

Pheromones and Dragon Scales

Chapter 7: That's Why you don't Fuck with the Cobb Vamily

- Max -

My growth spurt had become school news by the time I got to Algebra. I heard a few gasps when I got into the classroom, the first time I hadn't been the first student there. There were even some furs that had stopped by Mrs. Rineheart's classroom to watch me walk in. I felt my flesh burn as I walked to my desk in the front of the class, their eyes burning on my back. I heard some giggles and some whispers behind me too low to actually make out the words.

Soon the extra furs started to evacuate the room, only to be replaced with a few other nosy furs. That's when Mrs. Rineheart shooed them out.

"You can talk to the new student after class," she said waving her tinny vole paws at them, standing no taller than three feet she had to shout to get them out through their laughing.

"Mrs. Rineheart," Vanessa said raising her paw in the back of the room. "That's Max. Not the new kid."

"Oh Vanessa, come now, that's not very nice," Mrs. Rineheart gave a high-pitched giggle.

"And why isn't it nice to be me?" I looked over at her a little hurt. I instantly knew why and I groaned.

"Oh!" she squeaked, "Max!" she gasped, "is that really you?"

“Yes, Melissa, it’s me,” I groaned and put my muzzle in my paw. I was the only kid she told her real name to. I could practically see her flesh burn beneath her fur.

“Oh, dearie,” she started. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean anything by it.”

“I know,” I grumbled pulling my muzzle out of my paws and taking a deep breath. “I’m sorry I snapped at you.”

“No,” she said putting her paw on my arm, “I understand son.” She said in a sympathetic tone. A little too sympathetic for the situation, but I shrugged the feeling off accepting it.

“Ok,” she said waving the rest of the students out of the room. “Get to class you little delinquents. Before I make this week’s extra credit an assignment.”

Well, I have to give Mrs. Rineheart credit for being able to clear a room. I mouthed a thank you and a light smile spread on my muzzle.

“At least we know you can still smile dearie,” she beamed at me and a knock on the door pulled her away.

“Oh, get to class you blood suckers,” she said opening the door and she jumped. “Oh, sorry dearie,” she apologized. “I forgot you were coming.”

“Um...” I heard a voice behind the door. “D-D-Did I do something wrong?”

“No dearie,” she said in an exhausted sigh. “It’s just that, well, don’t worry sunshine. I’m not mad at you.”

“Oh...Okay,” I heard the voice mumble again.

“Okay dearie,” she said taking the stranger’s paw. “Just come in and I’ll introduce you.”

Mrs. Rineheart pulled the new student into the room, and I felt my jaw drop. A majestic eastern dragon with salty white scales followed the little vole, bending over to keep his hold on her paw. His whiskers undulated slowly and the flowing sapphire feathers on his head rolled down into his blue hoodie. His salt white tail trailed behind him and waved like water. His feathers trailed down his tail and bloomed into a feathery plume. When he reached the front of the class, Mrs. Rineheart let go of his paw, the black claws coiling back into the sleeves of his hoodie, and he pulled up his baggy khaki pants with his other paw.

“This is Baxley Cobb,” she announced. “He’s visiting us from Miami for the rest of the fall semester. Why don’t you tell us a little something about yourself?”

“Um...” he said bringing up his paw to scratch behind the onyx nubs on the top of his head. I surmised it was the roots of his antlers, but it looked as if he shaves and files them down. “I’m not really used to being in such a cold place.” He chuckled and I could have sworn I saw his breath. “I like to draw...” he said nervously as he adjusted the sketch pad under his arm with his algebra book.

“Do you want to show us a picture you’ve drawn?” Mrs. Rineheart asked completely enthralled, “I see you brought your sketch pad,” she said.

“Yeah!” Natalie said in the back of the room, a female roo in a cheer uniform said skeptically, “Show us what you can do.”

“Um...” he fumbled for his sketch pad and pulled it out, his algebra book falling to the floor. “Oh!” he bent down to pick up his book and put it back under his arm, a few giggles from the back of the room could be heard.

“Okay,” he said opening his sketchpad and flipping through a few pages, some sketches and drawings draping over the back of the pad and I could tell that he wasn’t really all that great at drawing...but I was soon proved wrong.

“I’ve been working on this for a while,” he said flipping the book around and the whole class gasped. An oil painting of a black orchid practically bled from the paper, the inner most spot of it blue instead of the usual red.

“It looks like a photo!” one of the artsy students exclaimed and Natalie stopped looking at her nails to gawk at the painting.

“It’s not done yet,” he said pointing to the lines where he had drawn another orchid next to it, “this one I want to make white with a red center, and I still need to work out the lighting for the background.”

He gingerly took the corner of the page and flipped to the next page with a colored pencil drawing of a bedroom in an apartment.

“This,” he started. “Is a doodle of my bedroom back in Miami.” he said pointing to the window in the back of the room. “I used realism and the rising sun in the background as the vanishing point for everything. I really like to...um...draw things with straight lines so I don’t have to work so hard on the shading.”

“Um, Baxley,” Scarlet, a spotted blond mouse raised her hand, her face fur smudged with chalk from her resent art project. “What type of medium did you use?”

“Um...” he looked back at the picture of his room. “Just some cray-pas.” He smirked and scratched the back of his head.

“Oh,” she sighed. “I’ve been trying so hard to get good with those!”

