

Something Borrowed

Chapter 1: The Proposal

“No, not anymore,” the woman hissed.

But you promised me! We had a deal! The voice shouted back in her mind.

“That was before I knew what you were,” the woman was cloaked in expensive silks, dark glasses hiding her eyes despite it being night.

You knew what I was the moment we met! You knew!

“You have no proof,” she muttered, covering her ruby lips with her silk scarf as her boots clicked against the sidewalk.

I can see into your soul you wrenched liar! The voice screamed. You putrid oath breaker! I know what you intend to do! This is your last chance! You won't be able to get rid of me! I own—

The sudden silence was breathtaking. The woman held the ring in her palm, her ivory skin making the silver glint in the lowlight. Her seashell nails gripped onto the metal, hiding the silver and it's ash like tarnish.

“Good luck collecting what I owe,” the woman's sneer was hidden behind floral print as she dropped the ring into the construction site, the metal clinking off rebar, the ruby in its setting glaring like an angry eye in the dark before plopping into the wet cement below. The woman flicked up the collar of her coat to help conceal more of her face and continued her march along the overpass, the wind whipping about and threatening to take her scarf.

“Rot in hell,” she muttered and strode away, expecting the debt she owed to vanish along with that ring.

We shall see...

Many years later...

“Last call dude,” the black bear behind the bar slug a dirty rag over his shoulder. “Or are you just going to continue watching those ice chips melt.”

“Nothing,” the human sitting at the bar responded. He dismissed the bartender with a wave, his thick fingers and forearms pushing the sleeve of his flannel apart, the thick wiry blond hair on that white skin showing his Nordic roots. A thin beard tickled his chin, and dark rings circled his blue eyes. His hair had darkened into the color of dishwater, usually sun-bleached into highlights of summery blond, but the season had painted the man in a shadowy, pale version of himself.

“You sure you don’t need anything?”

“A fucking time machine,” the man huffed, giving a halfhearted chuckle at his own joke.

“Fresh out,” the bear’s tired eyes curled up in a slight grin. “What’s your tab under?”

“Aksel,” the man took his glass to his lips, sipping the melted ice from it and letting the last trickle of rum sour his tongue.

“Good man,” the bear went back to the bar. “I’ll close you out and get your card.”

“Yeah, whatever,” Aksel shrugged and pushed the glass away, clinking it against the others. He leaned back on his stool and pulled out his phone. It was an innocent enough move, catching up on a

few of his roommate's texts asking for rent money, but he found the one message that sent him spiraling into the bar in the first place.

"I miss you..."

"Fuck you," Aksel snarled at his phone. The acidic tang of betrayal and melancholy soured the warmth in his booz-filled gut.

"Here ya go," the bartender offered the man his card. "You driving tonight?"

"No," Aksel snatched his card out of the bear's claws. "He took the car when he left."

"Have a safe walk then," the bear lifted his hands up and absolved himself of any further responsibility for the ornery customer and went to go help close out the scant regulars.

Aksel stumbled out into the cold, the brisk autumn air annoyingly frigid for the season. Then again, it was two in the morning and it was a clear night. No clouds to trap in the heat and only a sliver of moon to shed any light. Aksel looked up at the sky, void of stars from the light pollution. Just a blank, inky canvas with a few smoke stacks splotching it with soot.

Aksel took in a deep breath, the metallic flavor of diesel bit at the back of his tongue before he sighed it out, his warm breath catching fog against the frosty air. He shoved his hands in his pockets and started for his apartment.

With only the sound of his boots scraping the sidewalk to accompany him, Aksel was left with his own thoughts, his mind ping-ponging from past to present. A past he wanted to forget, but your heart can't forget the scars that make up its inner workings, and you can't forget how alone you are when no one else is around.

Aksel didn't want to deal with his roommate, he didn't want to deal with his texts, he didn't want to deal with his memories, he didn't want to deal with his fucking life.

Aksel kicked a rock, the little bit of rubble that had rolled out from a demolished building on the corner of the block. The rock clattered into a pile of rocks in the middle of the street that were obviously going to be picked up by a truck and hauled away. Aksel sighed, he couldn't help but be helpful, even when he wanted to tear shit down. He paused to look at the pile of rocks. Bent pieces of rebar and mixed stone.

