

King Maker

Part 3: The Tipping Point

Jace was roused from his sleep as powerful hands groped over his abdomen and pec. Jace gave a little groan from his exhaustion, but those hands roaming and groping wouldn't be denied.

"Raul..." Jace murred. "I'm a little tired-" Jace was cut off as the rat behind him simultaneously found his pussy and sunk his buck teeth into his scruff, his tongue lulling over a series of mating bites. Jace had a flash of memory from each one that Raul's thick tongue ran over. One in particular was from earlier that week.

Jace was dripping with need and Raul was off completing his set in another part of the gym. Jace managed to get behind a couple rows of lockers on the gym floor, leaning against the ice cold metal as his heat ravaged him with potent hot flashes. Jace was panting, and not because his usual weights were giving him trouble, but, because of Gilles little punishment, the waves of need were crashing Jace with paralyzing desire.

"Hey, Jace?" someone asked through the lusty fog. "You okay dude?"

Jace cracked his eyes open one at a time to see Eric, Raul's best friend.

"Yeah...I'll be okay...once it passes," Jace panted out.

"Holy shit, Raul wasn't kidding," Eric gave a soft moan as his nose twitched. "Your heat is deep and never stops, does it."

“He bragging about me again? The fucking dork,” Jace couldn’t help but huff out a half-hearted chuckle.

“Ya know...he said to help you...” Eric came forward, the short stack barely coming up to Jace’s pecs. “I could...ya know...give you some relief.”

“Raul thinks he can throw me at other people now?” Jace’s voice was stern, but the shiver of need running up his spine belied his thoughts on the matter. Raul was starting to treat him like property? He was progressing faster than anticipated.

“No, he...he said I could help...but he’s kind of been...well...his appetite for sex has grown, and you’re not always around...”

“Are you saying he fucks you?” Jace cocked a brow.

“I mean...yeah man. It ain’t anything personal, but...I mean...ever since you got him into lifting, he’s been a beast, and those nuts are just crazy how much they produce. You’re not mad, are you?”

“Nah, not mad,” Jace lifted his leg, the powerful and flexible appendage coming down on Eric’s shoulder. “But if you’re going to be taking care of him while I’m indisposed, I hope you’re ready to do the same for me.”

Eric shuddered his knees giving out as he collapsed from more than the weight of that leg. That heat was like a sucker punch that took the breath out of the cute basset hound’s lungs. Jace just kept looking down at Eric and gave him a sly smirk and a nod. Eric’s eyes darted from Jace’s unnatural violet orbs to the hem of his booty shorts. The hound’s hands came up, shaking as he lifted his fingers to grip the hem of those shorts and pull them down with reverence.

Eric thought Jace's heat was strong, but once he pulled the sopping panties away from that dripping spade, he got a hit of the uncut, pure product. Eric felt his four incher throb in his pants and a sense of dominance try to take root, but Eric knew the rules of the pack. He wasn't the alpha, he was just some omega that ate at the scraps that Raul deemed worthy for him to have. Given, Raul never said this, and he would probably think it a little crazy, but he didn't need to. Raul's musk was heavily muddled all over that spade. Raul had laid claim to those puffy lips, that beautiful triangle was owned property of their growing friend. All Eric could do was bring his muzzle to it, his teeth chattering from the thick pheromones, drool dripping from the corners of his muzzle.

"Go on," Jace encouraged. Eric gave one last look in Jace's eyes before moving his muzzle forward and kissing that delicious spade. Eric's tongue lulled out and over those dripping folds, his muzzle nuzzling and playing with that sensitive pussy.

Jace gave a soft moan as he laced his fingers in through Eric's hair and encouraged him onward. The basset hound didn't need to be asked twice as his tongue slipped inside. Eric could taste that sinfully sweet decadence of that spade, but also the musk and mark of his friend. He had sucked Raul off a couple times now, and he was familiar with the wolf's pheromones that glazed that massive rat boner, but with the intensity of flavors reversed, he didn't know which one he loved more. The sweet, syrupy delight of Jace's snatch, or the salty brine of that bitch sticker Raul was packing.

