

## King Maker

### Part 2: My Demon's, Demon's

Raul's life couldn't have been going better since he met Jace. After that night at the bar the wolf had contacted the rat on a regular basis. They first went out to dinner to get to know each other and somehow that sly wolf got him to fuck that spade senseless in the alleyway behind the restaurant. He then took Raul to a park for a walk. They each had a cigarette, Raul bummed one of the wolf, and Jace made a clumsy joke about smoking a fag and Raul found himself rolling in the bushes with the wolf again. It was like he couldn't resist the damn wolf.

The way that wolf found ways to ensnare him into sex was almost unnerving, or it would be if they were compatible breeding wise. Jace informed the rat that he couldn't get him pregnant, obviously his heat would have subsided if that were the case, but that damned wolf was like some sex demon with his heat off the rails. No matter how hard they fucked or how often, he just wanted more. It was hella hot, but also...disturbing? Raul felt like he was becoming a piece of means more by the day, but the times between the nut busting and pussy spade popping were filled with so many other things. The two watched the same shows, geeked out about the same card games, and were killer at smash bros, but somehow the wolf would turn it into sex. Especially the smash bro's thing. Not that Raul minded, he found it exceedingly more fun by the day.

Except today.

"Come on bro, it's just one day," Jace brushed his lips against Raul's neck. "Every moment away from you is one less moment together, tied in ecstasy, making a fucking mess."

“I know dude,” Raul sighed. “But I really need to get to class today. We’re starting a new unit and I can’t fall behind.”

“I’ll show you how one really falls behind someone,” Jace murred into the rat’s ear.

The wolf draped himself over the rat from behind as Raul tried to pull his backpack up. The wolf was dressed in nothing but a tight shirt, his spade dripping his heat onto the floor as he nuzzled the Rat’s ear, his tongue flicking over one of his piercings. Raul was in his typical all-black attire, only this time a streak of purple was in his hair. Jace had died it saying it made the rat look more punk.

“You really do drive a hard bargain,” Raul smirked, turning his head to look back at the wolf looking down at him. Their lips met and Jace put his tender hand on the rat’s throat, his claw tips lightly brushing against the rat’s Adam’s apple as it quivered in their kiss. Their lips broke and Raul could swear he saw a puff of purple smoke. The rat’s cock throbbed hard, painfully so.

“N-No, I really got to go,” Raul sighed, the smell of that thick heat making his head a little fuzzy. “I...I got to get to class.”

“Such a good student,” Jace smirked, his wolfish teeth gleaming. “You’ve been working so hard, I’m sure you can take one day off.” The stud was so huge compared to the rat it was almost funny that Raul was the top. Not that he felt small when he was pounding that pussy. That spade felt electric, almost damn sinful with how sweet it was.

“Maybe...” Raul shook his head, the slight purple tint to his blue eyes faded. “No, sorry dude. I promise I’ll come back and slam that pussy after I’m done working out with Eric.”

“Fine,” Jace sighed. “Just make it back as soon as you can.”

“You can bet your sweet ass on it,” Raul bit his lip, his buck teeth shinning. The permanently tired eyes of the rat scanned Jace’s fit body up and down before he slipped on his converse and left the wolf’s apartment.

“Fuck, I’m so tired of this fucking curse,” Jace muttered as he locked the door. Jace grabbed his phone from the counter and pulled up his speed dial and smacked his first contact. The various unanswered calls flashing across the screen before a new call was logged as outgoing.

“Gilles, pick up the damned phone,” Jace snarled as the phone continued to ring. Then he heard a phone ring behind him.

“Geez, you’re so fucking obsessed with me,” a voice spoke from behind him.

Jace’s eyes went wide as he spun around. There, standing in the living room was a goat. The lean man stood there with his phone ringing as he swiped the call to ignore. He wasn’t his bulking jock form, but a wide hiped twink.

