

To Ashes

Chapter 3: Pick Up

“Hey buddy? You doin’ okay?” Marcus asked from beyond the door. “You haven’t come out since you got back and I’m getting kind of worried.”

Asher sniffed and composed himself a little before answering.

“Oh...sorry Marcus, I was just...napping.” Asher sighed. He didn’t know why he was hiding so much from Marcus. Out of all the people in the world, he would be the most understanding and caring, but...Asher didn’t want to trouble him. He didn’t want to dump all his problems on the big guy just before he had to go back to work the next day. He was such a worrywart and he didn’t want him worrying about him...especially when he didn’t think he deserved it.

Why should a dumb slut like me drag such a nice guy down with him? Asher hugged his legs to himself as he looked down at his toe claws. *He was on his bed in nothing but a bulky sweater. I’m just a stupid skank who went crawling back to his fucking rapist for more...*

Asher bit his cheek, his pussy quivering at the thought. He gripped his legs harder, his claws digging into his calves as the little warmth in his loins passed.

“Okay, if you’re sure,” Marcus said through the door. “I packed some soup for you so you have something for work if you’re going in. Otherwise I got one of those thin pizzas you like.”

“Thanks Marcus, but I’m good,” Asher batted his tears away with the heel of his palm. “I’ll let you know if I need anything else.”

“Okay, I’m here if you need someone to talk to, okay?” Marcus said back, his feet shifting in the hall causing the floor boards to creak. He stood there for a moment before continuing. “I’m...I’m going to bed, but if you need anything you can wake me. Okay?”

“Sure...” Asher didn’t know if Marcus heard him whisper it out or not. He wouldn’t be surprised if it never reached the door with how soft his voice was. It was taking everything inside of him not to break down crying.

“Just go...” Asher whispered as he grit his teeth, his ribs trying to cage in his sobs. It felt like forever, but he eventually watched the shadow from under his door lumber off, the flat footed bear making the whole damned apartment shake. Only when Marcus’ door closed on the other side of the apartment did Asher allow himself the time to cry. Soft sobs shook their way to the surface as he fell onto his side, the mattress and sheets catching him as he laid there shaking.

How could I be so stupid? How could I be such a fucking dumbass whore? Crawling back to Fynx like some dumb abuse addicted junky.

All these thoughts ran over and over in his head, swirling like a cyclone, and the downpour were the tears streaming down the drake’s muzzle. This cycle went on until he was all out of tears and nothing would come out anymore.

There was some sort of breaking point where Asher was left lying there on the bed numb and inspecting the way the wall’s eggshell paint job glistened in the low light. He gave a deep breath and sighed before pulling himself up and swinging his legs over his bed, his dainty feet hanging limply before gracing the carpet below. In the next moment he found himself in his bathroom and looking himself in the mirror, dark rings under his bloodshot eyes.

Asher sniffed before getting ready for bed. He was tired and he wanted to clean himself up a bit before laying down. He continued his nightly rituals of brushing his teeth, cleaned his face with his exfoliants and moisturizers, but when he got to the last part of his nightlies, he froze. He held a little pill sheet, various pieces already pushed out and the next marked day was ready to be used.

His birth control...

Asher's eyes gained a faint glimmer as he looked at the little package of pills that saved him from a massive mistake many a time, especially today. Though, when he looked at the pills, a dark thought intruded itself into his psyche.

What if you didn't take it?

A sudden shiver ran up Asher's spine and a sour tang punched his gut. How could he even think that...why would he think that? This was the only thing he had control over when it came to Fynx. He couldn't control his medication. He simply couldn't...but...he could just...stop taking his pills...

"No," Asher shook his head and pushed the pill through the protective foil and put it in his hand before putting the sheet away. He grabbed his water and he paused, uncurling his fingers from around the little yellow pill. It was the pill he was supposed to take after the placebo to restart the hormone cycle. Asher's eyes glanced over at his toilet, the lid left open. It was so curtail and important...but...

What if...what if he flushed it?

"No," Asher clenched his fist around his birth control. "I can't risk it. He said he would call...that he would reach out and...I don't trust that I can..."

Stop myself...

Asher bit his lip, his jaw trembling. He couldn't, he shouldn't, he really can't let that happen. He would be painting himself into a corner...but...

A sudden rush ran through his loins as the possibility ran through his mind. Asher shuddered, his knees giving out and he had to put his water and hand down on the sink to keep himself standing.

