

## To Ashes

### Chapter 2: Open Gym

Asher sat there in the stall for a long time, paralyzed with the reality of what just happened. His fingers dripped with his cunny honey, his throat was sore from the bruising and shallow cuts from Fynx's barbs. He panted as softly as he could, his throat ablaze while the seconds ticked by. He had no idea how he was going to get out of that stall and walk out of that hotel without looking like some perverse piece of fuck trash. Like some discarded whore rag used and tossed like the paper towels in the front of the room.

And he hated how hot it got him.

Asher bit his lips, tears streaming down his face as he fought against the deep desire to rub one out again, to flick his perverse bean to the memory of what happened only moments ago.

Asher was pulled back to reality as he felt a buzz at his ankle. His phone rumbled a few times, vibrating with an incoming call. He groaned, sitting up before leaning down and pulling the device from his pants pocket. It was his roommate calling to check up on him. The drake sniffed, wiped a tear from his cheek before pulling the phone up and answering.

"Hey Marcus," Asher tried to put on a strong face, but the hoarseness of his voice came through loud and clear.

"Hey there Ashes," Marcus' deep voice rumbled through the phone. "You doin' okay. You said you would be home a while ago. Just wanted to check if you're doin' okay."

"Y-Yeah...I'm," Asher took a moment to collect himself, sniffing again. "I'm doing fine."

“Ash, are you crying?” Marcus’ voice was warm and inviting, a rolling base of comfort. Asher tried to hold it together but he couldn’t. The dragon’s breath hitched in his throat and the rake marks of those barbs stung tears out of his eyes.

“Yes...” Asher admitted, giving a little light sob. “I...I need you to come get me...please...”

“Oh honey, I’ll be right there. Where was it again?”

“It’s the one hotel on Third Street,” Asher let a sob break his voice before he took a deep breath and let it shake out slowly. “I need some new pants. Can you grab them...and a plastic grocery bag for me?”

“No worries hun, I’ll be right there,” Marcus confirmed, his deep voice a rumbling warmth.

“Marcus...thanks...”

“You want me on the line with you,” Marcus asked, rummaging filling the background.

“No...I...I can’t...I’ll be in the bathroom when you get here,” Asher responded.

“The bathroom? Did something happen?”

“I...,” Asher took a very painful, hard, and wet swallow before continuing. “I don’t know...”

“I’m on my way,” Marcus’ voice was accompanied by the jingle of keys. “If you need anything else, give me a call right away, okay?”

“Okay...” Asher practically whispered the word as he took deep shaking breaths.

“I’ll be right there, love you,” Marcus was holding onto the line waiting for Asher to reciprocate.

“yeah...” Asher ended the call and slipped the phone in his pocket. He didn’t feel like saying it back right now. He already felt ashamed enough, he didn’t need to add lying on top of it. Marcus deserved someone better than him, better and not broken. His ex deserved better than some stupid fuck trash that gets himself raped in the bathroom. Marcus deserved someone who could give him the world, but Asher was just some stupid, dumb, fucking slut...

Asher’s pussy ached at those thoughts. The drake grit his teeth at the twitching of his pussy. He may be a cunt boy, but that night he was being a stupid cunt and nothing else. He was thinking with what was between his legs and now...

His pussy twitched again at the memory.

Asher didn’t know what else to do besides grit his teeth, screaming into his closed muzzle as it devolved into shaking sobs. Tears streaming down his face as he leaned against the cold metal of the stall.

No one bothered him.

*Why would they...no one gives a fuck about fuck trash like me.*

Asher wallowed in a miserable mix of estrus and shame, quietly sobbing to himself as his pussy dripped onto his seat in the bathroom until Marcus showed up.

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“Here, I brought you some water too, and I got you the blanket from the trunk in the car.” Marcus reassured, the big burly black bear rubbing Asher’s back gently. “I didn’t know if you needed anything else so I just sort of got some of your favorite snacks, those veggie straws you like so much.”

Asher just gripped onto the back of the big bear's green sweater, shuffling forward while holding the bag with his old clothes. The drake was in a long sleeve flannel and some jeans, clean clothes that somehow also felt dirty. He needed a shower to melt his fur off. He wanted to scrub the shame away.

"Uh, Ash, your kind of hurting me," Marcus winced.

Asher realized he was digging his claws into Marcus' back. He immediately let go.

"Sorry..." Asher muttered.

"I know hun, don't worry about it," Marcus kept a reassuring hand on the dragon's back, those claws gently stroking from shoulder blade to base of tail. "I had to park the car to get in, but I can bring it around. Did you want to come with me? Did you leave anything behind?"

"No...wait," Asher blinked. "I left my ID at the bar."

"You want me to go get it for you?" Marcus' voice was soft, as though he were talking to a soaked kitten in the rain.

"No..." Asher said a bit more defensively than he wanted. He sighed and corrected himself. "No, Marcus, I can take care of it."

"Okay, okay," Marcus put his big hands up, the black bear's glasses glinting before he adjusted them back on his nose. "I'll go bring the car around. You go get your ID."

"Yeah..." Asher crossed his arms and shuffled his way to the speakeasy. Marcus was saying something about how long it would take, but Asher didn't really care. He just went to the speakeasy to get his card and get the hell out. Most of the people had left for the night, only the most hardened alcoholics staying and partying. Asher ignored them and went directly to the bar.

“Asher Anouilh, I’m here to close my tab,” Asher couldn’t even look the horse in the eye. He just saw the vest of that stallion as he approached. He couldn’t bear to show off his swollen cheek and split lip, his scratched face stung enough already from embarrassment.

