

Pheromones and Dragon Scales

Chapter 11: The Blue Dragon

Panic hit me like a brick wall. I thrashed about, my wings clawing, and my tail lashing at my captors. I barely got my left arm free when I felt something hit me in the face. It wasn't something solid. It was like a thick mist. Like walking through cobwebs. The small peppering of light I got from between the stitches in the fabric were erased as a strange sensation fell over me. For the first time in a long time...I felt...cold.

"That's it brother," the soothing, rolling bass of my captors voice said before I got another hit of that weird stuff. "Just relax." My legs gave out and I fumbled to the floor, my body going numb.

"Wow master," one of the guys that started to scoop me up started. "That breath of yours is really something."

"Marcus," the deep drake's voice started, "help Toby move him into the car. We need to get out of here fast before anyone else shows up. If we could find him, so can the blue dragon."

My mind was reeling. Despite the fact that my mind was rolling around in a thick soup, I could hardly comprehend what was happening. Even with my adrenalin pumping through my veins, my heart was moving at a slow and steady pace, my body felt like it weighed a thousand pounds, but was light as a feather, and my thoughts were sluggish, like my brain's ideas were little slow rolling oil droplets that slowly slugged their way together. Whatever that stuff was that the other dragon hit me with was pretty strong if it bogged me so easily.

I felt the warmth of the sun hit me as we got outside and I felt some of the numbness ebb, but I was soon stuffed into something dark and strapped in. A car? No, it sounded far too open to be just a car. It felt more like a limo.

“Where too now?” a familiar voice chimed in, “The counsel?”

“D...David?” I mumbled. The image of the bald eagle flashed across my inner eye before my mind got all jumbled again.

“Yes,” the drake said, “And step on it.”

(Bax)

“Are you sure it’s a date?” Clovis said as he waited for me outside my room. “I mean, we’re invited to come along. So, unless he’s planning on taking us all on a date, I don’t think this is a date.”

“Oh, come on Clovis,” Bradley shouted from the living room, “Don’t go raining on his parade. Besides, anyone who can play soccer like that can take me on a date any day.”

Clovis went back to talking with his brother in the living room, leaving me to continue picking out my attire for the evening.

Neither of my brother’s banter was helping my tingling nerves. What if it wasn’t a date, what if it was him telling me he had a boyfriend and having me to back off. Worse would be if it was him telling me we could only be friends. The Worst would be if he brought his boyfriend along thinking it would just be a bunch of us guys!

I resisted the urge to throw up and grabbed a different shirt and held it up to my frame in the mirror, tossing the black sweatshirt aside. I was standing there in nothing but my green boxer briefs and was thinking that my shapely figure made me look more like a woman than a man. The red plaid button down screamed hipster and was *apparently* in style. I looked at the tag hanging from the sleeve that read small. I slipped it on and smiled a bit as it was nice and baggy around the arms and I started to button it up. I had buttoned it up half way before I frowned. The black and red clashed horribly with my salt white scales and blue head fur and plumage.

I looked up at the mirror and practically gagged at what I saw. It looked awful! Damn that clerk convincing me to buy such worthless shit! My rage built and I felt my paws transform into talons and I tore the fabric off me.

“UGLY SHIT!” I shouted as I tore the fabric apart. The ribbons went everywhere as I took my frustrations out on the hideous button down. When I was finished I looked back in the mirror at my thin and rounded figure. A swatch of the fabric clung to my tail and I whipped it off. Why couldn't I have a beautiful body like my brothers? Why did I have to have such a lithe figure? Why do I have to hide my tinny frail body under sweatshirts and baggy clothing! Why can't I show him what I really look like!?!?

I saw the change in the mirror before I realized I was doing it. My body shifted and morphed into the body of a gallant and powerful eastern dragon. His horns shaved down to nubs, but his claws sharpened and ready to pounce, his snake like body coiled with power and strength. This body didn't need protecting, this body didn't need to hide under clothing or sported a womanly figure. It was strong, it could do damage, it would be desired...but feared.

My eyes drooped down as I started to shift back, my underwear loose from being stretched. I sighed as I looked down at my paw, a long strip of plaid cloth in it. I gave a little frown before my eyes lit

up. I dove into my closet and pulled out a black leather coat. The coat was beautiful, and had padding all over it to make the wearer more masculine, have broader shoulders, and a thicker chest.

I quickly put on a forest green button down under it and slipped on some tight fitting jeans. That's one good thing about my anthro body, I have a nice ass. A womanly ass, but a nice ass all the same. I tied the ribbon of fabric around the crook of my arm, fashioning it off and having two long ribbons flowing down to about half way to my paw. I looked in the mirror again and smiled. Normally I wouldn't wear such blatantly expensive clothing. Anyone who followed fashion would spot the collection easily and would mark me as a richy rich, but I don't think Max will notice. If he does then I know he's gay...if not..he...he might be straight.