Would he really be so stupid? So dumb as to risk his birth control while he knew Fynx could corner him in a heartbeat? Would he really be such a dumb...stupid...fucking skank...that would risk getting...*pregnant*....

Asher gave a sigh, the cold numbness being pushed away by a deep warmth in his loins.

He didn't need to, he didn't have to do it, but what if he did? Just entertain the thought? That his rapist would call...his pussy warmer and more inviting...slicker with a new kind of need. Fynx would get more aggressive, his heat coming into bloom and driving the already abusive rapist into a fucking frenzy.

"He...he wouldn't be able to resist me..." Asher sighed, his fist holding his pill clenched tightly came to brace him on his sink while his other hand slipped inside of his robe, his fingers sliding over his abdomen, right where his womb was. The womb this pill would keep safe and out of reach from Fynx's influence.

"He'd be, unf...hornier for my pussy...he'd want me...unf...under his heel while he fucks me raw..." Asher's fingers slipped down to touch his clit, his lips already pink and puffy as a few pearls of need drooled around those abused pussy lips. Asher winced as the need inside him caused his aching walls to clench, the marks that Fynx's barbs left behind stung deep inside him. He still continued despite the pain, or maybe because of it. It reminded him of when he was pinned against that tile in his old high

school gym locker room and being fucked by the stud of all studs. His cunt rammed by that rod, those barbs marking him used and damaged goods.

Asher gasped, his breath hitching in his maw as he slipped his fingers into his pussy, his shameful thoughts making more than just his cheeks burn. His fingers slid in before pressing against his g-spot. A mixture of stinging and bruising pain accompanied the pleasure that bloomed in Asher's chest as he stroked his fantasy, his pearls of need rolling off his knuckles and smacking wetly against the floor, his toes fanning, his legs spreading apart as he arched his back. Asher lifted his tail, exposing his ass to the world as his fingers greedily plaid with his bruised and scraped pussy.

"I...I would...be a good little, nnnnnmmm! Good little slut...a fucking...single mother...drop out..." Asher was back in that shower, his fingers pressing against his sweet spots and his thumb flicking over his bean. He was back in high school, Fynx's dick deep inside his cunt as he claimed him while all the other boys watched. Fynx would beat him, spit on him, while sinking his cock deep inside.

You won't make it to graduation skank. Fynx purred in Asher's fantasy. *I'm going to breed you with my kittens and you're not going to tell a fucking soul.*

"Yes..." Asher's spine tingled as he continued to slip his fingers inside his most sensitive spots, pressing harder to feel the pain of his wounds tell him to stop, to stop being such a dumb slut for his abuser.

That's right, cuz you're just some stupid skank, Fantasy Fynx snarled, picking up the pace. *You're just a dumb little fag with a big ol' weeping pussy just begging to be used like the fuck trash you are.*

"Yes," Asher gasped, his face turning red as he humped into his fingers, his pussy dripping and oozing it's approval of the sadistic use of its walls.

And you're going to keep coming back, Fantasy Fynx snarled. You'll keep crawling back for more, and you're going to dump your birth control for me. You'll take every one of my nuts I don't put in my other bitches! How does it feel to be my fucking dick warmer? That I don't give a shit your life will be over if I knock you up? You won't get a fucking cent from me you worthless whore. I don't pay for sex and I sure as fuck don't pay for child support you dumb bitch!

"Yes," Asher squeaked out as he picked up the pace, his wrist getting sore as he kept going like Fynx would. He wouldn't have let up until he was a pregnant mess of fuck trash.

So do it! Fantasy Fynx gripped Asher's wrist and forced him to hold it over the toilet, his pill held in his clammy fist. *Drop it, let it go, and you'll be fucking mine.*

"I...," Asher's breath quivered in his throat. "I...can't..."

Yes you can, Fynx snarled, his voice deep and angry. *Do it, or I won't cum inside you. I'll never cum in you again if you don't drop that fucking pill. Now let it go or I'll throw you away like trash.*

Plop!

Asher's eyes went wide as he watched his hand open, his aching fingers letting that pill go. He even had a moment to grab it with the way the pill stuck to his sweaty palm, but it just peeled itself off and fell into the toilet.

Now flush it you dumb bitch! Fantasy Fynx snarled. *Flush it away like the rest of your worthless, pathetic, pointless fucking life.*

Asher brought his shaking hand to the toilet handle.

Do it you STUPID SKANK!

“AH!” Asher gasped as pain shot up his pussy as he came, the toilet flushing at the same time. He squirted, his pussy juices splattering the floor and dirtying the edges of his robe. He huffed hotly, eyes shut as he came around his fingers while his birth control flowed down the toilet.