“Oh, Miss Anouilh...Mister Fynx already took care of your tab,” the bartender responded.

“Yeah, I know,” Asher looked down further, his eyes locked on old stained coasters and empty plastic cups filled with ice. “He paid for my drinks, but I need my card back.”

“Um...sorry miss...but...”

“Could you *please* stop calling me miss?” Asher looked up, anger making his cheeks burn more than his embarrassment. “I’m a man.”

“Terribly sorry,” the horse shook his head. “It’s just that Mister...well...Mister Fynx came by and picked up your card already and closed your tab.”

“He what?” Asher’s eyes went wide, his face flushing.

“He...told me he would get it to you...but...he also gave me this to give you if you came by.”

The horse handed out a slip of paper. Asher took the slip and flicked it open with his thumb. It was a phone number with a simple message written on it.

*You want your ID? Call me.*

“You let him take my card?” Asher looked up at the stallion.

“He said he would get it to you, but was there a mistake?”

“No...no, it’s fine,” Asher bit his cheek. Why did he say that? Of course it wasn’t fine! “Just...just forget it,” Asher had to hold back a sob as he turned and walked out of the speakeasy.

It felt like no time passed between walking from the bar to the marque. The drake scanned the cars, but Marcus' old Jeep wasn't one of them. Asher went back to the dark corner where it all began, sitting in the dim light of the entryway while waiting for Marcus to come pick him up. He stood there, arms crossed, hair a mess, his face bruised and cut, trying not to think how he did this all to himself. He sniffed, hugging himself harder by the second.

Then he heard the crinkling of paper.

The drake pulled out the note from Fynx, the numbers and words warped by the folds and bulges of how it had balled in his fist. Asher felt anger, rage, he wanted nothing to do with Fynx ever again!

He made his way over to the trash, his boots scraping against the concrete. He was angry and furious and mad and, and...and!

Asher paused, his hand over the trash bin, the slip of paper pinned between the length of his thumb and forefinger.

How...shameful...would it be to keep that slip of paper? How fucking pathetic would he be to actually hold onto it? To...to call his abuser...to give into them, literally hand themselves over for more abuse...how fucking pathetic would you have to be? How...perverse and fucked up would you need to be in order to call your own rapist...and...ask for more...

The sound of that paper crinkling back into Asher's fist was like gunshots. He could have let go, he could have washed his hands and been done with it, he could just go to the DMV and get a new license. But the thrill he got when he slipped that note in his pocket sent shivers down his spine, his tail twitching and flicking back and forth as his cheeks burned.

*I'm such a pathetic slut...such a needy little dumb ass whore...for that bully dick, that fucking asshole's abuse...my rapist...*

Asher shuddered as he swallowed hard, the pain rolling down his throat as he did so, a constant reminder of what happened. The cum of his abuser still rolled in his gut, staining him from the inside like a sullen whore.

HONK!

"Hey, Asher? Honey! I'm right here!"

Asher jumped, his heart skipping a beat as he turned to see the bear's old orange Jeep. Asher crossed his arms again and hunched forward, his panties feeling warm and slick with his shameful need.

"I know it's pretty raw," Marcus started as Asher got into the car. "But did you want to talk about it."

"I..." Asher pulled his legs up to his chest, his seatbelt digging into his hips as he did so. "No."

"It's okay hun," Marcus put his big paw on Asher's knee, his thumb gently rubbing it.

Asher looked away out the window, as the hotel slipped away while the other lights of the city rolled by.

"Marcus...I really need a friend right now," Asher bit his lip.

"You know I'm your friend, hun," Marcus smirked, his voice deep, his slight southern drawl making that rumble sweet.

"No, I know you're still into me...and...I really don't need someone who wants to get into my pants."

“Ash,” Marcus lifted his paw off Asher’s leg. “I never meant to...”

“Where’s the blanket?” Asher sniffed, refusing to look over. He just saw the bear’s disappointed face in the reflection of the window.

“It’s in the back, hun...er...Asher,” Marcus stopped at a red light.

“Can...can you get it for me,” Asher managed to squeak out the words, his throat hurting around the lump he kept trying to swallow.

“Sure, no problem...bud...” Marcus dropped the pet name hun for bud, but...it still held too much caring for Asher’s taste. The bear moved his arm back, the bear pulling the emergency blanket he kept in his trunk out and handed it to the drake. He grabbed it with a shaky hand and wrapped himself as best he could.

“Thanks...” Asher managed to whisper.

“No problem, bud,” Marcus gave a thin smile, but his brow was in a constant knit of worry. Asher decided to ignore it. He knew Marcus was just trying to help.

But why would someone as pure as Marcus be interested in a little fuck piece like him. He was too nice for his own good. He didn’t understand what Asher wanted, and he couldn’t give it to him even if he tried. He was simply...too nice of a guy.

The rest of their drive was silent.

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Asher laid on his bed, body wrapped in blankets. He took a hot shower, Marcus making sure to get him everything he needed from towels to aromatics. Marcus let Asher know his phone would be on if he needed him for anything else.

His hair was still drying and he had some small bandages on his face to keep his cuts from getting any worse. He gargled with salt water to help sanitize his throat, and it stung, but he made it work.

Now the drake was scrolling on his phone, his clothes ditched in a heap by the door. Various shelves of knickknacks, assembled and painted figurines, nerdy game cards, chroma light chair and computer, and silky bed sheets. He was a nerd, but he was also a stylish nerd.