I swallowed around the bundle of nerves in my throat. The more masculine image in the mirror comforted me some, but the questions rolling around in my head were maddening. None the less, we were going to meet at The Gondola in an hour, and we weren't going to get there on time if we didn't leave soon. Traffic this time of day is horrible.

I don't know how long we had been driving, but when I came too I knew we were somewhere in the city. I could hear cars all around us and we kept stopping and making various turns. My senses came rushing back to me like a tidal wave and I panicked. I closed my eyes and screamed, fire roaring out of my muzzle.

"Jesus Christ!" I heard one of my captors say as they jumped out of the way of my flames. I heard the squealing of tires as we swerved to the left before I felt someone grip me. My eyes shot open, the cloth bag over my head having been burnt off, and what I saw wasn't really the inside of a limo, but

something much shinier. Everything was metal, the frame the floor, the roof, even the seats were stainless steel benches. That's when I noticed we weren't in a limo, we were in an armored car.

"Max," a deep and powerful voice growled into my ear. "You need to calm down. We aren't here to hurt you."

Massive arms wrapped around me...scales! My fear burst through me and I felt something in my head burst. I saw...Ajani? He was fighting, moving fluidly, combatting with several enemies easily and without missing a beat. He was running and then jumping into the air, throwing knives in all directions, shooting guns and taking people out like it was an everyday chore, like weeding a garden. I felt myself relax in my captors arm.

"Now that's good Max, just stay calm." My captor rumbled in a soothing tone as he loosened his grip a bit to get something. Big mistake. I felt my eyelids droop as my heartbeat slowed, and that's when I snapped.

I gripped my captors arm, twisted my whole body, forcing him to let go with the momentum. He was shocked and as I turned I got my first glimpse of my captor.

Well...he wasn't blue. He was pretty much every color but. What I saw before me was a large muscular dragon with scales that practically absorbed light. His hide was midnight black and his underbelly a glossy crimson. He had a proverbial crown of white horns atop his head, but nothing so excessive it restricted his vision or movement. His hair ran between his horns and down his neck in purple locks. He was wearing dark, tight fitting jeans that accented his powerful legs and a black leather jacket that strained with every movement to contain the powerful muscles beneath.

I looked around to see what I could use for a weapon but it was just the armored car and two others. Both were massive men, one an orca and the other a croc. The crocodile really stood out to Max

as he only wore dark cargo pants and boots while his thick chest was exposed, and one eye permanently closed with a scar over it. The orca was a beast of a man, needing to lean forward to keep his head from smacking the roof, and his body was clad in tactical gear.

I knew my options were limited, but something was nagging at the back of my head. I couldn't win this fight. No matter what I do, there are just too many bodies and too little space. Ajani is used to working with more room.

"Max," the dragon started with an outstretched paw. "I know this looks bad, but it's for your own good."

I took a step back and I felt my wings hit the side of the truck and I found something that my mind latched onto. A door handle. In a flash I gripped it and tore open the door with one push, the archway opening up quickly and the wind catching my wings and pulling me out of the vehicle.

"MAX!" the dragon shouted and I heard the flapping of wings as he burst out of the car. He had large wings that had black, leathery webbing. My focus was broken as a large car horn blared. I had jumped out of the car and landed on a taxi. I decided I wasn't going to waste my freedom and pumped my wings and took off. My captor was right behind me though and gaining fast. Something caught my eye when I glanced back at him...two large revolvers were in his holsters at his sides.

I jumped onto a skywalk between the two sky scrapers and turned to watch the massive formidable drake approaching fast. I looked behind me and noticed that there was a tunnel not far back. I turned and blasted fire at my captor and didn't wait to see if he was fazed by it. I heard a massive crash as he had to veer right into the skyscraper next to me and shattered through the windows. I don't know how I knew how to do what I was doing, but someone as big and bulky as this dragon wouldn't be able

to maneuver fast enough through that cave and through swarming traffic in order to catch up. I could lose him in there.

I heard the tingling of glass on asphalt as it trickled down to the pavement below and that's when I felt it. It was completely silent until it hit me. Dark tendrils and smoke rolled over my legs and I dove to avoid it. It sounded like the shifting of sand underwater, or the hiss of a snake. I turned back to see the drake flying after me spitting out another blast of dark smoky...whatever the hell it was. I felt my vision blur, but I curved and dove out of the way of the blast. It rolled off the side of a semi down below. It didn't seem to have destructive power, but the fact that my left leg felt weak and my vision was blurry wasn't going to help with escaping.

"I can't take another one of those," I grunted as I burst forward into the tunnel. Just as I thought, the drake stopped outside the tunnel as cars blared their horns and barreled by. It was odd, I didn't even have to try to avoid the cars they either swerved out of the way or my feet danced around them effortlessly.

"Max," the drake shouted, "Please, we can protect you! Stop!"