Asher slumped on the sink, a snail trail of his shame dribbling between his legs. He slipped his fingers out of himself, his pussy aching in pain and pleasure. He brought his fingers up and saw the slight pink in his cunny honey as he webbed it apart. He huffed and gave a lite sniff of his juices, the sweet aroma of a stupid bitch filled his nostrils as he panted.

“Holy shit...ah...” Asher winced as his pussy clamped around the gaped space. His pussy still sore and bruised from earlier that day. The reality of what he had just done hit him and he gave a low moan, but this time he stopped himself from getting too crazy. He simply washed himself off, used his towel to clean his mess, and threw his robe in with his dirty clothes as he went to bed. He also had to work in the morning and he finally felt exhausted enough to fall asleep.

His last thought before the dark realm of sleep took him was his womb and how he had left a chink in its armor. Hopefully he would be able to make it through the day without Fynx calling.

He would get his wish. Fynx didn't call Asher that next day. He showed up at his work.

“Thank you for calling the assistance hotline, please stay on for a short survey-”

Click!

“Whatever,” Asher sighed as he threw his headset off and back on its charger. He was done for the day and he wasn't going to spend another minute taking disgruntled callers. Asher was the best at

handling upset customers and getting them everything they needed, but also knew when to pump the breaks.

“Hey Asher,” Judd shouted at the little drake from his cubicle, the lion a large and wide man.

“Can I have a word?”

Asher sighed and packed his things up to get ready to go. He wore a crimson sweater and some tight black pants that bunched up around his high top boots. The white drake headed over to his boss, the lion a young college, dude bro graduate who wanted to make a name for himself in the city. Not to say he was dumb, but Judd was always such an air head, or at least around Asher.

“Yeah Judd?” Asher asked as he made his way to his boss’s cubical. “I’m on my way out and I got to pick some stuff up for dinner.”

“I know, you’re busy,” Judd put his hands up defensively, his dress shirt bunching up at the shoulders and his dark mane tied back into a bun. “I just wanted to run something by you before you left.”

“What’s that?” Asher cocked his head.

“Well,” Judd crossed his arms and sat down in his large chair, his desk a mess of sticky-notes and files going in and out. “You know that the company is growing and our budget is expanding, not to mention our demand for more operators is going up and I can’t manage a team of over forty people.”

“Judd, you don’t need to beat around the bush,” Asher leaned against the entrance to his boss’s cubical. “Just say what you want to say.”

“I’m getting to it,” Judd smirked. “You and your conversation razors never cease to cut to the point, huh.”

“Well, not so much a razor as just not having time for fluff,” Asher gave a half chuckle and shook his head. He then looked at his boss and the big lion sat there, his eyes wide and a deep blush on his face. “Uh...Judd? You there?”

“Oh, fuck, yeah!” Judd shook his head and stood up, the towering lion a bulky beast of a man. “I wanted to know if you’d like to be my partner?”

“Your partner?” Asher cocked a brow.

“Y-Yeah!” Judd stammered. “A co-manager I mean. Like...not a life partner or anything, not that I’d-”

“It’s a wonderful opportunity,” Asher stood up and straightened his sweater, throwing his scarf over his shoulder and back into place. “Though, I don’t know if I’d be the best fit for the job.” Asher smiled. “I’ve got a lot on my plate already just taking the calls and training new employees.”

“Oh...I...well, here’s the thing,” Judd was tapping his claw tips together nervously. “I don’t really think anyone else could do the job. There are other’s that have been here longer, but you’re just so much more...I’m not trying to say attractive...but what I mean is...hmm...” Judd’s face was starting to burn red under his fur and Asher could tell the big guy was about to burst.

“If it makes you feel better,” Asher smiled. “You can just accept me saying ‘no’ now and you don’t have to try to sell it to me.”

“You’ll get paid more,” Judd answered quickly. “I mean, it’s a ten percent raise from where you’re at.”

“I don’t know Judd,” Asher sighed, his hands wringing the shoulder strap of his satchel. “I love the idea of more money, but I’ve already got a lot on my plate like I said before.”

“Dinner,” Judd blurted out, his eyes going wide before he managed to stammer more out. “I-I can take you out t-to dinner and we can discuss it?”

“I don’t know,” Asher took a step back. “I’m not sure that would be a good idea-”

“How about lunch tomorrow then?” Judd recovered quickly. “I mean, you’ll be here and I can get you something nice from the company cafeteria.”