Either way, Eric decided his place was on his knees as the base of this relationship's triangle. He lapped, his tongue digging deep and still finding Raul's mark. Eric knew Raul was big, but he had no idea that he had been seating his claim so deep inside those velvety folds.

And that sexy silk was sinful.

Despite the amount of sex Raul bragged he got from the wolf, he was sure it was a lie with how tight that pussy was. Eric had his asshole gaped plenty a time, so he knew what he was talking about. The way those slick walls still gripped and tried to nurse on his tongue was proof enough that the two didn't fuck nearly as much as the rat said.

But he was wrong. Raul may have even downplayed it.

Though, the burden of proof was on the two nymphos. The fact remained that it didn't matter in that moment what Eric thought, so long as he kept eating that delicate peach.

"There you two are," a deep voice murred.

Jace's eyes shot open as his pussy clenched at the sound of that voice. There, at the end of the hall of lockers was the rat man. He stood just over six feet tall and only wearing athletic shorts and his shitty converse. The shoes were starting to bend and break, not able to contain the growing man's soles let alone the rest of his body. Strong muscles ran down his arms, lean muscle and six pack abs with two solid pecs. The muscles in his neck were defined as well, his delts visible, but not bulging as they swept up into his thick jaw and powerful Adam's apple. His black hair had grown out a bit, the Rat opting to let it get a bit shaggier and longer. He wore a beany to catch his sweat, the black hat a few shades darker from his workout.

"R-Raul? You d-d-done with your set?" Jace asked.

"Oh yeah baby," Raul swaggered forward and gently pushed Eric out of the way. Raul's lips pressed against Jace's, his tongue lulling into his mouth. Jace still had to bend his head down a little, but every time they fucked he had to bend less and less. Jace shuddered as he felt Raul's fingers slide into his spade, those thick digits playing with his sensitive buttons the exact way that would drive him insane. He knew them well by now. Raul broke the kiss and leaned into Jace's ear.

“Turn around,” he ordered. He wasn’t asking. Raul hardly ever asked anymore. He knew Jace was always hot to trot.

Jace flipped around, his shorts and panties slapping the floor as he did so. Raul didn’t waste any time as he slipped his dick into that needy spade. Those puffy lips gripping that red hot rod as he sank deeper and deeper, always scraping virgin territory by the end of their fuck sessions.

“Just couldn’t wait for me, could you?” Raul chuckled, kissing the base of Jace’s neck. Jace’s response was to whine and rake his claws against the metal, the paint flaking away to reveal the steel beneath. “Such a bad girl, using my cock sucker to relieve that heat. You know you should wait till I’m ready for you. Isn’t that right baby girl?”

Jace gave a shuddering gasp as that dick rocked in his slick hole, Jace’s pussy juices dripping down that shaft as he rolled his hips as best he could to milk that thick member.

“Got nothin’ to say for yourself, huh?” Raul chuckled, his breath a mixture of his mint gum and his last cigarette. “That’s alright princess, I don’t need you to talk. I just want to hear you moan.”

Raul picked up the pace, thrusting into that pussy, the soft plapping of their hips could be easily heard through the gym, but if anyone noticed, they kept it to themselves.

“Fuck, Jace, that pussy is so fucking tight. You keepin’ it nice and snug for me?” Raul was getting into it, his breath rolling around Jace’s delt. Eric was below on his knees trying to suck on Raul’s pendulous nuts, but it was hard for him to fit one of the grapefruit sized orbs into his muzzle. Still, it didn’t deter Eric from his duty to his bro. Raul was practically pissing pre into Jace as he ground his hips into that pussy, making sure not to tie Jace.

Eric was the first to know that Raul was about to bust. He felt those balls churn against his tongue and cheeks. Those balls started to draw up, Raul's taint flexing and getting ready to breed Jace for the fourth time that day.

"Holy shit Jace, fuck, it's so fucking tight," Raul bit his lip, his buck teeth gleaming as he thrust faster, his hips getting a little erratic as he rocketed to his orgasm. He didn't ask if he could cum inside anymore. It's the only place Jace wanted him to bust.

