

Pheromones and Dragon Scales

Chapter 10: Why Soccer is the Gayest Sport

I furrowed my brow as a ribbon of white disappeared from my field of vision in a flash of blue.

“Hey, um, Nathan?” I started.

Nathan looked over to where I was looking and then back at me.

“Yes?” he replied, his voice still filled with joy of his discovery.

“Did you just see a white dragon?” I squinted to look out to the nurse’s terminal. “I could have sworn I saw...”

“No,” Nathan stared a little confused. “I didn’t see a white dragon. Nigel walked by earlier,” Nathan said, “It could have been him.”

The image of the snow leopard flashed across my vision, but I could have sworn it was Bax.

“No...” I yawned. “It was...I mean it could have been...”

A paw gently stroked my chest as a cool nose nuzzled my forehead while giving me a gentle lick.

“It’s okay Master,” Chad murred and I could feel him waving Nathan off. “You can just rest for now.”

I could feel Nathan hesitate for a second, but he got the message. The otter squeezed my paw before walking out, but not before giving me a loving and knowing look.

I yawned again and nuzzled into Chad’s chest.

“You saw him Chad,” I felt the world beneath my head slowly start to rise and fall with the calming waves of Chad’s breath, his pecs the most inviting of pillows. “You saw him, didn’t you?”

“Sure,” Chad give a little snort, his smirk coming through.

“I could have sworn it was this guy I met at school.”

“Oh really?” he said nuzzling my head and giving tender kisses.

“He’s...I don’t know. He’s pretty cool.” I felt his chest tense a bit and heard the small formation of a growl.

“What do mean by that?” I could feel the strain in Chad’s voice.

“He’s...cute.” I mumbled and my eyes closed and I couldn’t feel his muscles tense any more, but I could hear the little huff Chad made before continuing to stroke my chest and neck.

“Um...” I could hear the strain in Chad’s voice, “am...am I cute, Master?”

“No.” I gave a little chuckle.

I could hear the little whimper that Chad couldn’t hold back.

“You’re hot.” I mumbled before the room feels silent. I felt Chad’s chest pump up a bit in pride before I slipped out of the waking world.

Bax

I looked nervously at my desk, not wanting to make eye contact with him. I didn’t even want to look at him, but I should have known that it was impossible. I felt the pull of his existence force my muzzle over to look at those scarlet scales of his. There he was, a bandage around his one wing, but otherwise unmarred by yesterday’s fiasco. I couldn’t help but let my eyes wander and play around with

what I saw. I looked at the perfectly set jaw line, the vein on his bicep trailing down his arm, how his shirt clung to every one of his chest muscles, and how his jeans hugged his ass. I looked back up at his muzzle and my heart skipped a beat as he turned to look at me.

Our eyes met for only a second, but a second was still too long. It brought back the memory of him in the hospital, his body strewn over that wolf...

I broke our eye contact, my muzzle burning with embarrassment. I buried my nose in my text book and continued to distract myself with the far more fascinating topic of parabolas and solving variables. Yes, much more fascinating than the amazingly sweet, handsome, generous, caring guy sitting next to me that I had thought was single and have been dying over ever since I got here. Yes...much, much, *MUCH* more fascinating than...than Max.

"Hey," I heard him speak and my heart skipped another beat and then continued to ache. "Bax, are you okay? Has anybody else been giving you trouble since yesterday?"

My thoughts trailed back through yesterday, I didn't even know if he remembered my little transformation, or the agreement he made with Bradley. All that didn't matter to me. Regardless of how many times I went over yesterday in my mind it always ended with me in my bedroom hugging my pillow and begging my memories to go away.

"Bax!" Clovis shouted on the other side of my door, "Come on! Open up! What's wrong?"

I banished the thought with a shake of my head.

"N-n-no..." I stammered out.

I could feel the uncertainty in Max as his eyes softened.

“Are you sure? Come on Bax, you can trust me.” He extended his paw to go on my shoulder, but I moved the plume at the end of my tail up to block him from getting any closer. I felt my face try to flush and blush at the same time. To say the least it was painful.

“I-I-I’m fine Max,” I muttered as I tried to finish problem three.

I felt Max’s paw pull away and I let down my tail.

“Okay...” he said still unsure. “Hey Bax?”

“Yeah?” I desperately tried to keep my voice level, but it shot up an octave when I spoke.

“Would you want to...uh...get something to eat after school today?”

My eyes bugged out and I felt my lips thin in thought and my cheeks burn.

“Uh...um...I would need to talk with my brothers...they are...kind of protective of me.”

I could hear Max give a little chuckle.

“Yeah, no kidding.” This time I didn’t sense his paw until it was on my shoulder and I couldn’t help but relax into it and letting out a light sigh. “They can come along. It’s my treat. Your brothers love me. Don’t worry Bax, we’ll be fine.”

“Uh...okay...where would you want to go?”

“Meet me at The Gondola around five,” I could hear the smile in his voice. “And seriously, I’m buying.”

“Okay,” I murmured, forgetting he had a boyfriend for a moment. “We’ll meet you there.”

And with that, the bell rang and we started to gather up our stuff to leave, but before Max left he handed me a little slip of paper.

“This is my number Bax,” he started. “Just in case you need help finding where the place is.”

“Okay,” I blushed, and took the slip of paper. “Thanks, I’ll call you for directions if we can’t find it.” I smiled up at those topaz eyes before he turned and left for his next class.

I pocketed the paper, knowing full well where the restaurant was. Maybe that guy he was laying on wasn’t his boyfriend...maybe he was just a really good friend. Then images of him holding him close flashed across my inner eye and of him lapping and kissing the crown of his head.

Maybe...a really, *really* good friend...

Brian

I kept bouncing my legs on the balls of my feet as I sat in my desk, making a light thudding as the worn heels of my sneakers dug into the tile. I couldn’t help but grit my teeth as health class continued to drag on about safe sex and “contraceptive. With every condom, every cock diagram, and every time Miss Lilly said intercourse I felt my mind flash back to Max.

I felt my pucker clench at the thought of his name and my long swishy tail flick as my cock grew hard. I looked on helplessly and dug my thick nails into the desk and my toe nails into the soles of my shoes.

“Brian,” Miss Lilly stated.

My muzzle snapped to attention.

“What?” I said in a half daze.

Miss Lilly, a voluptuous fox, shook her head.

“I guess your mind was elsewhere,” she muttered and the class snickered and I knitted my brow in confusion.

“I was just starting to talk about how certain animals go into heat. The question was ‘what do horses do when the females go into heat.’”

I felt my pucker clench as I gave a gulp and I could feel a single bead of sweat trickle down my back.

“Their, uh, their vagina’s wink...”

The class chuckled a bit, but most just shifted uncomfortably in their chairs.

“Yes!” Miss Lilly said with a slight smile. “Very good, Brian. The female gives off a pheromone and the vagina will open and close in a winking motion. Now...” Miss Lilly moved on to talk about canine breeding and the importance of knowing when you are in heat, but I barely noticed. All I could do was think of Max and bite my bottom lip, my ass quivering and clenching just thinking of that massive dick up my ass and I could feel my pants start to tent.

If only I had something of his, to hold, to smell, or just feel until I could see him again. This separation was maddening and the thought of getting close to him, get down on my knees and suck him dry only left me with an aching hard boner that would never cease until I could escape to the bathroom to rub one out. I couldn’t take it much longer, but I had to at least wait until after class, I had already left twice and Miss Lilly wasn’t going to let me go a third time. Now that I think about it, when I went those two times it took me less than two minutes to blow my load and all it took was a finger in my ass and I was hard again. The first time, my orgasm only left me harder than before, the second was like

tofu, it got the job done, but it wasn't very satisfying, and the third time I blew my top was for good measure. But even now I sport a full blown woody for all to see and it won't go down.