“You don’t have to spend your money on me, Judd,” Asher tried to make an excuse.

“No, no trouble at all. My manager benefits cover a certain number of meals a month at the caff and I have extras in case I want to take employees or have lunch meetings.” Judd put his hands together. “Please, don’t make me beg Asher. I can’t have Lucy by the co-manager. She can barely remember how to open a PDF let alone command spread sheets.”

“I’m not sure...” Asher tapped the toe of one of his boots against the carpet.

“The meeting doesn’t even need to be part of your lunch break, so you’ll get an extra forty minutes off the phones.”

“An extra forty minutes?” Asher chuckled. “You think the department could handle my absence that long.”

“No,” Judd chuckled and scratched the back of his head. “But you are really important to me—I mean this, *this* is more important to me than a couple minutes of poor metrics.”

“And I can still say no if I still don’t want it?” Asher looked up through his lashes at his boss.

“Of course,” Judd spread his arms out as though he were calling him in for a hug. “No pressure little man.”

“Okay, I’ll see if you can convince me,” Asher shrugged. “It’ll be nice to have one of those salmon burgers again.”

“It’s a date then,” Judd chuckled. “A meeting.”

“Yup, see you tomorrow,” Asher waived his boss off and headed to the elevators. He scanned his badge and made his way down to the security desk.

Asher wasn’t stupid. He knew Judd had a thing for him from day one. Hell, the interview for the position was the easiest job interview he ever had. He even learned the power of looking up through his lashes at that interview. He swore the guy was going to help him put on his coat and carry him out of the building like a bride by the time they were done. He got the job offer the next day and proved himself an invaluable asset ever since. If anything, to prove to himself he wasn’t just a pretty face.

Asher sighed and scanned his badge on his way out, the security guard nodding at him as he made his way to the bus stop. He went down the steps with practiced ease and did a little hop onto the sidewalk. A shock of pain rolled up his abdomen in protest, his cunt still recovering. Asher just shook it off and headed down the street, but was stopped dead in his tracks.

“Hey there Anal,” Fynx purred darkly.

There, just a few paces down was his bully, the large snow leopard leaning against his Rolls-Royce as the wind took the smoke from his lips. He flicked his half used cigarette away, letting a gust take it and not caring it was still lit. His dark suit accented his body perfectly. Tight jacket and silvery tie, probably the same one he used on him at the reunion, and broad powerful shoulders.

“You didn’t answer any of my calls,” Fynx growled through a cocky grin.

“I...but you didn’t call me...”

“So you *did* notice,” Fynx smirked and gave a little huff. “Bet you’ve been keeping an eye on your phone since I left you yesterday like a giddy school girl.”

“Fuck off Fynx,” Asher stepped aside and marched his way onward.

“The fuck did you just say to me, faggot?” Fynx’s hand gripped the collar of the drake’s sweater, yanking him back and forcing him against the car. Asher’s eyes went wide, his knees went weak as he looked up at the warning flashers of those angry orbs.

“I...nothing...”

“That’s what I thought,” Fynx growled. “Watch your fucking mouth, skank. I’m in a good mood so don’t fucking ruin it.”

Fynx stepped back and opened the door to his car.

“Get in,” he ordered.

“But...I’ve got to go make dinner-”

“You think I can’t afford food?” Fynx bared his fangs in a half smile half snarl. “Get in the fucking car. I’m not going to ask again.”

“I...” Asher felt the predatory gaze of those orange eyes. He simply ducked down into the car.

“Good girl,” Fynx purred, smacking the door shut, the sounds of the city muted and the wind cutting out. As the snow leopard made his way around the car Asher looked out the window and away from the other side of the vehicle, ready to bolt if he needed to, only for the locks on the car to activate and trap him inside.

“Shit...shit shit shit...” Asher tried to grip at the pull locks, but they were sunken into the door, unable to be opened. He smacked the buttons on the handle, but the child locks must have been active.

“Don’t worry miss,” the chauffeur responded. “Nothing to worry yourself about.”

Asher spun around to see a black and white badger behind the wheel.

“I’m a man,” Asher responded.

“For yours *and* my sake, I suggest you be okay being called *miss*,” the badger nodded in his rear view mirror. Before Asher had a chance to ask what he meant, the other door opened.

Fynx came around and sat down, his legs spreading wide as he lounged on the seat.

“Why the hell are you all the way over there?” Fynx nodded his head up to tell the drake to come closer.

“I...I can’t get closer and still be buckled-”

The car rolled into motion, Fynx still unbuckled.