He wasn't crying anymore, he just felt numb and detached as his thumb nail clicked and dragged over his phone, scrolling down an endless line of media to consume it without actually retaining it. He was about to go further when he noticed a post. Someone had taken pictures of the event and posted them already. The drake tapped it and started to scroll through the album.

Why did he do that? What was he looking for?

Asher kept scrolling until a cocky snow leopard popped up. It was at the speakeasy, someone had gotten a group of old high school friends together and flashed a fun filled picture, but that wasn't his focus. In the background he could see Fynx, the leopard sneering at someone who was blocked by some hyena piggybacking on some ape.

*"Good girl..."*

Asher gasped as the words rolled in his mind, the numbness breaking as a shiver ran through his core, his spine arching and tail trying to hike up under the sheets. Asher quickly swiped to the next picture, but it was worse than the last. The group did a funny version of their previous photo, making

whatever strange faces they could, but again it was the background he focused on. Fynx was walking away from the bar, his arm wrapped around someone who was just out of frame, the blurred image of the bathroom in the distance.

*"That's for wasting my money..."*

Asher flinched, the bruise on his cheek stinging at that thought, his pussy clenching. He quickly flipped through a few more photos, trying to push the thoughts away, but the last photo on the album made Asher's breath hitch in his aching throat. He slapped his hand over his mouth to keep from sobbing as he saw himself in the background of two people taking a selfie. He was wearing a different set of clothes and holding a slip of paper in his hand...was he blushing?

*"Call me..."*

The words scratched onto that note sent shivers down his spine and had eels roil in his gut. A nauseating duality, but he couldn't help but feel his pussy tingle, his abdomen get warm.

Suddenly Asher's eyes went wide. He rolled in his blanket cocoon to look at the wrinkled piece of paper on his nightstand. He didn't realize he was reaching for it until the blankets kept him from doing so. Asher paused, was he really going to fucking do this? No, of course not.

Yet, he still pulled his arm out and grabbed the paper and rolling onto his side. It was written on receipt paper, a piece of paper people never notice or care about. He didn't know when he did it, but he pulled up the phone app, the dial pad right there for him. He just needed to punch in the numbers.

*But he wouldn't...he couldn't...right?* Asher took a moment as butterflies itched in his arm and thumb, that dark claw hovering and glinting in the light of the dial pad. *He couldn't...but...what if he just punched in one number?*

The light vibration ran through the phone as he pressed the first digit of the phone number. A sickening shiver rolled down his spine, his tail twitching, his toe claws fanning. If one number felt that good...

He punched in another, the vibration of that phone like the warning marks on a country road telling you a stop was coming ahead. Asher typed in another number, and then another.

Was he really doing this, was he going to be that dumb slut that calls their rapist? The night of the fucking rape too? Was he really that level of fucking stupid, so fucking...fucking stupid...so fucking dumb that he would...

Asher paused, the full number punched in, his thumb instinctively lowering down to the call button. His thumb hovered over that green light. It may have been green, but it should have been red, blaring red flags to stop, turn around, go the other way...

He didn't push the button, his thumb slowly rested down on it, the phone accepting it and dialing out. The sudden dial tone made everything so real Asher flinched.

"Fuck..." His phone fumbled out of his hands and clattered down the crevice between his mattress and the wall. The sound of that dial tone simultaneously echoed up the side of the wall and was muffled by his sheets. He shot his hand down and felt the phone with his finger tips. It hadn't fallen the whole way down. He gripped it and pulled it back, the device upside down. He was turning it around to hit the call-end button when it patched through.

"Who the fuck is this?! I'm fucking busy!" Fynx voice echoed through that phone.

Asher froze, that voice sending terror through his body. That's when he heard it. Rhythmic slapping and moaning. He...He was fucking someone...

“Hello?” Fynx asked again annoyed.

“I...” Asher’s words caught in his throat, the feeling a stinging reminder of what happened earlier.

“Anal? Is that you?” there was a sudden pause and some muffled words. “Fuck no, I’m not talking to you. Stay quiet, I’m on the fucking phone. Like I would fuck your ass when I’m already balls deep in your fucking cunt.” There was another pause. Asher could see Fynx rolling his eyes with that pause. “Anal, is that you?”

“Yes...” Asher muttered.

“I can’t fucking hear you,” Fynx huffed through the phone, the fucking getting louder, the slapping faster, the squeals of the bitch beneath Fynx higher in pitch. “If you want your fucking ID, come get it where we have unfinished business. It’s open gym at our old stomping grounds. Be there, or don’t bother calling me again.”

There was a sudden clatter as Fynx threw his phone, but the call was still on. Did Fynx try to hang up?

“Where were we,” Fynx’s voice fluttered through the phone. “Oh yeah, I was about to bust my litter in that fucking pussy, wasn’t I?”

“Chris, please, I’m not on birth con-MMMF!” whoever she was, she must have had her mouth covered or something because she was instantly silenced.

“If I gave a shit that you got pregnant, I would have worn a condom,” Fynx snarled. “Nah, my kittens deserve a good mother to raise them, and your husband would be a great father to my bastards. Come one babe, I feel you clenching around me, your fucking cunt is sopping, weeping for my litter. You

want it more than anything right now. Your husband could never get your pussy to pop so hard. I'm almost there, do you really want to stop me? Defy me? Christian Fynx?"

"Fuck Chris! Keep going-MMMF" She was given a moment to answer before the pounding got louder, the head board of the bed smacking against the wall.

"That's right you dumb cunt, take my fucking litter. TAKE IT!"

