

## Turning Faces

### Chapter 2: Four Ways to Sunday

\*\*\*Teryx\*\*\*

“Who the fuck am I?” Teryx eyed himself up and down, his yellow eyes going wide. “Why...why am I in this body?”

He was a cute little snow leopard, his large fluffy tail swishing behind him as he looked on with disbelief. He brought his fingers up to his face and flinched as he touched his cheek. The fur was so thick and fluffy. He inspected his hand and flexed it into a fist, his claws coming out and showing the vicious blades hidden beneath that fur.

He suddenly felt very hot and sweaty and he turned on the water and splashed his face with it, rubbing away the warmth that threatened to overtake him. He knew panic when he felt it, but this was so much more intense than he had before. How much of this body had an influence on his feelings? He brushed his brow, already the warmth was coming over him again. Why was it so hot and stuffy in this damned place!

“Babe?” Someone called from the other room. “You okay?”

Teryx didn't so much jump as much as he just raised a brow. The drake never feared intruders in his own home, but this wasn't his home...and he didn't know who else was in bed with him.

“Fine,” Teryx shouted back. “Just...going to the bathroom.”

“You sure?” The voice responded. “You sound a little horse. You coming down with something?”

"I'm fine!" Teryx shouted back. The drake in snep fur took a deep breath and let it out slowly. Then he heard the springs of the bed creak and a thud as the man in the other room got out of bed.

"Babe," A deep and caring voice cooed from the hall before he came into view. A massive croc had to dip into the bathroom, completely naked and dick flopping between his thighs. "I know it's tough, but you don't need to shut me out like that."

The croc tenderly took the snow leopard's wrist and pulled him into a hug, his scales cool to the touch and soothing. He nuzzled the crown of the snow leopard's head, his paw running down Teryx's back, dark claws lightly scratching. The big guy had a little gut on him that was sculpted into a more form fitting shape by the powerful muscles beneath it, his pecs were thick and accented his broad shoulders and thick arms.

Teryx wanted to push away, but a deep purr rolled through him as he nuzzled up into those pecs, the cool scales of his cold blooded mate soothing that warmth that threatened to overtake him. His tail hiked up and swished back and forth as he continued to purr.

"See," the croc murred. "Isn't that better babe?"

Teryx didn't understand why it just felt sooooo goooooood to lean into the croc, his body melting into those arms as he purred, the feeling heavenly as it rolled through his chest.

"I know how your heat gets to you babe," the croc continued and kissed his forehead gently. "I can keep you nice and cool until it passes."

Teryx blinked, his purr cutting off as he pushed away from the croc and realized what kind of underwear he was wearing. He pulled it down, his thumbs practically cutting the panties off as he exposed his cunt. He was a cuntboy, his pussy dripping and glistening. He smelled the effeminate warmth in the air as a miasma of need. He mustn't have noticed it because it was his own body's heat.

“Ron, what are you doing?” The croc stepped forward and put a hand on his shoulder. “You’ll let your pheromones out. You know they aren’t the easiest thing to deal with.”

Teryx looked down in his panties and saw a pad, a heat pad that is used to cover up a bitch’s pheromones and neutralize them. They weren’t always the most effective, but at least they prevented people from popping boners for a city block.

But that name, Ron...why did that sound so familiar.

Teryx looked at himself in the mirror as a red blush bloomed over his face. Then it clicked! He was the waiter from earlier that day!

“I...I’m sorry...I just...”

“Here, I got you babe,” the croc gripped his panties and pulled them up. “You need a new pad? I can grab you one.”

“I...I don’t know...” Teryx sat down on the toilet and ran his claws through his hair, pulling it back as he tried to assess what was going on. Surely the curse wasn’t just making him randomly swap bodies. It didn’t work that way. It was confined to the rose, and unless he plucked a petal from it, it wouldn’t work. He put in that failsafe to ensure that he had control over the switching and that people couldn’t just run off with his body.

