

Something Borrowed

Chapter 5: The Ceremony

“So, are you just getting stronger with every lay or something?” Aksel asked as he lathered his hair in the shower.

“*Whatever do you mean?*” Stolid answered his question with a question, the buck didn’t like that.

“I mean, every time I fuck someone I feel like you’re able to creep up further on my arm,” Aksel continued to wash himself, cleaning himself up as his rabbit slut sucked his cock, thick schlorking and slurping could be heard as he continued to slob on that knob.

“*Do you really think sex is making me stronger?*” Stolid responded with another question.

“Not necessarily the sex, but,” Aksel ran his head under the shower water before continuing, his entire arm being consumed by that red latex and rolling over his shoulder and creeping onto his pec.

“You’re definitely able to cover more, and I feel like the more sex I have, the more you seem to creep further over my body.”

“*Well, you’re the one making me roll over your body right now, not the other way around,*” Stolid remarked.

“Still avoiding my question, huh?” Aksel smirked. “I’m demanding an answer.”

“*And what do I get in return for answering your question?*”

“You bargaining with me right now?” Aksel chuckled before giving a moan as his balls bounced and thick wads of cum shot down Ryan’s muzzle, the rabbit’s eyes glowing red with his pupils filled with shimmering hearts.

As soon as he came that red latex laced further, the tendrils covering more of his pec and flicking over his nipple as it crept up over his delt, swelling it with power.

“Kind of hard to deny that it’s happening when I can literally see it in real time,” Aksel snorted, streams of water dripping from his muzzle.

“I don’t have to answer if I don’t want to. Besides, I can’t really lie to you,” Stolid started.

“But you can omit the truth,” Aksel started rinsing his pits, the pit with the latex there had little tendril hairs that gripped his hand as he washed over them, but he just ignored them and kept cleaning himself. “So if it’s not the sex, it’s probably something else.”

Stolid was silent.

“Do you have the ability to cover my entire body with this stuff?”

“Not yet,” Stolid answered. *“Though, I couldn’t without your permission anyway. What’s the big deal? I’m regaining my strength. It’s been far too fucking long.”*

“Whatever man,” Aksel kicked his leg up onto the edge of the bath and started face fucking Ryan, his dick digging deeper as the rabbit took his thick bitch breaker, cum dribbling from his chin. “We have the party tonight and I want to be the one in control, so you’re going to have to be better at coaching and not trying to take things over again.”

“Oh come on,” Stolid complained. *“I laid all the groundwork, shouldn’t I be able to enjoy some of the discourse we sowed tonight?”*

“Tell me why you’re growing and maybe I will,” Aksel smirked, thrusting into that maw seamlessly, his balls bouncing off that rabbits chin.

“I don’t deal with maybe’s anymore,” Stolid answered. “Let me have some control during the fucking and I’ll tell you.”

“Some’ meaning you can help me when I need it, but no more than that,” Aksel countered.

“Deal,” Stolid agreed.

“Okay, so why are you growing?”

“It’s not just me you dunderhead,” Stolid chuckled. “You’re growing too. Haven’t you noticed your dick digging a little deeper? Your antlers reaching a little higher?”

Aksel paused and looked his body over. “Maybe, I guess I might be a little bigger.” Aksel admitted.

“Exactly,” Stolid affirmed. “You’re growing right alongside me with our thrall’s worship.”

“Worship?” Aksel paused his thrusting. “You mean...like some sort of god or whatever?”

“Pretty nifty trick huh?” Stolid’s tendrils started tweaking the buck’s nipple, a gentle shockwave of pleasure rippling over his chest. “Worship and adoration has an energy to it, and I’m able to harness it. So, that’s where this power and growth are coming from. Worship from your followers.”

“Followers?”

“Yeah,” Stolid rolled his wrist as if urging him to continue down that train of thought. “Ryan here, that costume clerk, and even Ken and Terry are feeding you a bit. Anyone that thinks of you and

adores you. That little poodle has been riding a glass dick thinking about you since you got him all riled up at the library."

"Really? That's pretty hot," Aksel smirked. "So, all I got to do is get people to drool over my new bod and I'll just keep getting sexier?"

"Not just sexier, but more powerful," Stolid smiled. "Like a real god would."