“Well,” Baxley started. “It’s not really that hard when you can smudge it yourself. It’s almost like using a tablet,” then he gave a nervous chuckle. “The clean-up is a pain in the butt though, took forever to wash the stuff off my hands.”

Scarlet giggled in a high-pitched mousy squeak and Baxley blushed and looked down at his pad and closed it up.

“I think that’s enough sharing for now,” Mrs. Rineheart decided. “Baxley, you can sit down right here next to Max.”

“Oh! Baxley!” Natalie’s paw shot into the air. “What is it like in Miami?” she wiped out a question to hold off the inevitable algebra assignment.

“Uh…”

“No,” Mrs. Rineheart said, “you can talk with Baxley after class. We have a lot of notes to get through.”

With a huff, Natalie got out her notebook. I did the same as Baxley sat down beside me. I noticed he was looking around for a notebook and turned up empty.

“Here,” I said opening up my book and tearing out some pages and handed them to him, “you can copy them into another notebook later.”

“Th-Thank you,” he said before looking up. He gave a little gasp and a gulp as he took the pages from my paw. His ocean blue eyes glittering before he blinked and shook his head, the scales on his muzzle turning a light rosy pink.

“No problem,” I said blushing myself. I turned to absorb back into the lesson, and tried to ignore my throbbing cock. I would steal a glance over to look at the new kid and every time my cock would throb, and sometimes I even caught him looking back.

I leaned over to him after we were done with notes and whispered, “I’m Max by the way.”

“Oh,” he blushed. “I thought he was Max.” he said his eyes darting over to John, a hyena.

“Nope,” I said chuckling a little and I saw Baxley blush. “Don’t worry about it. I’m kind of used to being unnoticed.”

“Well,” he started. “I certainly noticed you.”

It was my turn to blush, “Uh...what?”

Baxley’s scales burned scarlet and the bell rang.

“I uh...,” he jumped out of his seat. “I got to go.” And he couldn’t have walked out of the room any faster and he was gone before I could gather up my stuff.

I sat down at an empty lunch table with my lunch in front of me, but my table quickly became occupied as a few girls came over and started to make conversation...something that had never happened before. Some girls walked by, giggled and walked on and went back to their tables across the room, surely checking out to see if what Vanessa had posted on her scratch-post was true. It was actually nice for a change to get a few people at my table, Mike and Mick walked by, but with a glare that they painfully returned they went over to the jock table.

“Hey,” Molly, a dolphin started. “I heard that the new guy is really cute, and I mean *really* cute.”

“He has some brothers,” Scarlet chimed in. “Twins actually. Some polar bears and I hear they are capital H-O-T hot!”

“Ugh!” Molly groaned. “Like we need another pair of deviants.”

“I heard the same thing,” Jordan a ring tail sitting next to her said picking up where Scarlet left off. “I saw Baxley in the halls actually. He really is cute. He’s a dragon like you Max.”

“Oh really,” I said blushing a bit. “I hadn’t noticed him.”

“You must be blind.” Scarlet said. “He was sitting right next to you in algebra this morning. He was introduced to us right in front of your muzzle. How could you have missed him?” She took a bite of her soy burger, the rest of the eyes were on me.

“I guess I’m just a little too self-absorbed,” I said a little too fast and Molly rose an eyebrow.

“Yeah?” she rolled her eyes. “Ok Max, whatever.” I ignored her and took a swig of my chocolate milk.

“Where is he anyway?” Jordan asked.

“I saw him going into the bathroom at the start of lunch,” Scarlet stated matter-of-factly.

I practically gaged on my milk, “He did what?”

Scarlet looked at me like I was crazy and repeated what she said slowly.

“I saw him going into the bathroom at the start of lunch? What of it?”

I bolted up and ran to the bathroom. I pushed the door open and it was completely vacant except for some sobs coming from the farthest stall. I walked over to see Baxley crumpled on the floor,

his sweater soaked down and his sketch pad dripping multicolored water as he pulled it out of the toilet. It was reduced to a swirling tie-dye mess.

Baxley looked up at me and rage filled his face.

“GO AWAY!” he sobbed and threw his sketch pad at me. I fumbled it in my paws and caught it and I turned and grabbed some paper towels from the dispenser and went back to his stall.

“Leave me alone!” he sobbed and pushed me away, but I just brushed him off.

“Baxley,” I shouted. “I’m trying to help.”

“I don’t want your help!” He shouted. “I can take care of myself.”

“Oh really?” I said standing up and gesturing to his sweatshirt. “It looks like you’re doing a pretty good job of it.”

Baxley tried to stare me down or up...whatever, but his muzzle slowly broke and he started to sob again.

“I’m sorry,” he murmured and I got down on my knees and handed him the paper towels. He started sponging off the water, starting with the feathery down that was plastered to his head. Then he did something I didn’t think he would do and lunged for me and wrapped his arms round me and sobbed into my chest. I was shocked, I didn’t know what to do other than to wrap my arms around him.

“Don’t worry...it’ll be okay,” I managed to find some words of comfort.

I looked down at the dragon, and it reminded me of someone. Me, in the same exact position only without anyone to help. But Baxley wasn’t alone right now, and I wasn’t powerless. Rage plumed in my stomach.

“Who did this to you?” I growled a little more forcefully than I wanted to, but it didn’t matter. Baxley didn’t hear me. I gently pulled him up to his feet and he stepped away to blow his nose.

“What did you say?” He sniffed. I calmed myself before answering.

“Who did this to you,” I asked in a more sympathetic tone.