“Well, I’m here, what do you wa-”

Jace lunged forward and gripped the goat by his jacket and slammed him against the wall. The goat had silver piercings on his brow and horns, several silver rings were on his fingers, and his inky black sclera accented the glow of his violet eyes.

“Remove the damned curse you fucking asshole!” Jace snarled, lifting the goat off his hoofs, in doing so, Jace’s shirt rode up exposing the tattoo on his stomach. The heart with its swirling elegant designs framing his Adonis belt.

“Is that why you’ve been blowing up my phone?” Gilles smirked and looked up as though he were pondering. “And I thought you had a real emergency.” Gilles’ eyes snapped to look at Jace, his rectangle pupils burrowing into the wolf demon’s reptilian ones. “My mistake.”

“Remove the fucking curse, or I’ll fucking gut you from taint to teeth!” Jace was wild, his pussy dripping audibly onto the carpet. His need was thick and obvious as his dark spade was swollen and puffy, glowing with the demonic heat.

“Hmmm...no, I don’t think you’ve learned your lesson just yet,” Gilles smirked and put his hands up. “You thought you were stronger than me.”

“I *am* stronger than you,” Jace snarled, jostling the goat against the wall.

“Then why can’t you remove that little curse mark, huh?” Gilles’ eyes gleamed with mischief.

“You know *damned* well why I can’t,” Jace snarled, a wet alligator growl rolling through his chest.

“You’re right, I do,” Gilles eyes burned with power. “All that power and you can’t fucking use it. It’s like it doesn’t exist.” Gilles chuckled again but continued before Jace was going to snarl another threat. “I can take care of it for you though.”

Jace froze, his pupils returning to normal, “You...you will?”

“Oh, who could resist knocking up such a good little pup like you?” Gilles patted Jace’s face, only the last time he slapped a little harder and Jace was brought back to his time in the demon’s breeding den. A never ending string of sex and degradation between the dominant goat and his enthralled jock Peable. Jace yipped, his knees giving out and falling down as his spade quivered, his demonic essence glowing a neon purple as it dribbled between his legs.

“Please, it’s fucking torture,” Jace wined.

“Good boy, already on your knees,” Gilles smirked and gripped his belt, the black leather missing a few studs. “Why don’t you warm me up and I can work that heat.”

Jace murred, his teeth gripping that belt and pulling it off, the buckle jingling as it hit the floor. He slipped his teeth around the button and used his tongue to undo it before gripping onto the zipper and pulling it down. A thick wad of fur was on the base of that cock as it pushed down Gilles’ boxers. The goat was always packing and he lacked no amount of prowess in bed. He might not be a giant muscle beast right now, but the fucker never let go of the one measurement of size that mattered.

Jace didn’t have the patience for their regular dance. He gripped the hem of Gilles pants and pulled them down. Gilles’ dick flopped forward. The massive horse cock slapped Jace as if to show him more disrespect, but he didn’t care. Jace opened his maw and sucked down that shaft, the musky flavor coating his tongue and filling his throat.

The goat hissed through his teeth before pulling out a cigarette and lighting it with a flame from his thumb. The goat tossed his coat leaving him in nothing but a tank with his pants around his ankles and silver band around his bicep.

Jace bobbed his head on that cock, the throbbing member swelling to a foot long and digging down the demon wolf’s throat. The thick veins on that shaft throbbed with anger and power as Gilles’ virility was on full display. Jace cupped those nuts, a thick tuft of hair running between them as only one was needed to fill the wolf’s paw, each easily the size of a papaya. Gilles let out a stream of smoke, the thick musk from the goat mixed with the smell of sulfur and tobacco.

After a few minutes of gaping Jace’s throat, Gilles wasn’t interested in that hole anymore.

“On your back, bitch,” Gilles gripped the air above Jace’s head, Jace’s horns materializing in Gilles’ grip as he peeled the demon off his dick. He pushed him over onto his back and the demon wolf gripped his knees. Gilles gave a dark look at the wolf, cigarette in the corner of his smile.