"Shit..." Aksel peeled Ryan off his dick and the rabbit cleaned it off in the hot stream.

"So, just imagine how a whole party filled with slutty gay men would do for your physique?"

"Shit, that's so hot," Aksel smirked as he got out of the shower while Ryan cleaned himself off. He knew the drill by now. Aksel dried himself off and started working on his beard and hair, styling it for the evening.

"I knew you would like it," Stolid shot a thumbs up at the buck, that onyx claw gleaming in the low light of the bathroom.

"So you just leveraged it for some time inside someone, huh?"

"You're catching on quick," Stolid chuckled. "Now, take your time. We can be late getting there."

"Really, I want to be there now and slam that bitch into his sheets," Aksel's cock was going down, but it quickly started to rise. The setting sun making his libido skyrocket.

"And how badly do you think they'll want to jump on that pole when you come late, sober, and with fresh booze for them to down when they're already sloshed."

"OH, you really are bad, aren't you," Aksel chuckled as he continued moisturizing and tending to his beard.

"You don't know the half of it," that giddy itch ran up his bones and tickled his nipple.

Aksel hopped off the bus, the buck feeling a little exposed with the open air on his balls. The kilt left little to the imagination, even less if you had a low vantage point. Thankfully his rut was under control, but he wouldn't need to have such discipline once he got into the slut twins' loft. The loft wasn't necessarily cheap, but it wasn't expensive either. A loft and a fuck den that the two loved to have parties and entertain in. Most parties devolved into spectacles and Aksel used to like it, until one of those parties led to someone else balls deep in his boyfriend's ass pumping pups that weren't his.

Aksel shook his head and shouldered his bag, the fresh alcohol there ready to add fuel to the inevitable fire upstairs. Aksel went up to the building and pushed on the familiar floor button. A series of voices crackled across the mic, but Aksel could make out some of them. He simply rolled his eyes.

"It's Stix," Aksel spoke into the receiver. *"Ken invited me."*

More static before the airy voice of a clearly drunk poodle came on the end.

"Stix! You made it! Get your sexy ass up here you salty dog!" The cage buzzed and Aksel went in.

"Fucking classy bunch, huh?" Stolid gleamed on his ring.

"Yeah, real fucking classy," Aksel rolled his eyes. *"That's why I brought Goldschläger and Vanilla Smirnoff."*

"At least they are fake classy. Makes them easy to shop for." Stolid responded.

"For real though," Aksel felt his hooves freeze as he reached the landing to the loft. His heart was pounding in a mixture of rage and anguish he didn't realize would strike him so hard.

"You doin' okay bud?" Stolid asked, genuinely concerned.

"I...the last time I was here..."

"That's when it happened?"

"Yeah..."

"Well, don't think of this as a new challenge, but a chance to rewrite the wrongs that were done against you. We'll get through this, together." Stolid squeezed his fist a couple times to comfort him.

Aksel took a couple deep breaths before continuing forward and going down the hall to the loft entrance. Already blaring music and thrumming base could be felt in his hooves as mixed lights poured out from under the door, the peep hole like a blinking eye as it changed colors with the crack beneath the door. Aksel sighed and knocked on the door. He didn't have to wait long before the door flung open.

"Stix!" Ken came flying out of the door, his arms swinging around Aksel's hips and planting his face in his pecs. *"You made it!"*

The curly haired poodle looked like he was covered in several dozen neon paints that made him look like a Mexican candy skull, his crotch covered by a little yellow g-string that sank between his cheeks.

"Yeah," Aksel chuckled.

"Apologize for being late," Stolid instructed. *"But make it sound like you may have had better plans or something."*

“Sorry for being late,” Aksel scratched the back of his head while ignoring the pups handsy paws. They were a little low and they brushed over his ass cheeks as he pulled back. “I just sort of lost track of time.”

“I was worried you weren’t coming,” Ken put on some pouty lips.

“Oh? You were thinking of me?” Aksel smirked and cupped the pups chin. The poodle’s brown eyes widened as they stood there for a second before Aksel continued. “I brought some booze for everyone. Nothing special, but I don’t really know what you like, so I just sort of brought the basics.”