“I don’t know,” he took a few deep breaths, shaking a bit. “I don’t know his name, but he was a rhino.”

“Noah,” I growled under my breath. “I guess he’s picking up Chad’s bullying duties.”

“What?” Baxley asked as he swiped another tear from his muzzle.

“Don’t worry,” I assured him. “Here, you can have my sweatshirt so you won’t get laughed at when you leave, and so you can go get some lunch.” I pulled off my black sweatshirt and handed it to him. “And here, give me your wet clothes, I’ll throw them in the school dryer so you can go home with them.”

“Are...are you sure?” he asked and sniffed. Baxley looked at the sweatshirt and back at me.

“Yeah,” I said with a warm smile. With that Baxley went into the stall to change and after a few minutes I was holding his sopping wet clothes.

“Thanks Max.” he sniffed me as I handed him back his sketch book.

“Don’t worry about it. Just don’t go into the bathroom when the rest of the football team has their shlongs out to piss. They get a little homophobic.”

Baxley blushed a little, “Um...” he started, “are you...homophobic?”

I blushed and before I could answer Baxley turned bright pink and bolted out of the bathroom. I shook my muzzle and started the walk to the locker room.

I peeked into the locker room to see if it was empty and was satisfied to see it was deserted. I slinked over to the laundry room behind the showers and opened up one of the unused dryers and threw the sopping clothes in. They might shrink but they were a little baggy before, at least he'll be going home with dry clothes.

I went to one of the benches to wait for the dryer to do its job. I sat there, brooding in my anger.

"Those fucking assholes," I growled, heat rolling out of my muzzle. The air around it rippling from the sudden rise in temperature. "How could they do that to the new kid? How could they do that to anyone? To take something so precious to him and just throw it in the toilet, rejecting him and hurting him just because he saw your dicks when you were showing them off."

I looked down at my paws, curled into fists and I gently relaxed them, the marks in my palms from my claws slowly fading as I let my rage subside for a minute. Only to have it bloom in my chest again. That's when I realized that I needed to take down the football team. Whatever it takes! I'm not the same helpless little Max from before. I have the power now, the power to do it.

A wicked grin slowly spread across my muzzle as my paws made fists again. They are going to pay for every last thing they did to me, and for every last thing they did to everybody who wasn't popular. I couldn't help it, but I gave off a dark chuckle.

"What's so fucking funny Max?" I jumped out of my skin, that voice.

"Brian..." I breathed out the name.

“Yeah faggot,” he huffed and snorted. I turned to see him standing in the doorway wearing some gray, baggy, basketball shorts and a yellow tank top.

“You putting more of your gay shit in our underwear,” he growled as he started to walk over.
“Fuck me up more?”

“Brian, what are....” And my tongue dried up as I looked up at the teen titan. He looked down at me with rage in his eyes and grabbed me. His massive hands took fistfuls of my shirt and his thick nails scratched my chest. With lightning speed he threw me against the lockers with a loud bang.

My head rolled for a minute, my vision fogging over and my ears ringing before everything came back into focus, only to have something shoved in my muzzle.

“The fuck did you do with your underwear?” he shouted, shoving the fabric in my face. It all clicked into place. My pheromones!

“Brian...Mmm!” he muffled me with my underwear. I bit down on Brian’s fingers and he shouted in pain and banged my muzzle against the locker. I saw stars. I had to stop this before he scrambled my brain!

“What did you do to me!” he shouted.

I spat out the underwear, “I’ll tell you,” I gasped. “Just stop.”

“So you did do something,” he sighed in relief. “How do I stop it. How do I stop the dreams, the urges? Tell me now!” he demanded.

“Let me go and I will.” I gasped. Brian looked deep into my eyes, his filled with rage. He eventually put two and two together, realizing that if he beat me to death he wouldn’t ever get his cure. The vice-grip of Brian’s hand relaxed and pulled away.

“Fine,” he snorted.

I pulled away and coughed a bit, clearing my throat and gasping for air. I gave myself a moment to take in the situation, and it didn't look good.

“I...I need a moment,” I gasped out.

“You don't have a moment, fag.” He snorted. “Tell me how to reverse this now or I'll fucking beat your brains in.”

“If you so much as lay another hand on me you'll never get your cure.” I bluffed. I don't even know if there is a cure.

“Don't threaten me, Max, or-”

“Or what?” I spat at him, “Or what?” I said in a more exasperated tone. “You'll beat me up? You'll drown me in a toilet? You'll beat my brains in? Is that it?” I stared him down.

“Whatever it takes to beat the cure out of you fag,” he growled.

“Ha,” I laughed at him. “I don't think you appreciate the gravity of the situation Brian,” I said with as much bravado as I could muster. “You can't get what you want unless I give it to you, and there is only one cure.”

Brian's eyes darted around, looking at me at every angle to see if I was bluffing. I couldn't help but smile as the hope drained from his eyes.

“Where is the cure?” He gave a snort and looked back at me with his own bravado.

I only had one move. It was simple, but Brian looked desperate. I had ample amount of pheromones brewing in my stuffy pants from meeting Baxley this morning. I gave a sly smile and pointed down to my jeans.

“It’s in my underwear,” I half expected Brian to call my bluff. Instead he lunged at me and grabbed at my pants, tearing off the button and breaking the zipper.