Gilles took his cock and pressed it against the heat of that spade, that dripping hole puffy and soft with need. Jace moaned and whimpered, the big stud dog nothing but a whiny bitch for the curvy twink with the dick of a god. The prince albert on that cock flicked over that pussy, the flared tip of that horse dick playing with Jace’s sensitive folds.

“Gilles, please...fuck me...”

Gilles didn’t even respond, he just sucked a deep breath on that cigarette and pushed forward. That spade spread wide over that horse dick as it slipped into that warm hole. Gilles hissed, smoke sizzling out between his teeth as he got a hit of that premium demon pussy. It gripped that monster cock and slurped, squelching with wet hot need as he sank balls deep. A horse dick shaped bulge distended Jace’s belly, large and pronounced with that flared tip visibly throbbing.

“OH fuck Gilles! Breed me! Please! I want your kids again!”

“Who’s the goat fucker, now, bitch?” Gilles chuckled and started to thrust, his cock head raking the inside of that sinfully sweet pussy, that spade gripping around his dick and median ring as he pulled back and fucked in deeper. Those walls clamping and squelching around that mighty fuck stick.

Jace arched his back, his toe claws fanning before he put them on the small of Gilles’ back, urging him to fuck harder, faster. The demon obliged and started slapping his hips against that wolf’s sexy silk, those musky nuts slapping that thick ass as he gripped the wolf’s knees and pushed them behind the pup’s head.

Gilles pulled back, his cock glazed in neon purple demon slick, his balls dripping with it as they smacked Jace's ass. The demon wolf a yipping and whining mess as the demon above him effortlessly took what was his. Fangs formed on that goat, the demon feeling his cock spit pre against that cervix. That heart tat glowed purple, getting ready to accept that demonic load.

"Only the seed of a true king could douse the flames of your need," Gilles said while smiling on his cigarette. "This dick is worth ten kings in one. I could knock you up so hard you'll be bulging with the progeny of five men."

"Please Gilles! I'll be a good little bitch for you, a good girl for my big daddy King!"

"Fuck, I'm getting close, you ready for that curse to break?"

"Yes! Yes Gilles! Fucking spit your bastards right inside me! Make me huge with your fucking-"

"No chance, skank!" Gilles pulled his cock out and jacked it like mad, the thick angry veins throbbed along that dick, that varicose virility pounded as thick steaks of pre splattered Jace's chest. "This is for calling me a goat fucker!" Gilles cock throbbed, thick ropes of cum splattering Jace's face, the first rope literally slapping his muzzle before covering his chest.

"You fucking asshoooooOOOOOOO!" Jace couldn't hold back the pleasure anymore, that thick pipe dicking him down, and now that cum splattering his abdomen sent him over the edge. Jace's mane fluffed, his fur standing on end. That tat soaked up Gilles' demon essence and writhed, wriggling up Jace's abs under his skin. The front tramp stamp glowed, buzzing with power and forcing him to cum. Jace's womb burned as its capacity doubled for breeding, his heat growing deeper, more maddening and needy. Roses bloomed on that tattoo and guns locked into place as the complex runes and spells were hidden behind a growing tapestry of punishment.

“Thanks for the lay, Jace,” Gilles chuckled darkly as he gave the demon a light pat on the cheek.

“Next time you call, it better be important. You call about removing this fucking mark, and I’ll compound your heat again. Now, quit wasting my time, and make me another King!”

Gilles vanished in a puff of smoke, his cigarette falling and fizzling out in the mix of their juices.

“Fucking hell, you fucking GOAT FUCKER!” Jace roared.

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“So, you and this Jace guy, are you like...together?” Eric asked, the basset hound jogging on the treadmill.

“Dude, no,” Raul rolled his eyes. “We’re just FWB that are constantly DTF. The dude has some kind of condition that keeps him in constant heat, so we, *blow* off a lot of steam together.” The rat kept pace with the basset hound, his sneakers slapping the treadmill.

