

"Come on, come *on*..."

Teryx smirked behind a hand as he watched Chase and Mackenzie over on the other couch, the former leaning forward with her paws clenched into fists under her excitement, while the latter sat back with the bowl of chips clutched close to his body. He had kept quiet for most of the game so far, but Teryx could tell by watching the border collie's ears and eyes, as well as in the way he scooped those chips into his maw, that he had gotten caught up in the action as well.

He didn't know him to be too excitable, really, but throughout the time the two had been friends Teryx had learned a few of Mack's little tells. It seemed like his sister had all of those same tells but magnified and expanded: she straightened up as another score in the game playing on the screen was made; her ears came forward and then folded back; she moved her mouth to say something, held back, moved again, stopped again, and then finally came out with a "What the *fuck!*" at the call from the announcers.

The rain dragon, meanwhile, watched the collie siblings more than the game itself, though he kept his muzzle angled towards the TV across the room. Chase threw her arms up over her head and flopped backwards against the couch, a low grumble trickling out from between her parted lips; Mack, meanwhile, just shook his head and reached to slide the chip bowl back onto the low table in front of him. He brushed his fingers off along his shorts, noticed Teryx watching him, immediately averted his eyes, and reached for a napkin instead.

"Can't *believe* it," Chase grumbled, still draped back over the couch. Mack stood up and walked by her, needing to push past her legs; she grumbled some more and turned with the movement, making no effort to get out of his way or pull herself back up. "This same thing happened last year."

"It did," her brother verified, with a little nod. He glanced at Teryx again on his way past. "Sorry to invite you over for such a disappointing season so far, man. We were hoping it was gonna be better this year."

The rain dragon stretched his arms over his head, the sounds of the TV still going in the background. These announcers got really excited about their job. As Teryx settled back into his seat he noticed Chase watching him, too; he held her gaze and gave a little smile, which seemed to take her by surprise. She stirred where she sat, folded her paws in her lap, then reached over for Mack's abandoned chip bowl.

"Isn't it?" he answered, still watching Chase. After a moment she looked back to him and stuck her tongue out. "I thought that was part of the fun. Besides – it's good to spend some time with you again." Here he looked up at Mackenzie himself, where he stood just outside the room. "And to finally get to meet your fabled sister."

"Trust me," the brother said from around the corner, "you'll wish you hadn't."

Chase straightened up again to glare at him. He must have made a face at her from around that corner, since her usually-floppy ears came up with surprise, then pinned back again, and she again stuck her tongue out.

"Since," Mack went on. He leaned around and found Teryx in his seat. "I've gotta head out for a few to pick up the pizzas. It's just a few streets away, so it shouldn't take *too* terribly wrong, but. You know." There was the jingling of keys as he pulled them from their spot hanging on the wall. "Let me know what I miss when I get back, alright, Chase?"

"Yeah, yeah." The other collie sank back into the couch, then swung her legs up and sprawled out sideways. "Probably won't be missing much, looking at the matchup. I'll only be half paying attention anyway."

"Uh huh. You behave, okay?"

"Yeah, yeah. Hurry up and get out of here. Don't let those pizzas get cold."

"Can't get any colder'n *you* are. I'll be back in, like, fifteen."

Teryx leaned and looked over the back of his chair just in time to see him turn the handle of the front door. "See ya soon, Mack. Remember I wanted a root beer."

"Got it. Be back soon."

After the door closed and locked behind Mackenzie, Teryx made a show of inspecting each of the claws on the back of one of his hands, positioned in such a way that he could keep an eye on the female collie where she sat across from him. He got the feeling that she had something to say to him; sometimes it took a bit of motivation and coaxing, but already he could tell that someone with a personality like hers would need no outside intervention.

As it would turn out, he was right. He had half-turned his head back to the TV to watch the splashes of color and player introductions from the new team coming out onto the stage, though before he could learn the name of the team – he didn't really watch this kind of thing on his own, but knew the siblings loved it – Chase's voice called his attention back over.

"Hey, T." She was rubbing at one of her eyes.

"What's up?"

"I think I've..." The border collie looked up, blinked, frowned, and started rubbing at that eye again. She reached forward to use the table as leverage to lift herself up. "Think I've got something in my eye. Mind if I ask you to take a look?"

...Or, maybe he was *almost* right. The dragon frowned as well and straightened up. "Oh. Uh, yeah, sure. Are you – oh..."

Chase leaned sharply in over him, enough that he had to lean and flatten his back against the chair again. The collie braced her paw on the arm of the chair, found a more comfortable position, then adjusted again and dropped that paw to his knee, her touch surprising him.

"Here," she murmured, lips parted in concentration. Teryx raised up, almost grabbed her muzzle, then thought better of it and just peered closely instead. "I can feel it – in... this..."

"Can you..." He swallowed. She had blue eyes, dark enough that they looked almost steel-silver in the light of the room. The one she had been rubbing had been a little bit red, of course, with the slight wetness of tears gathering at the rim. "Wait. I think I see... here, move your..."

Just as her paw slid away from her eye she focused both of them on him, with shocking speed and clarity. Teryx shifted his posture again, suddenly feeling a bit awkward at making eye contact like this, so close that he could feel her breath on his snout and could tell just what flavor of chips those were. He looked back and forth from one eye to the other, already starting to forget that he was supposed to be checking for whatever had gotten stuck in it, if anything. Each iris had a different pattern of little veins and flecks in it, some of a brighter color, some of a darker, and then some even darker still, little speckles of shadowy black amid the dark blue.

Without the attention focusing on that one eye, Chase let her other paw trail back along Teryx's snout as well, her touch warm there as well. Slowly, gently, she led him to relax back against the seat, his eyes still locked on hers. She did not blink, and neither did he; he kept his focused forward, watching hers, while hers flicked back and forth, his own golden eyes and slim pupils reflected in hers. As he watched, the rest of the room falling away, the match on the screen rolling back into senseless noise, those pupils of his, originally sharp predator's slits, shift, widen, dilate... and, slowly, everything in the world other than *her* fell away. He watched her eyes, and watched himself in her eyes, and waited eagerly for her command and input. Thoughts like treacle, nothing moved until she did.

Chase blinked. Teryx felt whatever that was between them grow taut and then snap, and he relaxed in his seat, all of the tension and concern having melted out of his body like the juice from a medium-rare steak. She rubbed at her eye again, though the smirk on her muzzle showed her trick.

"Oh," she murmured, other paw still on Teryx's knee. "I think I got it. Thanks for your help, big guy. Looks like it finally worked. How're you feeling?"

She had asked him a question, and he *had* to answer. Teryx cleared his throat, swallowed, and looked up to her.

"Good."

"Good? Just good? Nothing else?" The border collie let her other paw trail down his snout again, coming down over his shoulder and chest. She stopped there, paused, smirked, then took both of his wrists in her paws, guided them up along her thighs, up beneath her shirt... she only needed to go halfway before something in his head, something that felt like it had come from outside his awareness, coaxed him to continue. Teryx felt himself continue up with his hands, short claws sliding beneath the fabric of her bra, fingers spreading and encompassing those plush breasts, each one filling a palm, each one so *warm*. "Nothing I can help with?"

The thought flashed through his head, also as though placed there from some external source. The dragon shifted in his seat, spread his legs, lifted up a bit, squeezed at her chest; Chase smirked again and leaned her chest forward, her other paw settling again along his knee opposite the other one. It felt as though his body were moving itself, with Teryx simply sitting back and watching. Everything felt as though it ran on autopilot, on reflex. His pants felt a bit tighter than they had a moment ago – and then that thought flashed through again, more forceful this time. Chase standing here in front of him, leaning down, paws on his knees, fingers warm, breath steady...

"Oh, my." Her deep blue eyes flicked downwards. Teryx's pants tightened again, twitch, throb. "Looks like you do have something for me, huh? It's a good thing Mack just left." The collie straightened up,

paws coming up from his knees only to slide up her own legs. She tossed the hem of her shirt up, continued up for a moment to squeeze her paw in around his through her shirt, then worked her fingers down, began working at the fly of her pants... then leaned in again to do the same to Teryx's. His hands came free of her bra to rest on the arms of the chair. "Let me show my gratitude..."

It felt as though he watched from a distance, as though from a dream. Her paws ran up and down his body; he lifted up to let her tug his pants and underwear down; then her arms settled around his shoulders, and she straddled his body, and she wrapped her legs around his waist... and then his muzzle was buried in her shoulder, breathing her scent so similar to her brother's yet so different, while she worked and rode and bounced and squeezed sweetly, tightly around him. The collie held his head down against her chest, snout pushing down in through the collar of her shirt, nose buried between plump, soft breasts; she grinded her hips in his lap, lurched forward and back, panted and moaned over his head.