“You think I give a shit?” Fynx half growled, half purred. “Now, be a good girl and come closer to daddy.”

Fuck..., Asher bit his lip before sliding closer, his ass tingling as he realized he was shifting in a moving car, unsecured, and somehow that felt safer than denying Fynx what he wanted.

He sat there and Fynx’s paw came to rest on his far shoulder.

“Good girl,” he purred.

"I...I should really let my roommate know where I am-" Asher was about to pull his phone out when Fynx's claws dug into his shoulder through his sweater.

"If I catch you on your phone talking or texting anyone while you're with me, I'll throw you from this moving car, you hear me?" Fynx let the threat roll out almost like it was some cute sexy talk. Did he think he was being sexy right now?

It worked on both levels for Asher.

Fear crept into his bones and he left his phone in his pocket, his pussy clenching and making him stifle a pained wince.

"Wh-Where are you taking me?"

"Fuck, why so scared Anal?" Fynx smirked pulling Asher closer just as they went over a bump, causing the drake to fall into Fynx's chest. "If you do as I say, and don't pussy out, we're going to have a fun time." Fynx purred, the smell of his chest filling Asher's muzzle, specifically...the warm humid smell of his pit that was burning a warmth into Asher's shoulder.

"I..."

"What?" Fynx growled his question like an angry order.

"I just want to know where we're going." Asher sputtered out, his fear freezing him against that chest.

Fynx paused for a brief moment that felt like an eternity to the drake. The snow leopard gave an upward nod towards the driver, the badger nodding in response.

“We’re going to the mall,” the driver answered as he turned down the street. “Master Fynx has instructed me to be your driver for the evening, so he expects this to be a long night for the two of you.”

“Thank you Carlisle,” Fynx nodded at him again before directing his words to Asher. “If you have any other dumb questions about where we’re going you can always direct it to the driver instead of wasting my time and breath.”

“I...of course,” Asher looked up, his eyes darting down a few times before gliding into Fynx’s gaze.

Fynx’s muzzle was warped into a shallow and annoyed frown, but as their eyes met, the corners of his lips curled up into a sly grin.

“There’s my girl,” Fynx purred and pressed his lips against Asher’s, his free hand coming up to gently cup Asher’s muzzle. Asher didn’t know what to do. If he did the wrong thing he would be punished...even if he did the right thing he might be punished. How was he possibly supposed to navigate this whole thing without being made out as a total dumb slut?!

Fynx already found something dissatisfactory as he broke the kiss to peel back and show a silent snarl on his muzzle. He gripped Asher’s jaw, that gentle cup going to a powerful and threatening power hold that made his jaw ache as those feline claws dug into his cheeks.

“If I ever have to tell you to open your mouth again when I press my lips against yours, you’re going to learn what it feels like to hit pavement going down the street at fifty. You feel me?”

“Y-Yes,” Asher squeaked.

“Good girl,” Fynx snarled, his grip never getting softer, if anything it got tighter electing a little gasp from the drake. That whimpering gasp caused the corners of that snarl to curl upwards and those claws to dig in further to his face, but never enough to really break his skin.

Fynx came in for another kiss and this time Asher’s jaw yielded, shaking open and letting that rough feline tongue into his muzzle. That tongue invaded Asher’s muzzle and slapped his own into action. Fynx’s tongue lulled around Asher’s, his feline sandpaper licks scraping against Asher’s smooth draconic tongue that was already scraped to hell from the skull fucking he got only a couple days ago. Asher found it far easier to dance with that tongue, lulling in the directions it wanted as Fynx took exactly what he desired, but the snow leopard would twist his tongue to intentionally catch it on the drakes to compound his discomfort. Fynx broke the kiss by biting on Asher’s lip, giving it a little nip, but nothing hard enough to break skin.

“Good girl,” he growled and let go of his death grip on Asher’s muzzle, giving him a few pats on the side of his face, but the last one was slightly harder than the other two. Asher gave a little gasp as he was transported back into that bathroom at the hotel, that fist smacking him across the face. Asher came back from his flash back by looking back into those warning flasher eyes, only Fynx was doing something that sent fear down into his heart and warmed his loins.

Fynx was taking in a deep breath through his nose, his lips parted to taste some of the smell as well. A sly grin pulled his muzzle into something dark as a low, rumbling, thunder like purr rolled out of his chest.

“You reek of bitch need, Anal,” Fynx let his husky voice and cigarette breath roll over Asher.
“You really are turned on by me treating you like shit.”