“Really?” Eric raised a brow as they continued their cardio. “Do you honestly think I’m gonna buy that a smoke show like this Jace just hops on your dick all the time because he has some ‘condition’ that keeps him in heat?”

“I know, it sounds totally fake, but I swear dude. I ain’t lying.”

“Well, pics, or it didn’t happen,” Eric whipped his brow huffing. “Dude, you quit smoking or something? You haven’t even broken a sweat.”

“Must be all the other cardio I’ve been doing with Jace,” Raul said as he pulled out his phone. “You got your headphones in?”

“Yeah, why?”



“Check the vid I just sent you.”

“What of it...DUDE!”

“Hey, you’re the one who said he wanted pics,” Raul rolled his eyes. “That’s definitely him draining my nuts behind that Italian place on 3<sup>rd</sup>.”

“Dude...Jace is slobbering on your knob like that? That can’t be you.”

“Come on dude, you’re not jealous because you’re not the only one with game anymore, are ya?”

“No...just...really want to make sure...it’s you...” Eric was getting short of breath, but Raul could see a semi flopping in his athletic shorts.”

“Whatever man, just don’t share or post it. Jace might kill me if he found out.”

“Found out what?” a new voice spoke and Raul tripped, fell to the ground and was forced onto the floor by the treadmill. The machine turning off automatically. Raul looked up to see the massive wolf standing there in nothing but booty shorts and a pair of sneakers. The wolf was still stacked, but he seemed to have lost some definition. The hot tattoo on his stomach looked different...but Raul lost interest in that as Jace glanced over at Eric who hadn’t turned off the video on his phone.

“N-Nothing!” Raul blushed.

“Uh Hu...” Jace narrowed his eyes as he noticed the video. “Well, share it with who you want so long as you’re not wasting any of that sweet cream on time in the bathroom.” Jace offered a hand to help the rat up and he took it. “You know where that honey belongs.” Jace murred, his tail flicking back and forth.

“Yeah...I thought...” Raul paused as he inhaled. A powerful smell of lavender and warmed sugar with a hint of musk and honeyed wine filled his nose. His cock was throbbing in his shorts, every man was pitching a tent and eyeing the big wolf.

“You thought what?” Jace smirked. “That I care if you share those videos? Trust me, I’m not worried about people knowing I’m fucking a sophomore at uni.” Jace leaned into Raul, cupping his chin as he whispered in his ear. “You should be worried that they think I’m not getting enough.” Jace licked his lips.

Raul was frozen as he felt the back of Jace’s hand brush against his throbbing boner. Suddenly, Jace wasn’t there anymore. He had moved over to Eric.

“You two ever...well, you saw the video. Do anything like that?” Jace smirked. The basset hound was a total bottom, a power bottom slut if there ever was one, but for some reason, he felt the need to claw and kill for this wolf. To fuck him into submission. It was almost maddening that there was fabric and air between that pussy and his dick.

“N-No...” Eric blushed. “We’ve never done anything.”

“Shame,” Jace smirked. “A third would have been fun.”

“B-B-But I m-might!” Eric’s eyes went wide.

“Oh, I’m sure you would, young pup,” Jace pinched Eric’s cheek and gave him a little pouty face. Nothing had cut to the core of the basset hound’s confidence. He felt like he was being denied air in that moment, that he wasn’t allowed to be a man if he couldn’t be with Jace.

“That’s enough of that Jace,” Raul stepped forward and took his hand away from Eric. Jace blinked and smiled. Someone might think Raul was defending his friend. No, for the first time ever, Raul felt like his bitch might be scooped by another man, even a bottom like Eric.

“You finished with cardio?” Jace asked.

“Y-yeah, I just wrapped up,” Raul answered.

“No, no you didn’t,” Jace smiled and leaned in, his lips pressing against Raul’s, his demonic tongue sliding into the rat’s mouth and beckoning him forward. Jace pulled away, keeping that kiss connected until it was the only thing holding them together. Raul’s tongue slipped out of Jace’s maw as he pulled back.

