

Cerberus

Chapter 1: A Stray Hound

So many people let their lives pass before their eyes, never really exploring beyond the grassy knoll of their birth. When opportunity comes and invites you on an adventure, why would you want to give up what you got for something that wasn't a sure thing? Especially when what you got is everything you need. Three hot and a cot, a roof over your head, a job that drains your mind and soul, but pays the bills. It's the dream, right? Who would want more?

Flynn's mind swirled with these thoughts as he brushed his thumb on the lip of his coffee mug. His onyx claw tip gleaming in the morning sun as steam rolled from his cup. The problem with opportunities is that they don't guarantee anything. Their promises come with no warranties; there's no guilty parties to be held accountable. The only one who gets hurt is...

"Sup, sourpuss," Nathan murred and slapped Flynn on the back. Flynn spilled a little coffee on the crossword he was plucking away at. It's okay, it was last week's edition and he still couldn't figure out four-down. Though, that wasn't the point of Flynn's frustration.

"Nathan," Flynn groaned. "Could you be a bit more careful? What if you made me spill on my laptop? It's not like you need to sneak around in our apartment."

"Sorry," Nathan's chuckled sarcastically. "Wasn't wearing my bell." Nathan's lithe form sauntered into the kitchen, wearing nothing but a massive, oversized band shirt that he was practically swimming in. He was a ferret with soft, silky, molted fur. His hair was stylishly cropped up, but messily hung in mats with his bed head. Flynn's roommate, and ex, grabbed the pot of coffee Flynn had made, and went to reach for a couple of mugs. The hem of the shirt rode up just enough to show he wasn't

wearing any underwear. Nathan's normally white ass was glowing red from the pounding it got last night.

"He still here?" Flynn rolled his eyes as he watched the ferret fill two mugs. Nathan sure wasn't getting Flynn a replacement for what he spilled. The ferret was far too selfish for that.

"Why?" Nathan smirked, his shoulder peeking out from the wide neck of that shirt. "Does the wolf pup want to join?"

"N-No..." Flynn blushed and sipped his coffee.

"Oh come off it Flynn," Nathan swatted Flynn's back with his tail as he padded past the table. "I was just joking." He grabbed the creamer from the fridge and poured himself a generous amount. At least the creamer wasn't Flynn's. Nathan pulled his weight as a roommate, he wasn't a terrible guy, just...not the guy Flynn wanted.

They got their apartment several years back and then broke up amicably. Nathan was the first to bring up that they weren't really lovers, but rather just good roommates. It took some time for Flynn to get over it, and the constant slamming of the headboard of his lover turned slutty roommate probably made it more difficult to move on.

"Hope we didn't keep you up last night," Nathan started to stir in his creamer.

"Nah, the rhythmic pounding is practically white noise to me now," Flynn joked. "I doubt I could sleep without it."

In reality, it had kept him up...for a time. The wolf was woken last night to the sound of screaming and rough fucking. It had to be some sort of stallion with the way they kept going. They weren't making love or having sex, they were *fucking*. Rutting like wild animals with nothing in common

but a nut to bust. Their words bubbled through the wall as the force of their thrusts rippled through the sheetrock.

“You like that you stupid skank!” the faceless visitor shouted and spat on his roommate. “Tell me how much you like it you fuck bucket!”

“Oh yes daddy! YES! Use me! You deserve it! It feels so good to be your-mmm!”

Nathan’s high-pitched screams were muffled as he was pressed into his own mattress. Flynn, laying in his own bed, shuddered. He leaned into his pillow, the warmth from his own body making it feel inviting as he nuzzled it, the smell of his own gentle musk filling his nose. He dipped a hand down under the sheets, running along his abdominals, his happy trail leading to his prize. His fingers slipped over his clit, his knuckles playing with it as he slowly massaged his folds, dripping wet and humid in their cloth confines. With his free paw he gripped his pec, his fingers toying with his nipple. The gray wolf spent a good amount of time playing with himself, his own juices soaking his fingers as he played with his puffy peach. His arms flexed, the tendons in his forearm rolling with his expert skill, shifting the fur and arm hair as the black pads on his fingers played with his sensitive folds.

