curled, his claws gripped that pillow, his throat raw from panting and moaning.

Then another one of those burning snaps rolled through him. Asher gave a shuddering moan and this time braced himself as Fynx drew another slash mark on his abdomen, but let the juices roll

down the drake's pussy. Those juices he shoved in with his fingers as he stroked them in, lining the drake's asshole with his own honey.

"Three," Fynx purred, pulling himself up, the seat drawing back and falling over the massive man's shoulders. It was almost unnerving how large Fynx looked in that position, his one hand at his ass lubing it up with his fingers while his other bloody claw came to his finger and he licked it clean. "Fuck, so ripe it's even in your blood."

Fynx's fur stood on end, his cock flopping forward and smacking his cunt, those barbs scraping his petals harshly like a nailed bat.

"What the fuck are you doing?" Asher gasped. "I don't understand."

"Shut up Ashly," Fynx purred, his eyes wide and focused on him, those orange blazing orbs reminding him where he stood in the food chain. "No one gives a shit what a dumb bitch like you says. No wonder you don't understand."

Fynx pulled his fingers from Asher's ass and slicked them with that pussy sauce before slapping it on his cock, sliding it up and down and slicking it up.

Asher was frozen, his mind a blaze while lying on his back, looking up at the predatory monster before him.

"You look so dumb and helpless. You really haven't figured it out yet?" Fynx smirked and leaned down, his muzzle coming to the claw marks he left on the drake's abdomen, his tongue lulling over the first.

"That one will be a boy," he purred and licked the next. "Ah, another strong boy." And finally he licked over the third. "Ah, a dumb little bitch like you."

It all clicked! How had he not figured it out before! He was in heat!

“Ah, there it is, the look of a bitch who just realized she’s fucked. Took you long enough Ashly.”

Fynx purred before slipping the fingers that were in his ass into those puffy pussy lips. “You see, us felines act very differently on pheromones. A bitch won’t ovulate unless she’s stimulated, so our natural reaction is to please our women, get them off over and over, to drink up their juices and steep our minds in their submissive bitch musk. Fur drakes operate much the same way, though I think you’re fully aware of your reproductive cycle.”

Asher’s eyes were wide. He had heard of his species heat, but he had never truly experienced it. It’s deep and rooted, it lasts for several days, even up to a full week, and during that timeframe a bitch can keep dropping eggs as long as they are stimulated enough. Asher looked down at the hash marks that Fynx had clawed into his abdomen, that thumb brushing over his clit while playing with his little love button, his walls clamping down and milking those fingers while dripping his honey over those fingers.

Another burst of warmth washed over him, his juices gushing over those fingers as he realized he had three unprotected bullets in his chamber that Fynx had every intention of fucking over, of raping him over full of his rape babies! Another hot flash rolled over him and Fynx smirked cockily down at the drake, his thumb coming up as he left his fingers his pussy, soaking his cock in the dribbling mess. The snow leopard leaned into the drakes ear and purred out his word as the drake tried to stifle his scream as that thumb claw carved another hash mark on his abdomen.

“Four,” Fynx’s hot breath tickled his ear. “Fuck you’re easy to ovulate, or is it just me?”

“Stop,” Asher gasped. “I can’t get pregnant, not now.”

“That’s not your decision to make,” Fynx’s fingers started to slide in and out of that glazed hole again. “Besides, if you wanted me to stop, you would have done so by now. I never dragged you along with anything you couldn’t have gotten out of. You came crawling back time and time again, always coming on your knees before me like a good little whore. You want this shit, you stupid slut. You love me beating that pussy, and soon I’m going to claim it good and proper. You’re so wet you’re pruning up my damn fingers. You want this and I’m going to give it to you.”

Asher felt Fynx’s legs come between Asher’s, forcing them up and exposing his cunt. He reared back, his cock raking against that pussy, each barb like another little slap to his ego, his cunt quivering and pulsing, his heat thick in the air. That cock head lined up and Fynx pushed forward, the head missing and bouncing up against his clit. Asher’s toes fanned and twitched as he whimpered, a little trickle of blood staining his abdomen.