Asher was frozen, his mouth hanging open as the brutal rutting rang over the line. Asher had never felt better for having birth control, but for some reason, the thought of taking his pill was soured. Asher shuddered as his fingers brushed over his cunt. Was he really going to do this again, tonight? Asher's fingers rubbed over his soft folds, the wet warmth around them proving what he desperately wanted to disprove.

*Please...I'm not just some stupid bitch, Asher's thoughts combatted against his shuddering pleasure. Please...I...I don't want to be some stupid...dumb skank that...oh fuck...crawls back to their abuser...who craves it...*

"Anal, are you still there?" Fynx voice came over the phone. Asher panicked and slammed his thumb down on the call end button and tossed his phone off the bed, the expensive hunk of plastic, metal, and glass clattering to the floor as Asher pulled his blankets tighter and resisted the urge to vomit.

"I'm okay...I'm okay..." Asher kept telling himself. "I'm...I'm going to be okay..."

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Asher didn't know when he went to sleep, or if he ever really did. He blinked and suddenly it was daylight. Marcus, the big black care-bear that he is, had made Asher breakfast. He was surprised that Asher wanted to go out, but he didn't question him. He just let him go and gave him his space.

It wasn't difficult to decipher Fynx's little riddle. Their old high school gym was always open to the public on Sundays. It was originally to show off the facilities when they remodeled the gym years ago, but the public access was actually very well received and they kept it going for posterity.

Asher arrived in some gym clothes, his ass clad in booty shorts while he had a loose tank that fluttered around his chest. Asher assumed Fynx had some stupid task he wanted the drake to do in order to get his ID back, so he wore what he thought was appropriate for the gym. It also made it easier to brush off Marcus. The big black bear was a natural powerhouse and had a nice gut from not working out. It was soft and sexy, but not what Asher wanted. He knew he was shallow that way, and Marcus deserved someone who would love him fully, not in the halfhearted way that he gave to the big softy.

No, Asher wasn't deserving of a man like Marcus, no matter how much the bear threw himself at the drake. They were great roommates, but that was about it, and that's all Asher wanted.

"Think fast nerd!"

As soon as those words rang out Asher got a basketball to the face, the rubber pinging against his skull with that high pitched squeak. Asher stumbled to the floor, his vision swimming. The basket ball bounced off the wall and rolled back into the drake's vision. That ball was stopped by a powerful white foot paw, the black obsidian claws flexing.

Asher looked up as his vision cleared and saw the cocky asshole himself. Fynx stood there, baggy athletic shorts swishing around his thighs, the outline of his jock sometimes coming into view against that shimmery blue fabric. An old basketball jersey clung to his chest, his pecs pulling it forward and

showed off the thick cleavage and chest fluff that ran up into his glorious mane. He even had a black sweatband on like some fucking showoff loser.

“Nice reflexes, Anal,” Fynx mocked the drake before maneuvering the basketball like a soccer ball, flicking it up off his toe claws and kicking it into his arms. “Come on, get up.”

Fynx put the ball under his arm and extended a free hand to help the drake. Asher sighed, he knew he had to play the snow leopard’s game if he wanted his ID back. He lifted his hand to accept Fynx’s, but at the last second he moved his hand out of the way, Asher faltering and falling on his face.

“Too slow, bitch,” Fynx chuckled. “Ah, good times, good times.” Fynx stood there, his dark pit hair exposed from that ball resting between that powerful arm and those angry obliques.

“Fuck off Fynx,” Asher huffed and stood up. “I don’t need this.”

Asher turned to walk away when he felt a powerful hand on his shoulder.

“Don’t you dare look away from me, fag,” Fynx growled, his body coming closer, his chest pushing up against Asher’s back. Fynx purred his next words into Asher’s ear, but they were not soft, they were a threat hidden behind a lusty rumble. “Don’t you dare disrespect me, or I’ll make you regret it.”

Asher shuddered and tried to turn around, but Fynx gripped the drake by the throat from behind, his powerful bicep flexing and keeping the drake flush with the snow leopard, the thick bulge in those shorts rubbing against the small of his back.

“Now, I want to play a little game,” Fynx rumbled in Asher’s ear. “You know how I used to wipe your ass on the court all the fucking time? I beat you enough times for you to remember at least one. I bet you have a scar or two to remind you of it.” Fynx’s hand gripped Asher’s throat harder, the drake felt

light headed, his eyes rolling up as a blush crept over his muzzle. “Yeah, I bet remembering me fucking you up on the court really gets you going, doesn’t it, pussy boy?”

Fynx leaned into that ear giving it a harsh bite while letting his claws grip Asher’s neck. A sting of pain ran through Asher as those powerful teeth sunk into his ear. That pain was replaced by a hungry lick.

“Now I’m going to let go, you’re going to turn around and tell me you’re sorry for disrespecting me, and then we’re going to play a game of one on one. I’m going to beat your ass and remind you exactly where you belong. Get me?”

“Yes...” Asher’s pussy clenched, warmth rolling up his abdomen and into his core as he was man handled.

“Good girl,” Fynx rumbled before letting go and giving Asher a gentle shove.

Asher stumbled forward, his knees shaking. He quickly composed himself and turned around. Fynx had that upward tilt to his muzzle as he glared down with a cocky smirk.

“Got something to say, fagtard?” Fynx puffed out his chest before spitting on the ground, the wad landing right next to Asher’s sneaker.

“I’m...sorry for...disrespecting you. Mister Fynx,” Asher’s ears folded back, his knees knocking together.

“Good girl,” Fynx purred, his bulge twitching and causing that fabric to sway around his thighs. “Let’s play. First one to ten wins.”

“Fuck,” Asher huffed as Fynx turned around, his sculpted ass flexing as he dribbled the ball back onto the court.