But he wasn’t in control of his body...

Teryx’s eyes went wide. Was Fang fucking with him while in his body to fuck with him? No, that slippery little twink wasn’t going to mess with a curse. Then why was this happening? Either the curse was being corrupted or he made a miscalculation.

“Hey babe,” the croc started again and took one of his hands in his. That cool crocodile skin felt like a damp cloth against his feverish warmth. “I got you, don’t worry. I ain’t going nowhere, I’m right here, and I always will be. We’ll get through this,” the croc leaned in and planted a tender kiss on Teryx’s forehead and the snow leopard looked up into the emerald eyes of that croc. “I got you. I’m here. We’ll get through this.”

“I...” Teryx felt the warmth and love radiating off that croc clashing against his indifference, but his body felt better...safer...protected. The snow leopard blinked, a single tear breaking over one of his cheeks. The drake inside the snow leopard was taken aback, bringing a paw and dabbing the corner of his eye and seeing the damp tears there. He couldn’t remember the last time he cried.

“Hey,” the croc softly cooed. “Hey, hey, Ron, I’m here. Don’t worry. I got you.” The croc scooped him into his arms and into a big hug. Instantly Teryx started to purr, his arms instinctively going to the massive man’s lats and gently rubbing them before swooping down and connecting around his waist.

“Ca-lick” Teryx said, though he didn’t know why.

“Aww, safety belt in place?” The croc pulled the snow leopard closer and lifted him up, causing a giddy giggle to bubble from the snow leopard’s muzzle as he nuzzled into the croc’s pecs.

The croc took him from the bath and walked him back to the bedroom, gently swaying his hips so Teryx’s toes would brush the ground. Once they reached the bedroom, he scooped him up, Teryx’s fingers unlacing as he was scooped up into the powerful arms of this body’s lover and tenderly laid down onto the bed, only to be pulled close to that massive, cold-blooded beast.

Teryx knew he was stealing a sweet moment not meant for him, but for some reason, he didn’t really care that much. Those arms and that cooling chest along with the ball of burning sun in his womb made it feel like he was cradled in the soft caress of ocean waves. He purred, his body buzzing as he was

held close, that croc's muscles soft as he was relaxed with him. At first Teryx thought he would be cold after a bit, but the croc's body warmed up with him under the blankets. He knew he would be sweating and hot without that cooling slab of meat holding him close. He couldn't possibly feel more comfortable. As soon as he was about to get too hot a gentle nuzzle into the cleavage of those pecs would cool him down, his hot flashes rolling out from his heat and into his mate to soak up, the croc's tail hanging out from the covers to keep him cool as they snuggled.

Teryx's eyes had never felt so heavy. He was...so comfortable...

He could try and figure this out in the morning. For now...he just wanted to get lost in that embrace. Feeling so beautifully in harmony with the massive man brushing his claws over his back as he drifted off to sleep.

His body would have to wait.

\*\*\* Fang \*\*\*

"Oh my aching head," Fang sat up in the bed and looked over his body. He felt so light being back in his own skin, and though he would miss the power, he wouldn't miss the lack of control he had over himself.

His legs were under the blanket and being kept warm, though the slightest shift would cause static to pop in the darkness, making the satin sheets glitter. A single beam of light sliced the room in half where a duo of velvet curtains hadn't been fully drawn. The light was enough to make out the room, the dark wood furniture, the baroque style, the blue upholstery and blue matt wallpaper.

Fang rubbed his eyes and looked over at his bed companion, the massive beast that was softly snoring on his side. The fox rubbed his temples before smacking the drake's shoulder.

“Yo, asshole, drugs. Your curse kicks harder than a fucking mule,” Fang looked over to the night stand and saw the crystal lowballs and a couple bottles of whisky that had been drained dry. “Or maybe it’s just the drinks, but fuck. I need something.”

The drake just snored softly, rolling further into the bed and taking the blankets with him. His body was a mess of sparks and wild mana. Did this jerk cast spells in his sleep?!