“You want me to do it so fucking bad. You’ve the deepest heat I’ve ever experienced. Stronger than anything I’ve ever had a hit of. And I’m going to take you.”

“No, please,” Asher’s heart was pounding, he tried to close his legs, but they simply shook. His body was ripe and in need. “I...I can’t. I can’t afford a child let alone a litter.”

“You should have thought about that before denying me your body for all these years.”

Fynx rolled his hips back, the cock head lining up with that pussy as he teased it, his head pressing against that opening, his pre dripping into it as those folds practically gulped it down with need, welling up with more honey in exchange.

“But not yet,” Fynx pulled back and lined his cock up with Asher’s ass before pressing forward. Asher gave a cry of defeat as his asshole was pried open by that barbed fuck log. “I only get one shot at those eggs when you’re fully in heat. Once I nut, you’re done. No more eggs,” Fynx gave a little hiss as

Asher's ass gripped that barbed pole, those barbs flexing and causing the drake to cry out and gasp. "So, I'm going to have a fun time fucking you senseless, treating you like shit all fucking week, until we get to the count I'm looking for."

"How many are you going to fucking do!" Asher shouted back, arching, twisting himself against the pain of that powerful dick in his ass.

"One for every god damn year you never told me about your little secret."

"Nine? Fucking nine!" Asher spat back. "I won't be able to handle that much! I'm too small! Please, Fynx, see reason." Asher gasped at a particularly deep thrust, it felt like his spine was being scraped. "Each time I ovulate it's going to be harder to get the next one to drop."

"We have time," Fynx smirked, gripping the drake by the ankles and forcing them up to stay at a fixed angle. The feline put those legs together and licked over the base of those feet, that sandpapery tongue scraping against those soft soles as he thrust into that asshole. "And I'm going to make sure you fucking hate every second you little shit."

Asher cried out, his ass impaled on that barbed wire dick. He panted and winced as Fynx stayed deep inside that hole.

"If you, unf, make me hate it, then it won't work," Asher gasped, trying to find a comfortable position, but his ass wasn't used to such a big dick, or a barbed one at that.

"You're a little glutton for punishment," Fynx reared back, flexing his cock as he did to really stretch his barbs out, the snow leopard moaning. "Now be a good girl and scream for me you dumb bitch."

Fynx thrust forward and Asher let out a crying scream, tears rolling down his muzzle as his ass was beaten by that dick, riding him harder and harder and not letting up.

“That’s right you dumb slut! I’m going to fuck you full of my litter! I’m going to fucking fill you full of my pups and they’re going to fucking rape you from the inside! They’ll leach you dry and leave you with nothing! My nut is going to fucking ruin your fucking life!”

Fynx’s toe claws dug into the mattress, tearing the expensive sheets and smacking harder and harder, over and over. Those barbs clawing at that sun deep inside him, over and over, sawing it like he was trying to break it in half. That’s when Asher realized what it was.

His womb!

He was so deep in heat that his womb was physically hot, burning him up from the inside, and now he felt like Fynx was beating it with his barbs, the hot flashes a constant wave of blazing heat that burned in a delectable way. Despite all the barbs and the ass cracking thickness of that foot long leopard dick, Asher felt his pussy tingle, his body shudder, his fur stand on end. Fynx had pulled his legs apart and used a free hand to slip his fingers into his hole, his thumb playing with his clit in tandem with his thrusts into his ass. Then he let go of his legs and shoved his fingers into his maw.

“You bite those fingers, I’ll slit you from pussy to lips, now suck.” Fynx ordered, but it was more of a formality. Those fingers were already in his muzzle, the flavor of his pussy tainting his own muzzle as those fingers filled his muzzle. He lulled his tongue over those digits, his hot breath spraying them as his ass was pounded by that massive snow leopard.

Then, as soon as it started, it stopped. Fynx thrust in hard, his balls bouncing as his cock spewed his essence deep inside of him. That hole clenched down, his pussy popping and squirting on

those fingers as the man above him thrust in, reveling in his own nut while Asher felt that warm slick of his seed dribble over his ass, backing up and dripping dribbling onto his tail.

“Good girl, Ashly,” Fynx groaned, gripping his jaw from the inside with his fingers and the outside with his thumb and giving it a jarring shake. “Good fucking girl. Take that nut.”