Flynn was the perfect middle ground of bulky and trim, a swimmer’s build which college jocks would weep in envy. The mixes of various grays that made his coat gave his fur depth; the tips of his body, like his fingers, toes, tail, and ears were a pristine white. His mane was a fluffy gray that started as frosty white tips between his pecs and created a gradient that grew darker until it reached his black hair and beard. There was no mistaking him as anything other than a man.

Flynn’s fingers played with his love buttons, sliding in and out, while rubbing over his clit with his palm. He huffed quietly as the moans and groans in the other bedroom grew louder, more forceful. They were close. He was close.

“You ready, fuck meat!” that deep rumbling voice growled from beyond the wall.

“...yes...” Flynn breathed out the response.

“What did you say?”

Flynn was forced back into reality as he realized he had breathed the word over his coffee. A deep blush flushed his face as he crossed his legs and pushed his toe claws together in embarrassment.

“Oh...nothing...” Flynn squeaked out and sipped. Nathan just raised a brow. Flynn didn’t like that look.

“That’s your response to a lot of things lately,” Nathan pursed his lips. “You’re coming out with me tonight.” Nathan decided. Flynn’s stomach sank. When Nathan got an idea in his head, he would move heaven and hell to make it happen.

“Nathan,” Flynn groaned. “I really don’t want to have to go out after working, and you know how I get at those parties you like to go-”

“Oh, I know the party animal I fell in love with back in the day,” Nathan smirked and picked up his mugs as he started to make his way back to his bedroom. “You’re coming out with me tonight. You’ve been cooped up in your room too much playing your warcrafts and dragon’s dungeons. You need a night out, and I’m dragging you with me, kicking and screaming if I have to.”

“And what if I refuse?” Flynn turned, looking over the back of the chair, his pajama pants squeaking against the wood of his seat.

“You know what happens when I don’t get what I want,” Nathan winked. It was true, the last prank war they had got a little out of hand with some vomiting agent and a fake pregnancy test. “I’ll pick you up right after work at seven, and we’re going out.”

With that, he ducked into his room. A rumbling “thank you” came from his boudoir as the two fuckers started their morning romp. Guess Flynn wouldn’t get the chance to see the guy leave and catch a glance at the focus of his last night’s desires.

Flynn just sighed. Damn Nathan and his extroverted ass! Flynn went into his bedroom and got ready for work while listening to his roommate and this stud stallion go for round ten in the next room.

“Man, I need to get laid,” Flynn huffed, a lock of his hair fluttering in the current made by his breath.

“Flynn, when you’re done there, you can go wash up and hang up your scrubs,” Nena the hippo head nurse assured him. “I know you could do more, but the union puts limits on how much we exert ourselves. I can’t have you pulling doubles if you’re doing this kind of work.”

“Sure thing Nena,” Flynn smiled, his eyes more tired from lack of sleep than mana exhaustion.

“Mh, hm...” Nena gave him a sidewise glance. “I’m watching you boy. I know you want to help, but don’t you be making us all look bad just cuz you can handle so much.”

“I got it Nena,” Flynn pulled out a hooked needle, the runes on it glowing with icy blue mana. “No extra stitches or you’ll put me on leave without pay again.”

“Don’t make me bench my most valuable spell stitcher,” Nena smiled.

“Wouldn’t dream of giving away free treatment,” Flynn sighed back at her before turning to his patient. There lay an unconscious rabbit, their body already stitched up from surgery, their stomach all sewn together and still under the effects of the anesthesia. Flynn leaned in and sunk the needle into

their flesh, right where the current stitches were. They were temporary, simply to get them to the recovery ward, or if they decided they didn't want to pay for augmented healing.

Flynn worked fast, the needle creating threads of his mana as he stitched the flesh together, the wound closing and melding together without so much as a scar. Another reason his services were so highly demanded was because he left no trace of insertions. Most of the people he worked on were models, wives of rich men, or old titans of industry. The people who could afford it.

"Boy," Nena looked over his work with a watchful eye. "Why are you not a surgeon yet? With your fine fingers and talent, you could be making bookoo bucks!"

"Trying to get rid of me, Nena?" Flynn deflected with a grin and continued his sewing, the patient's abdomen healing up nicely, accepting his magic well enough.

"Wouldn't dream of it," Nena smiled and scribbled some stuff on the patient's chart. "But honestly, with your skills, I'm sure you'd be able to apply for a scholarship or something. Plenty of people half as talented get into the Ministry of Health and Medicine."