Aksel blinked.

Was there...something red there?

The man ducked under the construction tape, feeling how exposed his mop of hair was without a hard hat in the construction zone. There, in the pile of rocks, was something sunken in the bits of cement. It was...a gem. Or at least it looked like one. How he managed to catch a glance of that little red crystal was beyond him, but he wasn't going to curse his luck. Aksel picked up the stone, the ruby gem sunken into the rock, the bit of a sliver band that wrapped around and into the stone showed it was clearly a ring.

"Well look at that," Aksel sighed, his breath fogging over the exposed metal. He brought his thumb to it to rub it away.

Kinling...

"What the fuck," Aksel spun around, expecting someone to be there, but he was alone, the streets dark, the only light coming from a street lamp at the end of the block and a few illuminated windows.

Aksel just quickly pocketed the rock, looking both ways before spinning on his heels and heading to his apartment.

“Dude, where’s your rent money?” Ryan called from the couch, the rabbit lounging in the glow of some cheesy anime with muscled men screaming at each other while flexing their outrageous muscles. He was wearing nothing but baggy sweatpants that hugged his legs, his long fluffy ears laid languidly behind him like some two hundred dollar haircut. The guy had a white beard on his muzzle, his black hide’s luster shown in the light of the TV. His tuxedo fur always clashed with his relaxation clothes, his sweats coupled with his fur made him look like a butler who was wearing sweats.

“I’ll get it to you next week, calm down Ryan,” Aksel rolled his eyes as he shuffled his way to his room.

“Yeah?” the rabbit scratched his muscle gut, the guy easily six foot with massive foot paws propped up on the far side of the couch. “That’s what you said last time before I had to cover your ass. I’m about to find a new fucking roommate!”

“Fuck you Ryan,” Aksel barked back. “I’m having a rough day.”

“Been more like a rough month, dude!” Ryan shot back. “I ain’t paying your rent again, so get your shit together, and fast!”

Aksel slammed the door behind him and he heard the rabbit just crack open another beer. He tossed the rock on his desk and turned on a lamp to inspect it. It looked valuable, but Aksel didn’t know shit about jewelry.

He looked up the value of rubies on his phone and how to identify them, but he just kept getting stuff about color and purity and he couldn't tell if the color was the right shade or if it was even large enough to be worth anything.

It looked like an old wedding band with a simple red stone, but he needed to know more. Maybe if it was old enough or from a special company or something it could be worth more than the sum of its parts. Maybe if he could just pick it loose and see more.

Aksel pushed his thumbnail against the crack between the ring and the stone and pushed in, trying to wedge it open.

"Fuck," Aksel hissed as his thumb bent and got stuck before splitting. He pulled his hand back, the nail chipping. He could taste copper as he pulled his thumb into his mouth.

Kinling...

Aksel's spine shuddered as that same voice echoed in his mind. He spun around and yet no one was there. He sat there frozen expecting some horrible monster to meld out of the darkness and strike him down where he was, but no. It was just the darkness of his room. Wait...was there a red light?

Crack!

Aksel was brought back to his desk, the rock around that ring split and sputtered opposite sides of the desk, the metal band spinning around like a felled quarter before clattering to a stop.

Aksel's eyes went wide. The metal band was black as coal and the gem itself glowed red with rolling energy.

I can work with this...

“What are you,” Aksel was about to step away when that ring shot like a bullet and synched itself onto Aksel’s thumb, the same one he just chipped.

Aksel yelled in surprise as he tried to back away and get out of his seat at the same time. The movement only causing him to tip the chair over and fall on his back.

“What the fuck, get off me,” Aksel gripped the ring and tried to peel it off his thumb, but it only synched tighter before becoming burning hot. He screamed as he tried to peel the damned thing off his hand, but it only grew hotter, his skin bubbling and cracking as that metal grew darker as though it were burning wood. The gem glowed as lazy flairs of red wafted off it like hazy waves.

