

Pheromones and Dragon Scales

Chapter 4: What Does a Guy Have to do to get an MRI Around Here!

- Max -

“Hay Dad!” I shouted.

For the first time in years we were at the lake house. We would normally go every summer, but dad’s business launched and he was too involved with his work, but now we would spend two whole weeks with each other! Just me, mom, and dad. We were having a picnic on the beach and now I was swimming out in the water.

“Hay Dad!” I shouted again and he turned away from kissing mom, a pure black dragon, to look at me, his red scales gleaming in the midday sun.

“Yah Max? What is it?” He said in a warm and happy tone, it had been ages since I had seen him like this; happy and without a care in the world.

I lifted my wings and started to flap them and rise into the air, a dark grin played across my face, “Cannon Ball!” instantly dad and mom put up their wings shielding them from the inevitable spray of water. I continued to climb into the air. Until the whole lake was in my view. That’s when everything got dark. I looked up into the sky to see storm clouds raking the sky like jagged claws.

Fear bubbled up in my stomach as lightning shot across the sky. I dove for the lake, but...it was like I was moving in slow motion. It was like diving through Jell-O. I looked up to see the clouds had warped and shifted into clawed hands, diving for me. I desperately flapped my wings, but the more I flapped them the slower I went. I turned my head to shout for help from my parents, but what I saw frightened me. Mom and dad were on a yacht in the middle of the lake, dad holding up mom on the tip of the bow imitating that scene from Titanic...the ship split in half and started to sink.

Dark tendrils made of storm clouds snaked their way across the boat, wrapping around mom and dad as they continued their moment without noticing. Then the hand gripped me and I saw. The scene faded away and all I could see was a cruise ship sinking in the middle of the ocean, mom and dad trapped behind one of the port windows crying as their room filled with water.

I was dragged farther and farther away, the dark hand pulling me into the sky, gripping not only me, but my heart, sending shards of ice through my body tearing me up from within. I desperately fought the hand, but my limbs felt like lead weights. I needed to help them, needed to save them, but I was too weak to do anything.

I started screaming, it was all I could do, desperately wishing the scene to stop, to make it all stop. The hand started to pull me up faster, now small hands had sprung forth from the one holding me

and gripped onto my shoulders holding me in place. Then everything went dark as the clouds surrounded me, leaving only the roar of thunder as I floated in a sea of my own tears.

My eye's shot open and I catapulted upright, nearly hitting Nathan on the way up. I looked around me, the room was an old rundown apartment with...Mick and Mike's bedroom, memories flooded back to me. I brushed my eyes and they were streaked with tears. I looked up to see Nathan's concerned eyes, his hands on my shoulders. They were icy cold.

"Master, it was only a dream," Nathan tried to reassure me. I felt that ice that had exploded in my heart melt and leak out through my eyes. I wrapped my arms around Nathan, pulling him close to shiver into. He was cold, but it was a nice kind of cold that helped with this burning feeling I had all over my body. I tried to hold it in, but my eyes wouldn't allow it. Tears burst out of my eyes and I was racked with sobs.

"It's ok Master, it was just a bad dream," he said in hushed, comforting tones. He continued to stroke my back and comfort me as I rode out the tears. It didn't take long before the dream started to slip away into the darkness, my mind forcing it away into a dark corner to never be seen again, but the memory of the pain it caused wouldn't go away.

Nathan looked up and raised his voice. "He's awake; you can come see him now." I heard fast foot paws dash into the room. Chad froze in the doorway, tear-streaked eyes pleading with me.

"I..." he gripped his heart, his bare chest heaving with heavy breaths. He was wearing nothing except a black jock strap that sagged with the weight of his package. "Army" stitched into the elastic.

"Chad," I started, "come over here." My voice horse, but a little deeper than before. Nathan grabbed and gave me a glass of water from the nightstand before leaving the room, patting Chad on the shoulder.

"Not now you two!" I heard Nathan say out of view. "He needs his rest, not another sex montage." And then Chad closed the door and quickly padded over to my side, but stopped abruptly, paw outstretched, only inches away.

"I..." he said again, but the words caught in his mouth. I looked at the water in my glass and then took a deep drink of it before I went to put it back on the side table. Chad took it from me, making sure he didn't touch me, and set it on the table for me.

"Chad?" he looked at me for a split second then back at the water on the side table. "What's wrong?"

"I...I thought I had..." his face scrunched up and tears forced their way out of his clenched eyes. He let out a gasp of air and the words rushed out of his maw, "I thought I had killed you." I looked at him puzzled, and when I didn't answer he just kept going. "Once you stopped cuming, you just...stopped,

everything about you stopped! I tried to wake you up, but you wouldn't. I listened for your heartbeat, and it was there, but it sounded more like a hum than a beat. I panicked; I didn't know what to do. The twins told me to get you to a doctor and that's when I remembered Doctor Viren and I...well you know the rest."