“Where is it, where is it!” He shouted as he grabbed the elastic of my underwear and yanked it till it tore off, my cock flopping out, pre and musky pheromones released into the air. As soon as I smelt it, I heard Brian give a loud whinny and collapse onto the floor with my torn underwear in his hand, shoving it into his muzzle.

“Oh God!” he moaned, “It’s so much better when it’s warm!” he rubbed it against his muzzle, snorting and taking in deep breaths through his nose.

“Oh, that was too close,” I gave a sigh of relief. I leaned back against the lockers and slid down till my legs were on either side of Brian as he shoved the underwear into his muzzle.

“Oh boy,” I chuckled. “What Nathan would give to see this.”

Brian stopped his sniffing to look up at me.

“What on earth did you do to me?” He snorted the underwear between sentences. “Why do I want it so bad? Why...do I feel so bad?” I saw a tear slowly rolling down his muzzle. I chuckled and stood up.

“Because, I’m forcing empathy on you Brian. You see, I’ve hit what you might call ‘dragon puberty.’ The thing is, anyone who breaths in my pheromones becomes my servant, but you, just because you resisted so much, you’ll be my little slave.”

I lifted my foot and put it on his muzzle, pushing down and grinding into his face. Instantly I heard him moan, his shorts tented, his thick massive monster of a cock pushing the fabric to its limits.

“Oh Maxter...oh Master!” he groaned and started to lap at my foot, his flexible tongue slurping and lapping up between each toe. His fat lips kissed and sucked at the sole as I continued to grind it against his muzzle.

“It smells so good!” he said with a nicker.

“Good,” I growled as I curled my toes to scratch his face with my toe claws. “Then you know your place. Little musk faggot.” He shivered and gasped, responding much quicker to my pheromones than anyone else had.

“Yes, Master,” he continued to worship my foot as I leaned into him. “I’m your subby little bitch, yes!”

“Don’t get so excited skank,” I warned, lifting my foot up and stomping down, grinding hard onto that horse’s muzzle. I was rewarded with a gasp of pain. “You’ve been a bad, *bad* bitch lately.”

“I’ll do whatever it takes Master,” He started to whimper as he begged. “I’ll be your good little bitch. I’ll flex for you,” he offered. His muscles rippled as he rolled his pecks under his shirt. “I’ll lick your feet clean? I’ll even,” he took a deep gulp, his cock pissing pre from the musk between my toes. “I’ll fucking bend over and let you fucking rape my ass...oh shit.” He came, his horse dick shooting thick streams of cum straight through his athletic shorts and onto the cement. “Please master, anything for your forgiveness. Cumming does nothing for me anymore, it just makes the urges worse...please.” He started to whimper again.

I gave a low growl as my member grew up to full mass, pulsing and bobbing in the air as I leaned down to look at my horny and desperate bitch.

“Is that so?” I asked and let up off his muzzle and went over to sit on the bench. Brian had lifted himself up to his knees, looking at me with pleading eyes. I gave a growl.

“Do I have to tell you how to do everything! Get your bitch ass over here!” I shouted and he was over in a flash, his speed amazing.

I grabbed onto that mane of his, my claws digging into the flesh beneath the fur as I guided him to my cock.

“Your mouth is now my cock holster. Suck it bitch, and don’t you dare hold back. If you want your Master’s forgiveness you better suck like a pro.”

Brian didn’t waste any time and instantly went down and sucked up my cock to the hilt. I moaned, only to have my toes curl as he even took in my sack without gagging. I let out a cry and stomped my foot in the sheer pleasure of having my cock taken in so fast. Pleasure shot through me and down my sack and up my spine and a massive wad of pre shot down into Brian’s throat. He greedily gulped it down. His fat lips stretched out as he pulled back and sucked hard on all my inches, never once letting any part of my onyx member out of his maw as he did so. He pushed back down, shoving his nose into my groin and taking in my scent before he sucked down hard again, pleasure shooting through me as his thick horse tongue lulled and lapped over the base of my dick.

“Fuck!” I threw back my head and moaned. I grabbed onto his ears and started to forcefully thrust into his muzzle. He didn’t miss a beat as he sucked hard each time I pulled out and letting me enter him freely with each forceful thrust in. I shivered and my wings furrowed as pleasure tingled up my spine and through my wing tips. I slowly laid back down on the bench, Brian desperately sucking on my cock the whole time sending untold pleasure through my meat stick.

Brian snorted in delight as he inhaled my crotch musk once again and he gave a low whinny. I arched my back as I fucked into his muzzle, my legs pushing together to force him down on my cock and to wedge that suckling muzzle in-between my now strong thighs. The feeling was amazing, to have this kind of power of such a stallion, such a brute, such a stud. I gave another rock of my hips before I laid back down on the bench and pulled Brian off of me by pushing against his chest with my foot. He fell back on his ass and I sat up. I looked down at Brian, his legs spread and cum dripping down his shorts. He must have come again while he was sucking me, the thought of making the biggest stud in school bust a nut by sucking me off made me throb.

“Okay slut,” I said as I spread my wings to make myself look bigger. “Strip for your master. Rip those clothes right off your body.”

Brian didn't waste any time, he grabbed his tank top with both fists and pulled. His muscles corded and his shirt resisted for a minute, before tearing in two. His chest was freed from the confines of his shirt. He still let the tattered shirt hang on his frame like a sexy vest as he stood up, the limp fabric sliding off of one of his arms and hanging loose off the other. He shook his mane, his locks flying in wild strands. His shoulders and deltas bulged and rippled with each movement and. That did it for the shirt. The rest of it fell to the floor in a heap as he hooked his thumbs into the elastic of his shorts and pulled, his pecks and abs bulging. The elastic was stretched to the breaking point and beyond and with a snap, his shorts and jock strap fell to the floor, the elastic broken in a shear show of power.