Asher gasped as the heat in his gut bloomed once more. Fynx gave a dark chuckle and removed his hand from that quivering pussy, taking his middle finger and slashing it quickly over the other hash marks.

“That makes five. Over half way there in one session. Maybe we’ll aim for more than nine.”

Asher’s eyes went wide, glittering with tears as they welled up.

“Now what’s with that face?” Fynx smirked. “You’re in the verge of gushing at the thought of taking my pups. Don’t act like you’re not excited. Now, nod if you want those pups.”

Fynx gripped Asher’s jaw and forced him to nod yes.

“That’s a good girl,” He pulled his fingers from that muzzle and slapped Asher. It was just a little bitch tap, but it was still a slap, the drool oozing over his muzzle from those fingers.

“Please,” Asher heaved breathlessly on the bed, his heat paralyzing him and making his limbs heavy. “Please, Fynx, stop. Don’t do it...my...my body won’t be able to take it.” Tears welled up in the corners of Asher’s eyes and broke over his cheeks. “I won’t be able to handle a litter. I’m so small.”

“I know,” Fynx leaned in, his body slowly moving forward and laying atop that dragon, that massive chest pinning Asher down as he leaned in with his tongue to lick those tears up. His breath reeked of pussy and his bitch heat. “Just imagine how fucking bit they’ll be?” He purred. “Feel how large I am? Just imagine those little fuckers clawing around in your womb, laying claim to your dumb bitch

body, marking it up to prove they were first. And this,” Fynx gripped Asher’s hips, his claws digging in as his thumbs rubbed the edges of that pelvic bone. “Such a tight little waist. Do you think they’ll even fit through your little bitch hips? They’ll crack you on the way out.”

Fynx purred into Asher’s ears as though this were some sexy talk to turn him on, but Asher could only feel panic and fear well up with every word. He tried to struggle, but his heat was sapping all his strength. He could barely lift his hands, let alone hit him with his shaky fists.

“Fynx, don’t do this, please,” Asher took a shaky breath, the smell of man and musk covering him.

“I can imagine your stomach gravid with my growing nut, just unable to move as my brats cook in that dragon oven. Just imagine my progeny with dragon’s blood in them. They might even outgrow me.”

“Fynx, I’m begging you...please...”

Asher felt a little chuckle well up in Fynx as he lifted himself up to look into the drake’s eyes, a sadistic gleam in those orange eyes. Asher really got a sense of how large Fynx was, how massive the man really was. His cubs would be massive.

“You’re still the little winy bitch from high school,” Fynx’s tail flicked behind him. “Do you have any idea how many times I’ve wanted to lick the tears from your bitch ass face when I beat you?”

Fynx came in to lick another tear from his cheek. “Almost as sweet as your blood.”

Asher had a flashback to high school where Fynx had beaten the shit out of him in the parking lot. Asher had gotten a few good hits in, but ultimately the superior man won. The sun beat down and

made it hard to see, but when Fynx went to swipe some sweat from his upper lip, Asher swore he saw him covertly lick his knuckles of their blood.

“I have business to take care of, my little cub dump,” Fynx purred at that word, his cock throbbing between them. “I’m going to go shower off and get some stuff done, but you have fun here. If you need anything the men at the front door can get it for you.”

Fynx pushed off the bed, having to scoot far from the massive size of the mattress. His bare foot paws smacking on the tile as he went to the bathroom. It took everything in Asher’s body not to just sob, but he managed to hold it together. He rolled onto his side and bit his lip to keep himself from screaming. His asshole felt raw, his heat felt like he had a molten bowling ball weighing him down, but worst were the claw marks on his abdomen.

While in heat, all of Asher’s sensory receptors would be intensified. One of the things about fur dragon heat is that if a female is hurt, or cut in this instance, their body will want them to stay and let their mate take care of them. It’s common enough of an experience for male drakes to claw and mark their mates during heat to keep them close, but usually they would comfort and sooth their mate. It was almost laughable to expect that from Fynx.