“OH, yeah, come on in. We got a booze table inside,” Ken took Aksel by the hand and dragged him into the loft. There was a place for shoes if anyone had any, and a large mirror tacked up in the hall. Aksel finally got a good look at himself. He was a total stud, hell, he looked like a model in that Viking warrior outfit. His chest was fully exposed, the little happy trail going down his abs slipped beneath the fur kilt that split on its sides and was held together by a leather strap that revealed the buck was naked beneath it, no underwear for easy access. The black fur shawl that went over his shoulders accented how broad he was, the chain connecting the harness bounced on his pecs. His thick thighs and ass made the kilt cover less than even the model on the costume cover, and if you were lucky, a particularly large stride would give you a peek at the thick sheath and balls beneath that kilt. The cuffs on his wrists and ankles really brought the whole thing together.

It made the buck’s sheath twitch.

“Hey everyone!” Ken shouted. “Styx is here!”

There was a brief pause as half the crowd looked over to see who Ken had been gushing over for the past few drunken hours, only for their eyes to go wide and their jaws to drop. Ken was known to exaggerate, but maybe this time he didn't play up the buck as much as he could have.

Aksel's ears folded back as all those eyes on him weighed him down, but Stolid took over for a brief moment. The buck smirked and winked at the crowd.

"Where the drinks at! Got some new supplies for everyone!"

The crowd cheered and half of them pointed over towards the kitchen. That cheer...that wave of energy. Now that he was aware of it, the buck could really feel when large bursts of energy flowed into him. He didn't feel any bigger, but maybe his kilt was a little tighter?

Aksel felt the control return to his body as Ken dragged him back to the kitchen. Aksel quietly thanked Stolid for the save.

"You're welcome, just let me know if you need anything else big guy," Stolid squeezed his hand in reassurance, but it was also the same hand that was in Ken's and the poodle gave a little murr at the squeeze, his tail flicking back and forth.

"Here, let me pour you something," Ken started mixing stuff together. *"You got to catch up, so I'll make it strong for ya."* The poodle's hands snagged some random mixers and liquors and drained them into a red solo cup haphazardly.

Aksel knew that concoction. The poodle had practically force fed him that stuff at every party, and every party he was a drunken mess. He needed his wits about him.

“Ah, I appreciate it,” Aksel smirked and took the drink and set it down, but not before taking the hand of the pup. “But I know what my speed is. Why don’t you let me make myself a drink and I’ll come find you, sound good?”

Aksel winked at the pup, his pout at having his drink rejected replaced with a goofy grin and a blush that showed through the neon paint on his fur.

“Okay,” Ken smiled. “We’ve got a dance going on in the corner, obviously, and Jerry, the sexy Spartan over there, is selling some good stuff if you need it.”

“I’ll keep that in mind cutie,” Aksel squeezed the pup’s hand and he giggled before skipping off to the dance floor, the poodle being eaten by the crowd.

“You handled that well.”

Aksel tensed up, his spine going rigid as he heard Terry behind him. The Great Dane was shouting, but it might as well have been a whisper in his ear with how that sultry voice tickled his spine.

“*Need help?*” Stolid asked. Aksel nodded and felt his body loosen up under Stolid’s control.

Stolid spun them around to look up at the Dane, the tall guy wearing one of those unicorn onesies, only this one was cut off at the shoulders and thighs and he wore tassels around his wrists and ankles. The onesie was unzipped to show a white harness on the Dane’s chiseled chest with pearlescent rhinestones all over the white leather. He even had rainbow eyeshadow on and the bulge in the onesie showed off the big dog’s...well...big dog.

“Yeah,” Stolid responded to the Dane just before it would have been an awkward pause. “Ken takes me as one of those guys that needs a firm, yet gentle hand, to handle him. Does that sound about right?”

“You got him figured out,” Terry nodded, his smile blocked as he took a sip from his cup. “Glad you could make it. You gave Ken a fright there thinking he might not get to tango with the big mystery buck he’s been gushing over.”

Was Terry actively talking down Ken? All’s fair in love and war, but this wasn’t either. This was just the two sluts trying to get some dick.

“Oh?” Stolid feigned embarrassment as he scratched his head, exposing his hairy pit and flexing his bicep. “He’s been talking about me, that’s embarrassing. All good things I hope.”

“He was complaining that you were ghosting him. He gave you his number and you only reached out for his address.”