When he finished, Brian was panting, and not from tearing his clothes off. His massive two-foot monster pulsed with its faired tip oozing cum. The molted shaft was dark brown on the bottom and bright pink on the top and his sack hung low with two massive orbs sloshing with seed. I gasped at the sight, the massive sex machine in front of me panting, and awaiting my orders, and I knew just what to say.

“Does my little slut want to be ridden?” I said as I stood up and walked over to him, sandwiching his cock between his chest and mine. My cock pulsed against his searing horse flesh. I reached around and grabbed his bubble but and he let out a loud whinny.

“Yes Master!” he shouted, but that’s all he did, he didn’t dare move without his Master’s order.

“Then get on all fours, like a good broken stud, and flick that chastity flap you call a tail out of my fucking way.” I growled and gave his ass a slap and he obeyed without question.

“Let’s see if we can break your saddle in,” I smirked. I reached down and picked up the shredded tank top. I looked back to see Brian on all fours, his tail brushed to the side as one of his hands fanned his sculpted cheeks to present me his pulsing pucker. His shaft pulsed against the tiled floor in a growing mess of pre and cooling cum.

I growled at the sight, my cock shot a rope of pre across Brian’s back. He whinnied in delight at the warm slap of pre and he shook his ass back and forth enticing me to move forward. His fingers spreading the tight ring of muscle farther open for my inevitable entry. I blinked and growled in pleasure as I gripped onto the arm holes of the shirt and twisted it up so it was a taunt rope. I threw it forward over Brian’s head.

“Bight on it slut,” I growled. “If I’m going to ride my good little pony's pussy, you’ll need some reigns for me to hold onto to.”

Brian shivered and bit down on it. I growled in delight as I positioned my head between those thick fingers. I pushed forward and Brian tensed up, waiting for the entry, but I pulled back. My barbs dug into his fingers and pleasure poured through my body, my sack tingling with as much pleasure as one of my old orgasms. When I pulled away, Brian snorted and pushed back and my cock slid up on the

back of his hand. I gave a feral hiss and slapped his ass hard, my claws digging into the flesh beneath the fur.

“You’ll get my cock when I tell you you’ll get my cock!” I growled and jerked back on the reigns making him arch up a bit and whimper.

“Now,” I growled, “are you going to be a good mare for Master?” I growled as I kept the tension on the reigns with one hand and kept my claws imbedded in his flesh with the other.

Brian whimpered out an “Uh hu.”

I let up on the reigns and grabbed my achingly hard cock and repositioned it again at his pucker and pushed forward. My cock leaked pre fast enough to lube it up as I started to pry open my slutty pony. I shivered as the cold air brushed against my nipples. As soon as I knew I could push my tip in without guiding it, I moved my paw to play with my nipple, the nub of flesh burning with arousal and already leaking out juices as I teased Brian with less than the tip of my cock.

“Oh that’s a good little pony,” I growled as I pushed my tip into his tight pucker, the muscle yielding to its Master’s desires as I continued my way onto an unconquered frontier.

Brian let out a whinny and his ass clamped down on my tip, pleasure rocketing through my shaft and through my sack before making my body shiver in pleasure. My hips gave an unexpected thrust forward as my body involuntarily moved towards the pleasure, the feeling of my barbs sinking into my bitch sent untold pleasure flooding through me. It made me thrust again, and again. Soon enough, I was quickly humping into my little horsy slut, riding him like a champion breeding mare.

“Gidiup,” I growled as I slapped his ass, and as soon as I did he started to counter thrust, forcing his own ass farther and farther apart as he let my rod pry him open, his cries muffled by the reigns in his muzzle. Drool dripped out of his muzzle, that shirt a mess of his need already.

Brian started to gyrate into his counter thrusts, his hungry ass desperately trying to please his master as I worked my rod deeper and deeper into that virgin bitch's hole. His body shivered, sending vibrations down my sensitive rod and making every small movement heaven. My muscles tensed and I felt a pre-orgasm rip through me, my pre shooting up into my steer's ass. Brian whinnied and reared up, his cock spewing his seed all over the floor, shooting into the showers five feet away.

My muscles started to relax, but they felt tighter somehow, I looked down to see that as they relaxed, my muscles would push out and roll on more muscle. I looked on in shock as my muscles grew before my eyes, my veins pulsing and cording over them. Power pulsing just beneath the scaly flesh. I growled and a shot of pleasure ran through my wings. Each fingered tip of those wings bursting with pleasure like some orgasm that had been building since Friday had finely overflowed. I gasped out and flapped my wings, stretching them out, and out and out. My wingspan stretched to new lengths as the pleasure bloomed from them.

It didn't take long for the pleasure to subside enough for me to turn my head and see that onyx claws had formed on the tips of each of my wings' fingers, and on the elbowed joint. They felt different somehow though. I folded them back up and I looked closer at the elbowed joint and saw that there were two claws. I focused on them for a second and I blinked in surprise as they twitched. I instantly felt the nerve endings in my wings shift as I could manipulate the small claws on the joint of my wings as if they were primitive hands. The rest of them just looked like bad ass spikes, but I felt a sort of power run through me as I observed my new wicked looking appendages.