Eric moaned into those nuts as he realized Raul's desire not to be tied in Jace for the next ten minutes. He decided to lend a helping hand. Eric's soft paw gripped that knot from the base and sent his friend over the edge. Those balls lurched, popping out of the basset hounds muzzle as they clenched and flexed.

Raul couldn't help it, the pleasure got more intense with each nut he busted in the wolf. He didn't realize he was doing it until he heard Jace give a gasping yip. Raul had sunk his teeth deep into that scruff, the faint taste of copper tingled against his tongue. Raul was about to pull back when he felt that spade quiver, those walls clenched, and a gush of cunny honey ran down their legs, dripping onto the floor. Raul just rumbled, biting harder and feeling Jace's legs quiver.

"Fuck, you like it when I bite you, baby?" Raul chuckled.

"Sh-Sh-Shut up dude," Jace panted.

"Don't be shy about it bro," Raul smacked Jace's ass as he pulled out, a gush of cum splattering Eric in the face. "I love making your legs quake." Raul side-stepped out of the mess and saw Eric. "Oh shit," Raul half chuckled out. "Sorry dude."

"No...no it's fine," Eric's shorts were twitching from his orgasm still. "I'll...I'll clean up if you want."

“Thanks dude, you’re a real bro,” Raul smirked and gripped Jace by the ass and guided him to the showers. “I ain’t done with you.”

Currently Jace was being molested by Raul’s powerful hands, that seven inch prick of his was grinding against Jace’s thick cheeks and dribbling pre onto the small of his back.

“Raul...oh fuck,” Jace gasped, but then everything abruptly stopped.

“Zzzzz...Zzzzz...” Raul snored.

“Are you *fucking* kidding me?” Jace growled, his pussy dripping as his heat bled over him. “Sleep molesting me? Again?!”

Raul responded by rolling over onto his back and letting out a loud, ear shattering snore. Jace just rolled his eyes.

“Oh no you don’t, broseph,” Jace growled as he turned and looked at the rat. “You started this and you’re going to finish...finish...wow...”

Jace’s thoughts melted away. He had been fucked from behind all night so he didn’t really see any changes, but *fuck* if Raul wasn’t a stud. His muscles had come into stark relief. His nipples pierced with silver barbells, his pecs protruding out. He looked like a total college hunk. The Rat was currently sprawled, one arm above his head exposing a hairy pit, his black pit hair thick and a little musky from their romp earlier. His arms were thick, a powerful vein rolling down them and splitting the peak despite not having a pump. The king maker tattoo had grown significantly, rolling up his sides and framing his eight pack with guns, skulls and spider webs, even creating a half sleeve on one arm to really accent his

bicep. His teardrop thighs stuck out from the sheet, his leg half off the bed and bent, showing the thickness of his calf, his black toe claws twitching as he snored.

But the beastly bulge that existed between his legs was the real culprit of that permanent manspread. The tip of his shaft throbbed beneath the sheets, a thick black spot forming at the tip. The sheet clung to his balls, those papaya sized nuts churning and clenching in his sleep.

Jace's spade clenched and dribbled his sweet honey onto the mattress. Jace bit his lip as he gripped the sheets and pulled them away, revealing that beautiful sack. The giant peach that was his nut sack had a thick tuft of black hair growing between them as they churned. The trimmed black pubic fur ran up into a treasure trail that accented his abs. His pecs had a light dusting as well.

"Fuck, you're coming along nicely Raul," Jace murred slinking down between those sprawled out legs. "Time to rouse the king."

Jace nuzzled those nuts and Raul rumbled in his sleep. Jace's soft paws cupped those massive rat baby makers and he gave a soft sniff, the circulation of cool air through Raul's pubes caused him to shudder, his balls flexing. Jace gave a contented sigh, that thick musk having filled his nose. Raul was a very clean guy despite being kind of a slob. Or maybe it was that he just didn't bother with stuff he knew Jace would do. He left his clothes and shoes all over the place when he came to Jace's apartment, but it was mainly because he couldn't get past the doormat without being balls deep inside the horny pup.

Jace murred and lulled his demonic tongue between those nuts, that long purple appendage bowing from the weight of those massive jewels. Jace's tongue drooled, thick strands of saliva rolling down it and dripping onto the bed as the salty and potent flavor of *man* filled his muzzle. That demon tongue lulled further, flicking over that taint while swaying and sloshing those balls to cradle them in that loving tongue one at a time.