“I’m a man of few words,” Stolid shrugged. “I see you have a lot to say about your *best* friend.”

“I mean, you keep bringing him up,” the Dane tried to do a quirky comeback, but anger crept into his voice. “Shit, I mean, I love the guy, but he can be a lot. I live with him so it’s not like I love talking about him all the time.”

“I don’t know,” Stolid cracked a beer from the table and sipped the foam from it. “He seems pretty interesting.”

“Interesting for a guy you already have all figured out? That’s kind of funny,” Terry stirred the straw in his drink, his claws flexing a bit and bending the plastic.

“I’m a funny guy,” Stolid smirked and sipped his beer. “Though, this stuff tastes like piss. You got anything better?”

"I don't really drink beer, but I have some rum in the freezer." Terry brushed his dark hair back behind his clipped ears, the unicorn hood falling off him and causing the zipper to slide open further, his classic move. Aksel was glad that Stolid was in control because he would have been rolling his eyes. It's why he loved those onesies. They showed off his long legs and his arms while still making him look cute.

"I'm a rum man," Stolid nodded.

"How about some shots then," Terry smirked. The big guy was used to drinking people under the table. His considerable size made it easy for the Dane to out drink most if not all that challenged him, but Stolid knew his game.

"You got any coke?" Stolid cocked a brow.

"Oh no, if you're going to have my rum, you're going to play by my rules," Terry hooked his finger under the metal link holding the buck's cowl on and pulled him forward. Aksel would have fallen like a house of cards, but Stolid played it much better. He looked up into Terry's eyes and let his look of surprise slowly bleed into a sly grin.

"*Sweetheart*, one thing you're going to learn about me is," Stolid started and moved his hand in and gripped that harness, gently pulling him down to look him in the face, the Dane was already closing his eyes and getting ready for a kiss. "I play by my own rules, and no one else's."

Stolid let the harness slip from his fingers as he picked up the beer and walked away. Aksel was floored. Stolid basically said he'd rather drink piss than let that Dane make him his play thing!

"The problem is that he probably won't figure that out until tomorrow morning," Stolid whispered into his can as he took a sip.

"Holy shit dude, you rock."

“Yeah, I know I’m amazing,” Stolid agreed before Aksel felt control of his body bleed back over. *“Now go mingle and make sure to let Ken find you. When he does tell him you were looking for him, but his roommate was keeping you.”*

“Fuck you are devious,” Aksel took a drink of the beer, the cheap shit just stinging the back of his throat with a bitter flavor worse than sucking a dick. “You’re right, this is piss beer.”

“Yeah, but at least we’re not swimming in a river of rum right now. Those two are grade A assholes huh? Getting dudes drunk to just drain their nuts.”

“Like fucking black widows, they sting with their poison of choice and then drink you for all your worth.” Aksel agreed.

The two of them slinked into a couple groups of people asking where Ken was, but sticking around and learning about everyone. Well, really catching up. There were a lot of familiar faces at the party, and a few put the moves on him, but Stolid found polite ways to letting them down gently. Though, with every glance over his body, every move someone made, he felt a trickle of energy crisp his skin, making his cuffs tighter, his kilt rise almost imperceptibly. He looked like he had a nice pump going on.

There were several people basically fucking against the walls and on the sofa, but for the most part they were partying, chilling, or hyped up on some party drug. This was Aksel’s scene a long time ago, but most of it just made his skin crawl.

Aksel was about to start another conversation when someone gripped his arm and spun him around. The black lights made the poodle’s paint glow as he tried to drag him to the dance floor.

“Come on! I’ve been waiting forever! Where have you been,” Ken gave a little wine and Aksel couldn’t help but chuckle.

“Sorry cutie, got distracted by the unicorn,” Aksel felt the poodle pull on his arm, the tug almost comically weak. That gave Aksel an idea. He gave a gentle tug and the poodle was knocked off balance and fell into his chest, smearing his paint on his fur and costume.

“Shit! I’m so sorry,” Ken was pushing up, but Aksel gently pulled him closer, his fingers lacing with his as a slower song started playing. Aksel’s other hand slipped down to the poodle’s back, smearing some of his paint as he did so.