I gave a wicked chuckle as I launched my new claws forward and sunk them into Brian's shoulders, the claws twitching a bit with unused muscle. They hooked on his shoulders as I grabbed onto his hips, his reigns still in hand. I thrustled wildly into him. Brian gave a surprised snort then started to pant as he realized his work wasn't done.

“That’s right Brian,” I growled. “Keep working that slutty hole you call an ass. I’m going to beat that hole like a rented mule! Soon enough you’ll get what’s coming to you.” I gave his ass another slap and he snorted as his muscles bulged and corded up with power, working to pleasure his master and tear apart his ass in the process. “A nice big sloppy cum drop in my new cum-dump.” I growled.

Brian’s ears twitched and he let out a moan, muffled by the reigns as he snorted and worked harder, bucking his body back and forth as he desperately worked my shaft. My barbs dug into his flesh and scraped against his prostate. Brian’s cock never stopped beating with arousal after his orgasm, it kept its iron hard state straight through, fueled by the feeling of being a good little bitch, of having my cock up his ass.

I growled as I let go of his hips and pulled back on the reigns, making him rear up as I thrust into him over and over. His tight, virgin, hole was milking my cock and making it pulse with vigor. The pleasure was reaching its paralyzing point, I wasn’t going to be able to keep this up. I started to thrust wildly into Brian, my cock tripping over its signals as I forced them out with each thrust. The pleasure came in bursts and made my thrusts irregular and animalistic. My heartbeat against my chest with a driving force. I pulled harder on the reigns, making Brian rear farther up, and I kept pulling until I rolled onto my back and he rolled onto my cock and going balls deep with a loud slap.

I panted, trying to catch my breath in the musky air, but as I got up to talk to Brian, my nipples brushed against his fur and I let out a cry as pleasure rolled through my chest.

“Fuck!” I cried out in ecstasy, my body tensing up as the mere breathing motion Brian made sent bolts of pleasure through my chest as his fur moved and brushed against me. My body started to tense up all over, I could barely move, but I managed one quick motion to tell Brian to get his ass moving, literally. I gave his plump round ass a quick slap and he instantly got the message as he arched his back and started to ride like a bucking bronco. He whinnied as he rode my cock, the member raking his inner

walls, his movements so fast that he inverted my barbs so that they were constantly pushing against his love tunnel. I let out a moan as my hands moved to my nipples, the light touch making me tense up, my back arching and my wings furrowing in pleasure. I was getting close, so fucking close! I could feel my edge coming and it was going to be massive.

Brian didn't let up for a second, as a matter of fact, he sped up. His agility was astounding, and it only built as he poured it on. I opened my eyes to look down my chest, the muscles pulsing and twitching all over my body as they prepared for orgasm. My sack slowly drawing up as I watched my hips involuntarily piston into Brian's ass. His hole contoured to the exact shape of my shaft as it gripped and pulled, my pre lubing his cheeks as they smacked against my hips. With a final thrust I felt it, my arms and wings snapped to attention as they wrapped around Brian possessively, as I came.

Once again I was floating in that world of white, pleasure humming in my ears as my cock throbbed and filled my new bitch with my seed. I looked down to see my cock the member pulsing a bit and growing longer as the barbs elongated and became thicker. A new set of barbs started to form just below the first ring, energy pulsing through them as I filled my new bitch.

My vision started to clear a bit, the blinding white becoming a thinning fog as colors and shapes took form again. I felt Brian on top of me, his back fur matted down with his sweat and my nipple's orgasm. Brian shivered, the motion sending aftershocks of pleasure down my cock.

"That's a good bitch." I moaned as I pushed up on Brian and he rolled us onto our side, his ass cheeks clenched tightly together to keep my cock imbedded in his ass.

"Oh Master," he moaned. "That, that was amazing."

"Of course Brian," I started. "Being fucked by your master is the most pleasurable experience you will have from now on as you work for my forgiveness."

Brian shivered and whimpered a bit, "I...I thought that you forgave me when you..."

"You'll know when you've earned my forgiveness," I growled.

"Okay Master," he snorted in a sighing fashion. "I understand."

I could have humped that ass all day, but the longer I stayed, the bigger the chance at being caught. I pulled out, Brian moaning as my barbs scraped against his sensitive love buttons. With a squelch, my dick was free. Brian kept his pucker clenched tight to keep my nut inside, but despite his hold a little dribble of cum ran down one of his plump ass cheeks. I then got up on my feet, my knees shaking, as I worked my way over to the wall. Brian's big hands came to steady me. I looked up at the monstrously huge teen and smiled a bit.

"Thanks," I breathed. "Let's go take a quick shower, wash off the smell of sex."

Brian nodded and scooped me up in his arms with a big grin on his muzzle as he carried me into the shower to clean up.

"I'll make it as pleasurable as possible for you Master," he nickered as his bare feet slapped against the floor.

After another orgasm and a real shower later, I told Brian the ropes of being a servant and what he could and couldn't do while we were in public. He was reluctant to the idea that he couldn't worship me all the time, but he eventually saw reason.

It was about the end of eighth hour, and I was still carrying around Baxley's clothes. It turns out that we only shared first hour together. I was thinking about how I was going to get his clothes back to him, but I kept missing him at his locker. I never knew you could just talk to any girl and find out who's

locker was who's. It's strange what information they knew, I barely knew Vanessa was my locker neighbor.