Teryx felt a little lost, a little dizzy, but he certainly wasn't complaining. His body moved on its own at Chase's insistence, each of her little touches immediately reverberating and recognizing as a command: *spread your legs. Lift your head. Move your hips. Pull me down. Pick me up. Turn me around... wrap your arms around my body... slip a hand up under my shirt, squeeze my breast, pinch my nipple... cum inside me.*

To this last one he felt a flash of reluctance, of hesitancy, even as Chase bounced against his chest and squeezed her legs on his, one paw up behind his head and the other down working at her clit. "*I can't,*" he tried to tell himself, even as his arousal throbbed inside of her and he felt his climax building, bubbling, burgeoning. "*Rain dragons are notoriously potent, I'll – wait, I'm gonna get you...*"

Chase's paw tightened behind his head. *Do it. Fill me up. Let me feel it.*

He couldn't resist. There was no way, between the urgency thrumming through his body and the sheer force of Chase's will over his own. Teryx gritted his teeth, dug his fingers into her thighs – somewhere along the way she had tossed her pants and shirt to the side, so that now she worked and bounced in his lap wearing only her bra. It was either her will or his own that forced him to tug her down into his lap, the collie gripping at the arm of the chair and gritting her teeth against his size, her inner walls squeezing and clenching sweetly around him – until he burst inside of her, one spurt, a second, a third, a fourth, and then more, emptying powerfully out into her belly, to the point that she lowered one paw to rub at her front, just beneath her belly button.

Panting and drained in more than one way, Teryx felt his body relax back, still throbbing and dumping the last of his load deep inside of her. "*My... best friend's sister...*" he thought, from a distance. It was more of a sound, a noise, intruding on his consciousness than a worry, an actual thought, coming from inside his own mind.

Chase squirmed and settled into place on top of him, resting back against his chest, her body lurching with his panting on top of her own. She ran her fingers down along his leg beneath hers, her touch sending repeated little shivers through his body. So exhausted, so distant, at first the dragon didn't notice that she was saying, and then when he tried to listen, something pushed him away again and seemed to muddle the words. Chase straightened up and settled one paw behind his head while the other reached out and trailed along his arm. She slid her fingers in between his, lifted his hand up, held his arm straight out to the side, and then-

And then the oddest sensation he had ever felt came over him, vibrating out from that central point where her fingers touched his. Chase squirmed in his lap, walked her fingers back, pressed them in against his palm, and then *into* his palm. The same feeling, the little shock and pressure that had spread over his mind earlier, now pushed out along that contact point as well as the collie, somehow, pushed her body into his own, peeling him back like a suit, like a coating of latex and rubber for her to wear. She adjusted herself to fit, straightening her back, pushing backwards against him to slide her arm more fully inside his own, while he could do nothing but sit back and watch. His breath held in his chest, and while it didn't *hurt*, it was still a hell of a sight to see for this collie to then reach back with other arm and do the same, and then for his body to respond in turn as though she truly did wear him like clothing.

"Would you look at that..." she mused, turning her – his – hand over and back in front of her, working their fingers, clenching a fist, releasing it. Chase looked over her shoulder at Teryx behind her, locked in place, and then gave her hips a wiggle as though to forcibly pull him back to the center of this union. "I'm a bit surprised this one's working, too. I wonder if... maybe..."

The combination sped up from there, with her pushing back, back into his chest, scooting further. Normally hard, slate-like scales wrapped and shifted to accommodate her body, her wider chest, her more angular hips. The collie lifted up and off of him, nearly breaking free from the strange embrace so as to remove the dragon from where he had remained buried inside of her, then settled back and continued – and Teryx felt her pull him up from inside so that he stood up, still-hard cock twitching and dripping as it settled back into place where Chase had been just a moment before. One of her legs remained out, and then he felt his body move to encompass that as well, and Chase was gone, and-

*Gone? No, I don't think so. I'm more here than I've ever been.*

Just like her little jab at hypnotism earlier, this was something that the border collie had never successfully executed, and her tail wagged – or, it tried to: the dragon's much longer, more streamlined appendage was much less suited to the motion than what she was used to – to see, to *feel*, that it finally had. She lifted her – his – hand again, wiggled the fingers before her eyes, brought the other in to touch and feel... and felt that touch, felt each of the fingers, each little scale, each wrinkle in the smooth velvet skin, as though it was all her own.

*"Chase, what are – you-"*

*Chase? No, no. I'm Teryx now. Can't you see? She – he – stretched his arms out, felt the taut muscles beneath the skin, felt the different physiology, the slightly different body plan... the pulsing, stirring testosterone, coming down from its peak just a few moments ago. Chase grinned, felt the different sensation in the lips and fangs, and then turned to start down the hall. Since you fuckin' bet I want to see. There's a mirror in Mack's room.*

*"Chase!"*

*Boy, that's an odd sensation. It's like there's someone else inside my head, trying to think for me. The dragon smirked. No, I know. I'm teasing. Sorry for doing this without asking, but – I just need to borrow your body for a bit.*

*"Borrow?"* The little wad of awareness and willpower that had to have been Teryx still inside his head clamored and strained for control. He could do nothing against Chase's presence, which – actually – gave him another pulse of satisfaction. Such an interesting, *invigorating* feeling, these several inches of hard flesh between his legs, twitching and throbbing with the pulse of his heart or with intentional muscle movements, pleasurable and inviting. *"Chase, you just – I don't even know what you did, you-"*

*Uh huh.* He pushed through the door into his brother's bedroom and stepped in, immediately heading over to the closet, arms moving to strip off his shirt and the rest of his clothing as he went. It was a walk-in with a full-length mirror pushed up against one wall; Chase knew since... *Like I said, I just need to borrow it to investigate something. I think my brother might be gay, but I've never been able to get a straight answer out of him. Ha. Straight answer. Get it?*

...since she had poked around in his closet to see if he just happened to have any dildos lying around. Many times before she had laid the bait for the poor, oblivious pup, walking around in her panties and nothing else – and she *knew* she had an impressive chest; sitting here inside Teryx's head, inhabiting his body and his brain-space, she could feel the remnant appreciation that he had felt when she had directed him to give her a squeeze – or flagging her tail at him at inopportune times, while doing the dishes, while folding laundry, while watering the plants on the balcony.

She had even sent him nudes before. "On accident", of course; the collie within the dragon felt Teryx's surprise and embarrassment at seeing these thoughts and memories, shared between the two of them occupying this same space. Pictures and short clips "intended" for her boyfriend, or a friend-with-benefits, or any of her private online accounts. Views from behind with her tail raised and a paw keeping her rump spread, or from in front and underneath with two fingers buried; or a little sixteen-second thing of her pushing her way down onto the knot of a toy, or twenty-two seconds of her thighs and legs clamping around a vibrator carefully placed, or – and this one was her favorite – a quick demonstration that she could take that toy all the way into her throat, with the knot bulging out her cheeks.

*And not even so much as a raised eyebrow.* The dragon posed in the mirror, lifting his arms, squeezing his biceps. Even that provided a different feeling, not so much in the muscles as in the arrangement and appearance, in all of the slightly, *slightly* different things that separated his body from hers, both in species and in outward sex. Chase ran his hands down the front of his body, fingerpads – no, fingers; dragons had no pads, he discovered – and over the pattern, the grain, of the soft skin along his chest. Lines of sleek muscle beneath, firm and taut, leading down over the abs, each one distinct; then a little further towards where he had grown used to feeling pubic fur, only to find more smooth skin and, beneath, the slight bump of a bone in the pelvis. *Can you believe that?*

*"Chase..."*

*Yeah, yeah. I'm just... getting a feel for...* And then, of course, a different *bone*, so to say. Chase smirked as he made that joke to himself, then felt that emotion bubble out of him on the tail of another, more powerful one as soon as he wrapped his fingers around the base of his – *his* – still-hard cock. It was a sweet, bright feeling, surprisingly powerful, a bit sensitive following the dragon's climax a few minutes ago. Hot and moist, firm yet with a distinct softness to it... he slid his fingers up towards the tip, shivered, bucked his hips, squeezed, bucked again. *Oh. Oh, wow. So this is why you boys have always got this problem? I can see why, this is...* He turned again, one hand remaining around his length while the other reached to cup and squeeze his rump, firm with muscle. Fingers came in towards the center,

teased at the tailhole hidden beneath that smooth tail, pulled and pressed... and another shiver and throb bounced through the dragon's body. *Oh, man. That's some good shit.*

*"Chase, please, just – respect my body, would you?"*

*Respect? Your body? Like I said, T, it's ours. No – mine, now. I'll give it back.* He ran that finger in around the pucker of the tailhole, clenched, felt the muscles respond and tighten, poked at the center... then caught sight of his new, long tail, sleek and slimming to a point, and totally prehensile. *Promise. I just need to get used to it, and... oh, wow, you could do this the whole time? And you're not, just, constantly doing it?*

It looked nearly as good as it felt, teasing the tapered tip of his new tail in beneath the base just as he had been doing with his finger a moment before. Chase kept his other hand at the base to keep it lifted while he tested and tried out the new, unfamiliar muscles, as simple and smooth as though he had always had them. The pleasure, the pressure, the... slight discomfort at that tip poking, pressing in, squeezing past the clenching ring of muscle.