I had an idea, but just as I was about to raise my hand, the paw next to me shot up into the air.

"Yes Carson?" Miss Lilly said as she called on the vampire bat.

"May I go to the bathroom?" he said in a half strained voice.

Miss Lilly just nodded and waved him off as she called on another student to answer her question, which just so happened to be me with my raised hand.

"What part of the female dog..."

"Miss Lilly," I cut her off. "I don't feel so good."

She took a good look at me and her eyes took on a sad look of sympathy.

"Oh Brian," she sighed. "if that's why you were going to the bathroom, why didn't you just say so? Go on, and Carson," she directed at the bat before he left the room. "Since your already on your way out, do you think you could take Brian to the office and make sure he gets there all right?"

Carson's eyes widened for a bit before he nodded his head and looked back at me.

"Miss Lilly," I breathed. "I don't need help getting too..."

"Nonsense," she said in a matter of fact tone. "You look like you're going to keel over right here, and Carson would be happy to help."

"Yes, of course," I gritted my teeth.

I groaned as I got up and hunched forward. I could feel a few beads of sweat rolling down my neck. I walked to Carson hunched over so nobody could see my boner but none of them noticed anyway, they were all trying to avoid eye contact with Miss Lilly so they wouldn't be called on.

Carson held the door open for me and I looked down to see his tented pants. I gave a grunt just as he was closing the door, he was just as horny as I was.

Carson looked back at me shyly.

"Um...would you want me to...um...bring a garbage can in case you get sick?" He said nervously.

I snorted and he flinched.

"Let's just get going," I shivered as I breathed in and smelled his scent...his cock.

We walked in silence down the hall. We passed a bathroom and the bat gave a light shiver and hesitated for a fraction of a second before he moved on and continued down the hall with me in tow. I looked all over his body as we walked and I couldn't help but notice the sway of his hips, his thin toned figure, and his small sized cloths that still looked a bit baggy on him, but that only managed to accentuate the size of his cock. It had to be at least eight inches! He was HUNG for his size, and all that I could think of for the next few feet was how big he would be if he had Master's powers.

I shivered and looked away before I ran into the little guy from behind and I almost nickered in pleasure from my cock brushing against his back. That didn't stop him from arching his back and giving a groan as he felt the outline of my member. We both jumped away from each other and he spun around to meet my eyes. A silent conversation shot between the both of us "it was nothing" was what both of our eyes said, laced with lies. We didn't say anything for a very long time, it must have only been like five seconds, but it felt like an eternity. Finally Carson broke the staring contest and looked to his right where a bathroom was. I looked too and I could feel us both shiver at the possibility.

“Do you mind if I...?” he asked.

“Only if you don’t look at me while I go.” I huffed, but my threat didn’t sound like it had anything behind it. It sounded like hollow words that didn’t have any meaning...in fact it sounded like I wanted the opposite.

But before I could clarify, Carson was already grabbing the door handle and walking inside to find a stall. I grunted and followed him in. The room as empty and I just managed to get into the bathroom as I saw one of the stall doors close. I snorted and walked to the farthest stall, the handy cap one, and closed the door. I gripped my pants and almost tore them apart to open them up and I couldn’t help but give a soft nicker as my member was freed. It had already pushed past my soaked underwear and was slowly making a dark spot on my inner thigh, but once the pants were off, it sprang to attention.

I took a deep breath and braced myself before I gripped it, but nothing could brace me for the amount of pleasure that shot through me when I wrapped my fingers around my thick shaft. I bit my bottom lip to stifle the amount of pleasure corseting through me as I just held that member. I shivered and my body tingled as my hairs stood on end. I gave it another little grip and I couldn’t hold back the nicker, the motion forced me to move my hand down my shaft a bit and the rest of my lungs emptied as I let my equine cry rend my throat. My face burned as I ripped my hand away from my shaft. I could hardly believe the sensitivity of it, or how it forced those moans from me. Master’s pheromones are awfully powerful, and I love him to death for this gift, but it doesn’t help in the area of stealth.

“Ah!” I heard from the stall over, “Fuck!” my muzzle burned as I heard the bat. At first I thought he figured out what I was doing, but then I heard him moan, and not just any moan. It was a high pitched moan that had passed my lips in a locker room not that long ago.

“Ah FUCK!” he moaned out again. “What’s that smell?” there was a short pause as if he was searching the air for the source of the sent. “Brian? Is that you?”

I felt more than just my face burn; I felt my chest and back burn with embarrassment as he called out my name. I didn’t answer.

“I-I know you’re...you’re in here Brian...” he mumbled and I heard the stall door open up as his bare feet slapped the floor. He walked over to my stall and I could hardly bare it. How could I, the stallion of the football team, long distance receiver all-star champ be struck with such fear by this little bat. That thought was washed away as Carson peered through the gap of the stall. His brown eye looked in and it landed on my throbbing meat. Despite the fear coursing through my veins I couldn’t help but be rock hard and dripping with pre.

I saw his pupil dilate, and having just been in sex ed I knew exactly what that meant. He was aroused.

I heard him moan out, his wings spread, and saw his toes curl. I heard a couple of splats and a bang as he collapsed on the door and gripped the top of it. His claws dug into the plastic from his white knuckled episode. I saw a bit of cum drip onto the floor in front of the stall.

“Brian,” he gasped. “You...you have to let me suck it.”

I blinked, my mind reeling from the confusion of what was happening. I just didn’t understand, nor comprehend why he would say that to me. I was supposed to be the one asking for the “D”. I’m master’s little slut...but...but Carson isn’t my master...so...

“Brian,” he gasped again. “Please! I don’t know why I want it so bad, but I’ll do anything for you in return! Please,” he begged. “I need it. I...I crave it, I hunger for it.” His voice got low and sultry and I could hear his hips grinding against the door of the stall.

“Please...m...ma...master?” I heard him whisper the word and it felt so foreign, so out of place, so different, so...

Good...

“What did you just call me?” I asked before the question even formed in my head.

“Sorry Brian,” he muttered out quickly. “I can call you whatever you want to be called. It’s just that the other guys like it when...when I call them that.”

“No,” I breathed and a dark grin started to play across my muzzle. “No. Master will work just fine.”

Those words were accented by the sound of me sliding the latch of my stall open.

“Hey Max!” That was all the warning I got before the massive paw slapped me on the back. A yelp hitched in my throat as fear bloomed in my chest. I looked up to see the big bulk of the polar bear and his ivory teeth shining back at me in a grin from ear to ear. My panic of being hopped by the football team faded as I realized I wasn’t in any real danger, though my heart rate kept pounding as he continued.

“How ya been?” He asked again.

I let the pain subside; my bruises not yet completely healed yet.

“Fine,” my voice was a bit strained. “Just a little sore Clovis.”

His paw flew off me as if I were red hot iron.

“Oh sorry man,” he scratched the back of his head in embarrassment. “I didn’t mean ta hurt ya or nothin’. And I’m Bradley.”

It was my turn to feel embarrassed.

“Gosh,” I grunted and brought my paw to my forehead to message some of the stress out. “Sorry, it’s just that...don’t take this the wrong way or anything, but you and your brother look...”