So much pain...so much anger...I can really work with this...

A sizzling crack went up Aksel’s arm, his veins flashing red as they screamed from the magma like liquid coursing through them. His nails grew dark and his skin blistered as though he were sticking his arm into a boiling pot.

“STOP!”

Suddenly, the pain was distant and dull. It was still screaming and burning through him, but it was like listening to it from several rooms down. Aksel saw himself, he was hovering above his own body as it thrashed and contorted against the burning ring’s influence. The ruby gem on that ring burst, red tendrils writhing out as though some octopus made of silicone lashed about and curled their way around his arm. Aksel screamed, but no sound came out. Instead he watched as his body slowly calmed down and looked at its writhing hand. The distant pain replaced with something...different. Not good...but not bad either. It felt like that writhing red sludge was...licking his wounds?

A shudder ran itself down Aksel’s back in both disgust and pleasure. The tentacles of that red ichor started to line up into rows forming muscle groups before smoothing over, the tips of his fingers

becoming black, claw-like gauntlets as vicious spur blades shunted into reality on his forearm, ready to tear flesh from bone. That hand was almost twice as large as his regular one, corded with powerful muscle and onyx blades. Red tendrils frayed off it, as though looking for places to take root.

Aksel was suddenly shoved back into his body just in time for his new hand to clamp down over his mouth.

Shhhhh, that voice tried to calm Aksel, one of those razor like fingers stroking his cheek so gently it didn't cut his skin, but he knew that finger could pierce his flesh if it only applied another hair of pressure. *Don't scream, don't even speak. Blink if you understand.*

Aksel just blinked rapidly. He didn't know what to do besides comply.

Good boy, that voice hissed. *I'm going to let go of your face, and you're going to stay calm and quiet.*

"Hey, dude, everything okay in there?" Ryan knocked on the door.

Get rid of him, the voice demanded and parted his claws enough for Aksel to speak.

"Y-Yeah dude," Aksel stammered out quickly. "Just...dropped my phone."

"Okay, whatever man, don't scare me like that." Ryan went away from the door and Aksel knew he was on the couch by the sound of it protesting under the thick man's weight.

Good boy, the voice rumbled and gently rubbed that claw against his cheek again. It was the most unnerving feeling, like having someone pet you with the sharp end of a razor.

"What the hell are you," Aksel whispered, not daring to raise his voice.

That's...a complicated question, the hand slowly removed itself from Aksel's face.

“What, are you some enchanted trinket?”

Yeah...enchanted trinket sounds most accurate. The voice didn't sound so sure of himself, but Aksel wasn't going to argue with the thing possessing his arm with five blades attached to it. *Listen, Aksel, is it? My name is Stolid. Sorry for the rude intrusion, but I've been out of practice for some time.*

“Holy shit,” Aksel furrowed his brow. “Is this really happening?”

I know what you're thinking, Stolid flipped the hand over as if to shrug. *I'm a very valuable artifact and could be sold to solve your problems, but I don't think you really understand exactly what it is you've got on your hands...or hand.*

“Sure,” Aksel was still freaking out, but that was in fact his first thought. How much an enchanted ring like this is potentially worth. He might be able to get a small fortune for it.

I can offer you something far better than money though, the hand gestured by rubbing his fingers as though brushing coins together. *Sure, I'm worth my weight several hundred times in gold, but you're more special than you know. You have a lot of potential. I can feel it dormant, deep inside you.*

“I...I don't understand,” Aksel shook his head. “What do you want?”

This isn't about what I want, Aksel, Stolid replied. *This is about what you want.*

“How do you know what I want?”

Just like how I knew your name, Stolid's voice purred. *I can see into your heart, your mind, your very soul. And not just yours either. I can see into the hearts and minds of others as well. Now, imagine what you could do with that? Where you could go if I were to offer my services?*

“What could I do with that?” Aksel shook his head. He didn’t have any resources or know-how to actually act on other’s desires. What worth is knowing what people want when you don’t have what they want?

Great question, Stolid’s fingers extended out, that red palm inviting and exposed like it were smiling. I can grant desires. Why don’t you let me show you.