*"Chase. Focus. Do your thing with Mack and them give me my body back. I can't say I appreciate you doing this, but..."*

*But you've thought about it before, haven't you?* Still pulsing his tail inside of himself, still rubbing and squeezing at the base of his length, Chase sifted through Teryx's thoughts and memories, as free and open as they had been to the original owner. There were daydreams, little often-revisited fantasies, many of them sourced from actual events; there were illicit outings with students from the university at which the dragon worked as a TA, little under-the-table agreements and arrangements, memories of so many different tight tailholes clamping around this impressive length of his... Chase took another look in that in the mirror. His shoulders had slimmed a bit, his chest bulged a bit as thought to *suggest* the collie's breasts without showing them, and then the waist and hips curved and arced, and... where Teryx himself had a plump, hanging shaft, now that firm flesh grew from a sleek slit.

He ran his fingers in along that slit, feeling the slick flesh inside, shivering with the sensation, still sifting through the dragon's memories and thoughts. One of them came to the forefront, pulsing and sparkling with each touch there and every shift of his tail inside of him, and it didn't take Chase long to recognize it as arousal. This was a one-way street, of course: he felt Teryx trying to battle back, trying to return the invasion of privacy, yet completely incapable of doing so. He turned again, looked over his back, lifted his other arm, squeezed again...

And then suddenly, abruptly, felt that pleasure boil and peak, sharp enough that it nearly made the dragon double over. His hips pulsed and thrust, his cock bounced and throbbed, he gritted his teeth – and then he bucked again and again, the first dribbles of a new, unwarranted orgasm oozing out, followed by a first spurt, then a second, and a third weaker one. The unexpected, unfamiliar peak washed over Chase's new body, immediately flooding his limbs with satisfaction and exhaustion both. He had to reach out and steady himself against the wall, the hot, thick liquid dripping out and rolling down his underside, remnants of his peak still vibrating out from that center point. Deep inside, further down in the back of his head, the original Teryx receded from the collie's presence and influence for a moment.

*He likes me doing this with him, Chase realized, once he had caught his breath. He likes seeing me take control. Some of the reactions and changes are still rooted in his subconscious. This is my body now. I wonder if I could...*

Before he could make that decision, though, he heard the sound of the front door opening and then closing again, followed by Mackenzie's voice echoing through the hall. Chase took one last look at himself in the mirror, nearly got caught up squeezing and poking at touching at his fresh new six inches even hypersensitive as it was, then finally managed to pull himself away, get dressed again, and leave the room.

*God. No wonder you boys complain about it. Walking with a boner is – uncomfortable. Especially so soon after... I can see why you're usually one and done.*

*"Usually we don't get dressed again immediately after. I haven't done that since high school."*

*Uh huh. We're about to do a lot of new things, I think.*

As he turned the corner into the hallway his brother's familiar voice came into his awareness, briefly tamping down the struggle of the two inhabitants of this one headspace: "Chase! Teryx, I'm back. You guys in the kitchen...? Chase, they gave you the wrong sauce, and, um... T, they didn't have any root beer, so I got you cream soda instead..."

Once he had made it to the living room Chase leaned in against the threshold, arm over his head, still-present erection half-visible in his pants. That wasn't something he had had to deal with before, other than the one time he had worn a soft strap-on in public... "Why didn't you ask for extra?"

Across the room Mackenzie's ears perked and he turned around, the one pizza box and second slightly smaller one – that would have been the wings Chase had ordered – sitting on top. "Oh," he said. "Hey." The collie reached over to place the boxes down on the counter beside him. "Extra? Extra soda?"

*"You're not Chase anymore,"* said that voice inside his head. The dragon straightened up and stepped forward into the living room, pulling from his own well of confidence as well as what Teryx himself had already had. *"Be careful. Do your thing and let's switch back."*

*I'm getting there. Be patient.* Each step sent another little shiver of sensitivity blossoming out from the lumpy bulge in the front of his pants that, again, Chase had never before had to deal with. Mack watched as the dragon came closer, his tail giving a little stir and then coming still at his approach. He didn't suspect a thing.

"Extra sauce," Chase went on, rifling through Teryx's thoughts for what might be an in-character response. "You know how Chase is. Did you get honey barbecue at least? You know that's her second favorite."

"Sounds like you two really got to know each other in the – what – fifteen minutes I was gone." Mack leaned over to peek into the living room again, the TV still playing through that same match. Chase hadn't even checked the score; deep down he also felt Teryx hope that the male collie wouldn't ask about it. "Where is she, by the way?"

"She had to go to-" Thankfully, two minds occupying the same space provided at least a somewhat faster response time, between the arguing and butting of figurative heads. *"Bathroom,"* Teryx said, *"upset stomach. That'll give us just enough time for you to-"* Not enough time, Chase replied. *Better if I... "...pick up a friend who needed a ride home from somewhere."*

"Course she did. God." Mack drummed his fingers on the pizza box. "I bet it was that foxwolf – what's his name... I swear they're messing around. Oh – don't tell her I said that, thought."

Inwardly, Chase smirked. *His name's Rachen. He's partially right.*

"Oh, well." Paw still in place, Mack turned his wrist to hook his thumb under the flap of the box and lift it up, reaching his other over to slide Chase's wings to the side. "More for us, I guess. Half the pizza's got the white sauce she likes, but she probably won't notice if we try a piece and split it between us, and..."

Slowly the collie trailed off. Chase had reached forward and rested his hand over Mack's paw, scaled fingers against furred, as he reached for the first slice. The scent of cheese and grease and fresh baked dough wafted up and curled around the dragon's snout, replacing the aroma of *himself* that had so thoroughly worked its way in from his time messing around with his new body in the closet.

In Mackenzie's closet, with a still damp puddle of fresh dragon seed still seeping into the carpet. Chase smirked again, then realized his brother was looking at him and, in response, tightened his hand on Mack's paw.

"Forget the pizza," Chase began, in that low, seductive kind of voice that he had seen Teryx use in some of those memories of his. "Your sister's out of the picture for now, and – I saw you look at me, Mack."

The collie's ears perked up and flicked back. "You – oh, you... did? I mean, I was..."

*"Chase..." I know what I'm doing. Don't tell me all of this self-confidence of yours is only a mask you wear.*

"I did." Then a smooth, suave lick of the chops, ensuring that Mack could see the full breadth of the dragon's tongue. This close, the male collie's heterochromia came out quite distinctly, left eye brown and right a light blue. Those mismatched gems flicked back and forth across Teryx's face as the dragon came closer. "And I've been wondering. You know, we've been friends for a while..."

Chase leaned back as Teryx leaned in. He glanced over to where the dragon's hand had started up his arm. "Uh huh..."

"And you know the kinds of things I get up to sometimes."

"Uh huh."

"Had the thought ever crossed your mind..." Low, soft, with that slight touch of a rumble beneath his voice... Chase leaned in close enough so that his breath would tickle at Mack's ear when he spoke. As expected, that ear flicked, then did so again. "...to try it for yourself?"

“What? With – um...” Was that a shiver that shot up the collie’s back? He reached as if to scratch behind his head, only for Chase to intercept and grab that wrist as well. Mack made no effort to pull away. “With – you?”

“Yes. With me.” He guided one paw towards his chest and down over his belly, then shifted the other so it rested around the smaller collie’s waist. This close it was easy to see the blush that grew and warmed his cheeks as soon as his fingerpads met the smooth, soft skin of the dragon’s belly, once he had slipped his fingers underneath his shirt – and then to see that blush sharpen, ears coming straight up, when he turned his paw to coax his fingers beneath the waistband of his pants. By now he had *mostly* gone down, the largest portion of his shaft having receded inside his slit, that piece of equipment at least somewhat familiar in appearance and function to what Chase was used to.

Actually, the *thought* of it was enough to cause a bit more of a stir, and then... and then when Chase’s fingers brushed against the tapered tip, still slick and a bit wet from before, his arousal stirred and grew further. Chase had always hoped that Mack would return some of his attempted endeavors, particularly the accidental nude pictures, and now that the possibility was so close that he would not only see his brother’s body but to get to feel it as well... and it seemed, again, that Teryx enjoyed the idea too. The other presence in his head stirred with continued embarrassment.