“Don’t sweat it cutie,” Aksel winked down at the poodle, the pup’s drunken eyes tried to stay focused with those pecs in his face. “It’s just a costume. Couldn’t imagine what I would do if anything happened to our gracious host though.”

Ken gave a big, toothy grin at that and giggled as Aksel gently swayed him

“Sorry, I would have come sooner,” Aksel started. “But I think your roommate held me up and when I turned around you were gone.”

“Shit, I fucking glow, how could you not see me?” The poodle giggled, but there was a hint of annoyance there.

“I know, who could miss such an adorable face,” Aksel grinned, his teeth practically glowing in the black light.

Ken’s eyes went wide as he swayed and nuzzled into Aksel’s chest.

"I think it's time to make your move." Stolid instructed. *"Why don't you take him to the bedroom."*

Aksel nodded in agreement before leaning down and whispering into Ken's ear.

"I can think of a way I can make it up to you," Aksel murred in his ear.

"Oh? How's that?" Ken smirked, blushing at how Aksel's breath tickled his inner ear.

"You know what bucks do best in the fall, right?"

"What?" Ken was a too tipsy to think of anything clever.

"Rut," Aksel huffed the word out, snorting out his nostrils and brushing that poodle's neck with the stream. Ken's blush deepened, the poodle's hand went down to cup the bulge in that kilt. The furry sack was heavy, and that touch sent burning need through Aksel's rod, the tip already slipping out and oozing over the underside of that overpriced loincloth.

"Stix, what kind of guy do you think I am," Ken pulled away a little, but didn't break contact with the buck. Aksel simply smirked and leaned back into his ear.

"The kind that likes to get dicked down by men who can actually tame him."

"W-What do you mean by that?"

Aksel knew Ken's moves. He would keep asking questions until he stumps his tops. In reality, he wanted him to take action. That was as close to consent as he was going to get from the poodle, and the growing boner in the pup's little speedo.

Aksel scooped up the poodle, Ken giving a little surprised yip before pressing his lips against the Buck's. He opened his muzzle and let the poodle's tongue inside his maw as they made out. Aksel broke the kiss just long enough to navigate through the crowd and gave a couple winks and smirks to some of the people as he passed them. He instinctively navigated to Ken's room without being told, but before he entered Stolid stopped him.

"Wait, not that room." Stolid guided him to the other side of the hall and opened the door. *"This one..."*

Instantly Aksel knew what Stolid was doing even before he started to turn. They reached the other door and Aksel practically kicked it down and slammed it behind him, locking the rest of the world out. They were in Terry's bedroom.

"Wait," Ken paused. "This...this isn't my room."

"So?" Both Aksel and Stolid said it at the same time, their voice almost magnified. Aksel could see the gears turning in Ken's head, but Aksel silenced his thoughts by diving for the pup's tonsils. Aksel needn't worry as a thin red ring formed around Ken's eyes. He wasn't fully under Stolid's control, but he could influence him just enough to forget why he cared if they fucked in this room.

Aksel tenderly laid Ken down on the bed, the sheets a wrinkled mess and the blankets bunched up to one side. It was odd, it was like Aksel was taking someone else into his marital bed, knowing he was cheating, but that's just the thing. He wasn't cheating. He broke his relationship with the owner of this bed and was about to fuck Terry's best friend in it. A sickly sweet sensation tingled up his spine as he glanced around the room. He was going to get back at Terry in the best way possible, and he wouldn't even know it until it was too late.

“So gentle,” Ken murred. “I thought a buck like you would be chomping at the bit to sate his rut.”

“Oh trust me,” Aksel leaned in and nuzzled his neck before breathing out his words. “I’m ready to make you my doe.” Aksel snorted, hot streams of his breath warming the poodles neck.

The room was just as he remembered it. Large astrology tapestries hung on the walls, lava lamps and incense burners that made it look like some sort of sex den, apart from the absolute mess of clothes on the floor. There wasn’t a single surface that wasn’t covered with clothing or some sort of beauty product. His desk had a laptop open with a video paused on how to do rainbow eyeliner with his makeup all over it. His room glowed red from the lava lamps and his closet vomited a mountain of clothes that he barely wore.

The sheets even reeked of the cheating whore. His musk permeated the seats and reeked of his recent exploits, though it wasn’t rancid. He had fiberized it and his cologne covered a lot of the reek, but it was still definitively Terry’s bed.