“Oh no you don’t,” Fang grabbed the blanket and yanked back. This time a shower of sparks rolled off the sheets, bouncing harmlessly around the drake. The drake rolled with the blanket and flopped over facing the fox.

His eyes flashed open, those topaz irises glowing in the dark. A deep, guttural growl came from the drake as his body continued to pop and spark, his mana more active now that he was awake.

“Good, go get me some pain killers. My head is splitting.”

The dragon growled and backed off the bed, falling and giving a little yelp.

“Who are you,” he snarled, sparks flying out of his muzzle. “Why...why are you in my home.”

“Teryx, it’s me, Fang,” the fox rubbed his temples. “Cut the crap and get me pills.”

“Stay back,” the dragon snarled.

“Fine, be that way,” Fang hopped off the bed, swaying and having to catch himself on the nightstand, knocking over one of the crystal glasses and shattering it on the floor. He just groaned and, keeping his eyes closed, went over to the curtain and drew it open to really slice the retinas of the overgrown lizard.

There was a feral hiss and the fox got a warm sense of satisfaction at causing his pain-in-the-ass friend some well-deserved discomfort. Then there was a scream that pierced Fang's sensitive ears as static rolled through the room.

"Fucking Christ! Quiet!" Fang shouted back, covering his ears as he turned around to see the drake looking at himself in the mirror, his hands roaming over his face and confirming it was real. The drake gave little surprised squeaks as he touched his face.

"Im...that guy at...at my job...I'm...no...it's...what?" The dragon tried to step backwards only to bump into furniture, taking much larger steps than needed to maneuver his own boudoir. A dresser was knocked off balance and the drake managed to just keep it from toppling over by bracing it against the wall, tearing wallpaper, splintering the paneling, and surely scratching the back of the dresser to hell.

"Teryx, my god, you're back in your own body, cool it." Fang gave a little huff.

"Listen asshole," the drake snarled, his mane wafting with static as he reared back, trying to shrink behind the dresser. "I don't know who you are, and I don't know what's going on, but don't fucking play with me."

"Seriously? What's wrong with you?" Fang didn't have the bandwidth to deal with Teryx's shit. All he wanted was a shower, and some pills for his head, but instead, Teryx was trying to fuck with him again.

"What are you talking about? I'm not myself!"

"Then who the fuck are you?" Fang decided to play the game that Teryx was laying out.

“Wait...you’re the guy who was with this drake at work. You...you did something to me. What did you do! Unf...” The storm drake rumbled, the static visibly rolling down his spine and down into his nuts.

“Honestly, I’m not following your little roll play, so if you want me to go along with it you need to get me water, pills, and some pancakes wouldn’t hurt either.”

“I’m not your fucking waiter you ass!”

“Oh my god, I’ll get it myself,” Fang went to the bedroom door and opened it, but before he could get full out the door he was knocked to the ground. The fox gave a scream of pain as his head was rattled in his skull.

“Fucking tell me what’s going on or...or I’ll...I’ll call the cops.” The drake warned.

Fang hissed and tried to strike back at his overgrown friend, but the drake’s grip stood firm.

“Answer me! Where am I? Why am...” The dragon shook his head. “Why am I here...and...what the hell is going on with me?”

Fang cracked his eyes open and looked into the topaz ones of the man before him. They held genuine fear, anger and confusion. There was no trace of the drake’s cocky nature or some hint that it was him. If anything, he seemed odd with how he pounced. His body was arched in strange angles, and his tail stood straight up, his mane doing the same.

“Oh shit,” Fang blinked. “You’re not Teryx.”

“Who the fuck is Teryx,” the drake demanded.



“He’s the one who got this all fucked up,” Fang sighed and gently put his head back on the tile, the cool floor a welcoming comfort for his pounding skull. “What’s your real name?”

“Why should I tell you. I got you pinned.”

“Because if you want me to help you before you become a mindless fuck machine you’ll work with me.”