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The game was brutal, but Asher expected nothing less from the snow leopard. Fynx tripped the drake whenever he could, shouldered him off to the side and stole the ball, literally knocked him to the ground when he went for a basic layup. Fynx got to eight points within the first few minutes, running circles around the exhausted and bruised up drake.

Asher panted, sweat dripping from his brow as he heaved, exhausted from Fynx dancing around him like some burly tai-chi expert. He had managed to score a few points, here and there and now, after about forty minutes they were finally tied eight to eight. Fynx promised half way through that as soon as one of them wins he'll give back the drake's ID. Asher didn't know if he fully believed them, but that wasn't the point. Once this game was over he could get off the damn court. Some people asked if they could joint at one point and Fynx snarled at them to fuck off.

Once it was game point they checked the ball and Fynx went back to the court, dancing around the drake with no intent to score, to drag this shit out as long as possible. He kept the ball just out of reach, tripping the drake as he desperately shuffled from one side of the leopard to the other.

"Come on, don't you want your card back? You loosing on purpose or are you really that pathetic?" Fynx chuckled, sweat dripping from his brow, soaking up in his headband and going back to his perverce dance.

"Just end it Fynx," Asher gasped, panting as he put his hands on his knees, bracing himself as his chest pounded. "I...I can't keep playing..." Asher was on the verge of tears, his knees banged up, his arms bruised from falling, his every muscle burning with exhaustion.

"You'll play as long as I want to play," Fynx smirked. "That's how it's always been and how it's always going to be. Don't you get it, fagtard? You've been playing my game from the day you were

fucking born, and you've been losing since the first time you popped a lady boner for some dudes dick. I was born to play this game, born to fucking own it, I was born lucky, you were lucky to be fucking born."

"Just end it!" Asher shouted, his face red, tears breaking over his cheeks. The entire gym stopped to look. Asher could feel all the eyes on him, his flowy tank top sticking to him in mats with his sweat. Thank god he was sweating so much that no one could tell the dampness between his legs wasn't just from perspiration.

"Such a fucking spaz," Fynx rolled his eyes, his cocky grin and confident glair keeping Asher frozen. He did a one handed throw, no jump or special maneuvers. Just a three point shot that swished in effortlessly. "There, you happy?"

"Fuck," Asher backed away, his knees giving out as soon as his back hit the wall, crumpling down. "It's over, it's finally over..."

"Over?" Fynx scoffed. "We're not done yet. You know what players do at the end of a game. They shake hands." Fynx's brow twitched, changing that cocky glair into a sadistic gleam. "Now march your fairy ass over here, right now, and shake my fucking hand."

Asher's eyes went wide as he looked at that paw. Asher realized then exactly what Fynx was doing this entire time. He was recreating their last gym session together. How did he not see it? The asshole was even wearing the old jersey from before! That's when Asher knew what was coming up next. He sniffed, wiped his nose and stood up. His hand was shaky, his knees were knocking, but he knew he wouldn't get his ID back unless he finished the game.

Asher slipped his fingers into Fynx's palm and the snow leopard's hand snapped into action. Fynx's eyes grew wide as a snarling grin played on his face. He gripped hard, his fingers, forearm, his

fucking bicep flexing with all his strength as he crushed that hand. It took everything Asher had not to scream. Just like before Fynx pulled Asher close to whisper in his ear.

It was crazy how those words echoed back from the past and how they flew out of Fynx's maw at the same time.

"Don't think this is over, faggot," Fynx's voice was deeper and huskier, but it was still his tormentor's promise that he could never escape him.

Fynx gave another little extra squeeze before letting go. Asher hissed in a breath, cradling his hand as blood returned to it. It throbbed and ached, clearly bruised from the bones grinding together.

Asher felt something slap his face. It was surprisingly soft and clattered to the floor. He looked down to see his own face looking back up at him from his ID. He picked it up, his thumb brushing over his smiling face as he sniffed.

"There, never let it be said I'm not a man of my word, even to a fucking fag like you." Fynx flicked the ball up and spun it on his finger. "Now, tell me. Did you come because you wanted your ID, or was it because you couldn't keep yourself away?"

"I...for my ID of course," Asher shot back. Fynx's cocky smirk grew wider.

"*Riiiiiiight*. You know you could have gotten a new one," Fynx smirked. "Right?"

"I needed it..."

"Did you though?" Fynx stopped spinning the ball and dribbled it once before putting it under his arm again. "You could have gotten a temporary ID from the DMV while you waited for a new one to come in the mail. I know you're a stupid cunt, but you're not the dumbest fucking cunt ever."

Asher paused, pulling his ID to his chest like it would somehow hide the way those words struck to his core.

“No...I...”

“You think I can’t smell your bitch need right now?” Fynx closed his eyes and took a deep breath through his nose. “You reek of needy whore. I bet your pussy is weeping just as bad as your loser ass.”

Asher’s face burned, a few people were still staring. Some were even pointing and whispering.

“Admit it, *Anal*,” Fynx smirked and swaggered over. “You didn’t come for your ID,” Fynx leaned in so close he could smell the last cigarette he had on his breath. “You came for me.”

“No...I...I...”

Fynx’s grin just kept growing wider, the thought dawning on him.

“Did you even think about how to get out of coming for your ID, or did you just come running leaving a fucking snail trail behind you?” Fynx’s breath was hot. His cologne a simple spritz in the sour miasma of his sweat.