I was gathering up my English homework and I overheard something about the Cobb brothers and that I could find them in the parking lot after school. Hopefully I could catch them before they left. I heard the bell ring and the other students flooded out of the room. I left at the back of the line. I rushed to my locker and all the while I kept hearing the buzz of the Cobb brothers and the parking lot as I dialed my locker combo. It was nice not having to take a questionnaire this time.

It seemed like everyone was headed to the parking lot to get a word in with the Cobb brothers before they left. I hadn't even met Baxley's older brothers. Apparently they were his adopted brothers from one of the refugee camps up at the North Pole. I can only imagine what hell they went through before the Cobb family brought them down from that frozen hell.

I grabbed some notebooks and shoved them into my backpack. I closed my locker and started to jog down the halls to get to the parking lot. The halls were already thinning and I didn't want to miss them. I burst through the double doors and instantly saw the ring of students crowded around a jeep. That was a new car for sure. I gripped tighter on the clothes, feeling a little self-conscious about giving clothes back to another student, but I shrugged it off and started to walk over.

I had to wedge and weave my way between the crowd, and it wasn't easy with my new size. I reached up till I was about two or three rows of people away from breaking the ring when I saw them. The two polar bear Cobb brothers stood by the jeep wearing some khaki shorts, blue flip flops for their massive bare foot paws, and black tank tops that contoured their washboard abs. They were hot! The stereotypical bear-belly was gone and replaced with massive pecs and eight packs that were easily visible through their thick fur and shirts. Both had a pair of sunglasses, one had his drawn over his eyes and the other had his on the top of his head.

The two were standing with their arms crossed and their teeth bared.

“Just apologize Noah,” one of them said to the rhino on the other side of the circle. “That way, we can all go home tonight with all our teeth in our maws.”

“HA!” Noah blurted out. “Your brain must have been fucked up by the high altitude up north in your igloo. I have no idea what you’re talking about. Whatever that fag is saying he’s lying.”

“I guess the little fag needs a couple of bodyguards for nude models to get his rocks off!” Nick said, his cheetah pelt shimmering as always. The other brother uncrossed his arms and got down on one knee.

“Just remember you two asked for this,” the polar bear growled as he put a fist to the ground.

“Oh, what are you going to do?” Noah started. “Surrender us into submission, Bradley!”

“Nope,” the other bear answered as he took a few steps back, kicking his flip flops off. “We’re not going to waste time knocking you out. We need to get our little bro home before dinner.”

I instantly saw what this was, it wasn’t some greeting in the parking lot or some welcome party, this was a fight. The brothers were going to get their asses kicked! Noah and Nick had the rest of the football team behind them, including Mike, Mick, and Brian. There was no way they were going to win. I wanted to stop it all, but I had no idea how. Then I saw a tuft of blue feathers flash out of the corner of my eye. I turned to look at the jeep, Baxley in the back seat, curled up in the fetal position, his water damaged notebook next to him.

I started to make my way to the jeep, pushing through the crowd as quickly as I could. I pushed up against the blue hull of the vehicle and maneuvered my way around until I was pushed up against the side door. I looked into the car, Baxley curled up in the back seat, his chest lightly heaving from sobs as

he tried to hold them in. I instantly felt bad for the guy, his brothers were going to get creamed and their lives at school would be over before they even started.

“Baxley,” I whispered, but he didn’t hear me. “Baxley!” I whispered again and this time he heard me and his head jerked to look at me. His eyes were wild with fear, probably for being seen crying. As soon as he recognized it was me though, he calmed down, sniffed, and wiped his face.

“You have to stop them! They’ll bust them to pieces!” Baxley begged.

“I don’t think anything can stop them,” I looked at him in concern. “The football team is usually just bravado. They won’t actually do any real damage.”

“No,” Baxley shook his head furiously. “I’m not worried about Bradley and Clovis. I’m worried about what they’ll do to them!”

“What?” That’s all I managed to get out.

I looked up just in time to see Clovis make his move. He ran forward and looked like he was about to trip over his brother, but he ran up his back and jumped off his shoulder! He built up so much speed so quickly it was almost unbelievable as he soared through the air headed straight for Noah and Nick. Clovis roared as his massive frame bore down on the two jocks, shading them in his jump and coming down on them in an aerial clothesline; knocking them to the ground. Before I could see what happened Bradley had already done the same maneuver only jumping more forward and tackling the rest of the team behind the two and making them fall like bowling pins in some hell bent game of leapfrog! The last jock standing was Vincent who was standing off to the side. Clovis got up, ran and jumped off of his brother and used the extra momentum to swing his foot paw out and nail him right in the face in a flying kick.

The entire football team was brought to the pavement in less than ten seconds. The crowd that had gathered was completely stunned. Nobody moved as the two brothers got up and snorted and spat, the jocks recoiling in surprise. A dark grin took on the twin's muzzles as they got up and brushed themselves off. They then both walked back to their side of the now broken circle, picked up their glasses and put back on their flip flops in the stunned silence.

"You're driving," Bradley said as he pulled a key chain from his pocket and threw it to his brother already walking to the other side.

"Kay," his brother replied as if nothing happened. Just a regular Monday where you crush a two-on-six fight with no issue.

They both grabbed onto the open frame of the jeep and climbed into the car effortlessly. They were so weirdly in sync that their seatbelts clicked at the same time. They both looked back at Baxley to see if he was buckled in. I froze in fear, desperately hoping they didn't look at me, but of course they did. Their muzzles moved in unison as if they were one being and it kind of freaked me out.