“What?” the drake’s ears folded back. “I...what’s going to happen to me.” Almost as an answer, static popped around his form, his dragon’s plumage rolling in waves of energy as his dick started to grow hard, his cock swelling out of his slit.

“It’s more about what that body will do to you.” Fang took a moment. “If you let me up I can explain...I think.”

“What do you mean, ‘you think?’”

“I’m not the idiot who thought he could control a curse,” Fang took another deep breath and let it out slowly. “I promise this is some huge misunderstanding.”

The drake pushed off of the fox and backed up to the wall, his dick slipping further and further out of his slit, his heavy balls churning as pre started to dribble out of his cock head. Fang stood up and sighed.

“Listen, the drake who’s body you’re in made a curse, one that allows him to switch bodies with people who...I don’t know...get horny for him? It’s a whole thing. Either way, it’s reversible. I was just in that body yesterday.”

"I..." The drake bit his lower lip, his claws raking across the wall as that cock throbbed and reeled out further. "How do we undo it? I...unf..." The drake spread his legs wider, his musky low hangers swinging as he adjusted his stance, his hips grinding up into the air.

"We need to find where that jackass went," Fang sighed. "He's probably in your body and off the damned handle."

"Oh no..." The drake paused, his cock throbbing as he shook his head. "No, no, no!"

"What? Something wrong?"

"No...it's just...my body is in heat," the drake paused, his toe claws digging into the floor and cracking the tile as he bit his lip so hard he drew blood. "Fuck is this body in rut?"

"No, apparently that's the feeling he deals with all the time," Fang waived off the drake's concerns. "Did you want me to help you with that?" The fox gestured to his loins.

"No, I...I can keep it under control...I mean...it's like heat...and a dick feels like...oh fuck like a really heavy clit and...my balls burn with the same need as my womb but this...it's so intense and different but yet all the same."

"You don't need to worry too much about it, I can always help you take the edge off if you want."

"NO! I'm not going to...cheat..."

"Is it really cheating if it's not your body?" Fang cocked a brow.

"It's not my body...but it's still me...maybe I can just stroke myself..." The dragon moved a hand down to his loins, his fingers brushing around the base of his cock as though he were trying to play with

some folds, but it was so different! He had never felt so...powerful while stroking himself before. He let out a feral growl before pulling his hand away like it was burned.

“No...” the dragon rumbled. “No I can’t. I don’t know what I’ll do.”

“How about we start with your name then,” Fang rubbed his temples.

“I’m...Ron,” the drake let out almost pained as his cock throbbed, clear pre shooting out in a streak of static before oozing over the floor.

“Okay, Ron,” Fang went to the door. “I’m going to find my phone so we can call your number. I’m sure the asshole will answer me just to tell me how stupid I am for falling for this little bait and switch shit he’s got going on.”

“Okay...” Ron shuddered, his breath hot and heavy as blue sparks danced around in his maw, even his drool was dazzling with sparks.

Fang left the room and left the door ajar as he went to look for his pants. He found them in a pile of things that built up in the corner. The cyclone from the night before really did a number on the room. He clawed out his phone from the pocket, the screen cracked from being tossed about. Fang gave an angry groan before unlocking it and opening up the phone app.

“What’s your number?” Fang shouted at Ron. The drake grunted and opened the door, holding onto the frame as his boner swung and dripped.

“Its...um...fuck...” Ron took a moment before giving the correct number to the fox.

Fang punched it in and the phone rang a couple times before a sing song voice told him this was “Ron’s Phone” and to leave a message.

“This fucking asshole,” Fang redialed the number but it went straight to voice mail.

Then there was a bang at the door.

“For the love of all that is holy, keep it down,” Fang yanked his pants on and went to the door and threw it open. “What!”

There stood a lanky snow leopard with a large croc behind him.

“It’s me,” Teryx flashed his phone to the fox to show Fang’s phone number fading from the screen. The snow leopard tried to push Fang off to the side, but the fox wouldn’t let him and gripped him by the chest.