“It used to be our bed!” Aksel seethed in their mind.

“Something wrong?” Ken spoke up. Aksel realized he was scowling.

“Nothing sweetheart,” Stolid took over for a brief moment and smoothed over their face while brushing the poodles cheek with their thumb. “Just caught a whiff of that perfume.”

“Don’t worry about it,” Ken’s ears folded back. “Terry’s cheap stuff washes off fine.”

“And what if I told you I was going to give you something that wouldn’t wash off,” Stolid leaned in and nuzzled his nose against the poodle’s.

“I’d say we’d be even, cuz this paint is going to stain your costume, I’m sure of it.”

“Then let’s make a fucking mess,” Aksel licked over Ken’s neck, the pup’s toe paws fanning as that warm tongue and hot breath rolled over his jugular. Ken’s legs wrapped around Aksel’s waist, his toe claws digging into that kilt, only for the poodles little banana hammock to grind against Aksel’s raging boner. It took only the slightest stimulation to make the buck’s dick spring to full mass, gorged on the prospect of fucking Ken in his cheating ex’s bed.

Aksel gave a low grunt, grinding his hips down against Ken’s little boner, the kilt brushing in the paint and picking up some of that candy skull paint before that nine inch bitch breaker practically pulled that flap aside and smeared fresh musk onto that poodle’s crotch.

Thick smacking and grinding filled the room as the two’s tongues flicked over one another, Aksel’s jaw and Adam’s apple bounced with how deep his tongue dove into that poodles maw, filling it with his thick buck tongue as their drool mingled and their dicks grinding against one another. Ken gave a surprised little yip as he felt that hot buck boner burn like a cattle brand against his abdomen, that thick shaft throbbing and dribbling onto his fur and smearing his paint, marking him with the bucks rut.

“Shit,” Ken gasped as they broke their kiss. “That fucker is huge.”

“I know how big I am,” Aksel winked at the poodle. “Now, is my doe ready for more?”

“If you ask me for permission again, I’m going to leave.” Ken bit his lower lip, bouncing his brows. Aksel smirked at that. He knew Ken liked it rough from the times he heard him back when Aksel was with Terry.

“Then be a good doe and get on your stomach,” Aksel breathed into his ear.

Ken shivered and quickly complied, flipping over and presenting his pert little ass. The pup had legs for days and a sculpted set of glutes. Aksel always thought Ken was a little hottie, but with that cake right there for him to take, he was reminded of how many times Terry caught him staring.

Aksel leaned in and hooked his tongue around that G-string, pulling it off to the side and then licking over that hole. Ken arched his back and gave a little moan as Aksel started to eat out that hole.

“I-I thought you were going to just take me—mmf!” Ken was going to complain about Aksel not being rough enough, but the buck knew what he was doing. Before Ken could really complain, Aksel shoved him back down against the mattress.

“Quiet, pup, I’m enjoying my dinner,” Aksel gave a nip on one of those cheeks before licking his tongue over that hole, flicking over that used pucker. It wasn’t tight, that’s for sure. It had a constant gape to it from being used all the time, but Aksel didn’t mind. With a dick like his, it didn’t matter if they were tight. He would have his way. These thoughts played across his mind as his taste buds tickled that ring and made that poodle squirm.

“That’s right,” Stolid encouraged the buck. “Keep him pinned, make him squirm and mark those sheets so there is no question who painted his bed.”

Aksel smiled as his tongue slipped into that hole, the poodle screaming into Terry’s pillow as he dug his tongue deeper and deeper, flicking over all the most sensitive bits and places. Then he found the poodles prostate and his legs quivered. Aksel snorted, his nose streaming hot breath over those cheeks as he continued to graze on that ass, that tongue tracing circles over that sensitive little bundle of muscle. Ken was kicking, trying to push back and get him to go deeper, but Aksel was able to keep him pinned to the bed. Ken may be toned, but he was far from strong.

"I think he's ready for the next bit," Stolid remarked. Aksel agreed. The buck pulled his tongue out and that pucker gripped at it, not wanting it to leave. Aksel kissed each cheek, his beard bristling against them and smearing some paint on his muzzle.