Chad looked like he had run a thousand miles and was ready to collapse. His arms shook, his knees knocked, and sweat poured down his body. I felt my balls stir as I took in his sent and the look of his bulging muscles as they tensed under his drenched fur.

"Chad, sit down," I padded a section of bed next to me. Chad reluctantly sat while getting as close to me without actually touching me. "It's ok Chad, I just blacked out from the pleasure."

"It's not just that," Chad admitted. "As soon as Doc finished checking you out he said you had a minor heart attack. Brought on by the sex. Don't you see! I almost killed you." His voice started to escalate with sobs. "He said your heart had been working too hard for too long and just gave out. The strain was too much. I was too much! I almost killed the one thing on this shit planet that I cared about by simply loving it! How could I be so dumb!" I wanted to comfort Chad, but I couldn't wrap my head around the "you had a heart attack" part and I was too shocked to do anything.

"I had a what now?" I managed to force out. "Chad I'm too young to have a heart attack." I didn't give him time to answer. "And you're not dumb, as a matter of fact I think you are a love-making genius. I blacked out from the pleasure, not from some heart attack." I reached out my arm and put one hand on his shoulder. His fur was slick and cold, and he tensed up when I touched him, but after a few good rubs he started to lean into the touch.

"Are you sure that you didn't have a heart attack? Are you sure you're ok? Do you really think so?"

"Aren't heart attacks supposed to be painful, I felt nothing but pleasure during my orgasm."

"Thanks master," Chad sounded relieved, but still winded. "It means a lot that you don't blame me for what happened."

"I think I could blame you for what happened to me." Chad instantly went rigged.

"Oh...I see." Chad's shoulders sagged, and his ears flattened.

A wicked smile played across my face, "that was the best orgasm I had ever had." Slowly Chad's ears started to rise and his shoulders came back into their proud and confident stature. I couldn't see his face, but I could tell tears were in his eyes. "There's the Chad I remember."

Then without a word, Chad got up and walked to the door, I made no move to stop him. When he reached the door he turned around, tears streaking down his face, and said, "Doctor Viren wants to take you to the hospital, he'll be back in a few minutes with a wheelchair to help you into the car. He

needs to see the damage to your heart, if any.” Then he turned and walked away, broad shoulders displayed in pride.

“Really Nathan? A heart attack? At his age? Impossible.” Chad was pushing my wheelchair down the hall behind Nathan talking to the dean of medicine. Mike and Mick were waiting in the lobby where we left them. The dean was hardly listening to Nathan as he tried to get permission to look at my heart with the MRI machine. The dean was a tall broad golden lion with a brown mane in a doctor’s lab coat, strong blue eyes constantly looking over files as he walked with meaning down the various hallways. Under his lab coat he wore a taut light blue dress shirt, dress pants and shoes. A yellow silk tie had been pinned to his shirt with an expensive tie clip.

“He probably had really bad heartburn or something. Dragons of his age usually have blackouts. He could be developing powers. You of all people know that, Nathan.” The way the lion said Nathan instead of Doctor Viren implied that they were good friends.

“Alex please,” Nathan protested. Nathan had slapped on some clothes on the way over. A sweater vest and a purple dress shirt. “I have reason to believe that his heart has been working three times harder than it should for too long. It could have easily given out, I need to know what the damage is.” Alex grunted in a way that implied that he didn’t believe him. “Come on Alex you know I wouldn’t be asking you for this unless I truly believed something was wrong.”

Alex gave a long pause and then something in his eyes flashed, “Has this boy...” Nathan had Alex’s full attention now, “you know?”

“As a doctor, I have to keep that privileged, due to confidentiality and my NDA with his parents.”

“Nathan,” Alex’s voice was suddenly tired, he took off his lab coat and hung it up on a rack as we went into the clinic. “Don’t give me that bull. You know if you want to give him an MRI, you have to give me a legitimate reason why I should let you. The charge master won’t let us without it. Also, if giving me information about the boy’s condition would prove he needs an MRI, it doesn’t violate Doctor-Patient Confidentiality. Besides, I would be forced into silence because of confidentiality and you would have all the help you need. I do trust you Nathan, but it’s my job to know what goes on in *my* hospital.” The lion’s ocean-blue eyes shifted to me and then back to Nathan.

“And I mean everything,” Alex emphasized.

“What I would be telling you would be in direct violation of the contract that I have with the boy’s family. I, and I alone, have to be the one to look over the boy’s transformations, if any, and to keep him as an anonymous volunteer in my thesis. You were there when they signed the contract. You know what I can and cannot tell you.” I was only half listening; my eyes had drifted to Alex’s tail as his sculpted ass swayed back and forth with each of his steps. Alex was definitely hot, and I mean capital H-O-T. I couldn’t stop thinking of him pushing me up against a wall and rutting me like a bitch in his pride. His powerful arms lifting me up to spear me with his cock...Damn it! I was forming a man crush on Nathan’s

boss, or it was just these clothes I had on. My clothes had become tight and constricted and constantly rubbed up against my nipples and cock, forcing me into a continuous hum of lust.