"Yeah," Flynn pulled the thread taut and snipped it with his teeth, the excess disbursting in a shower of sparks as he pulled out a balm to draw some disinfectant runes. "I'm also sure they have rich families to fall back on if they don't get in. I had my run at the MHM."

"Why'd you quit anyway, if you don't mind me asking?"

"I do mind," Flynn said flatly, not out of anger, but matter of fact. Nena just put up her hands and shook her head.

"Sorry, none of my business I guess, but you really should reconsider."

“I’ll think about it,” Flynn replied as he finished up applying the balm. He snapped his fingers and the balm glowed before sinking into the stomach of the patient, their internal organs being stitched back together and rapidly healed. It was used to prevent internal scar tissue and promote faster recovery.

“Yeah, just like you said you’d ‘think about’ coming out to drinks with the other girls,” Nena chuckled and sauntered her way to the door.

A watch on Flynn’s wrist started to beep and flash yellow, signaling he reached his union-approved amount of spell usage for the day.

“You’re all tapped out,” Nena commented. “Or at least with the amount that the union will allow. I’m sure you could do a dozen more and not feel any magic fatigue.” Nena sighed. “You youngin’s and your youth. I swear it’s wasted on ya. Wash up and get the hell out of here. Go have some fun, Flynn.”

“Fun? I don’t touch the stuff,” Flynn prodded and followed Nena out, tossing his hair net into the trash like a basketball.

“Oh, look out, better get your EpiPen ready, don’t want to die from having too much of that.” Nena laughed at her own joke as she went off to her next station.

Flynn just went to his locker to change into his street clothes. The scrubs at the hospital were charmed to prevent the spread of infection, but were made to charge in the locker. Flynn switched into his casual clothes, a cutoff hoodie and some tight athletic shorts. He was hoping that Nathan may have forgotten.

His hopes were dashed as he exited the hospital.

“Flynn boy!”

“Too good to hope you’d be worn out from your fuck this morning, huh?” Flynn sighed as he heard the pitter-patter of shoes running up to him. Nathan jumped up and hung from Flynn’s neck.

“Not a chance,” Nathan chuckled and gave Flynn a peck on the cheek before going back down to the ground. “Now, I know you have trouble controlling yourself at these kinds of things, but hear me out.”

“Oh, I’m sure this’ll be good,” Flynn chuckled and rolled his icy blue eyes.

The rave was a blaring party, loud and obnoxious by anyone’s standards, and just the place to let loose and not care who saw. Neon paint glowed under black lights and people were slathering themselves in the stuff; every person was given one color at the door. Nathan was currently dripping in green paint while Flynn had some blue currently staining his hoodie.

“What’s wrong?” Nathan asked, looking over Flynn as the wolf eyed his drink.

“Nothing,” Flynn said, his fangs glowing with the black light. “It’s just...I ordered a rum and coke, and this is whisky.”

“Really? That asshole!” Nathan turned to go to the bartender.

“No! It’s fine really! I’ll drink it,” Flynn tried to reel Nathan in, but the green paint made him slip through his fingers.

“Hey! Yeah! My friend asked for rum, not whisky!”

“Nathan, it’s fine!” Flynn hissed. “It’s okay!” Flynn gave a thumbs up to the bartender. He was some badger who wore only a thong with handprints all over his body in multiple glowing paints.

“This guy your boyfriend or something?” The bartender asked Nathan.

“Him and me? Nah! Just friends!” Nathan shot back. The badger turned to Flynn and gave him a wink.

“A rum and coke, handsome? Coming right up,” the badger kissed the air in his direction. Flynn just blushed as Nathan nudged him with his elbow.

“Look at you! Getting free drinks,” Nathan nudged Flynn in the arm. “You’re an effortless flirt!”

“N-No I’m not,” Flynn’s blush was discernable even in the low light.

“Hey, why don’t you wait for your drink and I’ll take a lap around the dance floor. See if I can’t drum us up some guys.”

“Nathan, I really don’t want to be alone-” Flynn turned away from the bar to see Nathan had already vanished. The only thing indicating he was there was a trail of lime green footprints.

“Hey there big guy,” a girl came up to him and brushed his arm, pink and purple paint smearing over his gray fur. She was a minx and she reeked of gin. “You look pretty lonely. You want something to help loosen you up?”