Asher had thought of it, but he dismissed it so easily. He just...came to his abuser’s side for the most half-assed reason he could think of. An ID? Really? He could have had a temporary one printed out with a simple trip to the DMV. Instead, he called this raging asshole like some dumb bitch, came crawling out in a skimpy workout uniform like some stupid attention whore, and got himself beaten and bruised out in public for everyone to see.

“I’ll take that as a no,” Fynx chuckled. “Now, I’m going to go take a shower. I have nothing to force you to come, just like I didn’t back at the fucking hotel, but you’re going to come anyway.”

“No,” Asher shook his head. “I’m...I’m not.”

“Sure you’re not buddy,” Fynx had a Cheshire smile that sent frozen shards right into Asher’s core. Fynx gave the drake a gentle pat on the cheek, the last one he kept his hand there, his claws hovering over unmarked skin. “You did all this to yourself. I just reminded you of what kind of fucking worm you are in every aspect except one. So don’t keep me waiting, pussy boy.”

Fynx threw the ball over to the bins where they kept them and it fell on a pile of other basketballs. Asher watched it, but Fynx never stopped looking at the little drake, more than confident in his throw. The snow leopard stood back up and headed for the showers, not even looking over his shoulder to see if Asher was following.

“No...” Asher grit his teeth, tears leaking out of his eyes before he turned the opposite way and headed for the exit. He burst through the doors and the fresh air brushed over him, his body cooling rapidly. The cold making his bruises and joints ache. That pain reminded him of every fall, every push and shove.

There was only one thing Asher had that wasn’t cold, and it was between his legs.

“Fuck...why am I so fucking pathetic...so...fucking pathetic...” Asher gripped himself, trying to hold himself together as he panted, breathing heavy and trying not to break down and sob.

*“Don’t keep me waiting, pussy boy...”*

Asher shuddered, his knees shaking from more than just exhaustion. He wouldn’t, he couldn’t. He would never even consider it. But...

Asher turned around and looked at the doors to his old school. Contained in those walls were the object of his darkest desires and cutting shame. Asher took a step, his cunt quivering as he looked on at the doors, how they got ever so slightly closer.

It was just like his damned phone. He took another step, and then another and another. Soon he was walking back into the school, jogging through the halls, his sneakers squeaking against the tiles as he ran down the hall to the locker rooms, his hand catching on the handle to the lockers and paused. His heart was beating a mile a second, his spine tingled.

Was he such a dumb slut that he would just really open this door? Once he went in there he knew what was going to happen. He was given total control over this situation. He could turn away. Hell, there was another exit at the end of the hall. But...he couldn't. He was frozen. If he opened that door, his rapist would be waiting, his bully would be primed and ready, and passing that threshold would be more than just consent. It would be compliance with his torture, with his abuser...

The door opened and he went inside.

"What fucking took you?" Fynx snarled.

Asher froze, the image before him something he's wanted since the first slap he got from the big snow leopard. There, Fynx sat on the bench, his sweaty clothes had already been slapped onto the floor near his old locker. He was spreading those legs, that bitch destroyer of a cock throbbing at the ready, pre already dribbling down the shaft between his barbs. Fynx's fur was matted with his sweat, the fresh smell of hard working man tinged the oppressive smell of stale musk that never left the locker room.

"I...I'm sorry..."

"Fucking right you're sorry," Fynx smirked, his cock throbbing. "Now, on your knees."

Asher fell to his knees like he had been struck from behind.

“Not good enough,” Fynx smirked. “Crawl on your fucking belly like the worm you are.”

Asher’s face slapped on the disgusting tile. The smell of old feet and rank jock filled his muzzle. The bleach that tried to get rid of the smell was only a bitter tinge over the top like some gross garnish on the most disgusting cocktail. And Asher was crawling in it.

“That’s right, now crawl, and beg,” Fynx growled.

Asher complied, his hands going forward and pulling his way across the tile, his skin crawling in disgust while his pussy dribbled in desire. He was just a filthy fag, a fuck bucket, a disgusting worm no better than a condom, fuck trash used to nut in and discard.

“Please...Fynx-”

“No,” Fynx smirked. “You used to call me Chris in high school. If we’re going to do this, we’re going to do this right.”

“Please Chris,” Asher pulled himself closer and Fynx slammed his foot paw down on Asher’s face, the drake giving a little yip as those foot claws dug into his scalp and brow.

“You think you can call me Chris,” Fynx snarled and slowly raked his foot claw down over that face, marking it with shallow cuts. “You show me some fucking respect.”

Asher cried out as his face was raked by those powerful foot claws, the sweaty paws smearing the sweat of their game over his face. The order to call him Chris nothing more than a ploy for is destined disobedience.

“Mister Fynx, please,” Asher panted his maw open. “Please...you deserve...so much more than just beating me on the court...you...you beat me...you...you fucking own me...”

“That’s right fagtard,” Fynx grinded his foot paw down on Asher’s muzzle, those foot claws digging deeper into his face. “The final horse crosses the fucking finish line. It’s about time you recognized it. I fucking own you. I always have and always fucking will.”

“Yes...” Asher whimpered out.

“Fucking apologize faggot,” Fynx pushed his paw down further, pinning Asher’s head to the grimy tile. “Apologize for not bending over for me back in high school you dumb slut.”

“I’m sorry Mister Fynx!” Asher shouted out, his face pushed so hard against the tile that he could taste it on his lips as he spoke.

“Sorry for what?” Fynx lifted his paw and slammed it down. “BE, MORE, SPECIFIC!” he lifted and slammed his paw down on each word, stopping with his foot on Asher’s neck.

“Please...” Asher managed to choke out, his throat burning from the rough treatment he got last night. “I’m...sorry for not...pleasing you...like I should have...”