“Max,” Bradley chuckled out and spread his arms as if to gesture to his body. He was wearing some black athletic shorts that looked to be painted on and an icy blue tank top that clung to his bulky frame. “We’re twins. If you could tell us apart from the get go, I would be pretty impressed.”

We were waiting for the rest of the gym class to get dressed and assemble by the exit. I had gotten there first, as I usually do, since I have trained myself to get to the locker rooms early to change and get out to avoid any...well...confrontations. I was wondering how he could have changed so quickly, but then again, with the lack of attire he was wearing, it didn’t take too much time to figure out. I looked down and my eyebrows knitted.

“Where are your gym shoes?”

Bradley just gave a shy smile.

“I don’t like wearing athletic shoes. They’re tight and pinch my wide feet. And good athletic shoes in my size are pretty expensive. They don’t make size fourteen wide cheap ya know.” He gave a hearty chuckle and rapped his knuckles against his gut. “I guess I lost the stereotypical gut but all that had to go somewhere, right?” he gave a big grin. “And besides, I got pads.” He said as he leaned against the wall and propped his foot up across his ankle to show off the thick black pads on his sole. “I read in the school manual that if you have pads you don’t have to worry about putting on shoes if we go

outside. This way I can save up some money on the side for some good shoes for when the weather gets cold and we have to stay indoors.”

I looked at his big foot paw as he talked and I have to say, it was big. It wasn't like I hadn't seen them before, I mean, him and his brother wear flip flops all the time. But now that I actually look at them, they are huge! His calf muscle would occasionally tense as he corrected his balance, and his foot would stretch. His toes would flex every once in a while as he explained to me how his pads had gotten tough over the years. It wasn't until an awkward moment of silence that I realized he wasn't talking anymore. My eyes shot up to his and I felt my muzzle heat up in embarrassment.

“Sorry,” I said a little faster than I wanted to. “It's just that my head is still a little fuzzy from yesterday.”

Bradley just shuffled his feet around to stand up right again and sighed.

“Yeah,” his voice had lost its happy and uplifting tone. “I understand.”

Bradley's eyes locked with mine, his icy gaze chilled me as he took a few steps forward and put a paw to the wall next to my muzzle and leaned in real close. I felt my mind firing warning signs all over, any normal person would have ducked and run in any normal situation. Though, I have been trained to just freeze up and take it, and this was no ordinary guy. I had seen him and his brother take down half the football team like they were dominoes just the other day. All I did was crouch down a bit under his glare and try to swallow the fear that was threatening to choke me.

“Now,” he breathed out, his voice steely and cold. “What do you remember from yesterday.”

“I-I remember...” I blinked and the day before played across my inner eye in a flash. The news about my parents, my tantrum, a burning tree falling on me, a stream...

My eyebrows rose with understanding.

“I remember my promise, Bradley,” For some reason, remembering that little fact alleviated all the fear I had felt before. Bradley was just concerned about his brother.

“Good,” he said, his voice still had an edge to it. “Now do you remember when Bax came to visit you last night?”

My eyebrows knit together.

“What?”

Bradley sighed and pulled away.

“So you don’t remember that,” He crossed his arms and bowed his head in thought. “I guess I can’t blame you for something you don’t remember.”

“What,” I blurted out. “What did I do?” all of a sudden my mind was flashing through memories, desperately grasping at straws, threads of information to figure out what I could have possibly done, but nothing came to mind.

“Well,” his voice was lighter. “We had come to visit you, but only Bax could pass as a family member to go in to see you. Me and Clovis had just gotten down into the lobby moments before we see him running out the emergency exit in a fit of tears. Whatever you did, you should probably remember soon so you can apologies to him. He was awfully broken up about it. He was locked in his room the whole night and he...” he looked around to make sure nobody else was listening before continuing. “He flew to school today. I haven’t even been able to talk to him at all.”

I pursed my lips and crossed my arms, almost mimicking Bradley’s stance.

“I don’t remember anything about Bax from yesterday. Chad didn’t say anything. We were the only ones in the room.”

“Who’s Chad?” Bradley looked at me, but before I could answer a group of girls came out of the locker room. I had never been so happy in all my life to see girls before.

As soon as they laid eyes on us they lit up.

“Hey big guy!” Ashley, a cheer leader with a perfect body shouted and ran up to Bradley, “Wanna be my gym partner today,” the lamb and her platinum locks smiled and batted her big fake lashes as she tried to wrap around the arm she was trying to claim as hers. “Brian got moved to health class so he can’t be my gym partner today.” she smiled; her tank top loosely clung to her light frame to show off her neon orange athletic bra. She wore spandex shorts and a pair of tight and expensive looking pair of athletic shoes.

“Oh, sorry babe,” Bradley said with all the debonair of Casanova himself. He took her paw in his massive one and gently brushed her body off his arm with the other. “I have already agreed to be Max’s gym partner.” I saw Ashley’s brow furrow and her features contort into a pout, but Bradley quickly recovered. “But maybe next time I’m all yours.” He said in a low husky tone with a wink and I could have sworn I saw Ashley’s legs shake like jelly.

He let her paw slowly slide out of his and let it fell to her side. I had to stifle a laugh at how easily the girls fell under his charm. Some of the girls swooned from the group that Ashley had broken away from, and other’s just rolled their eyes and pretended to throw up from the cheesy scene in front of them.

“Oh,” Ashley shook her head and smiled. “Yeah, sure! Next time for sure.”

Bradley gave a light smile and Ashley nodded and quickly went back to the safety of her group, having been rejected, but somehow, I don't think she completely realized it yet.

"How?" I smiled and shook my muzzle.

"What?" Bradley turned back from waving to the group of girls.

"How do you have them wrapped around your claw already? It's only been a day!"

"A day and a half my friend, " he chuckled through a big grin before leaning in and whispering in my ear. "And my dad always said the easiest way to earn yourself some respect is to kick the ass of the biggest guy in school on your first day." He pulled away with that big grin on his face again. "And these don't hurt neither." He said lifting his shirt just enough to show off the first row of his chiseled abs.

I heard the blare of a familiar whistle as Coach Brandy, the bobcat soccer coach, was rounding the corner.

"Alright, everybody pair up! We're going to be doing cardio drills today. We'll be winding down with a simple two on two game of soccer." He blew his whistle one more time before walking past us and going outside.

Bradley and I were about to leave before I heard a sickeningly familiar voice.

"Well, well, well," I felt a paw grip my shoulder and I felt my muscles tense, for good reason this time. "Look what the cat dragged in." Nick the cheetah seethed.

"Hope you two are ready to eat dirt on that field today," I heard Noah before I saw him, the big rhino surprisingly quiet. "You'll drag that dick-sicle down so bad that it won't even be a challenge."

“I don’t need my brother to beat you both to pulp,” Bradley growled through a cocky grin, and I could feel Nick tense up before he let go of me and started to move on, his body moving fluidly.

“Make no mistake, Tweedle Dumb,” Nick mocked as he walked backwards, his arms crossed behind his head cockily. “I may not be the best wrestler, but soccer is where I know I have you beat.” He gave a sly grin before pivoting on his heel and flipping us off with his paws behind his head.

I felt my shoulders slump, but before my spirits completely sank I felt a big paw rest on my back, “Don’t worry Max, we’ll show um what it really means to kick some balls.”

I couldn’t help but chuckle, despite the feeling of impending doom slowly descending on me. With that, I took a deep breath and puffed up my chest in bravado. Maybe if I acted like I knew anything about soccer, or sports for that matter, Bradley could make up for my lack of skill...and talent...and fundamentals...

oh god...I’m fucked...