*Not the first time the thought’s come to mind, is it?*

“Come on, Mack...” Chase turned and braced his other hand on the counter, effectively pinning Mack between himself and the cupboards. The collie’s blush deepened, paw still in place inside the dragon’s pants. Those fingers pushed down a little further, spreading around the base of his slick, hot length. “Don’t tell me you haven’t thought of it before. What do you say? Just a quick thing. I’ve got a slit, you know – I know you’ve always been curious...”

“W-well, I...” Mackenzie swallowed. It certainly looked as though he had developed a tent in his pants. “Maybe I’ve been... curious...”

Chase licked his chops again. That was something that had always gotten him – *her* – going, at least. “Why not satisfy that curiosity? We can...” He released Mack’s paw, turning his own hand around to begin again at the fly of his pants. The extra pressure pushed the collie’s palm in against him again. “We can start slow. I know you’re interested. What do you say to... pushing up into my slit, here, and giving that a go? You can pretend I’m a girl, if you’d like.” He smirked again, this time making sure Mackenzie saw it. “If you’re only curious, I mean.”

Mack seemed unsure. Chase worked his pants and underwear down his hips, his own scent again dominating over the higher, heavier smell of the pizza and wings, so close yet suddenly a thousand miles away. With his pants around his knees Mackenzie’s paw suddenly moved and explored on its own, palm pressing against the dragon’s length, fingers poking and prodding at the slick folds of slit-flesh at the base... and so caught up in that focus was he, that at first he didn’t notice when Chase reached forward to begin at his pants, too. Shock briefly spread across his muzzle and he moved back, but then a touch and a grind from the heel of the dragon’s hand into the right spot, right against the twitching firmness hidden inside, made him melt against the cupboards and relax.

“Oh...” the collie breathed. “Oh, man... oh, *man*...”

He leaned back to prop himself up on the counter, leg twitching as Chase rubbed and stroked at his already-hard length. It was hard not to get caught up in the action, curiosity and interest warring in Chase's mind against Teryx's own curiosity: as he had expected, his brother's musk was similar to his own yet different in its own distinct way, richer and brighter in the way that a male's tended to be, with the characteristic heavy touch of canine as well. He entertained himself for a bit just *feeling* his brother, fingers around his tapered tip, pushing down along his shaft towards where his sheath still hid his knot, then further down to the hanging sack covered in thick, plush fur. Gripping there, squeezing and rubbing softly, made Mack twitch and jerk against the counter, and thrust forward into the dragon's hand.

"What do you say, then?" Chase asked, already getting himself into position. His somewhat superior height helped out here, as he didn't have to stand on his tiptoes to line the collie's tip up with the base of his own shaft, poking and prodding at the wet flesh of his inner slit there. "Your body's already said yes, but I want to hear *your* answer."

"Yeah," Mack replied, almost before the question had finished. Chase pushed forward. "Yeah, okay. Just – just this once, so I can see... if..."

Again he trailed off, head rolling back on his shoulders with the forward pressure from the dragon before him. *This* sensation was certainly different, a little uncomfortable, a lot tighter than he was used to, but still pleasurable nonetheless – the feeling of his brother's girth pressing, sliding into the dragon's genital slit, slick and wet from both of their natural lubrication, Chase's shaft twitching at the sensation and threatening to push out further. He had to half-lift a leg and brace it against the counter for leverage, but once he managed it, it was hard to keep focus. The pressure and feeling of not one but *two* hard cocks inside of him, Mackenzie's keeping his own in place, each grinding and throbbing against the other, mixed slickness dripping down the dragon's thighs.

Teryx remained silent in the back of his head. That was fine; Chase wanted no interruption here, finally able to achieve what he had wanted so long with his brother, and with the same result that he had expected. He settled his hand around the collie's waist and tugged him in further, until the dog's sheath pressed up against the base of Chase's shaft and slit; Mack gasped, shivered, sighed, and shook all over, his mismatched eyes fluttering open for a second, finding Chase's, and then averting again, embarrassment flooding his expression.

Naturally, though, Chase knew how to fix that. A clench, a throb, a change in direction from his hips, a slow draw back and then push forward again... and that embarrassment melted back into sweet, languid pleasure, Mack's hips faltering underneath the feeling. Slowly Chase brought it into a steady rhythm, careful not to go too quickly or too hard against the slight discomfort of this intrusion into his slit and, certainly, the extra-tight squeezing around Mack, the collie's face occasionally scrunching up or shifting with tension.

"God..." the collie panted. He raised a paw up and brushed it across his forehead. "Teryx, I can... feel you..." His other paw came forward and rested on the dragon's waist, squeezing gently, starting to guide his movements. Chase smirked yet again and followed that guidance.

Inside his own head Chase could feel Teryx watching and experiencing this, the pleasure and curiosity reverberating twofold. This time the throb and clench were unintentional, as was the result from Mack in front of him. Suddenly, shakily, the collie dropped his other paw to Chase's waist as well and held him

there; the dragon paused in his rhythm, both of his own hands braced against the counter for support in his thrusting, and let Mack take over.

He went slowly at first, getting a feel for the motion and the way the dragon's slit and slick insides slid and sucked over his length, from tip to the top of his knot, now out of his sheath yet not quite swollen. From there he picked up the pace, hips moving faster, body coming forward from against the counter so he could maintain his rhythm. Chase looked up from watching that red-fleshed length – his *brother's* cock, an image that would certainly remain in his head from here on – pump in and out of his own slit and focused on Mack's muzzle, eyes scrunched shut and lips curled back with effort, breath coming fast and hard, shoulders tightening, movements becoming more urgent and uneven.

A fierce shudder racked the collie's body. Chase leaned back and stretched his arms over his head, again feeling the shift and pull of muscles underneath skin, his own cock giving another throb at the sensation. "Fuck..." Mack breathed, the word making Chase's ears flick. "God, Teryx, I'm – can I-?"

"Chase..." said that voice in his head again. Chase breathed a laugh and yet again squeezed around his brother's length, briefly interrupting his rhythm. "Do it," he answered, still maintaining that low rumble in his voice. "All the way down. Deep. Do it. Fill me up. Let me feel it." The exact same thing he had said to Teryx when he had been under his control earlier.

It would have happened regardless of his permission, though. This much was obvious. Mackenzie's fingers tightened on the dragon's hips and he nearly buckled with the peaking sensation, now familiar to Chase: the collie gritted his teeth, sucked in a breath through his nose, shuddered, thrust forward, shuddered again... and grinded his bulging knot against the exterior of Chase's slit and the base of his cock, halfway out of that slit, itself full to brimming with hard, eager flesh. A pulse, another pulse, another one, and then spurts of thick, fresh heat burst out inside the dragon and, Chase realized distantly, inside *himself* as well: not only was the pleasure coming from the dragon's body around him, but from his own inside as well, his brother halfway buried between his – *her* – legs, throbbing as he emptied his load inside of her.

"Chase! Be careful! That's done, so now give me my-" ...and Chase again pushed that voice to the back of his head, instead basking in the sweet warmth of the embrace, of Mackenzie buried a good six inches inside of him, and still twitching, pulsing, leaking out the last of his load, the collie slumped forward and panting steadily.

*What were you going to say?* he called back. Chase ran his hands up Mackenzie's sides, squeezed softly, began to slide the collie out of him. Freshly lubed with slick, sticky cum, he came easily free, and then gave another weak pulse as soon as he popped out. Chase felt his slit remain gaped open, reached down, and dug in a pair of fingers, pushing in those few leaking drips. *'Your' body? What are you talking about? This body is mine. And it always has been. I can do what I want with it, and I will.*

*"You can't-"*

*I can.* Chase leaned partially over, hooked an arm underneath Mackenzie's rump and then another around his shoulders, and bodily hefted the collie up into his embrace to carry him back over to the living room. *And I will. Watch me.* Once there the dragon rested him down on the couch and climbed in to position himself behind him, that same arm coming in to rest around the other male's belly, both of them with their pants still around their legs.

Mack squirmed and shifted where he lay, obviously somewhat uncomfortable. Chase held him tight against his chest, constantly aware of his brother's scent.

"So..."

The male collie paused, keeping his paws deliberately away from Chase's arm. His ears flicked to his voice.

"How was it?"

"What? It was..." He shifted again, trying to pull his pants back up his legs. Chase let him, but intentionally made it a bit difficult with one of his legs thrown over the collie's, until Mack just gave up. "I mean – you saw me, I..."

The dragon grinned. "You came. Quite powerfully, in fact. Almost buckled at the knees."

"Yeah, but... I mean, you said, the slit, and to pretend you're... I'm not *gay*, is what I'm saying."

Chase pushed his longer, sharper draconic snout in against the base of his brother's neck and shoulder. The male made no effort to shake him off. "Mhmm."

"Yeah. And, like – it's kind of funny that you even brought that up, since, like..."

"Mm?"

"Well – you know Chase now. You two've met and hung out a bit."