“Wait, stop,” Aksel took a step back as though he were trying to get away from his hand. “This is all happening so fast.” Aksel knew a crooked deal when he saw one. He might not be the sharpest tool in the shed, but he wasn’t a fucking dumbass. That pain he felt, that searing heat, that wasn’t natural. He thought it was from the ring, but the feeling of that ring was far cooler, almost stagnant like his hand was stuck in a freezer where the air slowly sipped at your heat.

Do you not want me to make you more? The ring offered. More than what you are now.

“If you could hurt me, why aren’t you using the threat of force? You could kill me right here.”

That hand shot up and gripped his throat, those claws making the skin on the back of his neck sting with the anticipation of those razors.

I’ve killed plenty of people with my bare hands, shorn flesh from bone, severed mortal coil with little more than a flick of my wrist.

Aksel felt that threat, but for some reason he didn’t buy it. It was in the way Stolid spoke. It felt...intentionally vague. Vague and unclear so he would come up with his own conclusion.

“You can’t harm me, can you,” Aksel asked, his breath even and calm.

I could kill you where you stand, Stolid snarled.

“But you can’t, can you,” Aksel cocked a brow. There was a long pause and that hand slowly sank away from his throat.

You got me, I cannot intentionally harm my ring bearer. Stolid sighed.

“Oh thank god,” Aksel sighed, leaning back against the wall, a bead of sweat trickling down his brow.

Wait! You were bluffing!

“Guess you can’t read all my mind,” Aksel smirked as he gasped and calmed his raging heart.

Your instincts are strong, Stolid spoke the compliment as though it were more an insult. *But no matter. You need me.*

“What I need is the directions to the nearest pawn shop to hawk you for all your worth,” Aksel grabbed his phone with his free hand, only for his other one to slap it away, the phone clattering to the floor. “What the hell!”

What if I could prove my worth? You have a desire greater than any other, one that has pained you. Deeply.

“What are you talking about?” Aksel furrowed his brow.

Terry, Stolid purred the name, but it felt like a parrying knife slicing through Aksel’s shell and prying him open.

“Fuck you,” Aksel gripped onto his thumb. He could feel the metal band beneath the red latex.

Wait! Stolid closed his fist to keep the ring on. *One day, one day and if you still don’t want me, I’ll make sure you get the best price for me. One day is all I ask.*

“What the hell, get off me,” Aksel pulled on the ring, the red latex already curling off his palm as he moved the ring under the flesh, shifting it further off himself.

I can get him back for you, Stolid pleaded.

“That fucker can rot!”

I can make him SUFFER!

Aksel slowed, the ring almost off his thumb, the red latex slowly sinking off his arm and revealing his flesh beneath as though nothing had happened.

“You can what?”

I can make him suffer, Stolid begged. I can make him wish he never hurt you, I can make him yours in a way that will put him in his place. I know you want to make him hurt the way you hurt. To ruin his life like he did to yours.

Aksel paused, the rest of that red sinking back into the gem on the ring and reverting his hand back to normal. He looked at that band as it hovered around the knuckle on his thumb. He could remove it, be done with it for good, but...

“I miss you,” that fucking text!

Aksel slammed the ring back down on his thumb.

“You promise me that he will get his?” Aksel asked as that gem burst and rolled over his hand, painlessly this time as those onyx gauntlet claws flashed into existence.

I can do you one better, Stolid cracked their knuckles as though testing a new glove. I’ll make him your little play thing and ensure he thinks it was all his fault.

“And you can do that in one day?” Aksel cocked a brow.

I can move mountains, but I can't do miracles. Something like what you want will take time. For it to be just as cutting as his betrayal, we'll need to be methodical and exact. Though, if you're not convinced after one day that I can do what you desire, then I'll call it off and you can sell me.

“You've got a deal,” Aksel smirked.

Good, Stolid's voice was almost sickly sweet with how it breathed that word into Aksel's mind. I've got a lot of work to do, and not a lot of time to do it, so why don't' we get started.

That red latex pooled and bubbled into his skin leaving his hand exposed once more, but this time, the ring was gone.