Brian

“Okay...m-master.” Carson’s voice faltered as he shivered. I reached forward and undid the latch of the door and let it swing out. I don’t know why, but I felt like I needed to...display myself in a certain light...something fitting of a master, and that’s when my instincts took over. As the door slowly opened I spread my legs and slid my ass forward on the seat. I leaned back on my porcelain throne and felt my eyelids droop a bit. I felt my sack hang down over the edge and my hard cock throb to attention.

I cracked a cocky smirk when bat’s eyes locked onto my junk. His eyes went wide and he froze, his half erect cock pulsing back to attention. His pants had long since been discarded, leaving his legs and his downy brown fur exposed. His shirt was moving up and down with deep breaths as he took in the image of his new master.

“Get on your knees bat boy,” I ordered, my voice almost a growl. I saw his cock jump and a dribble of cum ran down his shaft to join his previous orgasm on the floor. His knees gave out as if his body was completely mine to control. I felt a strange sense of power well up in my chest, and this time, I let a smile play across my muzzle.

“Good boy,” I lifted my paw and beckoned him closer with a finger. “Get your twink ass over here.”

He shuffled on his knees, his cum clinging to his leg fur as he trailed through it until his muzzle was inches from my dick.

“Lick it,” I could hear the smile in my voice. “Just once though. I want you to taste it and tell me how it stacks up to the lesser fuck sticks you’ve been scrounging around for.”

The bat looked like he was going to back away, but instead he closed his eyes and took a deep breath. I could practically see my musk running through him, I could see the sensation tingle down his spine as the fur on the back of his neck and arms stood up. Ever so slowly, Carson brought his muzzle to the base of my shaft. His blunt nose made a light connection to the root of my shaft before I felt it. His tongue furled out of his muzzle and lightly tickled the hair on my sack before he started to slowly ascend my mottled shaft. His grainy tongue stimulating every ring, every vein, and every nerve it touched as it gradually rose to my pink flared tip.

I bit my lip to hold back a nicker, and let the orgasmic pleasure subside. I let out a gasp before I opened my eyes. First I saw the ceiling, the mysterious scorch marks still scrolled across the tiled pattern, then I looked down to see those brown eyes. His pupils were huge and his maw was drooling. A silent conversation passed between us and I felt my cock give a little jump. I felt my lips curl into a

wicked smile before I gripped the base of my cock and flicked it, slapping Carson's muzzle. Ropes of pre splattered his muzzle. His tongue lashed at them, desperately trying to get more of it in his muzzle.

"You like that?" I mocked. "You like your master's pre you little bitch?"

He didn't even respond. His muzzle just kept trying to follow the motions of my cock head as I slapped it against his muzzle, and every time he got a bit in his mouth, it only caused him to drool more.

"You want it?" I looked down at him, his eyes glazed over with lust, he gave a little nod. "Then you gotta beg for it."

His eyes cleared up a bit as he blinked and gulped down some of the drool forming in his maw.

"P-p-please master," he started. "I would w-want nothing more th-th-than to taste your delicious cock. I would just be happy if I were to give you a blow job...so I could taste that...that" he gulped hard. "That delicious cum of yours."

My cock throbbed and drooled my growing desire, stoked by that ego stroking bat bitch.

"Then go ahead my little cock sock," I smiled and leaned back on my porcelain throne. "Please your master by sucking him dry."

I widened my stance and Carson didn't wait to be told twice. He didn't jump on my cock like I thought he would, he just started to run his tongue up and down the shaft, tasting and kissing it all over, and covering it with his drool. He occasionally would stop and kiss and suck over spaces that seemed a bit dry or where a particularly large dollop of my pre had run down and collected. I thought about gripping him by the head fur and face fucking him, but to be completely honest, I loved the feeling of being serviced. To have a slave of my very own. Would master mind? I'm not really sure...I should have

asked him first...and that thought was thrown out the window as Carson wrapped his muzzle around my head.

I stomped my foot in pleasure as he took a long drag on my meat, sucking my pre out like it was a meaty straw. I bucked my hips a few times, but gripped onto the seat, my nails digging into it, and forced myself to stay still. Carson had paused for my episode, but he was quickly moving on. He wrapped a hand around my shaft and another cupped and stroked my sack. I shivered and shot a rope of pre into my willing slave. His reaction was priceless. He paused for just a second, just a fraction of a second, before he gulped it down. I saw his downy fur stand on end and his wings unfurled behind him and shivered. He propelled his muzzle onto that shaft, trying to take as much as he could in one go, but only managing to take in about nine inches before my fat head bottomed out.

He gave a little surprised sound, not gagging, but surprised. It looked as if he didn't know how much he had taken and he drooled over how much more was left for him to taste. He suckled gently as he gulped down the juices welling inside his muzzle with the occasional slurp. He pulled my shaft down and re-angled his neck so I had a straight shot into his gullet and he pushed forward. I moaned as more and more of my cock was buried inside that warm wanting maw.

"This isn't the first time you've done this, is it you little slut." I practically growled as I put my hands behind my head to grab fistfuls of my mane. My toes curled in my shoes and I felt them scrape into the sole, not caring that these were my best pair of sneakers. His response was to bob his muzzle back and forth before moving on, the motion forcing a low nicker out of me. No way was this his first time sucking dick.

"That's it you little cum sucking faggot," I growled as I gripped the back of his skull and guided him farther down. "Take the whole fucking thing."

Carson didn't argue and sucked down a couple more inches, putting a foot and a half of cock in that egger maw before he pulled back and off. The bulge of my cock head warping his neck as he dragged it, gulping down to make his muscles milk me as he pulled off. I saw fucking stars.

"Fuck," he gasped, "Master, you must be at least two fucking feet." He gulped down air, until his eyes locked on my pillar of meat once more and he shivered. He moved forward and instantly went back down to where he was.

"Fuck Bitch," I gasped. "Do you even have a gag reflex?! Shit!" I started to rock my hips and Carson moved his muzzle back and forth with counter thrusts.

I shivered and pulled out a bit to let him take a breath through his blunt nose before I forced my cock back inside. My cock throbbed, shooting another rope of pre straight down his throat. A strong shiver raced up my spine, forcing me to thrust a bit into Carson's muzzle and he didn't miss a beat. Carson gulped down the pre and messily slurped up more of my cock. He started to desperately bob his head, trying to get what he so desperately desired.

All the while I felt a slow nagging feeling in the back of my head...something felt wrong...not so much wrong as uncomfortable. I felt a small twinge of anger in my chest. I felt my brow slowly knit as I gripped the back of my little bitches head and started to thrust in and out, but despite the haze of pleasure, anger still welled up within me. I snorted and started to lean forward, thrusting deeply before the anger bloomed in my chest and I pulled out. Carson gave a sad sound before I grabbed him by the base of his wings and thrust him against the wall.

His eyes were wild as mine locked with his. I snorted a few times, the anger subsiding a bit, but not enough. I leaned into him and growled in his ear.

"Turn around, faggot."

I pushed him against the wall again before I let him go. He didn't waste any time. In a whirl of wings and fur he was facing the wall, his legs already spread and his loose looking pucker wide and open.

"Looks like I'm not going to be your first you little whore." I chuckled. "Your bussy already seems stretched out." I leaned into him and positioned my cock. "So who's sloppy seconds am I fucking slut."

"I...I'm not supposed to...tell..." he whimpered out.