"A bit, yeah."

"So you kind of know her personality. Well, she's been – um... gosh, I haven't told anyone this before..."

"Chase," urged Teryx inside his head, "*you're treading on dangerous ground here. I'm losing my patience.*"

"But – well, I think she's been... I don't know. Hitting on me? I guess? I think she might've started thinking I was gay, since it's really picked up recently, but I don't know if she just wants to know *that*, or if I'm into *her*, and, like..." Mackenzie adjusted how he lay again, unconsciously sliding his fingers between the dragon's and holding that grip against his chest. Chase could feel his heartbeat, slightly elevated from the sex, the discussion, or both.

Chase shifted as well, half-deliberately grinding his almost-flat groin up against the base of his brother's tail. *Persistent thing, isn't it? I'm just lying here with him, and every touch is making your fucking boner come back a bit.*

"So you do recognize it's mine?"

*God. Whatever.*

Mackenzie heaved a sigh. "I don't know. Like – she's my *sister*, you know? That's already... already weird. But... God, I don't know. I can handle the, like – walking around topless, going around in her panties. Whatever. We grew up together. But she keeps on accidentally sending me nudes."

"Oh, my. Lucky you."

"Well, I – don't tell anyone, T?"

"Course not." Chase had to squash the little chuckle that tried to come up.

"I've been... um. She tells me to delete them, and I do that-" Disappointment flashed... "-but I always save them first." ...and then surprise replaced it. Chase lifted his head. "And... God, this is embarrassing... I know I'm not gay. Maybe I'm bi? Maybe? I don't know. I *have* a girlfriend." That came as a surprise to Chase. "But, just... without Chase's face in the frame, if I can pretend it's not my *sister*, it's like... God. Even some of the ones that do show her face."

Thinking about what he meant, Chase yet again felt that stirring. He couldn't help but push forward against his brother's rump again, soft fur and pleasant heat welcoming. One of his hands trailed down the collie's side towards his waist.

"Chase." Teryx again. Inside his head, she was getting tired of hearing her name in his voice. "*This is your brother. You can't do this. It's disgusting.*"

*Can't I?* A little squirming, a bit of shifting at the waist... and Chase felt the warm slickness of Mack's remaining load between his thighs, settled into his slit, deeper inside. *You didn't seem to complain about it when his knot was pulsing against your dick.*

"*This is different. It's...*"

*It's what?*

"They're..." Mackenzie shrugged. "They're *good*. I'm embarrassed to admit it. Promise you won't tell?"

"I already promised."

"I saved them – all of them – and they're... honestly, they're the things I look at most often when – um, when pawing off, now. Especially the videos? There's one with a vibrator, which I didn't even know she had, and..."

*And I hold it to my clit while using a pair of fingers, with the phone camera on the ground underneath me... my legs got really shaky, and I had to wipe that camera off a few times afterwards. I couldn't stop the video at first since the screen wasn't responding under all the, y'know, drippage. I played that one up like I was sending it to-*

"...to someone from school, like, a lab TA or something? I didn't know she was doing that. It makes me uncomfortable, and I don't like thinking about it, and... and are you *hard*?"

He actually hadn't noticed. Now that attention had been brought to it Chase realized he had indeed been grinding and thrusting at his brother's rump, hand in place along his waist, thumb coming in to spread the border collie's rump, natural slickness of his body accentuated by the lingering slickness of the other male's load.

"Well," Chase said, trying to push himself back into Teryx's personality, "what's stopping you? Just the sibling thing?"

"I mean – I guess so?"

"But she's obviously interested." Grip, squeeze, grind... and was that a grind backwards he felt, and a pucker of the tailhole against his tip?

"I bet she thinks I'm oblivious. Like, a total idiot."

"Sure. So just go for it. There's no way she's not into you." Slowly Chase pulled himself up into a sitting position, then extricated himself from the couch behind the other collie. Mack looked up at him and straightened as well, legs coming together in front of him, paws bunching in his lap... to hide his own twitching erection. "And, well – she's got a strap-on, doesn't she?"

"I don't know. Does she?"

*Shit. I guess that one might've seriously 'accidentally' gone to the wrong person.*

"All this talk about her, with you close to me..." That much was the truth. Standing in front of his brother, Chase reached down and gave himself a squeeze and a stroke, and in the same movement kicked his pants the rest of the way off. Another surge of pleasure pushed through him, all from showing off to Mackenzie like this, from feeling and using this new body, and from Teryx hidden deep inside, watching Chase use him. "A guy's got needs, y'know?"

Mack swallowed and glanced down at himself. "I mean... y-yeah, um... do you want to, I guess..."

"Gotta be quick before your sister gets back. And I don't wanna tire you out too much for her."

"Teryx, I'm not gonna-"

"Besides," the dragon rumbled. He bent over and leaned in, hooked Mackenzie's legs over his shoulders, and used that leverage to pull him forward, forcing the collie to drop his back to the cushions of the couch and move his rump off the edge. A few seconds of wiggling and adjustment resulted in *his* pants and underwear tossed into a pile near the table, as well. "I think it's *your* turn on bottom."

Mack's blush deepened, and his cock twitched again. "On... on bottom? You mean, like-"

"For your sister's strap-on." It doubled as Chase's favorite toy, too, but now she knew she would have to get another one. The proportions weren't *quite* right for her to continue pretending it was her brother's, though the knot seemed close. "We'll go slow, don't worry."

*"Be careful. You've never had a dick before. You don't know how it feels to-"*

*Teryx. Buddy. Pal. I've worn a strap-on, and I've also taken dick up the asshole. Don't you worry about a thing.*

"Wait. Can you, just..." Chase brought a hand to his maw and drew his tongue over his fingers and palm, watching his brother's face. Mack, in turn, watched that hand: his eyes followed it down to rub and stroke along the dragon's length, coating it in thick, slick saliva, then watched it return to the muzzle for a second, then lower back down again. "I need to..." And he trailed off with the first contact of those fingers against his tailhole, soft and gentle, poking and prodding... smearing and sliding, ensuring that that saliva coated all of him. That done Chase came forward, leaned back so he could see, angled himself forward... and Mack cleared his throat. "Just – be careful, okay?"

*"Be careful."*

Satisfaction coming from knowing he was about to finally, *finally* enjoy his brother's body; from knowing that Teryx knew there was nothing he could do; from feeling and experience this sleek, powerful male's body; and then again from Teryx inside, enjoying at a distance the way Chase used and treated him as nothing more than a full-body toy... the dragon shivered, resisted giving himself another stroke, and began to slowly, carefully sink forward into the border collie's rump. Tight muscles tightened further, Mack's muzzle scrunched up with sensation and effort, his body shivered and shook... and then suddenly relaxed as Chase pushed through that first ring and sank more steadily into him, the wet heat of his body squeezing around him.

"God..." the dragon breathed. He *had* used a strap-on before, a handful of times, but now that he was actually able to feel the pressure and the wetness... it was a little less intense, less *specific* than he had expected – he thought he would've been able to feel every wrinkle, every clench, every shift. This was *almost* the case, and it was still enough to make him weak at the knees again; he braced his legs against the couch, also using that as leverage to drive himself deeper into the male's rump. "Mack..."

Mackenzie rolled his head back onto the back of the couch and released a low, shivering sigh. Discomfort and a little bit of pain flashed across his muzzle, but then was gone. "Ah – wait, wait, careful... that's..."

Chase swallowed. It was hard not to lose control. "Good?"

Mack grimaced. "Getting there. Feels, like..."

The dragon leaned in, intentionally using that as leverage to press deeper. "Like there's some good there just beneath the surface, but you're just not there yet?"

After another moment Mack nodded. "Yeah," he answered, a bit breathless. His shaft had retreated into his sheath a bit, though still twitched and pulsed against his belly. "Yeah, that's... exactly it..."

*"I suppose I shouldn't be too worried,"* Teryx mused. *"Seems like you're not in the habit of breaking your toys."*

Chase laughed quietly and adjusted his position, beginning a steadier rhythm at his brother's rump. He lowered one of Mack's legs down so that the male would wrap it around his waist, then shifted the

other up and forward so it rested against his chest... and then, watching his brother's face as he bounced and lurched with the rhythm, eyes closed and mouth slightly open, he got an idea.