“I...” Asher didn’t know what to say. He simply closed his mouth and swallowed.

“Fuck, if I didn’t know, I wouldn’t ever thought that you were ever a boy,” Fynx chuckled dryly to himself. “Makes me fucking pissed that I never caught on before.”

Fynx leaned back in his seat and lifted his arm up over the backrest. His suit coat was open and the motion exposed his pit, the deepest crevice damp with the sweat from his day. It was just a glance, but Fynx saw Asher’s eyes dip down and he smirked.

“Sniff it,” Fynx gave a cocky grin. “My good girl deserves a little treat.”

“I’m...not a girl,” Asher glanced at the driver. Was he really going to let this happen?!

“You’re whatever I tell you, you are,” Fynx’s voice had an edge to it, but he was still held that cocky grin. “Now, you gunna bite the hand that feeds you, or are you going to take my generous gift? Sniff my pit, pig fucker.”

Asher’s pussy clenched at that, his cunt quivering and stinging in pain. He leaned forward, not wanting the ire of his bully. He crawled, balancing between the dips and turns in the road as he closed in. The shadow of his abuser loomed over him as he crept in closer. Asher felt the sting of not only his pussy, but of his tears trying to come through his eyes. He clenched his eyes shut and he moved in. He took a little whiff and that’s what pulled him in closer. The wafting smell of man, raunchy and sour hidden behind a thin veil of cologne.

The scent of sandalwood and aftershave tainted that particular stink. Asher had smelled it before on other men, but Fynx’s was ripe while also being fresh, deep and musty without being sharp. It was like there was some man scented candle and the warmth and humidity was drawing the drake in. He flinched as the warmth of that damp pit tickled his nose.

“There ya go, now take a deep whiff, fagtard,” Fynx didn’t even need to say anything. Before he even spoke Asher was already taking a deep sniff through his nose. The air humid and hot as it rolled

into his lungs, only the last little wisps of air were unsullied and cool. That air lingered in his throat while the rest of Fynx's manly odor filled his lungs with a muggy heat. Asher was brought back to seeing Fynx's sweaty body back when they were in high school together. The snow leopard's fur matted, droplets of sweat catching the sun like diamonds as he outmatched everyone on the court.

Asher gave a shuddering sigh into that pit, his tongue slipping out of his muzzle. He was in a trance, that smell of sour and bitter man filling his nose. He couldn't help it, the tip of his tongue traced over the seam in that shirt, the expert stitching apparent against his taste buds and teasing his tongue with the sweet salty flavor of man, Alpha man. A stray thread tickled his tongue, the tip of that appendage curling around it like a finger would a chest hair.

Then it was over.

"Good girl," Fynx gripped the back of Asher's head, pulling him up by the scalp to look him in the eyes. As Asher's vision cleared from his lusty haze he saw a much more manly version of Fynx than what his memories of high school held. This Fynx would beat the shit out of his old self and piss on his corpse. This man held more power than ever, and Asher felt that power, that natural dominance his body odor demanded from his loins.

"That's enough for now," Fynx smirked and pressed his lips against Asher's, the drake opening his mouth and letting Fynx taste his own masculinity as it dominated the drake's muzzle. "If you're good on our outing tonight, I might even let you lick it clean you filthy fucktard," Fynx almost spoke directly into Asher's mouth before pulling away to look out the window. The rest of the drive was quiet apart from a few other kisses and roaming hands. Eventually Fynx settled into a comfortable position, Asher was next to Fynx with the snow leopard's hand resting on the flat chest of the drake, Asher's back to that warm and humid pit.

Fynx pulled himself out of the car and offered his hand to Asher, a surprisingly chivalrous gesture. Asher knew better than to deny Fynx by now and shakily brought his hand into his, their fingers gracing one another's and their claws clicking against one another before he was freed from the car with a gentle pull.

"I'll call when we're on our way back," Fynx directed to the badger and threw a couple hundreds at him from his money clip. "Get yourself something nice and a little something extra for the misses."

"Master Fynx," Carlisle cocked a brow. "You know I'm not married."

"Did I say get something nice for your wife or something nice for the misses?" Fynx gave a little cocky grin as he stowed his clip in the inner pocket of his jacket while turning to face Asher. "Come on now babe, let's get you properly dressed."

"I mean...these are my work clothes and-"

"You can leave your bag and scarf with Carlisle," Fynx wasn't even listening to what Asher was saying, just ordering him around as he pulled out his phone. "I got an appointment with one of my girls at Rox for you."