I gripped the hair on his head, my thick nails digging into his scalp before I started to tease his pucker with my cock. Grinding the shaft between his cheeks.

"You're going to tell your master who's been fucking you, you little fucktard, or you won't get that ass tapped." I ground against him a bit harder.

"It's...it's...no..."

I growled and positioned my cock at his loose opening.

"Then I'll just have to fuck it out of you!"

I speared him, my cock running up to just a few inches from the hilt. He bit his lip to hold back his screams as I thrust past his used area and into his virgin, unused territory. I smiled, the anger slowly ebbing as I fucked his ass. Almost immediately I pulled out until nothing but my cock tip was in him before rushing back in. My powerful thighs and calves propelled me into him with the force of a battering ram, forcing him to scream out in pain this time. I clapped my paw over his muzzle.

"I don't want to hear anything from that muzzle unless it's a name, faggot." I growled and pulled out again, just the tip inside and forced it inside, spearing him in half.

His muffled screams died off quickly.

“You gunna tell me now bitch?”

He gave a little shake of his muzzle and I pulled out again, and just before I thrust back in he screamed out and he looked back at me. His eyes looked pleading and a tear rolled down his muzzle.

“You gunna tell?” I smiled.

He nodded and I let up from his muzzle, letting him speak.

“It’s...Chad...”

I could feel the surprise on my muzzle, but I shook it off quickly, pulling on my master face again.

“That’s a good bitch.” I murmured into his ear. “Now you’ll know the pleasure of an obedient slave.”

He gave a few whimpers, and as I pulled him close I could feel him shiver and shake like a leaf in a typhoon. I slowly pulled out my cock and gently slid it back in, just until I reached his soon to be deflowered area. Then I pushed forward, gently grinding against his unused depth, before pulling back. He shivered, and not the fearful shiver, but a pleasurable, ass clenching, toe curling tremor. His wings furrowed and his paws clawed at the wall as he was taken. I slowly pulled back, and then in, getting into a nice rhythm and giving off little pleasurable grunts.

After a few minutes, his shivering subsided apart from when I dug a few inches deeper, and when I rubbed against his prostate with the thicker part of my shaft, my median ring flicking over that little pleasure nub. I snorted and gave a low nicker as I “gently” rode my new little bitch. Just like how master would ride me. Nice and even strokes, just enough dominance to keep me in check, but knowing when to lay off for the sake of my bitch’s pleasure.

I leaned in to rest my muzzle on top of his and I let out an equine cry. Pleasure shot through my chest and I couldn't help but shiver in pleasure. Euphoria pulsed around my heart, not knowing where it came from as I grinded against my little cum-pire bat. There it was again, my breath knocked out of me as my torso burned with the unexplainable pleasure.

I unscrewed my eyes for a moment to look down at my chest and they bugged out as I saw liquid oozing out of my nipples. It was a slick, pre like substance and I was completely dumbfounded. I brought a hand up to wipe it away, but when I brushed against my nipples the pleasure boomed in my chest. The pleasure was coming from my nips!

Instantly the possibilities soared through my mind of what I could do with master. Biting, twisting, pinching...abusing. The toys! Clothes pins, electric shocks, rubber bands, the inspiration was endless. I gripped my nipples and twisted, the pleasure pouring in. I continued to twist, harder...harder...HARDER! Each twist forcing the pleasure up a notch like some pleasure dial to max! Pre squirted form those nubs! I couldn't get enough.

I was snapped back to reality when Carson gave a high pitched moan and I remembered that I was the master right now. I huffed and pulled out, gripped his shoulders and flipped him around before gripping his ass HARD. My thick nails dug into his thick cheeks, hopefully leaving marks, and I lifted him up. He gave a surprised noise, but it quickly turned into moans as I forced my cock up his used ass again. I heard his foot paws push against the other side of the stall to prop him up at a better angle as I continued to ram that little ass of his.

My thrusts started to get faster and faster and becoming more wild. I snorted and gritted my teeth as I continued to focus on pounding my twink's little ass. I growled and gripped the back of his muzzle and pulled it to my chest.

“Suck it,” I growled.

The position made him bend down a bit to get at my nipple, but he got the idea and did as he was told, not holding back and wrapping his maw around my nip. I bit my lip until I tasted blood, I felt the juices flow out of me and into my little bitches suckling maw. I hardly doubt he noticed, he seemed like he was on full blown submissive mode, unable to control his actions beyond what I ordered him to do. I may have been losing fluids, but it was being replaced much faster than it was being taken. It was like pissing cum right out of my fucking pecs! Pleasure roared through my body and I felt my toes curl as I dug in my heels and pounded like a mad man into that fucking hole.

“That’s right slut!” I growled, “You want it?”

His response was to wrap his legs around my waist and to sink down farther. I couldn’t hold back, I hilted him and I erupted. I felt my cum vein bulge and widen and my tip flair before my balls made their assent. I bit down on my new slave’s shoulder and let my equine cries be muffled by his flesh. My cock pulsed a few times, shaking in orgasm before it shot out like a fucking fire hose. My nipples erupted as well, shooting juices into my bitch’s maw, that he gladly sucked up. I painted the inside of my little slut’s ass my favorite color. I only shot twice before it started dripping out of his filled hole, but that was just the pre-orgasm shocks. I felt it like a wave, slowly riding up my legs and down from the crown of my skull, before my senses were cut off.

Everything went white, the pleasure reached such a heat that it burned through my body and bled into my vision...but I could still see myself. I could even see my cock with my seed shooting out and filling my invisible slut. The juices rolled down my shaft and pooled around its rings before squirting out that hole like a pitiful condom. The sight was enough to throw me into another orgasm, the white world getting brighter and more intense. I felt my body tense and bulk up...and tensed again! My muscles were flexing and then pushing outward by just the slightest of margins. I nickered around the invisible flesh in

my maw as I still mated with my bitch. I widened my stance a bit and I felt my feet slide a bit bigger as I did so. I looked down and saw my cock slowly pulsing longer, and snaking deeper into my property.

That's when I felt it...some odd feeling. It felt weird, but in a good way. It was as if a pool of cool water was swirling around the small of my back...only I could feel it extending outward. Far outward. It felt cool and empty...but something on the other end felt familiar, warm and inviting. Despite the pleasure I felt, the connection on the other end felt better, stronger, more solid than just pleasure. As I drew on that connection, I felt the tensing of my muscles stop, and instead flow through the cord, this invisible connection with whatever was on the other side.

Suddenly I saw him. Max! He was on the other end of the connection...and he seemed angry...I could feel his anger. My train of thought was cut off as a new connection was made to my chest. My cock vanished as Carson materialized in front of me, my arms corded from holding him to my chest in orgasm. I looked down and saw my connection with him solidify. Well, I didn't so much see it as much as feel it. It was there and I could feel it reach through his entire body.

I felt anger rip through me again as I felt Master's pain...that's when I felt him reach back. It's as though his consciousness was shooting through the cord, and connected with me, then through me! It reached into Carson...and connected with his mind. Instantly the world of white changed. Flashing images of Carson's life soared across my vision, him kicking a soccer ball up and down, rolling it and dribbling it through cones. Years upon years of work and dedication rolled around in my mind before it was suddenly sucked up the cord and was gone.

I gasped and looked down at Carson, his muzzle just a hairs breath away from mine. I looked around, we were naked in a school stall and I stood with my cock up Carson's ass. Cum dripped into a small puddle of white goo that had accumulated on the floor. My eyes only brushed the scene quickly before I locked eyes with Carson again.