*"No. Do not. Don't you dare, Chase. That's disgusting."*

*What?* The dragon spread his fingers along the underside of Mack's footpaw, pressed palm to sole, lifted up, threaded fingers between toes... Mack's eyes fluttered open to watch, then closed again beneath the rhythm. *It's not so bad. All you need to do, is...*

*"Don't. Don't use use my tongue for this."*

*'Your' tongue? Don't you mean...* Chase swallowed, worked up a bit of saliva in his mouth, slid his fingers out from between Mack's toes... then closed the distance and set his lips to one of his pads in a soft, sweet kiss. Then a second to the next toe, and a third, and a fourth – and then his tongue, sleek and deft, slipped out to lap up, slide down, curl around and between. Mackenzie's leg shook and gently kicked with the sensation, and Chase certainly noticed how his cock throbbed in his sheath again, his rhythm at his rump slowing to focus here. *My tongue? I can do with it what I want. And I think I'll do this.*

One of Mackenzie's paws came up to cover his mouth, trying to stifle the shaky moan that dribbled out there just like the little jet of pre that emptied out across his belly. *That* clench Chase could actually feel. He pulled back and pressed forward, again resuming his pace, while moving steadily from one toe to the next: he teased his tongue in along the pads, right at the rim where calloused skin gave way to soft fur, where blunted claws protruded from the ends. He wrapped his lips around one of those toes and suckled softly, Mack's footpaw twitching against his muzzle and chin.

*Come on, Teryx. Think about it.* A little bit of pressure, a bit of a change to his presence inside the dragon's head... again, this was something Chase had never successfully achieved before, so mostly he was playing it by ear. Already he could read through Teryx's thoughts and memories as easily as though they were projected on a screen; how much harder could it be to tweak and shift his preferences and ideas, too? *The feeling of the pads on your tongue and lips, some of the most sensitive areas of your body... look, see, you can feel the little callouses, the breaks in the skin, the softer spots here and here... and then further down along the footpaw – the taste, that light, slight muskiness, with a little bit of the soap he uses, a little bit of the sour of sweat...*

*"Chase, it's..."*

The dragon swallowed, the taste of Mack's footpaw rolling down his throat. Now there was nothing he could do to slow himself down, hips thrusting and slapping against his brother's rump, Mack lying there with one arm across his body and the other at his mouth, fingers shoved in against his tongue to try to cover the rhythmic, panting moans issuing out of him. His eyes were fully open now, watching the dragon between his legs, watching himself get railed by the larger, stronger male. Chase slid his tongue back into his maw and then rolled it back out, curling it down around the collie's ankle, then coming up to drag along the underside and between his toes again.

There it was, then – something subtle yet sudden inside of the dragon's subconscious, a gap being bridged, a circuit snapping into connection. His cock throbbed, his arousal strengthened and blossomed, his pace and urgency redoubled. Teryx fell silent inside his head, though Chase could feel the pleasure

and enjoyment stirring there just as it had when he had first taken control. Mack squirmed and spread his legs around him, his one in Chase's hand coming free and lowering down to wrap around his waist, pulling him more firmly against him. His panting and moaning picked up, and now the bulge of his knot could be seen inside of his sheath as well; his chest heaved with the rhythm of his breathing, his cock bouncing and pulsing against his belly with his approaching peak.

Chase moved to brace a hand along the back of the couch while the other came in to tug Mack's sheath the rest of the way back. The collie jerked and squeezed at that touch. "Hey, puppy."

Mismatched eyes flicked partially open. "Teryx, I – I'm–"

"Do you know if there's anyone *else* I can have some fun with today? You know, before Chase gets back." *What was that he said about a girlfriend?*

A moment of silence – or at least, as much silence as there could be beneath the thrusting, the slapping, the wet sucking of a hungry tailhole around his tapered shaft, and Mack's steady noises – and then the collie shook his head. "N-no," he managed, then arched his back. Chase ran his hand from base to tip and then back again, intentionally squeezing beneath his knot. "No. We shouldn't even – *aah*, God..."

It was easy to drop his hand from the couch, to run it down along the fabric, to rub behind Mackenzie's ear, caress his jaw, lift his muzzle up... his lips twitched, as though he expected the dragon to lean in for a kiss. Chase thought about it. Then, though, he tilted his head, smiled, pulled a little bit from Teryx's own body – and sent a quick shock of *something* through his brother's head and mind.

"What was that?" Chase asked, slowing his pace again. He could feel how close his brother was, in the twitching between his fingers and clenching around his base. "You said..."

"Yeah," the other collie replied. He tried to straighten up, shuddered, reached out... Chase looked back, saw his phone lying face-down on the table, and then handed that to him. "Yeah. Kodi might... here, let me... call..."

"Kodi?"

Mack grinded his rump against Chase's hips as he settled back in. "My... girlfriend. She'll... want to..." He trailed off as he found her in his phone, then put it to his ear. Chase continued thrusting, the dog's body bouncing and lurching against the couch as he did so. Idly he wondered if the rustling, the huffs, the wet slapping, could be picked up over the receiver.

"Hey..." Mack began after a moment, ears perked. He looked up at Chase and smiled sheepishly. "Yeah. Yeah, no, everything's – *ah* – everything's... cool. I was j-just wondering, would you..." For a moment his eyes fluttered shut and his hard cock bounced against his belly, the collie's body tightening in a sweet squeeze. "...Mmh. Would you wanna come over to hang out with – with me and my friend Teryx? ...Yeah, I'm just... catching my breath..."

Chase grinned. For some reason he just *loved* the idea of pounding deep into his brother while he tried to maintain a conversation over the phone with his girlfriend. Each thrust sent a visible wave of pleasure through him, Mackenzie's muzzle scrunching up and the phone bouncing where he held it close to his ear.

“...Yeah. Yeah, no, I know you’re not into the... whole e-sports thing, but we could put something else on, or... yeah. Yeah, I’ve mentioned him before. You might get to meet Chase too.” His mismatched eyes flicked up at the dragon again. Chase winked; Mackenzie blushed and looked away, squeezing around him again. “My sister. She’s out right now but sh – sh – should be back. Yeah. Yeah, great, I’ll... text you the – address. Bye–” Then, hardly before he had hung up the call, “-oh, God, Teryx...”

Suddenly Teryx stirred in Chase’s head again, briefly distracting him from his own growing pleasure. *“Be careful. I meant it when I said we rain dragons are potent. Almost any species, Chase.”*

*Yeah, yeah. We’ll see.*

~ ~ ~

*Don’t worry about it, she had said. You do your thing. Don’t worry about me, T. I’ll be back later. Alright?* Teryx thought through the border collie’s words as he ran the cutter over the pizza, trying to cut through the crust. It had hardened after being left out for a while; he remembered Mack returning with the food, and remembered being excited for it, and then... the dragon cursed under his breath, having gone over part of his thumb with the cutter.

And then they’d gotten – *distracted*. It had definitely been Teryx’s idea and his insistence, though Mackenzie had become just as embroiled and excited as he had. Wandering hands, teasing muzzles, hot breaths, nervous and excited panting... an odd feeling of displacement at the base of his shaft – had he always had a slit? – and the sensation of that cute boy’s tailhole wrapped around him, squeezing and clenching and shaking as he unloaded a second load across his belly.

And now his girlfriend was on his way. Teryx gave his thumb a lick, deciding it was mostly unharmed, and then slid his slice onto a plate. *“Imagine that,”* he thought; *“all it took was me asking. Me pressing just a little bit further. Usually I can tell when someone’s into me – it’s not hard, really.”* He smirked. *“Can’t blame him. I’m just glad one of us had the confidence to go forward with it.”*

Teryx poked his head around the corner into the other room. After getting cleaned up and spending a little extra time in the bathroom Mack had come out and gotten dressed, though promptly stripped his shirt off as well. The fur of his lower chest and belly still looked damp from where he had tried to scrub off his own load. It had been a panting, exhausting finish, Teryx not *quite* hilted inside of him, the collie squirming and writhing around him, clawing at the couch, teeth gritted, cock bouncing and throbbing in the dragon’s grip, leaking and dribbling and then spurting, spurting, spurting...

*“How’s that for a first time?”* Teryx had asked, panting through his own gritted teeth. *“Holy... holy shit,”* Mack had replied, one paw draped over his forehead. *“I’m gonna – have to ask Kodi to... get a strap-on, too...”*

He had high hopes for him, really, even though the brother-sister thing was... strange. An odd note about that was that, before today, Teryx could have sworn he had violently *disliked* the entire idea, but between Mackenzie and Chase, in particular... he picked up both his own plate and the collie’s, taking one in each hand before heading back to the living room. *“I don’t know. It just seems... fine, I guess. Right? I don’t know. They’re both lovely dogs. Cute. I wonder what it would be like to mess around with both of them at once...”*

"Did I miss anything?"

Mack's ears perked at his approach, and the dog straightened up to look at him. His tail wagged. Teryx could quite easily tell that some nervousness remained to him, and that it peaked a little bit whenever he looked at the dragon. Nervousness, anticipation, anxiety, a little bit of questioning... but no regret.

"No," the dog replied after a moment. He reached up for his slice of pizza and then turned back to the TV. "Well, not really. Team Xtro lost another two players."