"But...my money is in my bag and-"

"If you bring up the idea of me using your poor, broke ass money again, I'll leave you for dead in the dumpster out back, you hear me? Leave the bag and get a move on. First appointment is in five."

Asher's heart skipped a beat at that before tossing his bag and scarf into the car. Fynx closed it behind him before wrapping an arm around the dragon's waist and sliding his hand into his back pocket.

“That’s a good girl,” Fynx’s powerful claws gripped that round ass through that pocket, three of his fingers fitting in while his pinky and thumb stayed outside. “Like you could afford Rox. Such a dumb bitch. So much easier to just do as daddy says, huh?”

“I...”

Asher gave a little gasp as he felt Fynx’s claws dig into his ass through his pants, those razors digging into flesh.

“So much easier, huh?” Fynx snarled.

“Yes, so much easier,” Asher let the words out, and those sharp claws slowly retraced out of his cheek.

“Good girl,” Fynx purred, his deep husky voice like a soothing coo. “Now keep up. I’m setting up another appointment with one of my girls at Xadia and we’re going to be late to the first one as is.”

“The makeup place?” Asher asked.

“*The makeup place?* That’s what you sound like,” Fynx mocked Asher. “No shit Sherlock. It’s their flagship location. They do professional makeup and spa treatments. I don’t have time to get you fully worked over today, but if you’re a good girl I might treat you to something nice.”

“I...sure,” Asher just followed, being guided by Fynx’s hand. It felt odd walking about in the mall while on someone’s arm, and it might have felt almost good if it were anyone else. The problem was that Asher didn’t feel like a prize being showed off while his escort herded him to his first appointment of the evening, but rather, he felt like a captive being lead to slaughter.

But it was nice to be in a crowded place. Fynx couldn’t do anything too bad unless he wanted criminal charges placed against him. Though, the thought of Fynx going to jail did give Asher a mixed

feeling of loss and relief. He also got a sudden rush when he thought of Fynx getting out on bail to fuck a brat into him before going away, only to be absolved of all his parental duties as a prisoner.

“Oh, Mister Fynx, what a lovely specimen you’ve got for me today,” a tall whooping crane woman greeted them as they entered the fancy parlor of Rox. “You’re right on time, as always.”

“I...I thought we were going to be late.”

“Honey,” the tall woman wore a gorgeous black dress that accented her long and flowing features, the dazzling diamond choker on her neck could be hawked for a small fortune and ran up her swan like neck. “When you’re a VIP the appointment time is always when you arrive.”

“Thanks Venus,” Fynx nodded to the whooping crane. “What do you think would match this kind of dress?” Fynx flashed his phone to the bird and a coy smile played at her lips and bled into her eyes.

“Oh my, pulling out all the stops? What’s the occasion?”

“My girl here never went to Prom when we were back in high school and I want to show her exactly what she missed out on.”

“Such a sweet man,” Venus fanned herself with her feathery fingers. “Must be nice to have such a generous and thought full escort for yourself, huh Miss Ashly.”

Ashly? Now that struck a nerve

“It’s Asher,” the drake corrected the crane with a slight edge, the drake digging his heels into the carpet as if trying to hold back the constant press that he was a woman. “And what dress are you talking about?”

“Ah, so it’s a surprise for the young lady?” Venus smirked, ignoring the drake’s assertions. “Well, we’ll give you a hint here while we look through the private collection.”

“I think you know what I’m looking for,” Fynx smirked. “Something big and durable. Something she can dance in and not worry if the clasp can handle it.”

“I got just the thing,” Venus took the three of them to the back room. Asher was so taken aback by how Venus went along with the him being a girl that he didn’t know what else to do but follow.

The jewelry store’s back was very plain. It almost looked like a safe deposit box room at a bank only the drawers varied greatly in size and shape. Venus went to a cabinet and pulled a key from her fluffy cleavage to unlock it. Behind the cabinet was a safe where she scanned her finger and typed in a code before she could open the display.

“If money is no object, like you said, then these are what you *need*,” she pulled out a black velvet drawer and Asher’s jaw dropped as she showed a gorgeous dazzling necklace made of a bright gold and pink gemstones. The main teardrop gem in the center had to be as large as Asher’s thumb and the coiling golden veins that made the lacing necklace dazzled with diamonds and other pink gems.

“It’s the finest piece we have in the shop that matches what you’re looking for,” Venus brought the necklace over to a showing table and put on some velvet gloves. “Pink and white diamonds in a twenty four karat gold setting with matching earrings and bracelet. Are your ears pierced darling?”