“What, where did it go?” A sudden rush went up his arm and into his core. Aksel felt like ice water was being poured into his veins, but it was...surprisingly soothing. Aksel's fingers twitched before straining and flexing in odd angles. It wasn't painful, but rather, it felt like he was cracking stiff joints. He gave a low sigh as that tingling crack rolled up his arm. It was like his bones were glow sticks and when he broke them, a giddy glow itched deep in his marrow. An itch that was only satisfied when he twisted his arm and flexed the muscles beneath.

“What...the fuck...” Aksel sighed, his eyes rolling into the back of his head as he twisted his wrist, the bones cracking and extending, his fingers getting thicker as their muscles and tendons swelled, his hand becoming thicker. His nails didn't get longer, but they were bleeding into a different color. The fleshy pinks were splotching staining into a deep chocolate brown. The chips in his nails mended as brown, roundworms came out before lacing over them and solidifying into solid, brown nail. He didn't get claws, but...they almost look like little hoofs. The bones in his hand shunted and snapped before

making a square and muscular hand, the white bleeding into a deep brown before fur sprouted over it and up his forearm.

Aksel already had thick arms, but as his veins bunched up against his skin and writhed with that latex beast inside him, he felt his muscles bunch before they split and showed the definition and muscle groups before smoothing out as brown fur rolled over and up to his biceps. His arm twisted at an odd angle, the cracking and shifting causing Aksel to twist his spine and groan as his bicep stretched itself before bunching back up into place, tan fur like caramel cream brushed over that bicep as it split, the angry vein going across it throbbing like mad as the tricep jostled into place, a thick horseshoe of mass.

“Fuck! What’s going on...” Aksel huffed, and then huffed again, stomping his foot on the ground as he grunted through his nose like a bull, the tip of his nose growing dark before shoving forward and flattening out.

You can't look like your old self if we're going to pull this off, Stolid murmured in his mind. I'm going to make you into a stud, the stud, the stud of your fucking dreams.

His shoulder rolled, the muscles rippling and cording before that same caramel fur brushed over it, only splotching itself with dark bits of chocolate fur. His delts lashed onto his neck, his tendons on his neck cording strong as though they were trying to pull his jaw wider, flexing and cracking that jaw into a square set before it cracked forward. Aksel’s teeth were exposed as his jaw snapped forward, the crooked teeth he had since birth shifted and lined up, the pink gums forcing them into alignment as they grew thicker, blunter, and stronger.

Aksel gripped his shirt with his transformed hand and tore it off, exposing his chest. The veins from his arm rolled down over his peck that was jostling as though he were jogging, feeding and chewing on the power that surged into it. His pink nipple grew darker, showing off the barbell that was

already in it. The striations of muscle rolled and rippled over that pec as the crevice between the one and the other grew deeper. The veins pumping his chest coursed down into his gut, his thick belly sculpting. His healthy layer of fat didn't melt away, but rather shifted as the muscles beneath them grew. That soft daddy gut shifted into a soft plate of armor around those corded muscles, the fat showing a perfect muscle gut before traps pushed out on either side, obliques rolling in like thunder.

His ears were next, growing darker on the outside and forming fluffy, creamy down on the inside as they grew into points and drew higher on his skull. The other half of his face cracked and formed his jaw, the half mirroring the actions of the other as he jaw squared out and his muzzle shunted forward, his teeth straining before his dark lips furled over them, thick and full as he huffed, steam rolling out of his big blunt nose. His wispy blond beard started to fill in, his jaw accented by a thick, array of golden hair that rolled up into his head, his messy mop grooming itself into luscious blond locks and a sexy up do.

Aksel gave a heavy huff as the changes shuttered down his other arm, violently cracking it into different angles. Aksel may have been worried if it didn't feel so good. Each snap and crack of his bones shot a blade of pleasure into his loins, the hair on his back standing on end, and then brushing thicker over his hide. The caramel coat filling him over as a cream one filled his chest, his blond chest hair thick as it grew from the crevice between his square pecs.