Teryx sank into the couch beside him. Mackenzie shifted with the weight, though didn't bother moving his leg away from the dragon's. "Of course they did." So he wasn't out for that long, then. Something had happened on his way into the kitchen earlier right after Mack left to get cleaned up: Teryx remembered walking in, indecisive about something and arguing with himself... and then suddenly he was on the other side of the room looking for the pizza cutter, as though those few minutes had somehow been lost to him. Maybe he had blacked out from the exertion of railing the poor dog like that on the couch, or was just tired from not eating all day, or something else, but – here he was now, and Chase was still gone doing whatever she had left to do. She would be back.

"Oh, of course. Cool. I wasn't rooting for them this season anyway."

"Yeah."

Not until after Kodi got here, at least. Even without knowing the specifics, Teryx knew that much. He kept half his attention towards the front door, listening for any noise of a car outside or footsteps coming up, but after a while found himself involved in the match playing on the screen so that Mack was the one who stood up. They had each finished their slices already, with Mack having eaten his crust and moving on to take down Teryx's as well, when the knocking sounded beneath the noise of the game.

"Oh," the collie said, his tail thumping against the couch behind him. "That must be her. C'mon, T."

The dragon chuckled. He hadn't known Mack was in a relationship, and was eager to get to know her. "Are you excited?"

"I am." Mackenzie gave his wrist a squeeze on the way to the door. "It'll be nice to see her, and for her to meet you. I just hope that Chase comes back before long... are you ready?"

"Yeah." Something *buzzed*, almost, in the back of Teryx's mind. A thought, or a notion, or something, there and then gone before he could latch onto it. He frowned. "Yeah. Are you?"

"Yeah. Well..." Mack reached forward for the lock, flicked it, grabbed the knob... "Here we go." ...and turned it.

Immediately Teryx was taken in by the woman standing there, a sleek, tight tigress, a bit shorter than himself but with all the same force of presence. She smiled shyly she looked him over, siphoning his confidence for herself and then reflecting it back; then she turned and looked at her boyfriend, and that reserved, distant exterior melted into a warm, soft affection, Kodi coming forward to wrap him in her embrace.

“Hey there, puppy,” she purred, and planted a kiss to his cheek. “This him?”

“Hey Kodi. Um – y-yeah.” Mackenzie stepped back and motioned to the dragon beside him. “This was all his idea, to hang out. Sorry if it’s a little... out of the blue.”

“No, no. May I-?”

“Oh.” Teryx stepped back as well. “Yeah. Come on in. Chase isn’t here right now, but she’ll be back later. Giving us time to – y’know.” He extended a hand. “I’m Teryx, by the way.”

“Kodi. I’m sure you know, but I’m...” The tigress took it, squeezed in on his palm, and shook. In that moment a little shock passed between their fingers, as though from her footpaws on the carpeted floor, or from Teryx bumping against the oven and refrigerator earlier; slight and subtle but still enough to make both of them pause, grip tightening for a quick moment. Teryx frowned, leaning in a little closer, and Kodi remained where she was. She watched him, amber eyes flicking back and forth over his face, and then slowly focusing, coming still, settling into place. There was that little twitch in his head again, like a half-formed idea coming to the front and pushing its way through, without his insistence or urging.

As he watched, Kodi’s eyes changed again, this time with her feline pupils widening, dilating slowly out. Her paw slackened in his grip, while his tightened; her mouth came open just a little bit with a soft sigh trickling out. A second later her pupils returned to sharp predator’s slits. The tigress cleared her throat.

“I’m – Mackenzie’s girlfriend,” she finished, voice a little bit altered. She looked Teryx over again, then smirked. “Gotta say, I’m interested. I always *figured* Mack had a hole in his soul that could only be filled by a fat dick, but...” Her paw slid out of Teryx’s grip and then immediately moved in to push against his chest, down his belly, and in along the front of his pants. “Oh, my. I’ve never felt a man with a slit before. And – oh, looks like you’re interested too, aren’t you?”

This turn of events actually surprised the dragon a bit. Her boldness, her touch, the way she folded her fingers around and squeezed in on him, her other paw coming in to begin working at his fly... he looked to Mackenzie behind her, who had just moved to close the door. “Whoa. Okay. Um – don’t you want to go... into the other room, or... I thought we were just, gonna...”

Mackenzie’s eyes met his, Teryx silently pleading for help. The collie went the clear other route, though: as Kodi popped Teryx’s button through and began to tug his zipper down, Mackenzie came up from behind her, slid his fingers beneath the hem of her shirt, and started to lift up, pulling Teryx’s gaze in to follow the pattern of those sharp stripes against creamsicle fur. Kodi lifted her arms away from him to let her boyfriend strip her, then took another step forward so she could more easily slide Teryx’s pants down his legs.

Still behind her, Mack fiddled with the fastenings of her bra for a moment. Teryx watched then, too, as it came forward, showing a much slimmer, slighter chest than she had at first suggested. Small little mounds of flesh and fur, pink nipples perky in the field of creamy white; she spread her legs, Mack’s paws coming around from behind to start at the fly of her shorts, and moved her own arms to guide one of Teryx’s hands down to her chest.

"Come on, stud," the tigress purred, her voice rumbling out. "I see you looking. You're about to feel *all* of me, so, don't be shy. How much've you got hidden in there, huh?" With his pants and underwear halfway down his legs already the tigress had easy access to run her gentle fingers between his thighs again, pads seeking and pressing, feeling at his natural humidity as well as the remaining slickness from Mack's first load of the day, pumped deep inside of him.

"*Slit...*" Teryx frowned again. He couldn't *really* remember having a slit like this, but then again, that wasn't something that he had ever really *thought* about. A second later, though, he was shaken out of his thoughts by a sudden plump warmth pushing into his palm, the small half-cup of Kodi's chest far from filling his hand, the little point of her nipple nestling between his finger joints. He gave an appreciative squeeze, received with a little gasp from her and then a shift in posture as Mack tugged her shorts and panties down her legs.

Kodi lifted one leg and then the other to step out of them, using Teryx's arm on her chest for support. Immediately beneath that layer of flesh and fur he could feel her sternum, a flat firmness underneath the little pocket of the bulge that was her breast. "Let me see..." she went on, resuming her exploration. He shivered as her fingers slid their way in along the base of his cock, slipping steadily out. "At least seven... eight. Nine, maybe? At least. Guess I'll just have to feel it for myself, huh? My goodness. Looks like my boy picked quite a high bar for his first time." She smirked again – then shivered; Mack's muzzle settled on her shoulder from behind, mismatched eyes watching the dragon. Teryx looked down and saw the collie's arms wrapped around her lower body, pair of fingers from one circling slowly around her clit while the other tugged one of her lips to the side, spreading warm pink over cream fur.

The thing was, Mackenzie moved and acted as though this were all planned, as though he knew it in advance. Teryx could remember him giving his girlfriend a call when they were on the couch, but there was nothing mentioned about... he swallowed. Almost without his own urging his paw began to trail down from her chest and over her side, his other joining it at her waist, tugging her forward against him... arousal and interest throbbed through his body, even as anticipation warred with that want in his head. As though it were pre-planned.

"Kodi..." he began, finally able to find his voice again. He looked to Mack again, though the collie simply grinned and went back over to the couch, dropping his own pants to bring his half-hard length back into view. He sank back and wrapped one paw along his shaft with the other at his balls. "Wait. At least let me--"

"Come on, you. I've never felt a dragon before." Her paws came up to his chest, pushing him back towards the table. "Something tells me Mack couldn't take you balls-deep. Well, so to say. I bet I can."

"Kodi-" Again Teryx looked over to Mack. The collie grinned and winked at him, settling in to enjoy the show. "Let me go get a condom. I have one – in my--"

The tigress leaned in over him, using her weight to push him down against the table. It creaked under the sudden pressure. Teryx grunted and reached back to brace his hands on the edge, Kodi raising a leg to grind herself down against his half-revealed length.

"No," she murmured, bringing her face surprisingly close considering the twisted position. Feline flexibility. "I want *kittens*, Teryx. Not a condom."

Something else flashed through his head – *immensely potent, isn't that right? Violently virile to the point you'll impregnate a woman of a completely different species?* – but he found he couldn't stop. His hands moved from the table to her thighs, and then her waist, and then her sides; then one stretched up her body towards her chest to try to grasp that small breast again, Kodi needing to take his hand in hers to guide him into place; and then she was pushing down on him, rolling him back onto the table, sliding and pressing and – and sinking down onto him, her body tensing up with the feeling of his tapered length pushing into her, with Mack on the couch, legs spread, stroking himself to the show.