"Hey!" Clovis said behind the wheel, "you're Max, right?"

I only managed a nod.

"Thanks for helping out our bro earlier today," Bradley chimed in lowering his glasses to get a better look at me, his warm blue eyes sparkling with his smile. I think he meant for it to look friendly, and it did, but it also looked vicious. "if you ever need help with these jack-offs, you can come to us."

"Yeah," Clovis added while turning the ignition. "Any friend of Bax is a friend of ours."

I just nodded again and the two pulled their glasses back over their eyes and the car started to roll forward. I managed to pull my feet away just before they would have gotten crushed by the wheels.

Bradley turned and looked back at the still stunned football team.

“Don’t mess with the Cobb family you fuckers!” he shouted and flipped them the bird before the tires squealed to life and bolted out of the parking lot.

I stared dumbfounded as the car rolled off and disappeared behind a corner. Suddenly I felt my back prickle; I turned to see the crowd looking at me, as if I had some unknown answer to give. I looked over to see Noah and Nick were out cold and the rest of the football team was recovering. Another student came running up with a few teachers behind her, ready to break up the already ended fight. Then, as if like magic, as soon as the teachers got there the students came back to life and the crowd roared with questions.

“How do you know them?” Someone asked.

I was bombarded by another question before I had time to answer. I instantly felt claustrophobic and my wings sprang to life. I pushed the crowd away as I lifted myself into the air. Again, the crowd froze to look at my ascent as I pushed off the ground and gained altitude. The awe was soon replaced with excitement as they gawked at me. A few phones whipped out and I knew instantly Muzzlemedia would have a few new pictures tonight. Maybe even some video.

I groaned as I started to break away from the crowd, and headed towards home. I never thought I would be running away from a bunch of people ready to chase me like this.

I looked down at the blue sweatshirt and T in my paw and cursed at forgetting to give them back.

As soon as I landed down in the front yard, I saw Ajani talking to two men in suits. It looked like Ajani had been laying in a newly woven hammock in the front yard when two men in a black car rode up and came to talk to him. One was a raven in a black and silver tailored suit, his black wings folded behind him, and a rather old looking baboon who was hunched over in a brown suit.

The raven was the first to see me and started to ignore the conversation in French that Ajani and the baboon were having.

“Max!” he exclaimed, and Ajani and the baboon turned to look at me.

Ajani’s ears perked up and his tail lashed behind him as he stood.

“Max!” he exclaimed. “You’re home!” he gave me a big grin. “Told you guys he would be back soon. If you want some privacy, I can just keep reading my book out here while you three talk.” He gave me a wink and pulled up an old book. The title was faded, but legible. *The Scarlet Letter*, I instantly recognized it from my dad’s collection of original print volumes.

“Yes,” the baboon said in a rather gentle tone. “Why don’t we, um, take this inside.” He said gesturing towards the house, a briefcase in his paws.

My eyebrows knitted and I looked at Ajani, and he gave me a smile and gestured towards the mansion as he opened his book again and started reading. They mustn’t be hostile if Ajani let me alone with them.

“Okay,” I nodded as I guided them to my home. “What’s this all about?” I asked as we headed for the house.

“Well,” the baboon started, adjusting some wire rimmed spectacles on his muzzle. “We come from Maximillian Enterprises.”

“From my father’s company?” I asked as I opened the door for the two and let them in.

“Yes,” the baboon said as he entered the house. “But where are my manners. Um, I am Jonathan Tutsi and this is Manson Crow.”

“Yes, I know,” he said waving his taloned hand. “Very fitting name for a raven. I’ve heard all the jokes.” I saw the humor in the raven’s eyes, but I still had questions.

“Well, why are you here? If you don’t mind me being direct that is.”

“Not at all,” Mason the raven said in an understanding tone. “We are actually board members from the company, and we would like to discuss something with you. Something rather personal.”

“Okay,” I furrowed my brow and guided the two to the dining hall. “But I don’t see what I have to do with my father’s business. I have no say in what he does.” I got that feeling again, that aching feeling that I was forgetting something important.

“Well, that’s just it Max,” Jonathan sighed. “Why don’t you sit down son?”

I sat down, but I felt as if something was off. Why did everything feel heavy? I could feel the weight of the two as they sat across from me.

“This isn’t easy to say Max,” he started, and fear instantly ripped through my heart. They found out about my powers, they know I can control people with my seed and they want my power to use as...

“Your parents are no longer with us Max,” he said, his talons gently holding onto my paw and he let the information sink in. I instantly felt relief flood through me and have confusion follow soon after.

“Yeah,” I said in a confused tone. “They went on a cruise.”

“Max,” Jonathan sighed in a sympathetic tone. The pity from him was palpable. “The Concord Ship that your parents were on was sunk by terrorists.”

“What?” My eyebrows knit together in confusion.

“There were no survivors,” Manson stated. I know now he was just ripping the Band-Aid off, but...but...

“No,” I stated, “no, that didn’t happen...I would have known if a ship sank...I...” and my memory came flooding back. The cruise liner sinking into the inky black water, the last gasps of air from the ship frothing the surface of the ocean as the iron hull of the ship sank, never to be seen again. I felt every muscle in my body tense as my heart stopped. My eyes widened as my paw gripped onto Manson’s talons, as if they were the only things holding me together.

“Mom...” I whimpered out, “Dad...” I watched my paw as the rest of my world shattered.