His arm finally stopped cracking and pulled itself back in, his shoulder muscles flexing to lodge it back into his socket as dark rings formed around his bicep like some ring tattoo before his forearm became that dark chocolate color like the other.

A sudden shift in his ankles forced the transforming man to the ground, his powerful fists smacking the floor as his ankles snapped, his feet lengthening. Red tendrils sliced through his pants, shearing them away to reveal the toned thighs of a skilled jogger. The teardrop thighs flexed and

solidified into powerhouses of strength as they were quickly softened out with that caramel fur. From his knees they snapped, becoming more flexible and his feet getting more narrow and long. His toes started to shift at odd angles, melding and melting together before their nails became thicker and darker. With three violet cracks and shifts, his toes melted away, leaving behind split hooves and spurs.

A sudden racking pain and pleasure knocked at the inside of Aksel's skull, his head being sawed back and forth as his skull shifted, his hair bunching up around two spots before two powerful horns split his skull. Antlers lunged into place, growing like some demented time lapsed version of a tree as they splayed out like writhing fingers before solidifying into a perfect, six point rack!

"Is...is it over?" Aksel panted, his voice deep and reverberated up through his horns.

A sudden rush of that cool energy into his loins told him otherwise. Aksel struggled with his new legs, the split hooves scraping across the carpet as the new buck managed to flop himself onto his ass. Aksel wasn't a small guy to begin with, his thick six inches throbbed to attention before throbbing larger! That uncut beast throbbed, the pink head pushing out of his foreskin and growing an angry red before pulsing larger. That thick foreskin rolled back, the base of his shaft getting thicker much faster than the tip as it reeled out further and further before forming a tapered tip. That foreskin yawned before rolling down his cock as his balls swelled with size, shunting into two massive goose eggs of virility as the excess flesh from his foreskin became a nice warm sheath, his knot flopping out and pushing down that sheath as his cock glistened with a musky wetness.

He was a stud, a big deer stud with a dire wolf dick fit for a breeding alpha. He gripped it, his new thick fingers making his dick look like it was the same size, but he was clearly eight inches long and almost as thick as a beer can. Aksel's cock throbbed, a thick wad of pearly pre welling up at his new tapered tip and oozing over his musky rod. His deer musk mixing with the heady musk of a breeding alpha and contributing to the thick miasma of man that was starting to fill the room.

The door to his room slammed open as Ryan barged in. “What the hell are you doing in here? Setting off fireworks—shit dude!” Ryan covered his face. “If you’re going to jack it try to at least be quiet about it.” Ryan spun on his heels and faced away and grumbled. “It’s true what they say about you fucking buck men. Horny as all hell.”

Aksel hardly reacted to Ryan’s burst into the room, only slightly pulling his thighs together to hide his new boner, but the buck was more concerned about how Ryan always saw him as...well...a buck. Aksel blinked, his vision tinted with a rosy red and he looked down at his hand gripping his cock and there the ring was on his middle finger, the ruby glowing with power. Aksel bit his lower lip and stroked his dick, pleasure pooling in his nuts before shooting up his spine as they bounced. The fur on his back standing on end as that pleasure rattled up his new powerful vertebra, his fluffy tail on his ass twitching as he did so.

“At least fucking wait till I close the door,” Ryan complained and snagged the handle.

“Stop,” Ryan’s head was laced in a thick lust. His heart was pounding and his mind was racing with new sensations. His veins felt electrified, humming with a high while his muscles felt light as air. “Come in here.”

The rabbit’s tail flicked upwards, the white underside of that little cotton tail showing the tingle that ran up Ryan’s spine and caused his fur to stand on end.

Ryan didn’t know why he was doing what he was doing, but he felt a power surging through him. Ruby static popped over his body as his blue eyes glowed with a red ring around them.

“I...” Ryan rigidly turned around, his muzzle contorted into a sneer as though he were fighting against the pull of Aksel’s call. “Why...I...I don’t...” Ryan was struggling as flickers of a red ring around his

irises kept trying to take hold, but with each step he took into the room, the more solid that red light became.