“No...I don’t really do that kind of stuff anymore,” Flynn gave a nervous smile and scratched the back of his head.

“Come on,” she pressed, her body a mess of pinks and purples. “You’ll feel every drop of paint like a kiss from a velvet rose.”

“That tired line again, Tina?” The badger came over with the rum and coke. “If the guy doesn’t want your shit, go sell it somewhere away from my bar.”

The minx stuck her tongue out and sauntered away. Flynn was feeling a little overwhelmed so he just grabbed the drink and scuttled away. So much happened all at once. The room felt like it was spinning, the music was thrumming, he felt like his head was going to explode. Flynn found a dark and relatively quiet spot off the dance floor. He leaned against the wall and downed his whisky drink and started to nurse on his rum.

Why did he ever let Nathan drag him out to one of these things?! People were always so pushy and nosy. He could hardly catch a break. At least here behind the stairs it was darker, and the music was dulled a bit. A light thrum pulsed through his toes as he felt something slick between them. A slurry of paints oozed over the floor and into a drain near the stairs and Flynn put a hand on his face. He was abandoned by his friend and surrounded by so much stimuli he felt like his head was going to crack open!

“I can’t do this...I can’t do this...”

“...”

“I can’t do this, I can’t...I can’t...I can’t” Flynn felt his eyes start to burn, the sting of tears forcing their way up and out.

“...you...kid...”

“I just...I can’t....I...”

“Hey?”

Flynn was pulled from his dissociated state as he realized there was someone else leaning against the wall in the dark.

“You okay kid?” the figure asked again, the faint glow of a cigarette illuminated the eyes of his dark companion.

“Yeah, I just...”

The man flicked his cigarette into the swirling neon goo and held out his hand. What emerged from the darkness was a massive paw, claws that could shred flesh from bone, thick paw pads for pounding dirt. As Flynn’s eyes adjusted and looked up, it was like time stopped.

He had never seen anything so terrifying and beautiful at the same time.

The man was a massive wolf. He had to be at least six foot eight and built like a tank. He wore no shirt, just a pair of tight jeans that hugged his massive legs. He was dark, his underbelly a mixture of grays and darker chest fur. A thick mane filled out his shoulders and neck while coming up into feathery locks above in a sloppy updo. The badass shrapnel in his face only accented his sharp and angled features. He had barbells on his brows and ears, and viper bites on his lower lip. A thick gold chain hung from his neck with a tag that read “KING.”

Despite all that, his eyes are what caught Flynn off guard. They were black, black inky orbs with neon blue irises. Some sort of dye job or something? He had heard that eye dying was a long tradition in many colors. The figure hovered there, the world moving in slow motion as the rapid thump of the base slowed to a gentle beat. A calming hum filled the air

Flynn felt himself be pulled up to his feet, not realizing he had taken the man’s hand. That massive mitt completely engulfed Flynn’s.

That's when their eyes truly met.

"Wow..." They both said in unison. Flynn's eyes further drank in the man before him. He was stacked, but not bulky; built, but not bulbous. Stubble had grown on his muzzle, a soul patch on his chin having gotten unruly and yet somehow made him more masculine. The man was the first to break the silence.

"You okay?" He asked, his head shaking away the cobwebs. "I mean, you looked like you were about to pass out."

"No, I mean..." Flynn felt a tear trickle out of his eye. It fluttered down his cheek, an aftermath of his anxiety attack. The man's otherworldly eyes caught the glimmer of that diamond tear as it streaked through the blue paint smudged on his cheek.

"Hey, shhhh," the big guy lifted his free hand, the smell of his cigarette still ripe on his finger as he brushed that tear away. Normally Flynn hated the smell of cigarettes, despised them would be a better word, but for some reason...this smoke smelled...musky? Musky in a good way? Like the ashes from a campfire in the woods on a cool fall afternoon muddled in the sweat of a man's brow. "What's wrong kid?"

Normally Flynn would turn and run, get away from anyone like this in a heartbeat...but...

"My friend kind of...dragged me here..."

A sly and somehow gentle smile came across that big wolf's maw, a golden fang shining in the black light.

"Not really your thing?"

"I mean it was...but...I don't really do that kind of stuff anymore."

“Don’t like being ripped out of your head, huh?”

