

Blackness was all she could see. Blood was all she could smell. Pain was all she could feel. Her ears twitched whenever she heard creeks from the heavy steps coming from upstairs. A single, dying lightbulb illuminated the room; it flickered at times trying to stay lit. The leopard could just barely feel the cold, concrete floor against her bruised stomach and exposed breasts; her yellow, spotted fur barely kept her warm. She also felt something heavy and cold around her neck, pressing against her aching shoulders. Her whiskers and tail twitched at the cold, dry air in the room. The last thing she remembers was being yanked into an alleyway and repeatedly beaten until she blacked out, but not without getting several strikes on her attackers.

Zuri slowly began to gain consciousness, becoming more aware of herself and her surroundings. Becoming more aware of the pain on her body and the pulsing throb in her head. She sat up to take in her new environment.

The floor was made of concrete, the walls and ceiling still had their exposed, wooden frames, and the stench of decaying plaster filled the room. There was only one solid, wooden door; it had no handle and no visible locks. The room was empty except for her and the flickering light bulb.

She soon noticed a large gash across her upper chest near her right shoulder when she lifted the padlock on the chain around her neck. The wound felt fresh, barely healing on its own; it still bled out, staining her fur and part of the chain and lock. Dried, matted blood on her nose spread over most of her face. While the scent of her own blood did dominate her sense of smell, it could not keep out the dry stench of the room. She scratched her nose in protest, yelping at the pain of her injury.

*What the hell happened? Where the hell am I? Why do I always trust others so easily?* Tears began to well up in her eyes as she buried her face in her arms. "I'm such a fool." Her soft voiced echoed in the empty, dimly lit room.

She lifted her head, wiping the tears from her eyes. She leaned back, observing her feminine figure. She thumped her tail against the concrete floor and snarled. "This body's a curse," she hissed, "It's only a tease for men to ogle at or a throwaway object of pleasure." Her tail stopped thumping for a moment as she gently felt the firmness of her form, wincing whenever she pressed too hard against her bruised body. "Guess it's not all bad though," she said quietly to herself. She purred as she admired herself and wished she had a tall mirror to get a better look, despite the pain from her bruises, aching muscles, and wounds.

A sudden banging on the door startled her. She quickly moved her paw away from her groin. A deadbolt slid open, a small chain rustled, a padlock clicked open. She slowly stood up as someone from the other side opened the door.

Despite the low lighting in the room, Zuri could clearly see the figure standing in the door frame. The tall figure was just as tall as the room, and had the same feminine figure as her, only with more muscle. She could spot the red scales of its snout reflecting the light, the silhouette of its thin wings covered the door frame entirely when it opened them. It only wore a simple black dress that was thin enough to expose some of its pale-yellow underbelly scales. The dress went half-way down to its thighs, barely covering what was hanging between its legs. The dress bulged against the dragon's muscular form and gifted breasts. Zuri didn't want to look at this thing that entered the room, but her brashness kept her from doing so.

"You were a hard kitty to catch missy," the dragon muttered in a deep, but feminine voice, "and feisty too." She purred in a low rumble. "I like that." The dragon licked her lips, exposing her sharp, white fangs.

Zuri did not back down. "What do you want with me?" she asked nervously.

"Hmm..." the dragon pondered, scratching under her chin. "What do I want with you," she replied, spacing out each word as she said them. She stared Zuri down as she closed the door behind her without looking, slowly approaching the leopard.

Zuri could clearly see the face of her captor now, along with the dragon's grey horns and piercing yellow eyes. She stood her ground as best as she could, glaring back at her captor. She snarled once the dragon stood right in front of her.

The dragon lifted the bloodied padlock with a claw for a moment, then let it drop back down on Zuri's chest. She ignored the leopard's mewling. "Well, let's assess your situation, shall we? One, you're naked. Two, you're trapped in a small room with a horny lunatic. Three, you're--"

"How about you cut to the chase!" Zuri exclaimed, balling both her paws into fists and swishing her tail. She instinctively raised her fists up some and widened her stance. The single light bulb in the room began to flicker more now.

The dragon clicked her tongue. "Temper, temper missy," she warned, "But that's something I like about you felines." She moved closer to the leopard and began to circle around her, her thick, horned tail trailing behind. "If you know anything about dragons," she began, "we like to keep our own little hoards to show our dominance to the world. Most keep gold or dusty books or other objects they would consider treasures. As for me? Well, I--"

"You keep your own, personal harem," Zuri interrupted, "don't you?"

The dragon stopped circling just when she was about to pass in front of the leopard. She turned her head towards her. "You know of me then, yes?" she asked, concerned rather than curious.

"No...I-I don't, actually." She broke her stare for a moment.

"Then why don't we get to know each other," the dragon cooed.

"I don't see a problem with that," Zuri responded, intentionally relaxing her gaze.

The dragon leaned in to kiss and embrace Zuri when the light bulb burned out.

That's when she struck.

She bit down hard on the dragon's muzzle, tasting her blood as it oozed from the puncture wounds. The creature could barely let out a painful roar.

*If I'm able to keep a hold on this thing, I should be able to get out of this alive!*

She then felt a large claw grabbing her face and lifting upwards, releasing her grip on the scaly muzzle and digging into the side of her head. The same claw tossed her down, head-first, onto the concrete floor. Zuri felt her head spin and quickly losing consciousness.

A heavy weight fell on her pelvis, the claw released itself from her face. She heard the thin fabric of the dragon's dress tearing apart, then the weight shifted, covering her whole body. Despite most of her body going numb, she felt a moment of ecstasy when the dragon's soft breast rubbed against hers, and the herm's member rubbing against her inner thigh. Yet that didn't stop the feeling of the massive weight crushing her bruised and bleeding body. She then felt a warmth next to her ear, then a slow breath.

"Don't think about escaping. I own you now," the dragon whispered, moving her arms around the leopard's core.

Zuri bucked every time the herm tried to penetrate her. Noticing her arms were unbound by the herm's grip, she weakly attempted to push her off, claws scratching and puncturing her hide. She bit down on her neck, trying to puncture the herm's jugular. But no matter how much pain she endured, no matter how much blood she lost, the dragon continued to attempt penetrating her.

After being bitten and clawed at too many times, the dragon released her grip from Zuri. When she got off her and stood up, she kicked the leopard several times in the side. "You WILL become mine!" she roared, sprinkling fresh blood as her body shook.

Zuri could barely move; she was only able to hold her side from being kicked over and over. When she could gather enough strength, she felt and sniffed around along the ground for the dragon. She felt around the dragon's foot and quickly grabbed her ankle and pulled. The lumbering weight of the dragon slammed on the concrete floor, her head hitting one of the wooden beams on the wall.

The dragon roared and rubbed the back of her head. "You little shit!"

Zuri weakly got on top of the dragon and threw a few weak punches at her bleeding snout.

But that only angered her captor further.

The last thing she saw was the dragon's burning rage in her bright, golden eyes, as if they became the only source of light in the room. The last thing she felt was a hard impact against her temple, the same side that was fresh with puncture wounds. She never felt herself slump off the dragon, nor did she feel herself hit the concrete floor.

She never felt her captor steal her virginity as she laid there, helpless and barely alive.