“The fuck is your game this time you gaping asshole!”

Fang was suddenly silenced at the sound of a deep and guttural growl from the croc.

“Keep your hands off my man’s body,” he snarled.

Fang immediately let go of the snow leopard and jumped back.

“Oh, don’t get your tail in a twist, he’s just keeping me safe until I can figure out what’s going on here.”

“At least we know it’s you,” Fang huffed and stepped aside.

“Yeah, it’s me,” Teryx nodded, his cocky stature out of place on such a little frame. He looked like he was sweating. “This is Clark, Ron’s mate.”

“Well you two make a lovely couple,” Fang rolled his eyes. “What did you fucking do this time?”

“I have a theory, but I need to find the curse conduit first,” Teryx the snep answered. “And what a mess you made of my place. It’ll cost a fortune to get this place back the way it was. And the cleaning lady doesn’t come until Tuesday.”

“Is that really your main concern right now?” Fang rolled his eyes.

“Well, yes,” Teryx sighed and ran his fingers through his hair. “I was hoping to swap back sooner rather than later. It’ll take forever to find the conduit in all this mess.”

“Wait, I thought you said you could cut the curse at will?” Fang crossed his arms. “Did you fucking lie to me again?”

“It wasn’t so much a lie per-say,” Teryx lifted his hand, the paw shaking as though he were weighing something. “I just didn’t tell you how. In order to swap back we need the conduit and the rose petal that was used. You just clip it back on and boom, undone.”

“I’m assuming you have the petal then?”

“Right here,” Clark handed the fox a mason jar with a single rose petal in it. “Now fix my mate or I’ll be breaking some limbs.”

“Hold your horses, we’ll need some help scouring this mess,” Teryx huffed hopping over a broken armchair, his big fluffy tail swishing. “Though, I think I need to sit down. I’m kind of reaching a limit.”

“Are you fucking kidding me?” Clark stomped into the room, his leather coat and dark jeans swaying and clinking with the metal bits on each. “You said if you got me here you’d fix things! I want to see my mate, NOW!”

“Clark?” Ron asked, the massive drake stood in the doorway to the bedroom, his dick bouncing with his heavy breathing. Instantly the croc’s shoulders softened.

“Ron? Is that you?”

“I...yeah,” the dragon nodded. “I...I’m so scared...”

“Ron, honey, I’m here now,” the croc started to walk over but Ron held up a hand.

“I want to hug you...but...I don’t know what I would do,” Ron winced. “It just feels...so good...and...I can’t think straight. It’s like heat but...in reverse but still...it’s so different but just as intense.”

“Oh babe,” Clark’s voice cracked before he turned and shot daggers at Teryx. “Fix him now.”

“I...oh god...” Teryx put a hand on his forehead and leaned against the wall, the cool paneling feeling sweet against this burning skin. “I can’t without...without the conduit. We just need to find it.”

“How!” Clark demanded.

“Well,” Teryx took a deep breath. “The easiest way would be to let the petal loose and follow it to the source, but with such a mess, we might want to clean up...umff...we might want to clean up a bit first.”

“I ain’t cleaning shit! You get my man back in his body now!”

“Or what? You’ll hit me?” Teryx was at his wit’s end. The heat making him ornery and needy in a way he wasn’t used to. It was like his rut but...well...like Ron said, in reverse. “Or you’ll hit my body?” Teryx gestured to the massive drake. “You could bat at that premium dragon stock all day and get hardly

a chuckle out of him. Besides, your mate is in that body. You're not going to hurt Ron." Teryx rolled his eyes at the croc before he slid down the wall to the floor, spreading his legs wide and breathing heavy.

"Fuck you," Clark snarled. "Open the damned jar so we can get to looking."

"Sure," Fang gripped the head of the jar, but a deep and rolling growl caused him to pause.