Asher tried to look up at Fynx, but his eye was met with a thick wad of spit as it slapped him.

“That’s right you stupid slut,” Fynx snarled, smearing that spit all around with his foot paw before resting it on Asher’s muzzle. “Lick it up,” He ordered.

Asher’s maw opened shakily as his tongue lulled over those toes. Bitter salt and musty musk filled his maw as he swallowed. All Asher could think of was how filthy the floor was and how Fynx was resting his feet on it.



*This is so fucking gross, so fucking disgusting, Asher thought to himself. I deserve this. I fucking deserve this for being such a dumb slut. I came back to my rapist, to my fucking bully so he could treat me like a door matt. I'm so fucking worthless that all I'm good for is pleasing a man from his soles...my only worth comes from between my legs.*

Asher licked over those foot paws as Fynx stroked his dick from above. The snow leopard purred darkly as he lubed his cock up with his own pre. His cock throbbed with each lick, each prostrating suckle from his newest plaything.

“That’s right, doesn’t it feel good to be where you belong?” Fynx slapped Asher’s muzzle with his foot paw. He wasn’t doing anything wrong. Bitches just need a little beating now and then to keep them in line. “You know why? Because I’m so far above you that your whole life you’ve been looking up at my fucking feet. Even with your entire body against the fucking floor, you’re still elevated by the grace of being under MY fucking heel.”

“Yes...Yes Mister Fynx,” Asher moaned, his tongue lulling between each toe as he messaged them with his fingers. His one hand that Fynx crushed was sore, but he didn’t care that it hurt to use. This wasn’t about him, this was about making Fynx feel good...at any cost...because who gives a shit about a piece of fuck trash’s pleasure.

A wet smack rang out through the room as something sopping hit Asher in the face. It was Fynx’s sweat band.

“If you’re not going to get creative with that muzzle, don’t bother speaking. I don’t have anything else to gag you with, so that’ll have to do.” Fynx slapped Asher with his foot paw one more time before standing up. “Come, I don’t care about the lips on your face anymore. I’m going to rectify

what we should have done the moment I sniffed your bitch slick. Showers, naked, now.” Fynx ordered and he went into the showers.

Asher complied, peeling off his shirt and then shorts, abandoning them as he took the sweat soaked headband. He felt his stomach churn before he put it in his muzzle and bit down. Sweat welled up from that rag, fresh yet cold. Asher had to hold back his bile as he gulped, the salty flavor filled his muzzle and he drooled out of the corners of his maw.

The showers were just a large open room with basic shower heads. There, in the back corner was Fynx. He was tapping his foot as he looked at the drake with a dark grin. He pointed to the spot in front of him.

“Here,” is all he said.

Asher walked forward, the ball of sweaty fabric in his maw causing him to breathe through his nose.

“You never showered, so I’m sure you don’t know, but these fucking things always took so long to warm up.” Fynx cranked the dial and icy water shot out of the spout. Asher’s eyes went wide as the icy water sliced through him and made him jump out of the stream. Fynx immediately cut the stream.

“HEY!” Fynx shouted, that word more terrifying than any water. “I gave you an order, now stand here and tell me when the water is warm.”

Asher shivered from the cold and he slowly inched his way back into the line of fire. Fynx didn’t hold back and cranked the water. It was cold, and if you haven’t taken an ice shower before, you don’t know the true meaning of cold. It stung, each little bead of water like an ice pellet designed to catch into flesh and rip out a piece of warmth. The water pressure so high that it almost felt like he was being exfoliated by frozen skewers.

Asher remembered an old Myth Buster's episode where they measured pain by making people keep their hand in ice water. Most people couldn't last more than twenty seconds before giving up. Asher stood under that stream for an agonizing minute. The water refusing to get warm while he shivered in the cold, gritting his teeth and huffing through that sweat soaked rag, the only warm thing in that moment.

Then it flashed to blazing hot water. Asher screamed into his gag as the icy stream suddenly changed to blazing hot, the sudden shift making him screech.

"Oh yeah," Fynx twisted the dial, a dark grin on his muzzle. "I forgot that they shoot fucking hot shit right afterwards too."

Fynx's hand gripped onto Asher's scruff and slammed his head against the wall. The water still felt too hot for Asher, but for Fynx it was perfect. He loved his long, hot, steamy showers.

"Arch your back, ass up," Fynx ordered as he kept Asher pinned. "I'm hard and I'm tired of this little prude act you have. You're fucking sopping down there."

Asher's eyes went wide as the reality of what was about to happen sunk in. He huffed, shouting into his rag, his hands braced against the wall and his ass up to let him know he wasn't trying to stop the leopard. The big cat must have understood as he tore the rag from Asher's maw.

"What now?"

"I'm...I'm a virgin...so...could you-" Asher was cut off as his cunt was forced open by a very powerful thrust, those barbs tearing apart that hymen as he sank into that pussy.

“Not a virgin anymore, fagtard,” Fynx groaned and thrust forward, his hips smacking against Asher’s pert little ass. Asher screamed as the snow leopard bottomed out. He had never felt such pain before. That cock was massive and those barbs were relentless.

“Hey, you can scream all you want when we’re not in public,” Fynx slowly rolled his hips, those barbs marking their territory nice and deep. “Fuck, you’re so FUCKING tight.” Fynx gave a few harsh thrusts in, his knot beating that overstretched entrance. Asher gave a few more screams, but this time he closed his mouth biting his lip.