“Did you see that too?” I gasped, letting out a breath I hadn’t known I was keeping in.

He nodded, his eyes wide.

“Who was that? Was that Max?”

Despite the confusing situation I chuckled.

“No, that’s our master.”

For the first half of gym class I was working with Bradley on some simple cardio relays. Coach Brandy had set up some stations on the football fields that would keep us moving for a while. All of the groups were directed to specific stations and thank god that Noah and Nick were on the opposite side of the course. It looked like me and Bradley were supposed to test each other’s speed on this course. It was just a ten yard dash and back between two cones. One would run down and back then tag the other and they would do the run as well. When we both finished five times we could move onto the next station that looked like jump rope.

When I thought about it, this was the first time I was able to test out my new body. I was kind of excited. I had no idea what my body could do...well, not physically anyway. I felt my heart rate speed up and I felt my fingers twitch. I suddenly had all this energy and I had no idea where to put it. I started to jump from foot to foot in anticipation of coach’s whistle until I felt a paw on my shoulder. I looked up and it was Bradley.

“Don’t be so nervous big guy,” he chuckled. “We don’t even have to deal with them yet.” He jabbed his thumb in the direction of Noah and Nick, both shirtless in on the field and shooting smiles at the girls who’s gaze wandered in their direction.

“I’m not nervous about them,” I shook my head. “I’m excited to see what I can do.”

“Never seen someone so eager to do cardio before,” Bradley smirked.

“Yeah, I guess I’m just a little weird,” I chuckled a little embarrassed.

I thought about telling him why I was excited, but for some reason I thought it would be better to keep my mind altering cum a little secret. Yeah, I thought that might be a great idea. If all he thought I could do is breath fire, that was fine by me.

“Okay kids!” Coach Brandy shouted. “Looks like everyone is set up. Get to it!” He blew his whistle and I heard a few people groan as they were forced to do physical labor that truly had no meaning. Normally I would have given a silent groan as well, but this time I felt my heart skip a beat at the sound of that whistle.

“You wanna go first since you’re so excited?” Bradley asked reading my mind.

“Sure,” I smiled and turned to the cones. I took a deep breath and pushed forward, my muscles cording and springing me forward. It felt like my muscles were groaning for a minute, as if being woken up for the first time in a long time. With the first few steps I felt the “rust” shake off, feeling as if I could go faster and faster. It felt like I was pushing against some barrier, but I trudged on. I slowed down and crouched to touch the cone before darting back and slapping Bradley’s outstretched paw to tag him in. In a rush of wind he was gone. It wasn’t long before he was back and I was ready.

I positioned myself a few steps back to get a running start before I propelled myself forward to tag his paw.

SLAP!

Damn that felt good. The sting of our paws connecting rang for a brief moment before I rushed forward. I was still breathing through my nose. Despite the sudden bursts of exertion it felt like the movement I was doing was effortless and fluid. I wish I could have kept running, but the cone almost snuck up on me this time and I ducked down and touched it and ran back, using my wings to push me back and turn around.

I saw Bradley was already running forward and had his paw stretched out, following my lead with the head start.

SLAP!

The aftermath of the tag buzzed in my paw as I felt Bradley rocket past me and a rush of wind. I turned to look at him, his gluts bouncing in his shorts as his powerful legs dug up dirt, and his foot claws scraped the turf. I blinked and shook my muzzle and recovered from my sudden ogling. I took a few deep breaths and noticed...I didn't really need them. My breath was still even and calm. Maybe a little more lively than calm, but not hindered in any way. It felt great! It was as if I wasn't getting exhausted from running but more like each step added more energy.

SLAP!

The cardio continued and in less than a minute, Bradley and I had already moved onto the next station. On the walk over to the jump ropes Bradley was complimenting me on my speed. He said that I was moving pretty damn fast. We were both only breathing a little harder, but not from exhaustion or exertion, but from excitement. I had no idea I could do that. Now that I look back at how fast I was moving...that was pretty damn impressive. Ten yards or not, I was able to zip down and back really fast. Not as fast as Bradley, but fast enough to give a few members of the track team a run for their money.

I looked around for the small jump ropes, but they were all in use by some girls. They weren't finished with the fifty jumps they had to do before they moved on, but then again...I looked down and saw the medium pile and the larger black ones. I grabbed the large one for Bradley and I gripped one of the red medium ones. I smiled and handed Bradley his jump rope that still seemed a little bit too small for him and I started to untie mine. We both put them down, slapped one foot on them and stretch tested them for length. Mine just barely reached my arm pits and Bradley's was just a couple inches too short, but there wasn't a larger size so he had to deal.

I smiled and looked over to him and our eyes met. A silent conversation passed between us, just one word that formed a question.

Race?

We both nodded and my smile went wider. There was a silent count down and we started whipping our ropes across the grass and cutting some blades.

The sound of the rope whistling in the air surrounded me as I continued my cardio. I started to hear a thumping and realized it was Bradley's feet hitting the turf. I looked down and saw his powerful paws pumping his body up and down, his calves and thighs bulging. I looked on in awe as his ass bounced by the force of the work out, his pecs the winner of any wet shirt contest.

I cringed as my rope smacked against my ankles as I fell off beat. I cursed under my breath as I swallowed the drool in my muzzle. I heard Bradley chuckle and I started jumping again. Bradley finished about five jumps before me and he simply tossed his rope onto the large pile of jump ropes.

It felt strange going through the stations that just last week would have brought me to my knees in exhaustion in just one round and not feeling the least bit tired until our fourth cycle. As a matter of fact, I felt invigorated. I even caught a few of the girls staring at me...and I think Bradley caught me

looking at him a few times as well, but I think he just took it as me issuing another challenge. We never really bragged about winning the unspoken competitions, or even acknowledged that we had started one. We just smiled and moved onto the next station with a few pats and a couple of compliments thrown back and forth. It was more of a way for us to keep the stations interesting and to motivate each other to push ourselves. And for the first time in a long time, gym class was actually...fun. Nobody tried to trip me, nobody looked down on me, and nobody shot names at me. Well, apart from Noah and Nick that is. They were always a couple stations behind us and they just seethed from afar.

Every time I would look at them they would shoot daggers at me, but Bradley would just shoot daggers back before pulling my attention away by betting he could outdo me at the current station and he would kick it up a notch. Despite the bears massive bulk, he was surprisingly fast. Not that I didn't expect that from him, but it was still impressive. At the beginning of our workout I could win some of the competitions, but near the end he was the one who finished and kept encouraging me to keep with it.

"We're half way done," he urged me on. "Come on, you can do this, just a little bit more." Despite the exhaustion I felt near the end, it wasn't like my body felt like it couldn't keep moving, it just felt well used.

We were back at the thirty yard dash down and walk back when I heard the familiar whistle blow once more.

"Okay!" Coach Brandy shouted, "We got fifteen minutes left! Find another pair to play against and each group grab a goal. Put them twenty yards apart and the first team to reach three points wins. Goalie and runner swap every point." He blew his whistle for us to get started and before I had time to turn around I could hear Nick shouting my and Bradley's name.

Nick and Noah were already walking to the other side of the football field with two nets. They didn't even look back as they seemingly innocently strolled down the turf. They threw one of the nets off to the side and kept going until they were right under the field goal and placed their net beneath it. Bradley and I followed them over with a ball neatly tucked under Bradley's arm. We readjusted the net on the ten yard line and Bradley pulled me close.