He couldn't stop himself. Not like he had much of a choice, pinned against the edge of the table by this tigress's surprisingly powerful hips, one footpaw near his waist to help guide her rhythm, a paw on his chest and the other keeping his in place on hers. Teryx's head rolled back and he gritted his teeth, body automatically falling into the sweet, familiar sensation and feeling, magnified a bit by the knowledge both that this was something he really shouldn't be doing, and that her boyfriend, her *partner*, was sitting right over there watching...

Mackenzie, Teryx's friend, watching him push six, seven, eight inches between his girlfriend's legs. Panting and moaning atop him, the dragon could feel the sharp pleasure vibrating through and filling her body, both in the pace itself and in the way she shifted and squeezed around him. It was a bit of an odd position, Kodi half-standing, half-crouching over him, weight distributed halfway between the floor and the table, while he remained propped against it at a bit of an angle, able to feel the legs creak and bend beneath their combined weight – but before long he stopped caring about any of that. His paw on her little breast moved around to her back, his other one moved down towards the base of her tail, and he yanked her body down against his, the warmth of her arousal and exertion quickly spreading over him.

Kodi gasped at that sudden movement, again squeezing around Teryx. He chuckled, looked over at Mackenzie on the couch – the dog was still watching, legs spread, eyes half-closed, lost in the pleasure – then shifted again to pull himself up a bit further. From there the dragon was the one to take the rhythm over, driving his hips up and forward into the tiger's heat, loving each and every little twitch and gasp and shudder that he coaxed out of her, all of these quickened and deepened once he wrapped his lips around the point of her nipple along her chest. Kodi braced a paw on his shoulder, partially to lift herself up and partially to pull him more firmly in against her, lips squeezing, tongue flicking and swirling.

A bright, new scent, an unfamiliar yet comfortable sensation, a shivering knowledge of what he was doing... Teryx's eyes fluttered shut and his mouth came open, and then the next thing he knew he had both paws on her waist, forcibly pulling Kodi down against him as he pistoned upwards into her, his own noises overcoming hers. A short distance away Mackenzie straightened up, swallowed, gasped – and then jerked into his paw a few times, the collie having moved just in time so that his load spurted out across his already somewhat matted bellyfur instead of across his shirt.

Teryx could still feel the slick sliminess of the dog's first peak deep inside of his slit, he realized, which only further accentuated his own enjoyment. Kodi had closed her eyes and let her mouth drop open, letting herself fully enjoy the dragon's pace, his rhythm, and his length – and in another few moments Teryx felt himself come close as well, claws digging in, jaw setting, breath picking up. Right at the last moment the tigress's amber eyes flashed open and her paws returned to his shoulder, forcing him back down to the table and taking over the movement, her hips pounding down against his, her body squeezing and clenching and dripping, and... and finally milking the dragon, receiving his peak deep inside of her with each forceful buck from his hips, Teryx unable to keep from moaning out. The

pleasure, grew, spiked, peaked, then did so again and again as he pumped into her, the tigress dropping a paw to her lower belly as though she could feel the volume he unloaded into her. Perhaps she could.

After what felt like minutes caught in that heart-pounding, breathless climax, Teryx fell back across the table, all the tension going out of his body. He panted slowly, his paws lightening on Kodi's waist, and just enjoyed the afterglow for a moment, with the sensation of her wet slickness wrapped around him to the base, the stickiness of his own load rolling down out of her and along his length, and of the taste of tigress mixed with gentle perfume clinging to his lips from when he had suckled along her nipple.

Kodi shook atop him as well, still grinding her hips forward and back, muzzle twisted in a little smile; she leaned in, showing off a bit more of her feline flexibility with that legs still raised against the table, and patted the side of Teryx's snout.

"Good boy," she purred, then drew up off of him. He gritted his teeth again and shivered. "That means I win."

Teryx had to take a minute to catch his breath, but then, he looked up at her. "Win? What do you-" But as he tried to move he found himself caught in place, some kind of invisible bonds keeping his muscles stiff and taut, his body incapable of responding. "Wait. Kodi, something's..."

He trailed off once he noticed Mack stand up and come over to drape his arm over the tigress's shoulder, still-hard cock standing out from his body and dripping from the tip. The two of them stood in place and watched where Teryx was caught, two pairs of eyes running up and down his body. Despite himself and everything that had just happened, embarrassment started to pour its way in.

Mack was the one to begin first. "I'm amazed, really," he said, his voice subtly changed. "Someone as outwardly strong-willed and determined as you... well, you give into the hypnosis rather easily, don't you?"

Kodi leaned in and continued for him. Teryx noticed that her breasts lacked enough weight to swing with the motion. "Almost as if you *want* it to happen. As if you want your body taken over, and your mind completely in the control..."

Then Mack again, tapping a finger first against the side of his own head and then to his girlfriend's. "...of someone else. Even someone you've never met before. Someone your friend had mentioned before, a lovely sister, someone you thought you might never meet, until that friend invited you over to spend some time with her."

Kodi straightened up again. "As for my-"

"Our-"

"-win, well... you and I had ourselves a little bet, Teryx."

Slowly it began to make sense. The dragon felt his body move and adjust on its own, arms shifting back to pull him up, legs coming together. It felt as though someone else were piloting his body while he had taken a back seat to watch.

"It's not that hard." Mackenzie again. Something about his smile... "We were on our way into the kitchen? Remember? No?"

Kodi laughed into a paw. "Well, then, why don't you remember it... *now*." Mack reached forward, cupped a paw around Teryx's head, began to urge the dragon down...

~ ~ ~

*"Chase. Stop it."*

*Why would I?* Again and again he ran his hands over his body, feeling the lines of muscles, the patterns of the scales, the tug and pull of supple skin. *I'm learning so much, T. Why you boys act the way you do. Is this what testosterone feels like? Sweet fuckin' Jesus.*

*"You said you would give me my body back."*

*I was wrong. See, I didn't lie, Teryx. Lying happens when you know you're not gonna do it.* Back through the living room and down the hall he heard Mackenzie settling back into place along the couch. Chase leaned around to look, caught the collie's eye, and winked, which earned another hasty blush from the dog. *So I didn't lie. I thought I was going to give it back. I was just wrong.*

*"That's not how it works at all!"*

*Isn't it?* He peered into the chrome surface of the refrigerator and flexed again, trying to get a clear image out of the brushed texture. *What are you going to do about it?*

*"Look, I'm just upset that you're-"*

*I can tell you are.*

*"-that you're mistreating my body."*

*'Mistreating'? Of course not. I'm simply doing what it's meant to.*

*"Abusing our powers and friendship for your own gain, and-"*

*Fine.* He ran a finger and thumb up along his shaft from base to tip, again shuddering at the sensitivity. *Let's make a bet, then, you and I. I bet that even if you were in control of your body, with my presence nowhere to be found inside, then you still wouldn't be able to resist this...* A shudder, a squeeze, a drip oozing out between his fingers. *Well. This. Slave to your own biology. If you can, then I'll vacate your body and we can pretend like this never happened. If you can't – well, I think you know already.*

*"You know I have no choice."*

*Excellent. We'll use my brother's dear girlfriend as our test subject. I wish he would've told me about her.*

~ ~ ~

...and then sighed as Teryx's body again responded on its own, lips parting and tongue coming out to drape and drag along the dog's still-dripping cock. He couldn't stop himself, again as if some other force moved his limbs for him.

"And you lost," Kodi went on explaining, watching the action. On his knees like this Teryx could smell himself inside of her, mixed with her arousal and her – her *fertility*. "And you said you already know what that means."

"You're confused," Mack said, a little breathless from the sensation of the dragon cleaning him. Teryx moved down, pushed behind his knot with his tongue, sucked softly at the skin of his sheath, swallowed. "Well, Teryx, it's funny that you mention *our* powers, since you've got a little something of your own..."

His eyes widened even as he came back up and dove down along the collie's shaft, distantly able to taste the musk of his own slit coating the flesh. It was that little shock, the zap that felt like nothing more than a static discharge. First to Mackenzie when the two were entwined on the couch, then to Kodi when she had taken his hand in hers for a shake.

"There it is," Mack went on. "Remember, I'm – *we're* – still in your head. You know what it is. Turns out through that I can... copy and paste my consciousness, so to say."

"And..." This time it was Teryx himself speaking, though it was not *him*. There, nestled in back of his head, her arms wrapped around everything about him, he felt Chase's presence stirring. "To think all of this began with that little spellbook my mother gave me when I graduated. Can you imagine what would've happened if Mack had been the one to get it?"

"But," again from Mackenzie's mouth, "well, we won't have to worry about that. I'll give control back over to you, and to Mack and Kodi, for most of the time. Sometimes I'll just want to..."

Teryx slid up and off of Mackenzie's length, swallowed down his slickness, and stood up. The three of them, all different yet all the same, looked into each other's eyes, amber on mismatched blue and brown on Teryx's own gold.

All of them finished the sentence at once, Chase speaking through each of them.

*"Have some fun, once in a while."*