“You’re right Nathan, I was there. And I distinctly remember that the contract you signed doesn’t give you free rein of my hospital. You know what I need in order to get an MRI.” Alex retorted. “And why does it have to be an MRI? Why can’t you just give him an ultrasound? You don’t need my approval for that. With your eyes you could probably pick up a clot smaller than a pin prick on a screen with pixels the size of Legos.” Alex tossed the file he was looking at to one of the nurses and grabbed a new one out of the hands of another without missing a step, his mane rippling as he passed over a vent.

“Nathan?” I pulled his attention while trying to take my mind off of sex. I may not believe Nathan’s heart attack theory, but I didn’t want to rule it out. Nathan was a medical professional.

“Why don’t you just do an ultrasound?” I continued. “We don’t need an MRI. It would be a lot faster and not so complicated.”

“You should listen to your patient Nathan, he seems to have more common sense than you,” Alex quipped. “Besides, you would have to fill the boy up with narcotics to put him into a forced hibernation to slow his heart to get a good MRI. Why not just fill him with die and take photos of his heart the old-fashioned way?”

Nathan looked at me with a pleading look. There was some other reason he wanted to give me a MRI; an important reason.

“Nathan, if this means this much to you, I could talk to Alex in private in order to tell him my...condition.” Nathan looked relieved.

“No offense boy-”

“His name is Max.” Chad cut off Alex in a surprisingly calm tone. Alex looked at Chad and then back at me.

“Ok, no offense, *Max*, but I don’t think you are qualified to tell me if you need an MRI.”

“It’ll only take a second, I assure you.” I silenced Chad before he could say something that would scare Alex away, or worse make him mad. Alex is about half a foot taller than Chad and has about twice as much muscle. I don’t need Chad getting into a fight he can’t win.

Alex took a moment to think about my proposal.

“Fine, come on Nathan, let’s talk.” I guess curiosity got the best of him.

“Actually,” I started, my lust taking over. “I would prefer if it were just you and me. It’s hard enough telling one person and it would just be another set of eyes making me nervous. It would be easier for me to just...” I looked down and away letting him think I was ashamed of what I was. Yah that’s right I know how to tug on ye-old heartstrings.

“Ok,” I heard Alex say in a sympathetic tone. “Whatever makes you most comfortable.”

Chad let go of my wheelchair and handed it over to Alex. I was surprised at how much control he had over himself, the old Chad would never have given me up without a fight. Alex took me over to the nearest unoccupied room. It was a standard clinic office with an examining table, a counter with a sink and a computer, and a cabinet hanging on the wall. Three chairs were placed along one side and a swivel chair was in the corner by the desk.

As soon as the door closed I got up out of my wheelchair and stretched my legs and my wings by walking to the window on the other side of the room. The window was poorly placed because bushes sprouted up in front of it, blocking the view to the outside world. It was the view of a parking lot, so they weren't missing much.

“The way Nathan cares about me, you'd think he's my father,” I groaned taking a luxurious stretch.

“What happened to your shy personality?” Alex smiled, amused at the sudden shift.

“It's still there, it's just...not as visible. I was just taking account of the felling of stretching my wings; it's like taking a stretch after a cat nap.” I gave a little snicker at my own joke.

“Well aren't you punny. “ Alex chuckled behind me. “Now come on over and sit on the examining table and tell me what is so damned important you need an MRI for.”

“Honestly I have no idea why I need an MRI,” I admitted as I made my way to the table. “Nathan probably wants to look at something in me he can't see on the surface.” I plopped myself up on the table, the paper crinkling under my rump. Alex had sat down in the swivel chair, I guess out of habit, and was now eyeing me up and down. The chair barely held his sculpted ass and it creaked under his weight.

“Have you given him any reason he should look inside you?” Alex said, “I mean have you shown any-”

“Powers?” I finished his sentence.

“To put it bluntly, yes.” The lion put his claws together and strummed them like an evil genius, but his eyes and body language made it look like a normal everyday gesture. Like breathing, nothing menacing about it.

“And to answer you bluntly, yes. I have developed a very useful ability.” I barely recognized myself. Where was this bravery and cockiness coming from?

“That's surprising,” Alex looked shocked, “but I don't see why you should have an MRI. Actually you look to be very healthy. Nice scales, strong healthy muscles, nice shine, and your horns look like they have been getting a lot of attention.”

“Like I said before, I don’t know why I need an MRI, but Nathan is concerned. He has been keeping better records of my health and if you saw me two days ago you would say I was sick then and have miraculously gotten better. I would rather be doing a hundred better things,” *like having amazing sex with my two little rabbits, Chad, and Nathan*, “but I don’t think I can simply disregard Nathan’s diagnosis because he does have good reasoning for me having a heart attack. My powers are not very conventional, and they do have a tendency to control me, but...”

“Wait a minute, your powers control you?”

“Does your cock make you do things you wouldn’t?” I asked with an eye roll.

“What?” Alex was confused.

“Never mind, if you want a demonstration then I would be happy to show you.”