I could hardly hear the protests of my pursuer over the blood pounding in my ears. I looked left and then right and saw something...a farmer's truck. That's when I snapped into action. I took a deep breath and then another, the fire in my gut burning, but I would let it roll and extinguish and then over and over again until the pressure became too much and I burst. Smoke barreled out of my maw along with lapping flames creating a smoke screen. I flapped my wings and jumped after the truck and dove into the back end of it as it shot out of the tunnel.

"MAX!" the drake shouted as I heard a crash and the sound of shattering glass. My heart sank as I heard the crash. I caused that...but I resisted every urge to look. Instead I curled up on the tomatoes

and peppers that were stacked in crates in the back of the truck and tried to figure out where I was as the truck rocketed away from the accident. I stayed frozen in my spot as I waited for the sound of the chaos behind me to dim into nothing. It wasn't for a good minute until after the event that I felt my body start to shiver...the adrenalin wearing off.

I took a deep breath as I started to open my eyes, a lick of flames coming off my lips as I took in desperately needed air and gulping it down as if I had just been drowning. I knew I had to keep quiet but I knew I needed to get some place safer than the back of a pickup truck. I turned my head just enough to see a sign on the other side of the road that read about all the restraints off the next exit and that the art museum was that way as well.

"The Gondola?" my mind clicked on that one, "Why does that sound...FUCK!" I spread my wings and let myself flap out of the car as if I had just deployed a parachute.

"Bax is going to kill me...if not him, his brothers..."

(Bax)

"H-he's late..." I said while tapping my claws on the table and slowly forming holes in the fabric of the table cloth.

"Don't worry Bax," Clovis said clapping his paw on my shoulder. "He'll be here."

"He better..." I growled a irritated.

"Bax!" Bradly gripped my paw...no...my talons! My paw had transformed...I didn't even notice. I looked down at the table and my talons had dug through the cloth and cut deep groves into the dark

wood. I looked up at Bradly and I shook my muzzle and my taloned hand transformed back into my clawed paw.

“Sorry,” I whispered weakly taking back my paw and gently rubbing my thumb into my palm.

“You need to stay calm Bax,” Clovis said rubbing my shoulder. “You know what happens when you get stressed, and your anxiety doesn’t help anything.” he gave me a warm smile.

“And don’t worry,” Bradly started, “If Max stands us up we’ll just get the lobster and have him foot the bill when we get back at school.” Then he grinned and slammed his paw on the table while flexing the other. “And if he doesn’t have a good reason I’ll just have to kick the little bastard’s ass!”

“No!” I said a little louder than I wanted and I shook my head, my vision slowly turning blue.

“No,” I said a little more under control and my vision clearing, “He must have a reason for being late-”

“Mh hmmm?” our waiter, once again sneaking up on me, cleared his throat, “Sirs?” he asked, “will our other guest be joining us tonight or have you made your decision?”

“Yeah we’ll-”

“Be waiting another few minutes,” I interrupted Bradly, “He’s just...running a bit late...”

“Ten minutes is late Sir,” the rabbit said, his slicked back ears and hair giving him a very professional look but a golden piercing on his left ear showed he wasn’t as stuffy as he’d like us to believe, “but thirty minutes can either mean two things. He is either going to be really fashionably late or he isn’t going to show...”

“Give him another minute!” I shouted, pounding my fist on the table. The rabbit recoiled a bit before his green eyes went wide.

“What on earth is wrong with your paw!”

I looked down and saw my talons gripping the table cloth. I growled and looked dead in our waiter's eyes, everything donning a shade of blue.

"You didn't see anything," I growled, "and you will be much more respectful to your customers! Now, refill our water and Give Us a Few MORE DAMN MINTUES!"

Bradly and Clovis looked at each other worriedly before looking at the rabbit. He was rigid as if his mind was fighting the command, but slowly a blue ring formed around his irises and his muscles relaxed.

"Y-yes sir...I'll give you a...a few more minutes...and I'll get you some water right away..." he murmured, his voice almost empty and hollow.

"Bax..." Clovis asked, "Are you okay? You seem on edge..."

"Yeah, Bax, buddy, you okay?" Bradly asked

"Yeah..." I sighed, looking at their worried faces. I could see the fear in their eyes...and I felt my heart sink.

"Sorry for scaring you," I looked down at my talons as they formed back into paws. "Don't worry...I'll keep it together..."

"Um...Bax," Bradly started, "Is this more than just a bunch of friends...getting together?"

I felt my face burn and I looked down into my lap, "No..." I squeaked out.

"Ah!" My brothers said in unison

"No," I said a little defensively. "This is just us getting together to eat and...stuff..."

“Bax...if this was a date then you should have said something. We were just joking back at the penthouse.” Clovis started, “We wouldn’t have intruded...or we would have mysteriously disappeared...”

“I thought Max invited us?” Bradly said as his brow furrowed, “Does Max even know this is a date?”