Aksel stood, coming over to the rabbit and slowly pressing his body against the rabbit's, their stomachs lining up, then their pecs. The buck still needed to look up into the beastly rabbit's eyes, but his height wasn't the buck's concern. He leaned in and snorted like a buck in heat, breathing out and then taking a slow methodical breath in through his new nose.

A smell rolled off Ryan, a red aura that tickled the buck's throat and bloomed across his senses. It was sweet as honeyed wine, warm like a summer breeze, muddled with the earthy sent of sweat and fertile, dark soil. The smell of fresh bread mixed with a buttery smoothness. It was a smell unlike any he had smelled before, but those were the closest approximations. Whatever the smell was it sent his balls churning, his nuts rumbling in need as his taint flexed, his cock dribbling strong strands of pre.

Aksel wrapped his arms around Ryan's shoulders, his new thick fingers running through the rabbit's thick hair, Ryan's ears twitching as he leaned in for a kiss.

"What are you—" Ryan was silenced as their lips pressed against one another, but Ryan and Aksel's eyes stayed open as their lips pressed against one another. The rabbit's eyes went wide before that red ring snapped into clarity and his lids drooped as he opened his muzzle to the kiss.

"Good boy," Aksel managed to murr between their muzzles before he slipped his tongue into that maw. Their tongues danced, his long thick one and Ryan's surprisingly small and velvety one. Ryan's soft hands went to Aksel's back and pulled him in closer as their kiss deepened.

Aksel could taste what he was smelling before. The sweet and meaty tang of a meat pie with summer wine in a field of wild flowers. He didn't know how he knew what it was, but he knew.

Desire...

He could smell it, fuck, he could taste it. Ryan was ripe with it. Years of want and restraint having made it grow heavy and hot, thick and needy, and Aksel's nuts responded in kind. Thick, powerful throbs of the bucks new dire wolf cock shot wads of pre between the two, matting their fur and making it so much easier for the buck to rub his dick against that fluffy belly.

"Fuck," Aksel broke the kiss, a strand of drool connecting their lips.

"Fuck..." Ryan echoed back, his eyes hazy and glowing red.

"How long have you wanted this?" Aksel asked.

"Since the day I met you," Ryan replied. "You've always been sexy, but...wait..." Ryan's eyes flickered as he closed them and shook his head. "You didn't always look like this..."

"Hey," Aksel cupped Ryan's chin and pulled him to lock eyes again. "Don't you worry about all that."

Aksel pressed his lips against Ryan's again, their tongues dancing and that red glow solidifying once more.

"Good boy," Aksel murred. Ryan shuddered at that, his tail hiking higher as his five inch dick throbbed rock hard in his sweats. The buck would be lying if he didn't feel the same, though their relationship had been mostly casual. It wasn't until recently that they started living together. It had been a year and...well...friends don't always make the best roommates.

"Aksel..." Ryan breathed before pulling in for another kiss. Wet smacking filled the air as they made out, their lips meshing, their tongues dancing, and their breath mingling. The taste of desire and cheap beer was coming from the rabbit's muzzle and Aksel was taking it in one luxurious kiss at a time.

Aksel turned and pushed the rabbit onto his bed, the messy sheets bouncing with the weight of the rabbit. The buck crawling on top of him and pushing his legs up, his arms hooking under his knees as he pressed his lips against the rabbit's. They only broke the kiss to pull Ryan's sweat pants off, the rabbit's dick fully exposed and ass on display. Aksel gave a gentle kiss on the rabbit's ankle, leaving a trail of kisses, dragging his lips across that leg until he pressed them against that belly, then between the rabbit's pecs, and then huffed into his neck as he grinded his thick, angry boner against those round cheeks.

"You fucking ready Ryan?" Aksel had no idea where all this confidence was coming from, but his nuts demanded release, and Ryan was a font of desire, his body burning with that odor of need.

"Fuck, Aksel, get inside me!" Ryan groaned, huffing hard as his heels pushed on Aksel's muscular cheeks, begging him to get inside him.

"Fuck yeah, I'm going to slam my rut deep inside you, pup," Aksel groaned and pressed forward his tapered tip bouncing off those ass cheeks for a minute until he found his target. That tapered tip struck true and slipped in prying that pucker open.