Raul rumbled in his sleep, his legs spreading farther apart.

“Fuck yeah...worship...dez nuts...zzz”

It was a dominant command bubbling up from the depths of Raul’s subconscious. He was craving that dominance, the worship, the eyes of other’s desire. Jace moaned as the thick smell of heady musk, burning cedar, and sandalwood emanated from deep inside Raul’s nuts. It was pride, thick and powerful and poised to grow. Jace rolled his tongue over those nuts, making sure that sack was nice and warmed up, slicked with that demonic spit that caused his sack to tingle with pleasure and focusing his growth.

“Fuuuuck...” Raul moaned in his sleep, his cock slapping his chest with a thick string of pre. Jace shuddered as he sucked one of those massive papayas into his muzzle, lulling his tongue over that taught scrotum and nursing while swirling his tongue around it with deliberate and calculated sanguinity. Slurping and sliding around the sensitive rolls and bulging veins of that churning nut. Then, letting that nut flop out and slosh onto the bed before giving the other the same treatment. Raul’s nuts were just simply too large to suck into his mouth at the same time. The days of slurping on that entire sack while stroking that member were over. He would need to enlist Eric’s help to do that, but something told Jace that Raul wouldn’t mind building his own little harem.

He might not be ready for that word, but soon. The king maker curse has already fueled his ego and was only going to corrupt him further. Jace shuddered before sliding up, his spade dragging across those nuts as he brought it to that shaft. Jace’s heat dribbled from that puffy spade, those tight lips dripping clear liquid that glowed a gentle purple over that shaft. Jace ran a hand over his tattoo, the little heart having evolved to show more roses and feathery wings, scrawling lines made to accentuate his features and curves that were coming in nicely.

Jace had already given much of his dominant mass to Raul and they were meeting in the middle, though with every workout that Raul did, his body was expanding faster than what Jace was giving him. He may be a gym rat, but he wasn't getting his results from his regimen alone.

"Oh fuck...Raul..." Jace breathed, his heart fluttering and his pussy quivering. "You're going to be such a fucking stud..." Jace shivered as he rode his spade up and down the base of that shaft, a Prince Albert flashing into existence as the curse drew upon more of Jace's essence. The piercing was hot, warm from the heat of that cock as Jace slicked it, then angled his pussy to have it catch on his warm, inviting entrance.

"Oh god..." Jace arched his back as he slipped that dick into him, sliding it right down into his depths like it was always meant to be there, his walls clenching and milking that cock as it throbbed deeper than it ever had before.

Then Raul's hands rolled up on Jace's thighs.

"Bout time baby," Raul murred, his eyes flashing open, his ocean blue eyes glowing in the low light, a thin ring of purple circling them.

"Raul...how long have you been awake," Jace was silenced as Raul flicked his thumb over that exposed spade, the sensitive puffy folds being played with by his muscular thumb.

"Not long," Raul smirked. "How you feelin' buddy? Horny? That heat getting to you again?"

Jace shuddered as that cocky grin split, viper bite piercings flashing into existence.

"Uh huh..." Jace whined and started to grind down on that cock, slowly sliding it up and down those silky walls. Jace's cunny honey drooled around that shaft and rolled over that knot before sliding down the canyon between those balls.

“I guess I could fuck another nut inside you,” Raul rumbled, his sleepy eyes fluttering before he cocked a brow, a piercing glint appearing on it. “Shame we’re not ‘compatible’ or whatever.” Raul ran his thumb up from that spade and over that bulge of his cock in Jace’s abdomen. “I’d love to see you bloated with my brood.”

“Oh fuck Raul,” Jace slid up that cock and slipped it back in, the rat chuckling as Jace’s need dripped over his dick. “Your dirty talk is so good.”

“Oh, you want me to talk dirty, baby?” Raul rolled his hips, his abs crunching as he dug his dick deeper into that pussy, the puffy spade dribbling its need as he stoked that pleasure. “You want to be my dirty little bitch? Fuck, that’s hot. I’d love to see that heart right there stretch over my brats inside you.” Raul rubbed his thumb over the bulge of his cock on that heart.