“That’s the problem...I actually...well...I like it too much...” Flynn noticed he had looked down at his toes, the paint smearing between them. “I mean...I used to really like it, but I don’t like myself on them.”

“I get that, pup,” the big guy murred. “This stuff used to be my scene too, but it’s getting kind of old now.”

“Well, looks like you’ve gotten a few people to throw some paint on ya,” Flynn gestured to the glowing blue streaks in his fur.

“Paint? What do you...when did they...?” The guy furrowed his brow and lifted his arm to show off how the blue streaks had brushed over his fur. They were expertly placed. They looked like scorched edges of paper, the fur inside the outlines a darker black, almost void dark fur.

“Yeah, it matches your eyes,” Flynn murred. The man looked surprised before a warm grin pulled at the corners of his lips.

“What’s your name kid?”

“It’s...uh...Flynn. Flynn Al’Vargr.”

The man closed his eyes and took a deep breath. Time slowed down as every part of that beast’s body swelled with that breath and then came back down as he exhaled through his mouth. Flynn could have sworn he saw blue sparks fly out of his muzzle, but it must have just been his imagination.

“Thank you for giving me your name, Flynn,” he opened his eyes, the glow from them looked more intense. Maybe Flynn’s eyes had adjusted better. A grin spread across that muzzle, this time it

looked more sinister, more...predatory? Odd, Flynn felt completely safe. As though that grin was meant for someone else other than him.

"Yeah, no...no problem," Flynn felt a little lightheaded. He swayed a bit, a warmth buzzing through his head as he swooned to the side. He was quickly caught and steadied by that big paw.

"Careful there pup, I know I can be a lot to handle, even for someone of your prowess."

"My...my prowess?"

"Don't worry about it, I got you, pup. You wanna have a good time?" The words felt warm. Was he talking directly into his ear? When did he fall into his chest? He smelled like warm musk and cigarettes. His powerful chest rose up and down, over and over with powerful calming breaths.

Am I drunk?

Flynn's head swam as he nuzzled that chest, those powerful pecs cradling his muzzle while a hand gently stroked his back.

"My drink...did...did that girl...drug me?" Things were getting a little fuzzy, but somehow clearer.

"Your drink is just fine, baby. You're just getting your first hit of Cerberus."

"What's...what Cerberus?" Flynn felt a panic well up inside him as he pushed himself away from that powerful chest just far enough to look into that man's eyes. They were definitely glowing brighter...or at least Flynn thought they were. What did he take? He didn't even remember taking anything.

"Not what, *who*," the big guy leaned in and pressed his lips against Flynn's.

Boom! Sparklers!

Flynn breathed in through his nose. The smell of sandalwood and campfires filled his senses. Every point of tension in his body loosened, every knot of stress unwinding as he felt himself melting into that kiss. Flynn's arms languidly wrapped around that thick neck, he felt a powerful paw push against the small of his back to pull him closer, the claw tips of the big guy's fingers scratching the base of his tail.

Flynn's mouth opened and that massive wolf's tongue took him. That tongue, it *wasn't* canine. It was thicker, more malleable. Flynn didn't pay much attention to it beyond the fact it was filling his muzzle as he nursed on it. He found several piercings on that tongue, his fangs and hot breath filling his mind as he was pressed closer.

Flynn felt a warmth bloom in his abdomen as his abs met the cobblestones of the man's in front of him, the bulge in those jeans thick and throbbing. Flynn felt his teeth press against the other man's, lightly brushing against one another as that tongue retracted into that maw to murr its words directly into his throat.

"I'm Cerberus, pup," the wolf finally spoke the answer to his obvious riddle. It wasn't meant to be a secret or suave, it's just that Flynn's head was swimming and buzzing like his bones were made of bees, yet also filled with warm air.

"Oh...you're...Cerberus," Flynn spoke the name like it was a prayer, a spell that caused Flynn's spine to tingle and his toes to twitch.

Flynn's eyes fluttered open. Cerberus' eyes were half-sheathed and glowing as he made out with Flynn. Their lips pressed against one another again in a delicate dance and swirling around one another, tasting each other, smacking, feeding off of the other's energy. That kiss became so smooth and warm that Flynn didn't even realize his ass was being groped.