“Yes...no...I don’t know,” I threw my paws up in defeat. “He invited us for dinner...I don’t even know if he’s single...he’s just...I just want to...” My face was burning as the image of him laying on that wolves’ chest flashed in my mind. I shook my head trying to find the words that would match my feelings and the impossibility of it all. How could I even begin to start to explain something that I couldn’t even explain to myself. If I had my paint and easel I know just what I would do...I would start with a fiery burning crimson to trace the outline of my image then stroke in some black to add contrast and definition...then two crests of topaz to finish off the beautiful canvas. The image of Max standing strong with the sun shining off his body bled into existence. What I would give to just to sketch him...

“Bax?” Bradly snapped his fingers. “Come on, you there? Didn’t you get his number? Just call him already. Ask him where he is.” He then folded his arms in front of himself, his pecks bulging out his polo as his thick neck stretched the collar. “And ask him what is so damn important that he has to keep us waiting.”

I mentally slapped myself. Why didn’t I think of that earlier! I didn’t even respond I just pulled out my phone and the slip of notebook paper he had given me this morning and punched in the numbers. I put the phone up and listened to the ringing tone.

“This is Max.”

“Max it’s...” I started.

“Please leave a message after the beep.”

I felt my heart sink and just clicked the end call button.

“Didn’t he pick up?” Clovis asked.

“No,” I said, my brow furrowing, “Went straight to voice mail...”

“Sirs?” our waiter was back.

“I thought I said to give us a few minutes.”

“Bax?” my heart stopped as I heard a familiar voice. I turned around.

“Max!”

(Max)

Bax, Bradley, and Clovis turned to look at me and all had very different reactions. Bax looked like he had seen a ghost, his salt white scales turning a lighter shade of white...if that was even possible. Clovis looked moderately surprised but happy to see me, but Bradley looked excited and gave a big smile.

“Hey dude!” Bradley gave a big shit eating grin. “We were wondering if you were ever going to show up!”

“Bradly!” Bax yelled. “He’s treating us to dinner don’t...”

“Guys!” I gasped, “I don’t have time for dinner. I was wondering if you could get me out of here...”

“Dude, you’re clothes are trashed.” Clovis pointed out. “What did you do? Get booted out of a theater that sold rotten fruit?”

“Clovis!” Bax stopped him but Bradley just chimed in.

“Yeah, and it looks like you rolled in dirt! Is that soot?” He pointed to the ash on my collar.

“Guys stop!” Bax urged. “Let the guy explain himself.” Bax turned to me and looked like he was going to say something...but blushed and looked down instead before letting his voice squeak out, “So...did you...fly here or something?”

“What? No, I was...”

“Sir?” The waiter spoke up. “Could you please take a seat. We need to be courteous to our guests and we have this table reserved for a party in an hour and I would like to keep the night moving along...”

“Uh,” I shook my head, “I don’t think I’m going to stay...”

“No!” Bax blurted out. “I...uh...mean you just got here and you made us wait for a while. Please...can we just eat and have a good time...”

“Guys, please I need too...” I started but then I felt a paw on my shoulder.

“Hey guys.” A deep and soothing voice rumbled. “How’s the family doing?”

I turned and looked at the paw on my shoulder and my blood ran cold...a large blue scaled paw with onyx claws gently rested on my shoulder.

“Hay pops!” Clovis and Bradley said in unison.

“H-h-hi dad...” Baxly started, “Why are you here?”

"Well," the soothing voice rumbled as his paw gripped my shoulder, "I was on my way to a meeting with the shareholders when the investor I was going to have a meeting with crashed on exit forty one."

"From the tunnel?" Clovis asked

"Yeah, some explosion or something. My evening cleared up and I thought I would come treat you and your new friend for dinner. Hope you guys don't mind me intruding."

That's when I was looking at Bradley and thought he was about to protest when I saw him stop mid-sentence...his shoulders relaxing and his pupils going wide as he sat back.

"No..." he breathed, "It's totally fine...dad..."

I saw Clovis do the same thing and I felt my blood run cold.

"How did you find us?" Bax furrowed his brow and cocked his head, oblivious to his brother's behavior.

"You know I track the GPS on your phone on in case of emergencies. Glad you guys were here. Not far from the office." The soothing voice had a bit of a smile in it and that's when he let go of my shoulder.

"Now," he started, "Is this the Max you've been telling me all about, son?" the dragon asked as he stepped into view. A very large eastern dragon with large sapphire antlers sweeping back behind his head with a thick onyx mane hallowing his thick muzzle. That mane bore a single streak of silvery fur showing his age. He had a small tuft of fur on his chin like a beard making his sharp angled and chiseled jaw look more mature and strong. His eyes were a deep ocean blue and his pupils looked like bottomless inky voids that absorbed all the light that passed by them. His under muzzle and neck were an onyx

black that flowed down to his silvery gray suit and black tie. His muscled body was accented by the suits sharp angles and padded shoulders. He was bigger than Bradly and Clovis but not quite as big as Alex, but that didn't take away from how good looking he was.

"Um...yeah," Bax said a little nervous, "He's been really nice to me and...helped me with math a bit."