Clark and Fang turned to look at Ron. The massive drake was huffing, his muscles flexing as he looked on at Teryx, his topaz eyes focused into slits.

"Ron?" Clark paused. The drake blinked, his eyes widening again.

"Babe?" Ron gasped. "I...unf...fuuuuuuck!" The doorframe cracked as Ron gripped it so hard it splintered. He curled his lips back into another snarl as a thick shot of pre arched out of his cock and splattered onto the shattered tile and ruined mess.

"Babe, what's wrong?" Clark's eyes went from that pre to the drake.

"Oh fuck..." Teryx gasped. "I...I think it was a bad idea coming here."

"What the fuck do you mean?" Clark snapped his head to the snow leopard. "What's going on."

"Fuck..." Teryx only moaned as he breathed in the heated dragon musk, that powerful rut pheromone seeping into his bones and making his body hotter. He gave a little moan and Ron responded with growl as the wall started to crack and the wallpaper tore. The dragon was only holding himself back by the strength of that doorframe.

"Wait," Clark barely got a word out before the wall broke and Ron lunged. In a fraction of a second he was on top of Teryx and pinning him to the wall, his claws digging into the wall behind him as he held him up. The drake snarled, his fangs bared as he leaned into the snow leopard's neck and took a

deep sniff. Ron gave a little yip as though he were struck, his cock throbbing as static caused his mane to ripple and his horns to glow. The dragon leaned in and nibbled at the snow leopard's neck, sniffing and nibbling tenderly.

"I...I don't...I can't cheat...but..." Ron's mind was trying to use any shred of his mind still working to keep himself from doing what his body desperately wanted. He couldn't hold it much longer. Then, Teryx wrapped his arms around his thick neck, his fingers lacing into the dragon's plumage and feeling the static roll through him. He arched his neck and let out a whorish moan as his tail thrashed behind him as he tried to wrap his legs around the big drake's torso, his hot cunny pushing against the powerful huffing abdomen of that dragon beast.

"Wait, you need to stop—" Clark was cut off as the dragon's tail wrapped around him and held him firm. Ron's head curved away from the snow leopard, his eyes feral as he snarled at the croc. A sudden haze came over Clark as their eyes met, his mind instantly dominated as Ron's dragon ancestry started to boil in his veins.

Dragons often took tributes in their dominion, and this apartment was a dominion, no matter how small. And when a drake found heat in his dominion...

Clark moaned, his eyes going soft as those eyes bore into him, into his soul, his body going limp as Ron gripped onto Teryx's clothes and tore them away, starting with his pants. With his powerful claws, Ron removed the last bit of defense left as Teryx's heat pad slapped the floor with a wet smack.

Instantly the musky smell of dragon rut mixed with snow leopard heat. It was intoxicating and flaring, burning, all consuming. The very edges of their vision were blurred as their flesh hummed and their minds fogged over with one thought and one thought only.

This dragon was going to lay claim to this heat, and no one would stop it.



Fang was drawn into the haze as well, his eyes glazing over with need, the fox's headache forgotten. What could the fox do to help with the drake's breeding needs. The fox came over and crawled between the drake and the snow leopard, his muzzle sniffing out that cunt, the powerful submissive pheromones making him want to pounce the little snep, but the more dominant dragon rut was causing him to keep in line. The fox didn't need to crouch too much to find that pussy and giving it a deliberate lick. Teryx gave a loud moan as that fox tongue lulled over his pussy, that fox nose nuzzling his sensitive clit as that tongue sank into his love tunnel.

Ron was still locking eyes with the croc...his mate...but even a mated drake could breed a needy heat. Though, their mate would typically help. And how was he going to do that? Ron used his tail to pull him forward, the large croc falling to his knees and then being dragged under the drake.