“Come on, princess,” Cerberus broke the kiss, Flynn’s mouth hung open and inviting as their hot breath caught fog as he panted. “Let’s go have some real fun.”

“Yeah...sure...” Flynn felt himself pulled out of the dark and into the light. Everything was so bright now. Flashing lights hallowed everything, the glowing paint was like a mass of dripping bodies that flashed to and fro. It was one large, glowing, melting pot and he was part of it all. The strobing lights and the roiling music lost its edges and became audible bean-bag chairs to lounge in. Flynn could stay in that bubble forever, only there was something else pulling him along. It was a powerful arm, a hairy pit pressed against his shoulder as a powerful hand gripped his ass. Flynn leaned into that powerful arm, those powerful fingers gripping his ass tighter.

“Cerberus...where are we going?”

“To the center of the universe, pup. You want to go there with me?” Cerberus was shouting over the music, but to Flynn it’s like he was whispering in his ear, licking his eardrums with the words and causing his spine to shudder.

“Wherever...wherever you want...” Flynn muttered.

“Good pup,” Cerberus murred.

Of course they weren’t really going to the center of the universe, not really, but in that moment, Flynn swore the world spun around him and the big guy. Glowing lights shot up from the floor. A glowing dance floor covered in paint and sweat filled Flynn’s vision. He was dancing, dancing like no one was watching, only he felt the eyes of everyone on him like a hundred kisses as they melted over his skin, making his fur drip with their sight and his sweat to cascade off him.

Was he shirtless?

Flynn had lost his sweatshirt, it having been discarded and lost in the haze of heat and rave music. The floor vibrated with sound, feeling like rolling hills between Flynn's toes as he danced and raved. He must have found some glow sticks, or they were put on him by some of the other dancers, showering him with attention and praise.

"That's right, pup. Just relax. Let go and fall into the music deeper," Cerberus's voice was like honey as it glazed Flynn's ears. More of reality was a party, more of the world swirled and moved with abandon. Flynn was a mess of rainbows, colors dripping from head to toe, but all those colors came from two paws, two massive, muscular paws.

A massive cheer roared through the music as Flynn lifted his fist. What was in his hands...his shorts? Oh god it felt good to be nude. So free, so liberating...so easy for...for Cerberus to...

"...hold and grip..."

Wait...were these Flynn's thoughts, or Cerberus' words?

That was just a fleeting thought. It was immediately washed away in a flood of lights and sound.

"That's a good girl," Cerberus' words rolled out of his throat like a thunderstorm. There was power behind those words. There was strength untenable. It made Flynn's spine tingle and his tail to hike.

"Very good girl," Cerberus rumbled. Suddenly Flynn felt a weight, the weight of that body, the powerful form of that massive man.

Flynn came, his legs quivering as he felt some clarity for a brief moment. He was on stage, his hands white-knuckling a pole as Cerberus' paw slipped between his legs and petted his pussy. The crowd

was going nuts, screaming his name and shouting their approval as the paint around his muscled thighs smeared with his fem cum.

“So eager, are you going to be my good little bitch?” Cerberus rumbled.

“I’ll...I’ll be your good little whore,” Flynn moaned out, his tongue lulling as he arched his back. Out of the haze of colors and lights, Cerberus melded into reality. He was holding him, grinding against him. Powerful paws gripped his pussy, thumb flicking over his clit and fingers playing with his sensitive folds. Massive feet were on either side of his own foot paws, both stained with various paints and colors.

You know what they say about guys with big feet...

Flynn moaned, loud, slutty, whorish, and his heart fluttered as he felt that fuck meat grind against his ass. He looked over his shoulder to see that fuck log. It had to be at least sixteen inches of fuck meat, a massive spire of man. Normally Flynn would be terrified about something that big, but he didn’t care. He hiked his tail up higher, his pussy dripping over the larger man’s fingers, the pearls of his need rolling off Cerberus’ knuckles.

“That’s right, you’ll drop your fucking panties anytime, anywhere for me, won’t you, you stupid slut.”

“Yeah, I’m just some stupid slut for master...”

“Yeah you are, you little fuck pet, pocket pussy.” Cerberus snarled between his clenched fangs as he grinded his dick against those ass cheeks. Hot pre dripped onto Flynn’s back, the clear pre streaking through that paint.