The Drake's eyes looked down at Bax with tender love and care as he spoke. It was the eyes of a father very proud of his son...very loving and compassionate eyes, but some of that softness left as he set his eyes on me. His eyes locked with mine and it felt like I was paralyzed. His gaze wasn't hostile...it wasn't even annoyed. Those were the eyes of a predator sizing up the threat before it with indignant interest. Soon the indistinguishable expression on his muzzle melted into a warm smile, his whiskers slowly adulating as his lips shifted into a gentle curve.

A smile had never caused me more fear.

"Well," the drake started. "Any friend of Bax must be a good guy." He extended a paw.

"The name is Donovan," he smiled, "but you can just call me Blue." My blood ran cold. I didn't even notice my paw was moving to return the shake until I felt our paws grip one another.

Donovan...Bax's dad...was the one who was trying to track me down and kidnap me...and I was shaking his paw! As much as I wanted to be angry, as much as it made my skin crawl, I couldn't find any other emotion than paralyzing fear. My mind was reeling, desperately grasping at straws, but it felt as if every bit of information in my mind was scattered to the four winds. It's as if my mind was a puzzle that was okay two seconds ago, but then someone just tipped the table over and turned on an industrial fan. I couldn't grip anything important, everything was just moving too fast!

"Why don't you sit down Max. We can have some food. Break bread as they say."

I wanted to run...I wanted to bolt and get out of the restaurant, but there was nothing I could do. My feet wouldn't move, my arms wouldn't move...I hadn't even realized I had let go of Donovan's paw until it slapped at my side.

"Max?" Bax asked, "You okay?"

"No," I muttered, "Yeah I'm...I'm fine."

"Take a seat?" Blue offered, or demanded? I wasn't sure. I found myself doing it before I even knew what I was doing.

"There you go." Blue said with a warm smile. "Now, looks like the foods here."

"But we...we didn't even order." Bax was worried before his father put a paw on his shoulder and Bax's head dipped down, his feathery plumage falling over his eyes as he zonked out.

"No," Blue said as he looked up at the bunny waiter that had brought me to the table was now followed by three other servers, all holding multiple trays of food, "I ordered for everyone. On me son."

Bax looked up, his muzzle tilted to the side and his pupils were wide and motionless.

"Yes Dad...thanks." Blue looked at Bax with something that looked like remorse...or even apprehension, but his eyes moved over to me and suddenly all the puzzle pieces fluttering around in my head snapped back into place just in time for the first tray of food to be placed in front of me. Fettuccini with scallops and muscles steamed in my face while Bradley and Clovis got lamb ribs and Baxly's tray had roasted Panini.

"Now," Blue said gesturing to the food. "Eat," he smiled, "I know it's your favorite."

"What did you do to them?" I asked, my breath coming out ragged.

“Don’t worry. They are perfectly safe. I would never hurt my son.” He dismissed my concerns, putting a paw on Bax’s shoulder and smiling through his sad eyes. “I just put him under so we could talk in private. He’s dreaming that we’re all having a fun time shooting the breeze. As for Bradley and Clovis, well, they just like lamb ribs.”

I looked over and saw the two polar bears digging into their food, their eyes glossy and unfocused as they tore meat from bone.

“What do you want from me?” I shuddered.

“I just want to talk, and I don’t have much time. I called your little doctor friend at the hospital and he’ll be here soon. I mean you no harm.” Blue took the knife and fork and started to cut up his Chicago style pizza in front of him.

“Why would I want to talk to you?”

“I just want to give you the full story of what’s happening.” He started while taking a bite of his pizza and continuing to talk around it. “Who the real enemies are.”

“Oh,” I said rolling my eyes. “Sending an assassin to kidnap me was part of your plan?”

“Ajani?” He admitted with his question, cutting another piece of pizza. “He was to help you find your way to me as smoothly as possible and to keep you safe. I will admit that I’m not the most ethical man, but I needed to make sure that I found you before the Council did.”

“Who?” my head was spinning, “Who’s the Council? And why should I believe you! Ajani practically dragged me out of that hospital at knife point!”

“Oh, don’t be so dramatic.” he dismissed me again as he swallowed. “I didn’t know if the Council had already found you or not. I just knew you were in the hospital. For all I knew, they could have been

extracting your essence and running experiments on you. As for trusting me? Well, you could say thank you for getting that drake off your back.”

“What? I lost him myself...wait, how do you know about that?”

“I knew your favorite dish, didn’t I?” he pointed at the steaming plate in front of me. “Are you going to eat that? It would be such a waist. Anyway, I know a lot of things about you. I have been looking over you since birth. And that drake is probably just a big a prize as you are. He’s nearly impossible to kill, at least not in any normal way. You’re lucky I had someone tracking you to make sure you’re safe, but once Mr. SkyWing got a hold of you I had to take action. We were going to intercept you once you were out of the van, but you managed to fly the coup before we could get to our final destination.”

“H-how do I know you were really going to do that? How do I know that the other drag was with you?”