“1...” Asher’s mouth was agape as he looked at the black velvet drawer, the necklace looked like it was covered in cherry blossoms caught in a spiraling wind of gold, the bracelet a strong band of gold and the earrings like twisting cyclones of dazzling gems.

“We’ll take the whole set,” Fynx smirked and took the necklace from Venus and handed her a platinum card. “Why don’t you go ring us up and I’ll dress my girl with it. Really let the whole thing sink

in. Put on all the protection plans and what not. I insure everything.” Venus nodded and left them in the back room.

Fynx came up behind Asher. The necklace tinkled like a wind chime as the links and gems settled on Asher’s throat. “There ya go. Brings out the color in your eyes,” Fynx purred directly into his ear as he turned him to face a mirror. Asher blinked, his topaz eyes accented by the gold, and his hair looked rosier next to the sparkle of the pink diamonds.

Then Asher felt the necklace synch up as Fynx tightened it around his neck.

“What do you say?” Fynx growled lustfully as that necklace continued to get tighter and tighter *and tighter.*

“I...” Asher swallowed wetly as he felt the pressure making him light headed, the grinding of the metal links like small metallic screams. “Thank...you.”

Immediately the necklace relaxed as the clasp was fastened into place, the necklace falling to relief, the shallow outline of its stamp fading slowly.

“Good girl,” Fynx smirked and went back to inspect the matching bracelet. “Next up is a dress fitting.”

“Why?” Asher gasped as he rubbed his neck.

“Why what?” Fynx turned and leaned against the wall of locked cabinets.

“Why are you doing this? You clearly haven’t changed your opinion of me. So why go through all this trouble?” Asher’s brow was creased as he tried to make sense of what was happening. “That necklace must be worth thousands of dollars.”

“You really think it’s *only* worth thousands?” Fynx chuckled. “You really are broke ass bitch, aren’t you, Anal. No, it’s *hundreds of thousands* of dollars, and this is still throw away cash for me.”

“So you just wanted to go out shopping because you have cash to burn?”

“I took you out shopping because I like dolling my girls up, and you never came to prom. I figured I could knock two fantasies out in one go.”

“Fantasies? What is this? Some sort of foreplay?” Asher shook his head and stepped back.

“If you don’t like my gift I can always give you a different necklace,” Fynx came over to Asher, the little drake shrinking back and the snow leopard grinning darkly. In a flash, Fynx had his hand around Asher’s throat, clenching it and keeping the drake pinned to the cabinets behind him. “It wouldn’t be as permanent as diamonds, but I’ve never been that good at making jewelry. I might mess up.” Fynx’s claws extended out of his fingers, the razor blades itching the flesh beneath Asher’s salt white fur. “I might make it too tight, or maybe it’ll cut into something that it shouldn’t. So why don’t you just say thank you and keep up. I’ve got plans for you tonight and they don’t involve your attitude.”

“Is everything all right back here?” Venus came back into the room and Fynx’s hand lost its grip on Asher, slipping behind him and undoing the clasp one handed.

“No, beautiful,” Fynx smirked while pulling the necklace off of Asher’s throat and depositing it in the drawer again. “But do you have cases for these? My girl here doesn’t want to wear them out.”

“Of course Mister Fynx,” Venus gave a little chuckle as she came by with three jewelry boxes for the triple set and a stack of invoices. “That’s what was taking so long. I needed to find the right sized boxes and it took a second for the printer to spit these out. Just need your signature on the highlighted portions.”

“You never cease to amaze me, Venus,” Fynx pulled a custom pen from his coat pocket, the thing looked like it was made of polished mahogany wood with marble grip.

“Well, you know what kind of girl I am,” Venus cooed.

“Girl, if you’re hot to trot, just say so,” Fynx scribbled his name on a few pages. “If you want to be one of my girls, you know where to find me. I know you got my number.”

“As much as I would love the perks,” Venus sighed as she used her velvet gloves to put the pieces of jewelry away one at a time. “I know what kind of man you are and I’m not about to ruin my figure for you. Sorry hun, but I’d rather make your girls dazzle than be one.” She winked at Asher and his skin crawled. Did she *know* how he treated other women? And still went along with it?

“Sounds good to me,” Fynx finished his final signature with a flourish of his pen before capping it and putting it in his suit. “Now bag this up. We have two more appointments and a nice dinner.”

For some reason, knowing the amount of time he had left on this little outing only made Asher’s stomach churn, and his pussy quiver.

What was Fynx planning?