“And what are these powers of yours?” Alex’s confusion evaporated and was looking at me skeptically.

“Well,” I said letting fire spit out in between my teeth, “I can do this!” I shot a small flame out of my mouth that fizzed out in midair. Alex looked unimpressed, but I could see a sparkle in his eye.

“I don’t see this as a very impressive power that would cause you harm, actually fire breath is one of the most common of powers that dragons develop.”

“But I thought development of powers was rare.”

“Yes, it is one of those things that are rare, but amongst dragons it’s like the ability to roll your tongue, simply a genetic quirk.” I have no idea how he was able to reduce fire breathing to simple tongue tricks. “Now unless you can show me any other powers that you have other than flying, I will set you up in a room with Nathan for an ultrasound.”

Alex started to get up and I knew this was the last chance I would get. I don’t know why, but Nathan thought I needed an MRI.

“Alex wait,” I started. “just...” I may have used it as a ploy to get myself alone with Alex, but when I said it was hard to talk about, I wasn’t faking. The best way to tell a lie is to tell it with a half-truth.

“Just what, Max?” he said with that sympathetic tone again.

“I...can...well I can...” How was I going to say this without giving away the fact that I was controlling people now? I don’t want to go to jail or anything, and I really wasn’t to blame; it was my pheromones. I had little control of who they reached, well up till Mick and Mike.

“How about you just say it out really fast? Like ripping off a Band-Aid,” Alex said in a reassuring voice.

“Ok...I can...” then I got an idea, “It would be better if I just showed you.” And I started to take off my shirt.

“What?” Alex said. “Wait, you don’t need to take off your pants, just...Max! What are you trying to do!” I had taken off my pants and was going for the elastic of my underwear when Alex grabbed my hands and held me there preventing me from going any further.

“Max, you aren’t the first guy that fell for me, and trust me when I say I’m straight.”

“No, I’m not trying to seduce you.” Well I wasn’t lying completely. “I’m trying to show you my other power.”

“Well whatever it is, you can show me with your clothes on.”

“No, I...Damn it! Alex I can control people!” Alex was taken aback and he let go of me and looked at me skeptically.

“You mean like mind control?” he narrowed his eyes. “I was talking about camouflage, shape-shifting or something like that, but mind control is just way out there Max. If you are going to lie to me to get an MRI, I will just kick you out of my hospital without even a photo of my ass, let alone one of your insides.”

“But I can Alex, I can.”

“If you can control people then why don’t you just make me approve an MRI instead of pulling me through all of this shit? I don’t need it, and I don’t have the time for it.” He did have a point, but I might have one last shot at this.

“Then let me control you Alex.”

“You must be joking?”

“Well, if you don’t believe me and I can’t control you, then you can throw me out of your hospital, and if I can control you, I would have a reason for my MRI right. It wouldn’t matter either way. If I can’t - I can’t, if I can - I can. It would resolve itself. Just give me a second with my pants off and I’ll be on my way to my MRI, or out the door with a footprint on my ass.”

Alex looked at me, one paw rubbing his chiseled jaw.

“Do you really need to have your pants off to do it, I mean I’ve seen plenty of naked men, and performed dozens of prostate exams, but the thought of you...just get it over with.”

“You don’t even have to look Alex, just turn around, remember to breathe and it’ll all be over before you know it.” With that Alex turned in his chair and faced the window, all the time grumbling about how he is such a big softy. I pulled my underwear off releasing my half hard cock. My musk instantly filled the room. My balls had been in tight quarters while I was sitting in that chair, and they

had become a little sweaty, but now a cool breeze wafted across my exposed member and sack. My golf ball sized balls sighing with relief, but instantly churning with desire.

I sat down and shifted on the crinkly paper until I was in a comfortable position to look at the lion, his broad shoulders slowly rising and falling with his even breaths. His head laid back in comfort allowing his mane to flutter around the chair. The way he holds himself with pride and confidence, like he knows exactly what he is doing no matter what, makes him look strong and confident and proud. That taut dress shirt he's wearing accents his muscles, his large bulbous muscles. His shirt could barely hold all that muscle.

In seconds my member was completely hard, throbbing with vigor. I no longer needed to tease myself with images, I started to tweak one of my nipples, sending static through my torso and into my balls. I wrapped my other hand around my cock, it was much thicker than before. Then a small bead of pre welled up at the tip of the phallus and the air started to fill with my sent.

"What on earth is that smell?" Alex sniffed the air. He turned around to see me, legs spread, hand playing with my nipple and head thrown back in ecstasy.

"Max! For God's Sake! Put your...your clothes on..."

"What was that last part Alex? I didn't quite catch that," I said in a sultry tone, swaying my tail back and forth seductively.

"Dear God..." he bent over putting a paw on the counter.

"Oh, Doctor," I moaned out. "Why is it always so cold in hospitals." Alex's eyes locked with mine, sweat matting his fur and dark rings started to form under his eyes.