"Up," Aksel smacked his ass hard and the poodle obeyed, his back arching. "Good doe, so obedient. You want to be my good rut bucket now?"

"Fuck yeah," Ken's lust drunk eyes were unfocused as Aksel pulled him closer. The buck laid down on the smeared mess of paint while pulling Ken into his lap.

"Sit on it," Aksel ordered with a cocky sneer, that dick throbbing and oozing enough pre he didn't even need to prep that ass.

Ken complied and reared back, his cheeks smearing more paint over that shaft before the tapered tip hooked in on that pucker. In a smooth, motion Ken sank that shaft down, the poodle's smile growing bigger and bigger as he got more and more of that dick. Even Aksel's knot plopped in with no problem. Ken's hole gripped that knot as it plopped in, the poodle biting his lower lip.

"Holy shit, so fucking big, so, unf, so fucking good...so fucking full..." The poodle was gushing over that dick, his abdomen bulging out a bit with that tip as he pulled up, that hole gripping at that knot before it plopped out. Ken gave a high pitched gasp, giggling before pushing back down.

"That's a good little rut bucket. Fuck yourself on my dick," Aksel leaned back, putting his hands behind his head while his antlers scraped the headboard, marking it further. Thick musk was wafting from those pits, his lats and thick triceps making them sculpted furry crevices that practically steamed out with his buck musk.

“OH fuck,” Ken’s eyes rolled into the back of his skull as he caught a whiff of pure MAN. He gave a little shuddering moan, his curly fur rising along his goosebumps. The poodle fell against Aksel’s chest and nuzzled into one of those exposed pits while his perfectly manicured claws ran over the buck’s chest hair.

“Fuck, you a little pit-pup?” Aksel chuckled. He already knew, but he wanted to put on an act. The little guy was always steeling sniffs of Aksel’s stink. He was never really interested in him before, but he liked the smells for sure, the dirty little skank.

“OH fuck,” Ken moaned as he licked that hairy pit, the damp pit hair hot against his tongue. Aksel decided to really mark his territory and brought his arm down and trapped that pup in that pit. Ken gave a high pitched wince, his little tail hiked high as he grinded his hips down on that cock, his ass riding that dick as his own little dicklet oozed through his thong.

“Fuck yeah, ride it you little rut bucket! Such a good fucking doe!” Aksel snorted as he felt that hungry maw lick deep into his pit, parting the hair to really dig his tongue deep into the crevices and lap and lick, gulping drool over that buck musk while riding hard on that cock. Aksel’s nuts bounced, those heavy low hangers ready to bust in a new slutty hole.

And Ken had a fucking amazing hole!

That poodle’s ass gripped that dick, practically sucking it with how hard it gripped and shlorped. Aksel’s copious pre dribbled out of that hole, glazing his own dick and knot as that ass knot-fucked itself effortlessly.

“That’s right you fucking slut,” Aksel growled, gritting his teeth. “Do all the fucking work. Ride my fucking dick you little whore. Suck that nut right out of my dick with that fucking ass!”

It was time for Aksel's eyes to roll into the back of his skull as Ken kept licking a sweet spot in his pit that sent shivers up his spine and that knot kept plopping out of that hole. Even as it swelled and got ready for a tie, Ken's hole was still fucking over that thick bulb. Aksel could even feel the tip of his own cock bulging against Ken's abdomen as he fucked himself on that rod. Aksel dug his hooves into the sheets, tearing them as he fucked up into that ass while pinning Ken so hard against his pit he couldn't breathe.

"Fuck yeah! Take it you little poodle whore! Take my fucking nut you little rut slut!" Aksel thrust forward and Ken tried to plop off that knot, but it locked behind it. Aksel thrust harder, short beating thrusts as he laid into that ass.

"Fuck yeah! Take it!" Aksel thrust hard, his knot seating deeper and deeper with his short thrusts, the smacking of that ass loud as it clapped through the room. Aksel's nuts drew up, those heavy orbs getting ready to breed that little slut. Aksel's balls were supercharged from his rut and they felt like they were floating in a pool of vibrating energy as Aksel's prostate tightened and got ready for the big bust.

And Aksel fucking busted.