Clark found himself beneath the dragon, his muzzle looking up at the powerful asshole of that drake and the taint that led to the heavy and heady nuts full of potent drake cum ready to make a good clutch of dragon pups. The croc gave a low rumble as he leaned up and licked over that pucker, the ring of muscle flexing and visibly rolling down his taint, up into his balls, and then splattering the fox with warm musky pre-nut, only for it to drip down onto the croc's face. It was bitter and salty, a refined flavor that he licked up before licking over his taint, that powerful tongue used to eating out pussy was ready to find all the sensitive spots on his new dragon mate. His nuzzling and tossing of the drake's salad only grew more fervent as he got closer and closer to that draconic nut sack. The source of those dominance pheromones that were cowing not one, not two, but three men into serving the dragon's rut. Clark took a deep sniff as his own drool dripped from that taint and onto his cheeks, the smell of balls filled his skull and he shuddered, the spines on his back quivering as his cock throbbed in his pants.

Teryx was in a haze. He knew he needed to do something, but...what? What was he supposed to do? Then his eyes met with Ron's, those topaz eyes glowed with power, the smell of man radiated over

him as his cunt was licked and his clit was sucked. He gave a shuddering cry as that dragon's eyes said it all.

"My servants will get us ready, just look into my eyes and you will be mine," Ron didn't so much say it as much as the pheromones boiling Teryx's mind did. He simply moaned as Fang continued to eat him out, his pussy a dripping mess as his toe paws twitched and his heat bloomed into a burning blaze that heated him from toe claw to ear tip. His moans were silenced as the drake's tongue lulled deep into his muzzle, that thick tongue filling his entire maw while they danced with one another.

Clark and Fang were below, each going at their respective jobs given to them by their master, and Clark was fully into it. His mind was caged and his reservations of Ron's safety were gone. Why should he worry about his mate when he was so big and powerful? And why should he worry about his mate's real body when it was in his master's hands? It all made sense. He worked up, slurping each ball into his muzzle and circling his tongue above them like some cock ring while slurping the base of his tongue on both nuts, rolling them from one side to the other to give his silent blessing to take that heat.

Fang was a drooling mess, the sweet heat of that snep was filling his senses and making him dig deeper into that hot love tunnel, the cunt boi's lips puffy and needy as that peach was glazed in its honey. Then a small spasm rolled through that cunt and the heat got deeper, and then another. Fang knew that felines don't ovulate unless stimulated, and that heat was getting deeper by the second. With each lick he prepped that clutch to be bigger, to be larger with each suckle on that clit, with each deep lick of his talented tongue, with every twitch of his lips and nuzzle of his nose into that needy little mound. Deep down Fang also knew this was going to get back at Teryx, by getting him pregnant, more and more so with each little pinch he forced out of that womb. Fang lost count at how many times that heat depend. All that mattered was that he was serving his master.

Then it was time. Ron was screaming in his mind to stop, but there was no blood going to his brain, it was all pounding painfully between his legs.

“Fuck babe...” Clark moaned, those balls flopping out of his muzzle. “I...fucking love it...” the words bubbled up from deep inside the croc’s mind, his heart beating out of his chest as his cock throbbed. “I...fuck...so hot...fucking...mff...fucking cuck me babe...” The croc didn’t think he would be into this, but the more he let the jealousy and protective feelings fall away, he realized this was something he was actually into as he nuzzled those nuts. “Fuck yeah...Ronny...baby...fucking cuck me.”

The words ran up into those balls, charging them with his hot breath as the drake felt that final restraint finally let loose. It wasn’t cheating...if his mate wanted it...

Teryx gave a crying moan as his pussy was pressed against that cock head, the transition from lulling fox tongue to ribbed dragon dick caused the snow leopard to quiver and moan, their kiss breaking as Ron hissed his approval while his draconic ridges sank into that heated hole one at a time.

Ron rolled his hips, his cock sliding in and out, completely glazed in needy snep juice. Teryx raked his claws into the drake’s mane, his fingers lost in the thick plumage as he was fucked so deep and almost tenderly. The dragon atop him was thrusting, grinding deep and working him open. He saw the powerful muscles of that back working, that powerful tail flicking as those thick globe like glutes flexed and thrust deep into him over and over.