That being said, without any sympathetic touch or soothing, Asher’s body ached with the pain of those slash marks, each a reminder of how little his mate actually cared for him. How little he thought of the tinny drake. How he was nothing but an ego trip and a plaything to use and abuse, and torture, and maim, and mark, and pound...

Asher gave a pained sigh as his pussy quivered, his body ached as the heat in his womb ignited again. Even his heat was working against him. Asher gripped the sheets to himself, making sure to keep his cuts covered and compressed as best he could, but also went a touch lower. His fingers brushed his

clit, his pussy sensitive beyond all comprehension. Just the slightest touch was enough to cause his mind to go fuzzy and that sun in his gut to blaze.

Then he pulled his fingers away.

“No...” Asher bit his bottom lip. “I can’t...I give in this time. This time...this time I can’t...”

It took every ounce of strength to stop, then Asher pressed down on his cuts with his wrist. The pain was like barbed wire over his stomach. Asher huffed, feeling the pain ache deep in his bones, but at least the heat in his loins calmed, the blazing sun turning sour as he propped himself up on his elbow.

“I refuse,” Asher huffed. “I refuse to play his game.”

Asher sat up, his back pressed firmly against the headboard of the bed. He finally got a chance to look over the place, and much like before, the bedroom was a mix of white furniture with gold accents with exposed concrete. There were a duo of white doors with frosted glass that appeared to lead out of the room while the door to the bathroom was open, steam rolled out from it as the shower ran. Thick white fur rugs rolled over the floors to cover up the concrete and lead to a small seating area with a loveseat, glass coffee table and a TV that currently showed a fireplace crackling. One wall was made completely of mirrors, though he wasn’t sure why it was sectioned off so strangely.

The shower cut off and Fynx emerged, a towel with a higher thread count than Asher’s entire wardrobe was wrapped around his waist, his hair and main a fluffy mess. He went over to the wall of mirrors and flipped a switch. Track lights flashed into existence behind the mirrors revealing it was a closet made of one way mirrors. Racks of fancy suits and expensive ties and flashy pocket squares were arranged behind that glass and Fynx didn’t even need to open them to see what he wanted. Once he figured out what his desire was, he pressed on the glass and it popped open to let him get what he wanted.

“Like I said *babe*,” Fynx spat the word ‘babe’ out like it was a clever insult. “I’m going to work. I’ll be back in a little bit.”

Asher could hardly move, though his strength was returning to him as Fynx continued to dawn his attire; a silver suite with a navy blue tie and pocket square.

“Try not to do anything dumb while I’m gone, and ask Tooth and Nail for anything while I’m out and they’ll get it for you. Carlisle will be with me so you can’t go out on the town. Your spending limit is fifty thousand. Oh, and one more thing.”

Fynx walked over, his expensive shoes clicking against the floor until he reached the rug, the shoes so pristine they left no mark on the snow white fur. As soon as he reached Asher he took a claw to his chin, the needle point of that digit digging into his under muzzle just enough to break skin, but not quite draw blood.

“Don’t you dare try to call anyone. The rest of the world doesn’t exist. For the next week, you have no other function than milking my nut and dropping eggs for me to fucking rape over into your nine month sentence. You disobey me and I’ll push you out of the pool.”

“Push me out of the pool?” Asher’s eyes narrowed.

Fynx’s response was to scoff, remove his hand, and pick up a remote from beside the bed and click it. The wall nearest the bed started to glow, or rather the tint in the glass was shifting to reveal the world outside. Asher’s eyes went wide as he saw the city skyline. They were in a penthouse atop one of the tallest buildings in the city. It even had a pool...an infinity pool that came right up to the edge of the building.

Asher felt panic well up inside him, and he could barely contain it. “You...I...”

“Oh don’t you worry,” Fynx came in and kissed Asher’s ear before whispering his hot breath into it. “I’ll be back soon baby girl. Work gets me stressed so be sure to have a decent drink prepared for when I get home and maybe wear something sexy for me.”

Asher was speechless as Fynx stood back up, his imposing form that much more so with his suit accenting every hard angle and tailored curve. He then went to the double doors and opened them, the overview of a massive living room and kitchen from the upper balcony showing they were in the master suite.

“Oh, and Ashly,” Fynx paused and looked over his shoulder. “Make yourself at home.”