“If you can’t keep quiet, but your fucking gag back in,” Fynx slapped the rag on Asher’s face before shoving it into his muzzle. Asher was forced to take it into his mouth as Fynx adjusted. The snow leopard widened his stance to get a better angle, his cock fully surrounded by soft, virgin pussy.

“I’ve taken twelve dumb bitches’ V-card before,” Fynx growled. “Let’s see how unlucky number thirteen does.”

Fynx drew back slowly on purpose, his barbs digging into that soft, unused flesh, raking it and forcing it to accommodate that soda can thick bitch breaker. Fynx’s toe claws flexed as he watched the spackled cherry of Asher’s torn virginity come off on those barbs, bits of that hymen literally caught on those cunt scrapers.

“Fuck, you really were a virgin,” Fynx chuckled and thrust forward, Asher screaming as his claws dug into the wall. “Saving yourself for someone special? Someone who fucking cares about you?” Fynx started slapping his hips against Asher’s, his balls swinging back and forth as his knot started the long process of prying that cunt open.

Asher screamed and sobbed into his rag, he brought a hand down to his abdomen to try and alleviate the pain by pressing down on it, but all he felt was the thick outline of that cock punch his

cervix over and over. That cock kept moving faster and faster. Wet smacking filled the air as Fynx had his way with that pussy.

“FUCK YES! I bet you thought your first time would be with someone who gives a shit about you? Huh? Someone sweet and romantic? Fuck, your such a dumb slut. Your first time is nothing but a crusty old nudie mag, a shitty D-list porno, just some stupid ass faggot who gave up the last thing of value in his stupid life.”

Asher was a screaming mess, a mix of blood and dripping need dribbled down Fynx’s nuts. His pristine white being stained pink with Asher’s virginity. Asher just started to find a rhythm when Fynx gripped his hands and held them behind the drakes back, forcing his face up against the wall, pounding it into the tile with each angry thrust.

“That’s right you dumb slut, scream! I’m going to bleed the last of your innocence out of you! I’ve already fucking shredded your virginity! Now I’m going to mark you. I’m going to fucking BREED you. You hear me? You’re going to have my cum jet into that womb, into your fucking blood! I’m going to smear my fucking kittens inside you like a dirty gym sock!”

Asher couldn’t help but cry, tears lost in the stream of steaming water. He was overheated and getting hotter by the second. His white fur blushed with the red irritated skin from that water while his thighs were a bloody dripping mess.

And he fucking loved it.

Whenever Asher found the strength to open his eyes, they were rolled into the back of his skull.

*Fuck me, fuck me like the worthless trash I am! Tear me apart! No one gives a shit! I’ll cry out now and no one will answer, no one will care, no one gives a shit I’m being raped in the bathroom. None*

*of the other kids in gym give a shit! I'm just the cock sock in the corner of the showers being made into rape meat by his bully. My bully that I keep coming back to!*

“Take it you stupid slut! I’m coming inside! I’m going to bust deep inside you! Kiss any scholarships or colleges goodbye you fucking stupid, dumb, SINGLE BITCH MOM!” Fynx thrust forward, his nuts throbbing as his knot swelled outside of that cunt. He couldn’t get it in no matter how hard he tried. Instead he gripped the base of it himself as he came, forcing his balls to churn with the need to procreate in the cunt he was supposedly sunken in.

“GET PREGNANT YOU FUCKING DUMB ASS CUNT! FUCK YEAAAAH!!!”

Fynx was shouting, not caring his words echoed out into the hall as he busted, thick wads of cum shooting out of that cock and spitting Asher’s cervix. Pink cum dribbled out between Asher’s legs as his third orgasm washed over him. The only thing souring the moment was the fact that Asher knew he couldn’t get pregnant. His high school bully couldn’t knock him up. He felt so stupid for taking his birth control, for considering he would ever need it.

Fynx suddenly let go, Asher fell to the ground as his pussy gushed a mix of blood and cum, the pussy raked to hell just like his throat. Fynx let out a sigh of relief as he pissed, his piss somehow hotter than the steam from the shower as it smacked over Asher, marking him further.

“I’m done with you for now,” Fynx shook his still hard cock as the last of his piss dribbled out. “I’ll call you when I’m horny again. Keep your phone on. I don’t call twice.”

Fynx’s paws slapped the floor as he left, snagging a towel from the rack and getting ready to leave.

Asher on the other hand laid there, used and abused. He ran his fingers over his pussy and brought them up, watching as the pink, blood stained cum washed off his fingers.

“Fuck...I’m sorry...” Asher muttered trying to shove the kittens back into his cunt, his walls so much wider than before. “I’m...I’m so sorry I couldn’t...couldn’t get pregnant...” Asher’s fingers squelched and shlorped into his hole as he tried to shove that cum back inside him.

“You’re so fucking pathetic,” Fynx chuckled from the entry way, towel slung over his shoulders. Fynx just chuckled and walked away as Asher continued to finger his aching pussy.

“I’m sorry...sorry I’m such a stupid...dumb...fucking...SLUT!” Asher couldn’t help it, he gushed, his forth orgasm washing out more of that precious seed, his cherry oozing out and down the drain. Asher blushed deeply, the humiliation keeping his little bullet hard as he brought his virgin blood and Fynx’ cum to his mouth and sucked it off his fingers. His other hand went down to continue playing with himself as the shower continued to blast him.

“I’m sorry...I’m such a dumb...fucking slut...” Asher half sobbed. If he kept it going...maybe he wouldn’t cry...maybe he wouldn’t wake up...but he couldn’t hold back the shame. He sobbed. “I’m so...fucking stupid.” He pulled his legs to his chest and sat under that hot stream until the water ran cold.