Ron snarled and thrust, his hands gripping that snep ass and pulling him into each thrust as he sank deep and hard. There was no knot this time, just a series of draconic ridges for pleasure, almost like a feline’s barbs used to pleasure and stimulate their mate. Ron’s hips smacked, his balls swinging forward to beat on Teryx’s asshole as he kept sinking into those heated depths. Thick juices dripped

down those balls as the croc watched with wide eyes on those pulsing orbs getting ready to blast a clutch into his mate, his own mate cucking him...he couldn't look away if he tried.

Teryx felt the heat inside him burn hot. He was a whining whore as that cock beat against the blazing sun that was his need, forcing it to bleed over his body in flashing waves. Sweat and musk dripped off the two as the drake kept staking his claim, that cunt quivering, that womb pinching to drop more eggs for the stud pounding his rut away.

Ron's hips became erratic as his balls started to draw up, his thrusts uneven as his legs flexed from the pleasure while still trying to thrust hard into that needy warm hole.

"Fuck yes babe, fucking do it! Fucking blast that heat with your brats...fucking show me how a real man cucks a bitch." Clark couldn't hold his excitement anymore as he leaned up and started making out with that taint, his tongue lulling over that asshole, rimming it as he slurped and suckled on that taint. Fang was a twitching mess on the floor, the mixture of pheromones causing him to go rigid.

Ron's eyes became slits as he snarled, his balls slapping and causing sparks to fly as they drew up. Clark watched as those heavy orbs stopped swinging as they got ready to bust their load. Teryx could see the drake pounding him getting close, his cunt a gushing mess had several mini orgasms and was building to something more. The burning in his womb wouldn't give him release until he felt those thick dragon loads breeding him. He wanted it, he wanted nothing more than to watch his body, his fucking god of a storm drake bust his brats deep inside a willing womb, this womb, the one being beaten by that dragon dick. He couldn't form words, his mouth agape as the dragon before him started to tense up.

Ron let out a roar, but even without the orgasmic cry Clark would have known the orgasm was happening by the way that taint flexed against his tongue. The croc below felt that prostate snap and

shoot audible squelching shots up into his mate. He kissed that mussel as those babies blasted forward up that cum pipe, distending it as those balls bounced and started to dump their load.

Teryx felt that cock inside his pussy stretch it further as it gorged itself on blood before a thick wad of dragon essence spat at the back of his womb. He came, he came harder than he ever had in his life, his vision swam as each one of those thick jets of dragon jizz were compounding orgasms that drenched that heat, the sizzling of the flames of that blaze weren't extinguishing the pleasure but compounding it tenfold. A wash of fem cum splattered the floor then a thick wad of dragon jizz came down with it in streaking shots that bathed both Clark and Fang while the dragon continue to bloat Teryx's womb. The snow leopard swore he could feel those dragon swimmers inside him, writhing and taking root, forcing him into motherhood as a microcosm frothed in his pussy.

Ron snarled and started thrusting again, gripping Clark by the throat with his tail and shoving his muzzle into his ass and pinning Fang under his foot as he started to thrust. Ron was far from done, that heat may be doused, but a dragon's rut was nothing to take lightly. Teryx couldn't think, all he was in that moment was a receptacle for dragon pups. A fuck sleeve that was screaming in pleasure while being fucked brainless in a rut that only got deeper with each thrust.

Teryx's eyes rolled in his skull, his mouth agape as his tongue hung limp out of the corner of his drooling muzzle. The last thing he remembered was his massive dragon tongue lulling into his muzzle for another kiss, his body being jostled against powerful dragon thrusts. Each thrust a bloom of pleasure shaking the fizzling life in his womb as his vision went blank. He wasn't a person anymore, he was just a series of senses being fucked around by a massive stud. He was nothing but a piece of breedable fuck trash that was being forced into motherhood by his own rut.

And he loved it...