"Fuck Aksel!" Ryan's eyes went wide, that red ring flickering.

"Don't worry pup," Aksel locked eyes with the rabbit, those red rings solidifying again and his eyes going soft as his pucker relaxed. "That's right. Give into my rut. Give into your desire to serve."

Aksel didn't know where those words were coming from, but he also didn't care. His cock was sinking into a tight and needy hole that yielded to his advance. He gave a deep groan, his cock sinking further and further into that needy hole as he maintained eye contact with that rabbit. With each inch sinking further and further into that little rabbit rump, his eyes grew softer, his mouth hung open as his breath grew heavy and hot, his tongue lulling out as a blush started to glow on his cheeks.

“Yeah, you like having my dick up your ass, don’t you Ryan,” Aksel accented that statement with a powerful thrust. Ryan gave a little shout, his deep voice going up in pitch as his prostate was stroked.

“Yes,” he moaned, the total DILF spreading his legs shakily as that ass quivered and clenched on that invading member.

“Fuck yeah you do,” Aksel’s balls bounced, a thick jet of pre shooting deep into that hole and lubing it up for his next thrust, this one even smoother than the last as he started to get into a rhythm. Ryan giving little groans and grunts in tandem to Aksel’s thrusts. Wet plapping filled the air as those aching nuts smacked against that ass, that long bitch breaker sinking into that needy hole as it got warmer and hotter, their breath labored and heavy as they succumbed to Aksel’s rut.

“Fuck! Aksel! Fuck me!”

“Yeah, buddy, is that ass mine?”

“Fuck yeah! Deeper! Harder! Whenever you fucking want it!”

“Fuck, that ass is so fucking tight!” Aksel groaned, his balls somehow getting angrier, getting tighter as they demanded release and were only being teased. Aksel dug his hooves into the floor and picked up the pace. “You gunna still charge me rent?”

“Fuck no!” Ryan gasped. “I...I wouldn’t dream of it...”

“You gunna foot the bill for my shit now? Huh?”

“Fuck, whatever you want Aksel. You’re such a stud...a fucking...a fucking god!”

That did it, that word rang through the buck’s body and he felt the adoration and desire radiating off of Ryan like a miasma, filling his lungs as he huffed and snorted like a buck in rut while

railing that ass. He could feel the sensations Ryan was experiencing melding into worship and devotion, wafting off him in waves and crashing into Aksel. He could feel it welling up inside it, coursing through his veins! His dick dug a little deeper, his hooves scrapped a bit further, his muscles flexed and he raised a fraction taller.

He knew he could milk it, milk his little worshiper for more, but his rut demanded release, his balls were screaming with pleasure and overwhelming sloshing swimmers that needed a hole to bust in. Aksel pushed Ryan's knees behind his head and slammed into that ass, those thick globes jostling as he slammed away with abandon.

"Fuck yes! You're mine Ryan! I fucking own you! You'll be our first acolyte! Worship us! Devote yourself to everything we are!" Aksel thrust deep, his prostate getting tighter as the pleasure shot up into his rod and had him pissing pre into that hole. Then, his knot slipped in and he couldn't hold back. "Fuck, you're MINE!"

Aksel slammed his hips forward, flush with that needy hole as his balls drew up and his prostate squelched into action. Thick jets of cum shot out of his dick and deep into his worshiper. Aksel locked eyes with Ryan as the rabbit locked his legs behind his ass at the ankle to keep him breeding nice and deep. Those red rings bled over the rabbit's eyes and died them a deep crimson, solidifying his hold over the rabbit once and for all.

Aksel pushed forward, thrusting through his tie as he made out sloppily with his first worshiper. Each roll of his hips restarting his orgasm as his knot felt like a hive of pleasure that was stoked into upheaval with the slightest twitch of his hips.

“It’s so fucking much,” Aksel bit onto Ryan’s lip until he tasted the light copper of blood before going back to making out with him, his balls bouncing over and over as jet after thick, powerful jet of seed launched into that hole. “You’re mine...you’re mine...you’re fucking mine...”

You’re mine...