Cerberus drew his dick back and removed his fingers from deep inside Flynn's pussy. Flynn had never felt more empty in his life. The lights grew dim, the sound became harsh, the base was like a hammer to the head.

"Stick it in me! Fuck me daddy!"

Flynn didn't have to wait long as that dick head pressed against his cunt. His warm cunny honey slicking his entrance as Cerberus pressed the tapered tip of that bitch sticker right between those folds.

"That's right you dumb slut! Take it raw! No rubber! Just all dirty, musky, sloppy dick!"

In that moment, if anyone said they would put a condom on Cerberus, Flynn was sure he'd bite their hand off. Nothing was getting between Flynn and his master. NOTHING!

Flynn pushed back, his whorish moans reverberating through the speakers as the screens above showed Flynn getting his ass split open. A close up showed his twitching asshole above that dick as it sank into the real prize: his unprotected and ripe pussy.

Cerberus' toes flexed, his toe claws gnashing and splintering the glass beneath him as he felt that warm, slick snatch glaze his dick in its needy honey.

"Fuck yeah, you stupid skank! Push back! Give your fucking pussy to me you stupid cum bucket!"

"Yes master! Yes Sir! Anything you want! Whatever you want!" Flynn was out of his mind as he pushed back. He knew he should feel pain, but there was a growing sense of tantalizing pressure inside of him. It felt like that dick was filing every corner of his body, making him feel stretched and full, potent and needed. He had never felt so fulfilled and filled at the same time. His cunt quivered, cumming on that dick and lubing it up as it sank deeper into him. Wet smacking could be heard as Cerberus thrust,

his balls swinging forward and slapping that clit, Flynn's little bullet a twitching mess as he was rawed like a cheap whore.

"Fuck yeah, you stupid skank! Give it to me! Give me all your fucking mana!"

Outside of Flynn's haze, Cerberus was fucking over Flynn, and if anyone with half a sense of magical aptitude could see, Flynn's mana was surging into Cerberus through his dick, the electric and icy blues blending in with the stage lighting. Arches of actual blue electricity were surging through Cerberus' dick, his veins glowing with raw power as he raped it out of that stupid wolf below him.

"That's right you stupid fucker! I'm going to fuck that cunt over for all it's worth. I'm going to spit my brats nice and deep and rape over your mana until there's nothing left! I'm going to drain you of every piece of your worthless existence you dumb fucktard!"

Cerberus couldn't hold back his words anymore. His dick was supercharged, he hadn't felt this powerful in millennia. He couldn't hold back. He was a mad dog in rut. He was fucking over this bitch hard and fast and drinking down his magic like it was going out of style. That power rolled down his dick, charging his nuts with untold power as they swung and jostled in the air. Every time they slapped that clit, a powerful surge of energy would arch between that bullet and those nuts.

"It's mine! It's all mine!" He snarled, cunny honey and pre splattering the stage in wet sloppy splats as Flynn came again, his cunt spraying the stage and running the paint.

"It's yours! Take it all! Take everything from me! I...please!"

Energy lashed out of Flynn, and Cerberus snarled. He felt something powerful gripping his neck...a leash? It burned into his flesh, new markings etching onto him as he fucked harder. Was this little bitch trying to bind him? No...this was...was far looser than a binding. A command came through that leash, a powerful command like a scream from hell itself.

“Fuck me over, till there is nothing left!” Flynn screamed.

It was an order, a command of undeniable power. Cerberus grinned darkly. He wasn't going to hold back. He thrust deep, hard and fast, the lights flickering as more and more energy surged into that muscled wolf.

“Yes! Even your stupid soul begs me to rape you into fuck trash! Take my nut! Take my fucking brats you stupid bitch!”

Cerberus thrust forward, his knot slamming against that cunt, prying it open little by little with potent and powerful thrusts. The crowd cheered him on.

“Fuck that bitch! Fuck that bitch! Fuck that bitch!”

Flynn was in heaven and hell, in purgatory between everything he wanted and needed. He wanted that knot, and he would have it! He would please his man...his master! Flynn looked back, his vision blurry and the world a haze. He could have sworn he saw multiple Cerberus fucking him, or at least a three-headed beast.

Flynn pushed back, his pussy stretching almost to its breaking point before that knot popped in.