"Hey," he started, "These joker's don't know what they're in for. I was the goalie for our team back in Miami. If I'm playing defense, then you can play offence. How good are you?"

"I've never played soccer before..." I blushed.

"Well, then I can help ya," Bradley just smiled. "I can play pretty good offence, but I should be matched against Nick playing offence. If you don't know how to dribble, then you should be able to defend. Use your wings to block. You can pretty much use anything but your hands, not including your arms. I don't think Noah is made to be offensive with his bulk, and with your speed you could dribble circles around him. Just don't try to kick the ball too far away from yourself while you're dribbling and you'll do fine."

I nodded taking in the information. My mind swam with endorphins as my heart beat sped up, only to be tainted with fear when Nick shouted at me.

"Hey fag! Who you starting with?" Nick had already taken the goalie position and Noah was standing on the edge of the end zone.

I turned to Bradley, and he just shot me a winning smile before tossing me the ball.

"You're up," he grinned confidently and went over to the net to play defense.

I gulped back my fears before walking to the line where I placed the ball down to wait for the other teams to get ready. I never took my eyes off the ball, knowing that it was the only thing that mattered, but as I focused on the black and white checkered sphere.

“You ready for a pounding ya little fag,” Noah grunted. “Soccer is a full contact sport.”

Fear twanged in my heart but I focused on the ball in front of me. I shook my muzzle and I looked up and as our eyes met I sent a silent message through my gaze.

I fucked your quarterback, I wish I had the strength to say it, but it was enough to put a cocky smile on my muzzle. The rhino’s eyes knitted in confusion, he was about to make another insult when I heard coach’s whistle and I kicked the ball off to the side. Noah was shocked and I could hear him curse as I pushed past him. I kicked the ball down into the end zone and made a quick kick at the net. The ball went flying and was obviously too high, but that didn’t stop Nick from jumping up and snatching the ball in the air and coming down with a cocky smile.

“Noah!” he shouted and threw the ball at him.

He head butted it with his horn, stopping the momentum and rolling it down his chest to his feet where he dribbled it down to the other goal. I was about to run after him, but I caught Bradley wave me back with his paw. I walked over to the side so I was at a good angle to receive the ball and dribble it to the goal, but Nick caught onto me fast and repositioned himself at an angle to stop me.

I heard Noah curse as Bradley caught the ball he kicked at him, and I turned to see him running back to me. His heavy foot falls thudding against the ground, but when I looked back at Bradley to receive his throw...he wasn’t there!

I watched as he bulleted down a few steps and kicked the ball into the net while Nick was focused on me, the ball hit the net with so much force it dragged back a few inches and was off kilter.

Nick looked at the net with shock and Noah turned to Nick.

“What the hell man!” he started walking to the goal to swap places. The two of them fumed at each other while me and Bradley did the same.

“Max,” Bradley started. “Don’t forget to follow through with your kicks and to watch your opponent. He’ll tell ya where the ball is going to go by the way he moves.”

I nodded, and took my position at the net, my heart pounding. I had helped make that goal happen! I might have only been a distraction, but I was still part of that goal. Noah threw the ball to Nick and he started to dribble it down the field like a pro. Every time he faked going a different direction Bradley knew what he was trying to do and pushed back, until Nick kicked the ball behind him to Noah and he picked it up and threw it over Bradley’s head. Nick used his cat like reflexes to fake left and Bradley was fooled by the maneuver. Nick bulleted past him and dribbled the ball the rest of the way and kicked it to the left and I dove...only for me to realize his paw went over the ball and he pivoted and kicked it to the right when he turned around, and giving him a free shot.

The ball rolled into the goal with ease and he scored his first point. I grunted and looked over to Bradley, expecting him to chew me out, but he just have a gentle smile and shrugged his shoulders as if saying, “It happens to the best of us.” And he jogged over to the goal to get ready for defense again.

I smiled and got up before jogging into position to take the ball. Bradley threw it to me and I let it hit my chest, it stung, but not as bad as I thought it would. I started to kick it to the other goal, when I noticed Nick wasn’t there. My eyes went wide, I had a free shot! I reared my leg back for a kick...and then everything went sideways.

My head bashed into the grass as Nick clipped my leg by sliding down on the damp grass on his side. Noah quickly took control of the ball and Nick was up in a flash. Bradley was confused, but he

waved me back to the goal, I think so he could throw it to me once he caught the ball for an easy goal, but that's not what happened.

Nick took control of the ball again and kicked it hard to the left. Bradley moved to block it, but it curved in midair! The ball had so much spin on it that it started to move to the right! Bradley didn't have time to re-shift his momentum, as he stretched out his paw. He wasn't even close as it zipped by him and into the net, inches away from his out stretched arm.

"GOOOOOOOOOOOOOAL!" Noah shouted, cupping his paws around his mouth so the whole field could hear.

"That's right you little bitch!" Nick mocked hopping from foot to foot as if he were going to dive into a different direction. "I can curve my bullets!" The cheetah pretended his fingers were a Glock as he cocked it and made a couple shooting sounds.

Bradley just snorted, and started walking to me to trade places.

"Damn that little prick," he muttered to me. "I'll curve him upside the head."

"It's okay," I said. "You're doing better than I am." I scratched the back of my muzzle.

"No," he said. "You're doing great. Don't let up, we can still win this."

"Yeah..." I said as I jogged back to the goalie net. I passed Nick on the way there and he kicked his foot out to trip me. I didn't fall, but I felt a fire burn within me as I stumbled.

That little prick has always thought he's been better than me, I thought. If only I could show him my powers right here, right now. An image of me, towering over him, bigger than Bradley, viciously raping him into the turf flashed across my inner eye and I couldn't help but shiver, but then I sighed. That would never happen, I would never be strong enough.

“Hey, pussy boy!” Nick shouted and I looked over to him as he thrust his hips forward and pounded his thighs with his open palms. “Suck it! You’re going down! Game Point right here!” he snarled as he flipped me off.

Normally I would have tried to tune him out, but this time it wasn’t working. If anything his words seemed louder than normal. I gritted my teeth and held back a snarl before throwing the ball to Bradley.

Bradley quickly maneuvered it around Nick and went for the goal. Nick tried to steal the ball by doing the same move he tried on me, and Noah was right there to take the ball, but Bradley kicked backwards and Nick slid in front of him harmlessly leaving a clear shot for Bradley, and he took it.

“No worries,” Nick scoffed and gestured his muzzle towards me as he stared down Bradley, “With him playing offence, you don’t have a chance.”

He turned and gave me a wicked grin and I felt my rage boil over. He may have said that to Bradley, but those words were meant for me. What the hell! He can’t say that to me! I felt my toe claws dig into the soles of my shoes as I started to jog out and Bradley took my place. He tried to say something, but I stormed past him, my eyes seeing red.

Oh Noah, I seethed in my mind. I swear when I take you, I’ll crush your mind into dust! I’ll tear your will apart; you’ll be the biggest fucking cock whore you’ve ever seen. You want a pussy boy! I’ll MAKE YOU A FUCKING PUSSY BOY!

BAM!

My vision blurred for a minute. Images rolled around my mind in a whirlwind, I felt my muscles twitch and shift me into a different position. A child...a bat playing soccer with his dad in his back yard...the same bat, but much older kicking a soccer ball up in the air and balancing it on his blunt

nose...the same bat dribbling the ball around three different people and scoring a goal. His feet moved so fast, his speed, his precision, the fluid motion! I wish I could do that...