"It's to slow the spread of bacteria...what the hell Max!" Alex slammed his fist down on the counter, and then fell to his knees.

"It's just that without my clothes on, I get so cold. You look like you have some heat to spare." As if to emphasize this Alex wiped his forehead with the back of his paw. "Why don't you come over and I'll cool you down if you heat me up."

"Max, no...I mean you've proven your point...just stop..." he was now on his hands and knees, shaking furiously.

"Sorry Alex, but I don't know how to stop it, and besides, every one of the people I have converted are much happier now. You've seen Chad," a dark smile spread across my face, "and Nathan."

"But, why...how...when?" Alex's look of surprise quickly vanished under a mask of nausea.

"In order, because this is the only way to show you my extra power, you were exposed to my pheromones, and just now." I counted the topics on my claws.

“Get out of my head!” Alex put both of his paws to his head and started to writhe on the ground.

“Alex please, I have no intention of hurting you. As a matter of fact, I plan on making you very happy. You are a very attractive man, and I am sure you will be a great addition to my other slaves. You will actually be very useful in researching my powers. With your state-of-the-art hospital I will be able to find the extent of my growth.”

“How dare you...” he growled and got up on one knee. “You come into my hospital for help. I show you and your friends hospitality.” He got up shakily on both of his legs, a snake making its way down one of his pant legs. “And how do you repay me? By trying to subdue me with your powers.” He took one shaky step towards me, gripping hard on his now soaked shirt. His shirt had become see-through and clung to his figure, his nipples jutting out of the fabric. His bulging arm flexed and with one strong jerk he ripped his shirt to shreds.

“I won’t let you take me,” his eyes became glazed over with lust. “I’ll take you first!” and with surprising speed he pounced on me, pinning me to the examining table. He was ripped, his pecs were huge mounds of muscle that were so big and plump that they forced his nipples to point down. His eight-pack were like bricks and were constantly contracting and flexing with tension. One of Alex’s paws was wrapped around my neck, choking me with his iron grip, but the longer he had me pinned, the weaker his grip became. His thick biceps were swollen with tension, and sweat poured down his body from resistance.

I never changed my expression from its calm demeanor and when Alex’s grip became loose enough I spoke clearly and with force.

“Alex, you are my slave, and you will do what I tell you. Making me happy is the only thing that will make your life meaningful. Doing my bidding will make you feel whole and complete, and if you ever cross me, you will feel so ashamed you will be driven to insanity. You would never kill yourself because you know how much I would disapprove. Instead, you will work for my forgiveness until you earned it, with interest.” Alex’s grip on me was becoming weaker and weaker by the second, and I could see his strength slowly fading.

“I will not be taken by you Max,” he barely spat out the sentence. “What was it that you said before? You’re cold?” He licked my bare chest with his rough feline tongue sending shivers through my body.

“I will take you Max, before you take me,” his tongue slowly made its way up my now even-toned chest, to stop at my nipple both of which were suckled and tugged by his chiseled lion maw, “I will take you before you take me...” he murmured into my chest, sending vibrations with his deep voice that sent pleasure rocketing through my body.

“You’ll have to take me by force Alex,” I breathed.

“You’re not putting up much of a fight, kit,” His voice vibrated through me sending another thunderbolt of pleasure to my brain. Then I heard the sound of a belt coming undone. “I’ll take you like the bitch you know you are.” Then I heard the sound of shoes being kicked off and a loud stomp as each footpad hit the floor again. Alex got off of my now leaking nipple, now giving off a low growl that made me vibrate until he got off of me.

“If you try to make a move to run, I will pin you before you can make it halfway to the door.” He snarled. I sat up and I looked at Alex’s rippling back as he grabbed onto his pants and tore them from his body, the black fabric falling to the floor in a shredded heap. His tail flicked back and forth in an almost agitated way, his bubble butt spread to show a tight pink pucker, his teardrop thighs were flexing with power, and his gigantic footpaws flexed in pleasure. But...something was wrong.

The way Alex held himself was as if something was tearing him up from inside; like he was at war with himself. This isn’t how the pheromones worked, they practically brought anyone into submission in minutes, but...this was something else. Fear plumed in my chest, this wasn’t supposed to happen. I jumped off the table and made my way to the door, and like a bolt of lightning Alex was on me, pinning me to the floor maw down, my sensitive cock and nipples rubbing against the coarse carpet.

“What did I tell you little brat?” He growled, “If you try to run from me, I will pin you before you get halfway to the door.” It was true, I wasn’t even halfway to the door from where I was pinned.

“Don’t even bother trying to call your slaves for help. The walls in the clinic are completely soundproof. We wouldn’t want other people to hear a patient’s personal diagnosis. That would infringe upon Doctor Patient Confidentiality.” He gave a low chuckle that vibrated in my chest. I then felt something knock on my back door, Alex was huge! It felt like a pop can was trying to force its way into my ass. A dark growl came from behind me as Alex forced his way in my tight pucker, and with a sudden jerk his thick head was in me.