“You don’t, but we’re running out of time and my pizza’s getting cold. Max,” he started by setting down his fork and knife and looking me dead in the eye, “I’m here to help you. I can’t explain everything to you here, but I do have to tell you that you’re in grave danger.”

“Yeah,” I growled, “from you!”

“No,” Blue said, his head dipping a bit and his eyes looking a little sad as he glanced at Bax before looking back at me. “I’m being framed. I don’t know who in the Council has painted me a monster, but I know what they really want.”

“What? Who’s the Council? Why should I believe you?”

“I could have kidnapped you right here and now if I wanted to. Bradly and Clovis are perfectly capable, but I didn’t. I even called...Dr. Viren was it? Yes, him, he should be here soon. But traffic is horrible today, as you have experienced.”

“The hospital is clear across town...”

“Yeah, I needed time to talk and explain myself.”

“Why should I even believe you want to help. You have to give me some proof and not just say you are!”

“Because,” he put a paw on Bax, “Bax is living proof that I want to help. Why do you think his brothers are so protective of him? I have them protect him when I can’t, when I can’t be close to him. Whoever is looking for you is also looking for Bax...and me. Whoever is doing this wants me and everyone I’m affiliated with to be painted as some villain in the eyes of the Council.” He looked me dead in the eye. “Bax is my reason for living. The only reason I get up in the morning. I want him to stay safe above all else and live a normal life...and from what I’ve gathered you care for him as well.”

“He...he’s a nice kid...”

“Come now Max,” Blue started, “I know you feel more for him than just that. You two are kindred spirits both caught in the same web. Whoever is trying to get you is also after my son and that means that we have a common enemy.”

I clenched my fists...

“Who is the Council?” I looked up at Blue and he smiled warmly before sliding his pizza off to the side.

“They are a group of dragons that oversee the development of drakes with special powers. I used to be on the Council...but once my son Bax was born and his powers were known...I had to keep him safe. That’s why your parents left too.”

“What! My parents were part of this...this Council?”

“They were two of the chairs on the Council...I’m sorry about them...it’s because they tried to leave. Just a few weeks ago they were trying to get out of the Council and I don’t think someone was too keen on them leaving...at least not with your powers surfacing.”

“W-what are you saying.” I felt my stomach burn and my face flush.

“I’m saying that someone on the Council set off that bomb Max. Someone betrayed me, betrayed your parents, and is going to betray Mr. SkyWing.”

“Wait...I thought that he was...”

“No, Necross SkyWing is a vital part of this plan they have for you. I don’t know exactly what it is they want but I know it involves you three. You, Bax, and Necross. You all have some sort of mind control powers and are essential for whatever it is they are trying to achieve.”

I looked down to my clenched fists...whoever this person is...they are dangerous, but as much as I know I should be afraid, as bad as I know the situation was, I couldn’t help but feel rage boil in my stomach. My life would be fine! I would have a perfectly normal life if it weren’t for this Council...whoever betrayed my parents needs to pay, but I don’t think Blue is completely trustworthy just yet...

“So...say I believe you...and I buy your sob story about your son. What do you plan on doing about all of this?”

“I’m not sure yet, but I know together we can make this all go away. That’s why they want us to be at each other’s throats because they know that together we can bring down the Council, or at least weed out its corruption.”

“Okay...so...how do you plan on going about this? What’s your plan?”

Blue just smiled, “No, not here, I’ll tell you later, but just know that me and Necross aren’t your enemy. Necross will find you eventually, just be safe and remember what I have told you. Don’t trust anyone. Whoever is doing this has the ability to wipe and change memories, or at least manipulate them to some extent. As far as I know, no one with mind control can be part of the upper workings of the Council, but if someone can change and rearrange memories...then we wouldn’t even know if that person had powers to begin with. I will contact you soon.”

I was about to shoot off a few more questions but he looked down at his watch and then back at me, “I think it’s time I go Max, but before I do, I have a favor to ask of you. Don’t tell Bax about any of this...I want him to live a normal life, and you know how fragile he is. I don’t want him to worry.”

I knitted my brow, “frankly mister Cobb, me being in the dark about all this has turned me into an orphan and I’m on my own. How could this possibly be good for Bax not to know?”

Blue’s face slowly curled into a scowl, “if I die and Bax is left an orphan then I will die with a smile on my face knowing that he is alive and I gave my last breath trying to keep him safe. Bax,” he said patting him on the shoulder, his roasted Panini untouched, “time to go.”

“Yes Father...” he sighed.

“Bax...” I started but I felt two big paws grip my arms, Bradley and Clovis held me down easily.

“We will be allies in this Max,” Blue started as he started to walk away. “So long as my son is kept safe I don’t particularly care what happens to you. Know that if I need to, I will make sure that you never see him again. Keep my son out of this and we will be fine.” He stopped at the door and looked at me, the rest of the people in the restaurant had that glazed look on their faces...could he be controlling all of them?