“You got a lot more cardio to do, meet me in the showers,” Jace ordered. Raul watched Jace walk away, his ass swaying, his tail swishing his heat. Various other men turned to watch him go. Just as the door to the lockers was going to close, he looked back at Raul, making sure he saw those booty shorts hit the floor and reveal Jace had no underwear on.

“See you later, Eric,” Raul muttered as he jogged to the lockers.

“Yeah...no problem man...” Eric felt envy for Raul in that moment. More than he had felt for anyone in his life.

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Jace scraped his claws against the shower, water rolling down his body and showing his powerful angles and curves. Raul slapped his hips against Jace, his five inch rager digging deeper with each thrust as the water splashed off his hips and those sculpted buns.

Raul felt powerful, he was fucking this premium pussy in a stall. He didn't care who heard. Anyone looking down could see their feet on the tile, hell they could see both their heads if they were tall enough.

Jace gouged the tile he was pinned against while Raul's toes gripped the floor. They smacked loudly, the sound echoing off the walls. You'd think someone would call for help or to get them kicked out, but all the men were strangely emasculated whenever they walked by. A total stud...like Jace...getting piped down by that sophomore? He must be packing, he must be great at sex, he must be a total stud.

In reality, they were all enthralled by Jace, his heat more potent than ever and more addictive than crack.

"Raul, fuck that pussy! Fuck yeah, it's your god damned pussy," Jace whispered.

"Fuck yeah wolf pup, take that rat cock like a good bitch," Raul whispered back, but the two weren't necessarily quiet. Anyone listening could make out the words as they were accompanied by the staccato of their rut.

"Please, Raul, I fucking need it so bad. Please it feels so fucking good for to have that fucking dick slam me and those fucking nuts slap my spade. I want you to drain those massive rat nuts inside me. Don't you dare pull out, ever!" Jace's words echoed off the walls, his deep voice twisted into whorish moans as he was piped by the rat.

Jace spread his legs, that spade prying open, that puffy needy hole begging for that dick. Pleasure rippled down the Rat's cock and into his oversized nuts. His rat lineage making them the size of avocados while his five inch dick smacked that sexy silk. His cock was glazed in the wolf's pleasure, and

the steaming hot pussy contrasted by the cool water of the shower was sinfully blissful. The outside was cold water and the inside thrust was a hellish heat that glazed him in Jace's need.

Raul wasn't aware, but his tattoo was changing, the crown on his abdomen became more detailed, guns and snakes forming along his waste and up over his belly. A shadow of abs were forming on his stomach as his pecs were made visible with the wetness of his fur. His arms, though still thin, started to show some curves and definition.

Raul slammed his hips forward, his knot sinking into that pussy and tying them together. That puffy spade clenched and slurped on that dick, soaking up every shot of cum as it spurt deep into that heated hole. Jace came with a soft howl, his fur trying to stand on end, but forming feathery mats as he gushed over that tie, his honey dripping down Raul's nuts, a trail of hair forming where that cunny honey ran.

Over the last few weeks, Raul had been dicking Jace deeper with each lay. It was so small and unnoticeable, especially when his cock never left that pussy, he hadn't caught on to it yet. That dick was creeping closer to six inches every day.

"Don't go to class tomorrow," Jace begged and wined as they both came down from their orgasm. "I'll make sure your dick stays wet all day. I'll hop on your cock from dawn till dusk, please...I need you so bad Raul."

Raul smiled, his confidence swelling as he leaned down and licked from the small of Jace's back to his neck. Could he reach that far before?

"Fuck school," Raul smiled. "I'm fucking this pussy all day tomorrow. Maybe even treat you to some take out. We ain't leaving till that heat is fucking subdued."

Jace moaned, his pussy quivering and milking that knot as the ache for more forced him to rock his hips back and forth.

Neither of them could wait.