It pulsed with lust as it slowly made its way further in. Pleasure erupted from my ass, the feeling of being stretched was amazing. Every inch that came in felt like an orgasm all its own, each building off of the other. The pleasure was building to insane amounts already, pre lubricated his entry. I counted the inches as they slid in, one...two...three...fore...five...six...seven...eight...nine...ten...eleven...twelve...balls. I could feel every piece of his member pulsing with lust and virility, each vein as it pulsed with his surprisingly slow heartbeat.

“How does it feel to be speared by a true man’s cock you little slut?” Alex said laying on my body, his erect nipples digging into my back.

“God,” I let out in a breath that I hadn’t realized I had been holding into the carpet.

“Not quite pussy boy,” then he pulled all the way out in one quick motion, his barbs driving me insane, and slammed balls deep back in, a scream of pleasure ripped through my vocal cords. “You can call me that though. All my skanks do.”

“Please,” I begged, “please...” I bit down on my lip in pleasure, his warm cock was still hilted in me, but not moving.

“Please what? Fuck my man pussy master? Fuck me senseless master? Fuck me till you tear me a new one maser?”

I knew exactly what to say to make him do exactly what I wanted him to, so I shouted it at the top of my lungs, “All of the above master!” and as I shouted fire lapped at the corners of my mouth.

“That’s a good bitch. Take it slut.” And he pulled out slowly, leaving me with an overwhelming sense of emptiness. “Time for you to learn your place and who owns this fucking hospital.” And he speared me again, pleasure painfully raked through my insides and I felt his cock reach an extra inch deeper in my ass.

“You have such a nice ass,” he growled as he started to lift his hips again. “It’s tight like a virgin, but it is easy to force my way in.” then he slammed back in and I bit down hard to prevent another scream. “The more I go in, the more it changes...as if it’s adapting to my cock.” This time he didn’t wait as long before he pulled all the way out again and slammed back in. I started to push back against Alex’s thrusts, and I started to feel Alex’s muscles push against me. The grip his paws had on my arms pinning me down started to get tighter as his pleasure began to build. Each thrust Alex made pushed my nipples and cock up against the now pre-soaked carpet, forcing pleasure to force its way through my now fully erect eight-inch member and body.

Alex let out a feral hiss as he thrust into me again and stayed hilted, his now thirteen inch cock pulsing with a rapid heartbeat. Then he forced my arms to my sides and wrapped his arms around me. He lifted me up and threw me against the examining table. None too gently either. He never removed his cock from my ass. He then pushed a paw down on my back forcing my wings to fold in and stay down. “Fuck bitch, you’re gripping me so good.”

He then started to pull out about halfway and then to push back in, going at a steady pace. While his other paw started to play with his chest. He pushed me down hard and hilted me and leaned into my ear.

“Tell me how much you love my dick in your ass. Tell me how hot you know I am.”

“I love it master, your cock is so big, and it feels so good in my ass.” I shouted, “You’re so hot master, you are like a sex god, come down to fuck only the most privileged asses.”

“Yes bitch,” he started to thrust deeper and harder, “that’s right. Tell me more, tell me how my muscles feel against your body, how my forcefulness turns you on.”

“Your muscles are so big and powerful master. You subdued me in seconds with your overwhelming power.” His thrusts started to get faster. “You’re so rough master, your raw power makes me so horny, makes me so hot for you, I’m practically burning up. Any thought of escape has left my mind, I couldn’t escape from your power master. It’s just so ridiculous to even think that I could contend

against your strength.” Alex’s cock was moving at a medium pace now, and he had let go of me, knowing he could pin me at any moment he wanted. He grabbed my hip with one hand and dug into the paper and padding of the table with the other paw.

“Now bitch,” he said slowing down. “You work it. Milk it for my pleasure, prove how much you want it.” And then he stopped to nothing but a slow swaying motion. I wasted no time as I started to push back and forth, using the table as leverage. I clenched my ass muscles to milk his cock, and every time I did pleasure tore through my body. I was getting close; I could feel my edge coming. I started to bounce harder and faster, electing growls and murs from Alex.

“Come on work it you stupid skank. Work it harder.” He started to slowly go in time with my thrusts, and I picked up the pace. He started to thrust harder and harder, each thrust sending sparks through my ass. Then one of those sparks caught and it was like my ass exploded into flame that shot to my head. My mind and ass were ablaze with pleasure as Alex wildly thrust into me. Sweat pored over my body in rivulets, and fire built in my chest desperately trying to make its way out.

“Master!” I let loose my fire as my dick busted over the table. My ass exploded and my nipples and cock set ablaze with pleasure. Alex stopped in confusion, and then started to thrust rapidly and hard into my writhing ass as it milked Alex’s cock.

“How dare you!” he roared, “How dare you cum before your master! Your fucking sex god!” he picked me up and threw me against the wall and started rutting me like I was lioness in heat, ravishing my ass. My jizz painted the wall in seconds as I continued to orgasm all the while Alex was thrusting into me frantically. I don’t know how long my orgasms lasted, but as long as Alex continued to thrust into me, I continued to orgasm.