“And when I was poking around in that head of yours I saw what you wanted to do with my son. You keep your hands off Bax. He will NOT become one of your slaves!” Blue then brushed a lock of feathery fur out of his face as he composed himself.

“But just so you know that there are no hard feelings—Bradly, Clovis. Show him a good time.”

(Chad)

I snarled as my cock plunged into Mike’s ass as he laid atop his brother, both of them a little bruised and battered, but for the most part okay.

“Oh Chad!” Mike moaned underneath me as he broke the kiss with his brother. I just slapped his ass and plunged my fully hard sixteen incher inside of him, snarling.

I was so powerless! I couldn’t do anything! This rage and anger inside of me was insatiable! No matter what I did, no matter how hard I tried I couldn’t figure out a way to protect my master from the trouble that threatened him!

We got the call from Ajani that they had found him and that they were going to pick him up, but they refused to tell me where he was! How DARE THEY! I was capable of protecting him! I could help him too! When Mike and Mick tried to calm me down all I could do was clock one across the face and

kick the other in the chest. How on earth did those two get the idea that they could help me calm down. Every time they tried to reassure me it just made my blood boil. I grabbed the both of them by the scruff, dragged them into the guest room in Master's house, and forced them to their knees.

"You're MINE!" I had snarled at them. "Master gave you two to me and you will please me as I see fit!" I forced one to suck my sack while the other massaged and blew my rod. Soon I had them face to face on the edge of the bed making out, Mike on top and Mick on bottom. If I wasn't so angry I would have marveled at how quickly they got over the incest thing. I slapped both their asses, my claws digging into the thick flesh of their rumps before I plunged deep into Mike.

"Oh Chad," Mick whimpered. "Me too? Bro likes you soo much! Please let me..." My paw came down hard on his ass, and my claws griped until I felt blood welling up.

"Speak when spoken to Mick!" I snarled. "I'm the one calling the shots right now!" he was about to say something, but I just hissed and he gripped onto his brother as they whispered words of encouragement to each other, only interrupting one another to steal a kiss or two.

I didn't pay them any attention after that. They were my breeding bitches, I didn't care if the holes I was attached to had bodies, they were just tight sheathes for my dick to fuck my frustrations into...that's when an idea occurred to me.

"Ajani..." I snarled, my hips moving faster. "You fucker!" I pulled out of Mike suddenly and plunged my dick into Mick. He gave a surprised yelp of pain and tensed up, but I couldn't have cared less.

"You think you're such tough shit because you do parkour or some fucking gymnastics." I growled, "If I had your powers, if I had your agility, I would crush you like a fucking bug." My hips started to move sporadically and Mick's moans of ecstasy told me that he was liking it, but I tuned him out.

“I swear,” I snarled. “If you think you can keep me from my master.” My knot started to form and I started to pound deep into Mick my short thrusts prying his tight hole open as my bestial instincts to tie with my bitch took over, “I’ll fucking KILL YOU!!!!”

I threw back my head and howled, my knot prying open Mick’s ass and expanding to lock us together. Cum filled Mick’s ass, flooding it with my thick canine juices, and I leaned over, biting down on Mike’s neck.

BAM!

I felt a...connection...flowing through me and I could sense something. MASTER! My mind flooded with the images of master’s knowledge, his mind awash with confusion...and fear! Bradley and Clovis were dragging him up some stairs of a restraint...but...there was something else.

The name held so much reverence, so much weight in his mind. He cared deeply about this person...more than he cared about the rest of his servants! The name slowly turned to bile in my mouth, a deep growl forming in my throat as my fur stood on end.

“Bax,” the mere mention of the name...of the twinkly little drake made my skin crawl. He didn’t even know master like I did...how could he even hope or dream of becoming more than he is with me! I had never met the bitch before, but I could tell he was smitten with Master. Master might not see it, but I could. That’s when the most important image came to my inner eye.

I growled and gripped Mick’s hips and PULLED! He screamed in pain, but I didn’t care, I had to untie with him NOW! My cock was so sensitive when I was tied like this, but I wasn’t going to give up! I growled and pulled one more time and POP! A wash of cum came out of Mick’s ass, flowing like a pearly river over the bed sheets as I pushed away from the two.

“Clean up this mess.” I growled lowly, “I’m going out.” I quickly pulled on my underwear and pants, disregarding my shirt as I stormed out the door.

(Mike)

“ASSHOLE!” I yell back at Chad, but I could feel the obligation of his command nagging at the pit of my stomach. I looked back at Mick and felt my heart sink. Tears streamed down the face of my brother, his eyes squeezed shut as he tried to hold in the pain. I leaned in and kissed his forehead and pulled him into a warm embrace.

“It’s okay Mick,” I said nuzzling him close, “It’s over.”

“Oh god...” he gasped in pain, “It hurts so much! That knot...oh god!” he tensed up and whimpered. I felt my heart sink even further. I didn’t know how to help him...but maybe I do! It might even help with that asshole, Chad’s, orders. I gave Mick one last kiss before leaving a trail of kisses down his chest, his toned body still shivering as I worked my way down. My lips pressing gently against the crook between his inner thigh and crotch before I got on my knees beside the bed, face to face with Mick’s abused hole.