“Max!” Bradley shouted and my muscles reacted before I knew what I was doing. I heard the faint whistling of the ball coming to me and I whipped around just in time to stop it with my chest and roll it down to my feet.

Noah was on me in a flash, I couldn't see him, but I could hear him. I kicked the ball off to the side and danced around him. I could have kept going, but for some reason I felt as though I could play around with Noah a bit. I smirked and shifted my neck, it felt a bit thicker and my shirt felt tighter, but that must have just been the sweat. I kicked the ball back behind me, and it went straight in between Noah's legs.

“What?” I heard Bradley start, but I was back in front of Noah with a beat of my wings. It was strange, the movement's seemed foreign, but like muscle memory at the same time as if I had practiced the movements for years. I flapped my wings to blow the ball off course just enough to mess his rhythm up, and I pulled it away from him and I stood there.

“Hey Noah,” I said with a smile on my muzzle. “If you want it, why don't you just take it.”

I took my foot off of it, and my muzzle fell on his feet, my eyes analyzing the cords and tendons shifting. I saw something shift and I knew what he was going to move and where. I moved the ball slightly to the right and he missed.

“Oh Noah!” I exclaimed with fake agitation. “You missed! Come on, you can do better than tha...”

He was going to take it while I was distracted, but I saw his knee lock as he shifted his weight and I moved the ball a little farther to the right as he tried to pull it back from me.

“Noah! Come on!” I stared, but this time he simply tried to sweep my feet. I almost chuckled as I kicked the ball to Bradley and jumped up before coming down on his other leg. Despite his rhino sized legs and feet, his balance was off kilter and I jumped off of him and pumped my wings to push forward. Bradley just looked at me with a beaming smile and threw the ball at me. I kicked it down to the ground and started dribbling it to Noah.

“Hey Nick!” I shouted, “You know what we pussy boys really love.”

“Dick!” he shouted back.

“No,” I started, “Rainbows!” I flicked the ball behind me and quickly balanced it on my foot before tossing it over my muzzle. Nick’s eyes went wide as he watched the missing ball reappear over my head, unfortunately for him, I wasn’t going for the goal. I head butted it as soon as it was in front of me and it shot like a bullet at the leopard’s muzzle.

WHAM!

The ball bounced off his muzzle and to the right where I spread my wing out to slap it into the goal.

“Now that’s game point! BITCH!” I shouted as Nick tried to clear the stars from his vision, his left eye already swelling shut.

The sudden urge to take my prey to the shower room and fuck him against the lockers overwhelmed me, but before I could act on my sudden impulse I felt someone tackle me.

“You little bastard!” Bradley growled as he gave me a playful nuggie. “You are such a little hustler! I had no idea you could play like that! No way this is your first time playing. You gotta stop being so modest!”

“Yeah,” I chuckled, blinking as I balanced myself. “I guess I am a little too modest.”

Before I had to explain myself further I heard Coach’s whistle blow.

“Everybody hit the showers! Time to go back! You all did a great job! And you,” he pointed to me and walked over. “Max, you should think of joining the soccer team. We could use a talent like yours. I’m sure if you talked to Carson he’d help you with joining. He is the team captain for the varsity team.”

“Uh...” I had no idea how to respond to that...the only time one of the coaches ever talked to me was when they called me for roll call, or tried to explain the games we were playing in gym.

“Thanks? I’ll look into it,” I nodded.

“Race ya back,” Bradley shouted and bolted off. I smirked and ran after that gorgeous ass and that little fluffy tail.

Brian

I knocked on the limo window as soon as I saw it.

“Wow!” Carson breathed behind me, “A limo.”

The window rolled down just a crack and I could see those topaz eyes. I would have melted, if they weren’t ablaze with rage.

“Who the hell is that!” Max whispered harshly. “I told you to come alone Brian!”

I felt his words run my heart through.

“No, Master,” I shook my head, “I know you told me to come here alone, but Carson...”

“What? What about Carson?” his voice seemed a little concerned as his eyes fell on the bat...and I could have sworn I saw confusion on his muzzle.

“I...I think I...I’m not sure what happened, but he’s...he’s a slave now?” my voice cracked a little at the end making it sound like a question.

Master’s eyes went wide.

“Get in,” he ordered, opening the door. “Both of you.”

For the majority of the ride I was explaining how I had taken Carson and the strange world of white, and the connections between me, Carson, and Master. Carson would occasionally chime in with a little add in, but would keep quiet as he sat uncomfortably in his car seat.

“So the Doc’s theory is correct,” The driver shouted over his shoulder. The window had been rolled down the whole time and a lion with a green mane smiled back at us. “Looks like all us slaves have something fun to look forward too.”

“Ajani,” Max said in a worried voice. “Keep your eyes on the road.”

“Oh please Master,” He chuckled in a playful tone. “I could drive a stick from New York to LA in reverse.” He shot him a smile and tipped the bill of his chauffeur’s hat.

“So, Carson,” Master started, “you’re...Brian’s servant?”

Carson nodded.

“Yes...and he tells me that you are my Master so...I’m also your servant.”

“Well,” Master smiled. “Welcome, and thank you.”

Carson blushed and I could see his pants bulge at the gratification.

“For...for what Max...I mean, uh, Master.”

I felt a tang of anger for Carson calling Master by his name, but he corrected himself so I wasn't going to punish him.

“I don't know how you did it,” Max didn't seem offended by the slip so I guess I wasn't either.

“But you helped me win a soccer game against Nick and Noah.”

“R-really!” he stammered. “I helped you beat Nick! He's our best player on the soccer team! The only reason I'm captain is because he's also in football.”

“I know, right!” Master exclaimed. “He was so stunned it was amazing! They were completely lost and pissed! I loved that look on their faces.”

The two talked about soccer and how Coach Brandy offered him a spot on the team and how much fun soccer is. Me personally, I don't like soccer. I'm more of a football kind of guy. With my frame and my speed I can push through lines like tissue paper, but I guess if Master likes it, it can't be all that bad.

“Okay everybody, we're here,” the lion with the green mane announced as we pulled into a long driveway. I think his name was Andy...Ajuju? Whatever!

We all spilled out of the vehicle, and my jaw dropped. I looked at the massive mansion in front of me. I let out a long whistle.

“This is where you live?” I asked.

Master smiled nervously.

“Yeah,” he said shyly. “This is home.”

Ajji honked his horn and waved goodbye.

“Got other clients Master,” he shouted out, “just give me a call and I’ll be here for ya if you need me.”

Master just waved back and took out his keys to open the front door.

“I’m glad I found a job for him. Something to keep him busy while I’m at school.”

He got the key he wanted and rested his paw on the handle, but it turned and clicked open as he got ready to open the door.

“Huh,” he said as he opened the door, “Must have forgotten to lock it this morning...Oh god.” He breathed.

Master bolted into the mansion and we followed him. In the foyer was a familiar black wolf bound and gagged to a chair.

“Chad?” My brow knit, “what...”

Master had pulled the gag out of his panicked maw, he was thrashing and screaming, his copper eyes wild.

“RUN!” he shouted as soon as the gag was off. “He’s here!”

“What?” was all Master said before I felt a blow to the back of my head. My vision swam before I hit the floor. Through my blurred vision I saw two figurers grip Master and pull a blind over his head. Then a massive figure walked in from the arch way in the back, and it spread its massive draconic wings.

“I’ve been looking for you everywhere,” He said in a deep voice. And that was the last of it before a final blow knocked me into a world of black.