“Fuck!” Alex said as he thrust into me and he let out a mighty roar in orgasm, the room shaking in his might. I felt his thick seed shoot into me like cannon fire, filling me up on the second shot. During the next thirty seconds he fired into me it built in pressure. His cock acted like a plug that kept the seed in. I collapsed back onto Alex, impaled on his still throbbing cock.

“That was...Amazing Alex.” I started to feel his cock ebb and some of his seed started to leak out of my ass.

“I...I don’t know what to...You or him...you or him...” I looked up into Alex’s eyes to see them wild and confused.

“Alex, what’s wrong?”

“You or him...you or him, you or him, you or him...”

“Alex what are you talking about?”

“I...I don’t know what to do...I don’t know how to...who to...choose...”

“Choose what?” I said in a sympathetic tone “Is he your mate?” I suddenly felt like a jackass, had I just ruined someone’s life by making him my slave.

“No, I haven’t had a mate in years, too much work.”

“Who is *‘him’* then?” I said putting a paw up to cup his jaw and stroke his muzzle hair. He pulled into the touch and a deep purr came from his chiseled stomach.

“The dragon before you, he told me to...I can’t, he told me not to tell anyone.” He pulled away from my touch, but stayed hilted in me.

“Alex, it’s ok, I’m not going to hurt you. You are far too valuable.” I saw his eyes light up, but then he became confused.

“He wanted you...he wanted you watched. Nathan didn’t know, but we set him up to keep an eye on you. He wants your power for himself. He wants to take you with *his* power.”

“What are you talking about? Who is *he* Alex.” I said in a still soothing voice, but fear had started to grip me.

“He is the Blue Dragon. He wants you as his slave so he doesn’t have to spread his mind so thin to keep us under control. His slaves,” I must have looked worried because Alex instantly tried to reassure me. “But he doesn’t know you have any powers. He is just watching right now. I was supposed to report back to him later today.” I patted him on the muzzle.

“So Alex, what did you mean you have to choose?” Alex instantly looked away in shame.

“I have to choose between disobeying my current master, or being with you.”

“Well, which one do *you* like more, me or him?”

“I don’t know, he got me this job, and helped me make myself successful.” Then he looked back into my eyes, “But you gave me something that I hadn’t had in a long time.”

“Sex?”

“No, it’s more than just sex. It’s almost like the world starts spinning when I see you, like the world makes sense when I look at you. I thought I had the same feeling for him, but you...it’s different.”

“I think the word you’re looking for is love Alex. You love me, just like I love you.” Alex’s blue eyes burst into tears and he dove onto me, kissing me deeply.

“I choose you” he said between kisses. “Oh, Maxter...Master. Let me be yours.”

“Yes Alex, you can be my slave,” then I felt Alex’s tongue become more frantic and hungry. All of a sudden my heart started up like a jackhammer. I had to pull away from Alex, but his cock was still

buried deep in me. I felt heat burst from my heart through my veins and through my body. Sweat poured off my body in rivulets.

“Master what is wrong!” I doubled over and laid against the wall, I pushed against it trying to keep my balance. That’s when I felt that stretching feeling, my arms, legs, feet, and tail growing a bit longer. The feeling of my scales stretching with more muscle. My hands went up the wall as they grew and I had to take a step back to let my feet grow out. Then I looked at my chest, each muscle contracting and retracting, each time getting a little bigger. Then last but not least my cock. It pulsed and swelled till it was about eight and a half inches, about one inch thick. I then felt the cock in my ass get a little smaller as I felt my body grow around it. All of that seed came out of my ass and down my leg and Alex pulled out and gathered me up in his thick strong arms.

“Master?” his voice was filled with concern.

“Don’t worry Alex, I’m fine. Just give me a minute for the room to stop spinning,” he took me over to the examining table and laid me down on it. In a few seconds he was back with a stethoscope to put on my heart.

“Your heart is working far harder than the maximum output. Has this happened before?”

“Only one that I can remember,” I said in a weak voice.

“I can see Nathan’s concern now, he doesn’t just want to look at your heart, he wants to do a head-to-toe scan to look for anomalies. The sudden growth could lead to many other problems than just heart failure.” Then he got up and went to the counter with the sink, opened the cabinet and pulled out a lab coat that he put on and buttoned up, and a patient robe for me to wear.

“We got to get a move on, you could be headed into cardiac arrest right now,” he threw me the robe and went to the cabinet above the sink and pulled out a syringe and a small glass cylinder with a rubber cap.

“Put the robe on, and use these to clean up.” He threw me a roll of paper towels that was by the sink. I quickly wiped up the excess jizz and threw the towels away and put on my robe.

Alex came over with the syringe now filled with the strange liquid.

“Bottoms up,” he said giving the syringe a little squirt.

“What is it?” I said bending over the examining table. Aw the memories in this table, made no more than minutes ago. I felt a prick in my left cheek and a cold run through my veins.