It was clenched tight, from the pain, a little bit of cum on the bed but as soon as Chad was out, the abused hole folded back up to heal. I leaned in and gently massaged each cheek and Mick recoiled away from me, his legs pulling in and covering his rump.

“Don’t worry bro,” I said in a soothing tone. “I’m not going to hurt you. I would never hurt you.” I said, gently taking his legs, kissing the soles of his feet and up his leg again until he relaxed, his legs slowly and attentively resting his feet on my shoulders. I gently kissed his rump one more time before leaning in, gripping his cheeks and lightly kissing his pucker. He tensed a bit, his toes curling and foot

claws digging into my shoulders lightly, but he stayed still. I gave his taint a little kiss and that sent shivers through him, I could feel his toes relax and I felt him trust me a bit more.

I took that as my cue and I opened my muzzle, the tip of my tongue tickling his taint a bit before it came to his pucker. I could feel him tense, not knowing whether he liked it or not, but I gently add a bit more pressure, the salty flavor of Chad's cum tickling my tongue as I gently message and wipe away the remnants of his essence. I give his pucker another little kiss before looking up.

"Better?"

"U-uh hu." He mutter's back.

"Want more?" I ask with a little smirk. His reply was a gentle pull on my shoulders with his feet.

"Uh hu." He breathed.

I smirked, he could be so cute when he wanted to be. I leaned in again, this time I took a much larger lick, my tongue swiping over his hole and up over his taint before coming back down again, his pucker relaxing and tensing. I smirked before opening my maw and flicking over his pucker, slowly working it over and having it relax. Chad's seed trickled out from Mick and I made sure every last drop was cleaned up. My tongue lulled over my brother's pucker, eating him out before my tongue tip played at his entrance. He tensed up a bit, but quickly relaxed and granted me entrance. My tongue worked over his abused pucker, lapping it like I would my own wound before I gently moved in further. It was funny because just a few days ago I would have never thought I would be eating my twin brother's ass, frankly I would have been disgusted. But the more time I spent with Master made me want to spend more time with my brother. I never noticed it before...but we were connected. Since birth I've always felt a strong bond with my brother and sure we fought, but it was harmless. We had always been the best of friends, but now it had grown so much stronger.

BAM!

I could feel some sort of strand...an actual connection flow through me and into Mick and him into me! We saw exactly how each one of us saw each other. I could see how each of us felt that even though people couldn't tell us apart sometimes, that we loved it, that we would always get things that looked exactly the same like our bikes, and still know who's was who's. How we could tell when the other was upset and we knew just how to cheer each other up. Not to say we weren't assholes to each other from time to time...but now we knew how bad we felt each time we made the other feel bad. Once the exchange of memories trickled off, the same word echoed between our minds almost endlessly through the corridors of our consciousness. Love.

This all happened within an instant, a fraction of a second, and I couldn't help but just dive into my twin brother after that. My tongue went deep, seeking out any drop of cum that Chad had left behind to defile my lover. As soon as I did, the sensation hit me! I could feel everything Mick could feel...and he could feel everything I could feel! We were truly connected! My cock grew rigid in seconds, my tongue searching out that sweet spot and as soon as I found it I felt both of our cocks lurch and shoot an arch of pre. I could barely reach that spot with the tip of my tongue, but I would flick over it just to get that feeling back, to make Mick feel so good.

Soon the allure became too much and I got up, pouncing on my brother and mashing our lips together. I could taste Chad's cum as Mick tasted it my mouth, and we shifted so that each other found the most comfortable spot to be in. Then we felt something...something new. Somehow we knew that one of us could make the other sub servant...but more than that...like Master did to us! I don't know how we knew, but we did. All it would take would be to cum in the other's ass, but the idea of controlling either one of us...felt so wrong. That's when Mick smirked, gripped me and turned us over. Soon I was on my back, Mick on top gripping both our cocks and stroking them together. The feeling was

amazing! The pleasure scorched through us but two fold! The pleasure each of us was feeling flowed between that link, keeping us bound together. That's when the idea Mick had passed between us and I smirked, it was perfect.

"Yes Bro! Do it!" I leaned back and Mick, with his free paw gripped mine and our finger's interlocked.

"I can't...hold on much...oh FUCK!" We said in unison and our cocks erupted. Pleasure raged through our veins as our cum splattered across our chests, or backs arched and our bodies tensed as everything went white.

We were floating in a pleasure induced haze, our cocks pulsing our cum juices all over our chests...and they were growing! We both groaned as our tightly packed bodies pulsed, our muscles bunched up and pulled out. It was so intense that I could feel our grip on consciousness slipping. The last thing that happened before our world of white turned into a world of black was us uttering our words as we became each other's masters, equal in power, and equal in responsibility.

"I love you..." we muttered and faded to black.