“Oh fuck, that would be so hot...” Jace started to pant.

“Fuck Jace, really?” Raul’s cock jumped in that pussy, a thick jet of pre smacking that cervix and warming it with the promise of motherhood. “If we were compatible you’d really let me just bust my brats deep in that pretty pussy?”

“Y-Yes...” Jace blushed from more than just those words as a warmth rolled up inside of him.

“You’re really a submissive fucker, aren’t you?” Raul gripped the base of Jace’s tail, a shock of pain rolling up his spine. “So, who’s my good little bitch?”

“M-M-Me...” Jace wined, his toes twitching as he tried to ride that cock up and down, but Raul just gripped his tail harder and forced him to stop.

“No, be a good girl and tell me exactly who’s bitch you are,” Raul’s eyes glared with a lusty cruelty. Jace had never been wetter.

“I’m your bitch, Raul...” Jace panted out, but Raul only gripped that tail harder.

“Louder,” Raul almost growled between his teeth. “I want your neighbors to know who owns that fucking pussy.”

“Fuck! I’m your good little bitch Raul!” Jace shouted.

“Fuck, then I’m going to breed you raw till you’re gravid with a big litter,” Raul gripped Jace under his knees and flipped him onto his back while he got up on his knees. The motion caused the bed to creak and his cock to almost pull out of that pussy. Jace was forced on his back and Raul loomed over him, Jace couldn’t help but feel a little helpless against Raul and his libido.

Was...was he larger than him now? Jace’s toe paws flexed as he linked them behind Raul’s sculpted ass, and Raul practically hissed as he sank his dick deep into that wanton pussy.

“Fuck, exactly what a good bitch would do,” Raul snarled as the rhythmic plaping of hips smacking filled the room, the creaking of Jace’s bed echoing through to the other apartments. “You gunna be my good little girl? My good little bitch?”

“Fuck yes Raul! I want to make you a daddy so bad! Fuck that spade, you own that pussy!” Jace raked his claws across Raul’s back as he slammed his cock deeper into that pussy, literally deeper. Jace’s moans started to go higher and higher in pitch as he felt something brush deep inside of him. That cock head was kissing his cervix, that PA like a hot lick of steel against his most intimate of places.

Raul was already getting close, his toe claws tearing the sheets as he picked up the pace. The bed rocked back and forth, the head board smacking against the wall behind them a few times before skidding across the floor and tearing up carpet. That knot slipped in and out of Jace’s silken walls, the thick nub swelling larger and thicker with each thrust.

“Fuck you’d be so fucking sexy with a big belly full of my litter,” Raul snarled. “Fuck, I’m going to bust. I’m going to knock that ass up.”

“Please Raul! Breed me! Bust your brats right inside my womb! Don’t hold back-”

Jace was cut off as Raul bit down on his neck, that knot slipping into his spade and distending it. Raul kept thrusting in, seating his dick deeper and deeper as that knot swelled for a mating tie. Jace screamed, his legs quivering as he came, his toes paws splaying as those massive rat nuts drew up and flexed. The tip of Raul’s cock was firmly seated against that cervix, that thick cum pipe an angry red as it pulsed, then throbbed by spitting cum deep inside that womb.

Jace felt his tattoo glow, energy welling up, his heat peaking...

But it wasn’t enough.

Jace would have cried if he wasn’t in such euphoria. Raul’s throbbing cock was dumping seed more virile than any man in the territory, but it wasn’t up to Gilles’ standards. The curse rejected it still and his heat only grew deeper.

For Raul though, he was envisioning his now shorter fuck buddy’s belly swelling, growing with his young. Nothing had ever made him cum harder in his life than the idea of knocking up some bitch. It could have been the pheromones, the heat that he’d been steeping his mind in for months, but now he knew he wouldn’t be satisfied until he saw Jace gravid with his young.

Raul started thrusting again and Jace screamed in pleasure as Raul snarled around their mating bite. He wasn’t done busting and he had a lot of mating frustration to burn.

Maybe Jace had more of an in with the whole harem idea than he first thought.