With the screech of an elk, that buck's nuts bounced, that knot throbbled, his cum pipe distended, and that prostate audibly snapped into action as thick jets of cum shot deep into that poodle's ass. One after the other, those thick ropes shot deep into that squelching hole, dumping hot, virile shot after shot into that raw ass.

Ken's little pecker was dribbling cum, oozing out of his thong and onto Aksel's stomach, but it was lost in the sweat and paint as Aksel claimed that ass.

Then Aksel felt a smack on his chest and realized that Ken was tapping out.

“Oh shit, sorry dude,” Aksel lifted his arm and Ken recoiled from that pit taking a deep breath and coughing up musk. He fucking reeked. He was dripping over his muzzle with the thickest stink a buck could plant. Everyone would know exactly who marked that little poodle and Aksel couldn’t help but smile.

Then, just as Aksel’s afterglow was about to settle in, he felt his dick throb. He wasn’t going down yet, and he had plenty of rut to relieve. The buck gave a dark smirk and gripped Ken by the hips and flipped him onto his back with Aksel on top, making sure his musky face was pressed against the bed, right where Terry would sleep.

“You ready for round two?” Aksel growled.

“Fuck, already?” Ken didn’t get much else out before he moaned, that buck’s ass cheeks flexing hard as he plopped his knot out, that worn hole stretching against the buck’s powerful thrusts before he plunged it back in.

“I’m not going to be done till my knot breaks in my newest doe.”

“Fuck,” Ken shuddered, his legs gripping around the buck’s back. “Harder...fuck me harder.”

Aksel simply smiled and started thrusting, shaking the bed and beating the headboard against the wall. A thick crack forming against the wall. It was there from when he fucked Terry forever ago, but had been sealed behind paint. Aksel simply smiled, loving how it continued to fissure up the wall as he plowed that ass into his ex’s fucking bed.

“What the fuck!”

Aksel turned his head to see the door was wide open, Terry looked on as he watched Ken scream in ecstasy as Aksel's hips slowly stopped.

"Occupied!" Stolid shouted.

"But this is my room!" Terry shouted back.

"And some of us are trying to get laid!" Stolid was able to just barely kick his leg out enough to slam the door in Terry's face.

"Shit," Ken tried to get up, but was still pinned beneath the buck. "he's going to be so fucking mad."

"He'll get over it," Stolid huffed and continued to thrust into Ken's hole.

"I...I don't know..." Ken looked like he might want to leave, but his eyes were rolling in his skull.

"Yeah, but do you really care?" Stolid gently gripped Ken's neck and guided him back down to the bed.

"I...oh fuck..." Ken moaned as Stolid continued to thrust his hips forward.

"That's what I thought," Stolid murred as he shoved his thumb into the poodles maw, the pup sucking on it naturally. "Rut buckets don't think. They just lay back and get fucked. You my good little rut bucket?"

"Y-Yeth..." Ken moaned around that thumb.

"Good doe," Stolid murred as he continued to fuck that ass.

Aksel's heart was beating out of his chest. He was amazed that Stolid recovered so quickly. He couldn't be sure, but he thought he heard Terry walking away just then. Had he stayed to listen to them?

While Aksel was preoccupied, Stolid smirked, his thumb letting a little red worm slither down into Ken, marking him as a latent acolyte. He wouldn't activate it yet. He would need them to ruin their lives on their own, but it couldn't hurt to have his target's best friend under their thumb.

With that, they continued to rut that poodles fuzzy ass into that mattress. When they finally left, Ken had passed out and they were covered in paint. Terry was nowhere to be seen, but several guys gave the buck high-fives and congratulated him. A final little hit of power that reinvigorated the bucks legs from their fatigue. Apparently fucking Ken was a rite of passage in their group, one Aksel was completely unaware of.

"Shouldn't we say goodbye to Terry," Aksel asked as they walked down the stairs, their costume's faux fur matted in a mix of drool, paint, and other fluids.

"Nah, this is perfect," Stolid responded. "Let him stew for a few days. We'll see him soon enough."

Aksel felt giddy and for the first time in a long time, his balls felt light...well...lighter. He would have to go home and give Ryan a good rutting too. The two had a lot to celebrate tonight. Not only had they sewn their wild oats, but also the seeds of distrust among the two friends.

And soon, they would reap what they had sewn.