Cerberus snarled, energy arching in all directions. He roared, the glass shattering, lights sparking and fires kicking up. Cerberus' dick pipe expanded, distending with the volume of cum as it spat at that cervix. Wad after wad was angrily shot into that womb as Cerberus gripped Flynn's muscled ass cheeks.

“You're mine! All mine!” He snarled as Flynn's belly distended with that cum, bulging with that massive load.

To Flynn, he felt like he just shot up with something potent. His veins buzzed, his mind sang as his womb burned in pleasure. He could feel the individual sperm, each one bullying his ova into

submission, treating his womb like their own personal punching bag as they fucked him over. His womb was a bubbling, fizzing froth of pleasure.

“Fuck daddy...” Flynn moaned.

“What the fuck?” Cerberus snarled. “How are you still alive?”

“M-More...” Flynn moaned and that collar burned around Cerberus’ neck. “I...I want you to fuck everything...everything out of me.”

Cerberus snarled and thrust, his knot digging deeper as he ground into Flynn.

“I...I can’t...stop...fuck!” Lightning arched out of Cerberus’ body, powerful arches of raw magic lashed out, eviscerated bodies and people. The rave was now in pure panic.

Flynn blacked out.

Flynn moaned as he rolled over in his bed, his sheets warm and inviting. The morning sun shot through his blinds and pierced his eyes and all he wanted to do was get five more minutes.

“Fuck the sun...” he muttered into his pillow. He sighed as he pressed down onto the mattress, his body at peace with the fact that he had no idea how he got home last night. He didn’t feel hungover, he didn’t feel like he had cotton mouth...he actually felt pretty good and well-rested.

Then his bed shifted. Flynn froze as he felt a massive weight shift beside him and rolled over, a huge paw smacking his ass as the reality of what happened last night came flooding into his mind. That paw gripped him and pulled him closer, rolling him onto his side so he lay flush with the stomach of that massive man.

“Morning princess,” Cerberus rumbled into his ear, nipping it. “You got any morning coffee, you stupid skank, or do I need to make it myself?”

“What...how did...”

“Your feeble mind is easy enough to read. You may technically be the master in this boon you made, but you gave me all the control. Such a slutty little hell mage.”

Cerberus’ paw rolled down to cup that pussy, his fingers playing with Flynn’s folds.

“What...what are you talking about? I’m not a hell mage...”

“You really have no idea what’s happening? A truly talented mage. I’ll have fun fucking you into the ground.” Cerberus snarled and nipped Flynn’s neck as he slipped a couple of fingers inside him. “You have so much to give, and I can’t leave until you’re all empty. That was your command.”

“Fuck...” Flynn spread his legs to give Cerberus better access, those massive, meaty fingers playing with that pussy like a savant.

“I’ve had many masters, Flynn, but I think you’ll be my favorite. I’ll fuck you, drain you, and leave you a husk with my pups.” Cerberus bit down and continued talking, his words snarling around Flynn’s ear. “Now, either you’re going to take this dick again, or you’re going to make me breakfast.”

Flynn didn’t know what to say. Did everything last night really happen? He had never felt better. The things Cerberus was saying should make him worried, but only made him drip with excitement. How fucked up was he? Well...his next sentence should shed some light on that.

“You...you can fuck me while I make eggs.”

“That’s a good little house faggot,” Cerberus pushed Flynn out of the bed with his foot. Literally kicking Flynn out of his own bed. Flynn hit the floor, his body a smeared mess of paint and dried on cum. “When we’re done eating our respective breakfasts,” Cerberus emphasized what Flynn would be getting by gripping his massive nutsac, “then you can wash me off.”

“Yes Cerberus...” Flynn muttered.

“What did you just call me, fag stain?”

Flynn almost came at those words.

“Yes...master...”

“Good pup,” Cerberus rumbled. “There’s going to be some changes around here, starting with scraping any rules you have about being nude in the house.”

Flynn came at the thought of never having to wear clothes and always being ready for his new master.

“What the fuck is going on...” Flynn felt his mind clear for just a moment, but was pushed back under by a stern look from Cerberus.

He...he didn’t really care, did he?

He just went out to get breakfast prepared for his master, his tail hiked up as he started to fry some eggs.

“That’s a good girl,” Cerberus murred as he slipped his dick inside Flynn as he worked. “Now don’t burn that pretty face. I’m going to paint it later.”