“A sedative, we need to put you into a temporary coma before we can get a proper MRI.”

“Ok...” I said as I got a little woozy, “then how come I’m not falling asleep?”

“That was just to calm you down, your heart is working too hard.”

“Ok Alex,” I said in a slightly slurred voice. “Whatever you say, you’re the doctor here.”

“Ok, I’ll go get Nathan and...Chad was his name, and have them take you to a room to get you prepped for your MRI. I’ll go get the necessary narcotics.”

“Ok...”

Alex went over to the door and opened it. Chad sprang into the room tackling Alex and falling onto the floor in a heap with him. Nathan came in right after him with the wheelchair.

“I told you Chad,” Nathan said in an exhausted tone. “He’s just fine, you are so overprotective.”

“And I told you,” Chad said getting up and whipping off the dust on his jeans, “my animal instincts told me that Max could be in trouble.”

“Hay,” I said in my slurred speech. “Were you going to knock down the door?”

“Sorry Max,” Chad said, “But I thought you were in danger.”

“I’m all right Chad, and we are in private, you’re supposed to call me master.”

“Do you mean that Alex is one of us now?” I nodded, a childish laugh bubbling up from my stomach. “That means you had...Is he bigger than me?” I don’t know why that was the first thing he said, but it made me laugh so hard.

“He’s about as thick as your knot,” I said in-between laughs, “but you have about a good three to four inches on him.” Chad pumped his fist then turned to Alex.

“Suck it Alexander!”

“Let me ask you something Chad.” Alex started. “How many times have you mounted Master?” Chad’s ears folded back and growls shook his body. “I see. Your expression tells me none.”

“Alex,” I said with surprising authority and solid voice. “It is a much higher honor to have my cock up your ass.” Chad gave Alex a superior grin, and I shot him a look. “And Chad, don’t be so jealous all the time, it gets exhausting really quick.” I saw Chad’s expression change to a slightly ashamed look, but I ignored it and got in my wheelchair. I lifted my paws up to rub my forehead, but I stopped, “My paws are so big...I could totally be, like, a boxer or something...”

It wasn’t long until I was put in my own room waiting for Alex to come back with my drugs for my MRI. I was propped up in my bed watching the News on the TV hanging on the ceiling. News must be pretty slow because all they were showing was local events and charities that I didn’t really care about.

“So...” Chad said trying to break the silence, he was sitting backward in a steel chair, resting his arms and muzzle on the backrest, “how was he?”

I let out an exasperated sigh, the sedative Alex gave me was starting to give me a headache “Since I know you won’t shut up about it until I say it, no Chad, he is not as good as you.” Chad tried to hide his excitement, but I could see the light in his copper eye. His bushy tail wag was just a tad faster. The twins were sitting at the foot of my bed leaning against each other slowly falling asleep and Nathan was sitting in the wheelchair watching the News with me.

“It’s going to rain soon,” Mike said as he yawned

“I can feel it too bro,” Mick said looking out the window. “I like the sound of rain, so peaceful.”

“When did you become so gay?” Mike said and Chad instantly started to growl and hiss at him and Mike turned to me. “Sorry master, old habits die hard. Please I didn’t mean to say it.” I just nodded and he calmed down. Chad stopped growling and the room faded into silence again, apart from the TV. Then the sliding glass doors to my room opened and Alex strode in holding two syringes, one with a clear blue liquid and one with a plain clear liquid.

“Let’s get this show on the road,” Alex said as he waved Chad away from my side to administer the drugs. Chad just moved knowing he meant no offence.

“So how long does it take for the drugs to take effect?”

“Just a few minutes, if you’re squeamish I would recommend that you look away.”

“How long will I be under?” I turned my focus on the TV.

“Just a few hours, two or three give or take a few minutes. It varies on the age and the metabolism of the person.” Then I felt a prick and a shot of cold run down my arm.

“Ok that’s the first one, now here comes the second.” I didn’t even feel the second shot because my arm had gone numb.

“It should only be a few minutes now before you black out, just fall into sleep, well take good care of you while you’re out.” Nathan reassured me.

“Ok, while I’m out you’re in charge Nathan.” I started to feel the pull of the drugs, almost as if my insides were being pulled down from the inside. I just focused on the ever-nonchalant look of the newscaster. Wait, something is wrong, she is listening to her earpiece and her face is shocked. A female lynx started to talk a few seconds later.

“Breaking news just came in; the popular cruise liner *Concord* has just lost one of its ships. It had been sunk by terrorists groups in the Caribbean.” Then I felt the dark hand of the drugs starting to pull me under.

“We have satellite footage of the ocean liner sinking just off the coast of Florida.” A picture came up of a section of the ocean turned white with all the air bubbles of the liner surfacing, “There

were..." the lynx was overcome with emotion and she put her paw to her mouth, I was just slipping under when she said.

"There were no survivors." My vision had become a tube of darkness outlining the TV. I lifted my paw and only two surprised words came out of my maw before the blanket of darkness pulled me under.

"mom...dad..."