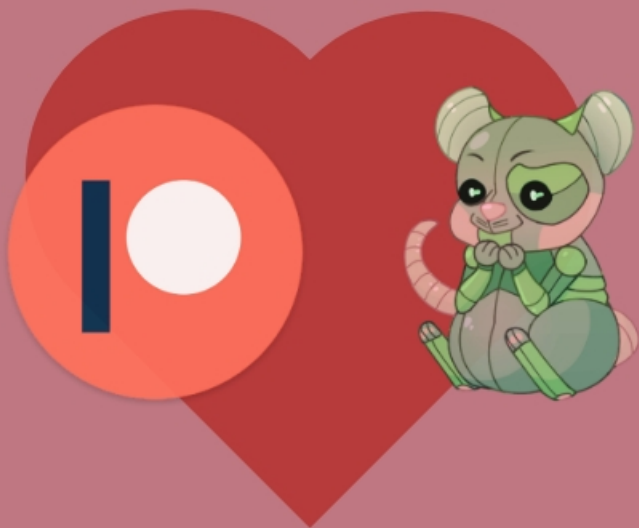


Cyberrat's Patreon Compilation



Volume 4

Shimadacest – Rape Play; Voyeurism; Whoring Out – *Doing Well*

Sometimes even Genji has to gag at the ugly cocks Hanzo is presented with, but if Hanzo minds them any, he does not show it.

He loves them all, no matter who they are attached to or how unwashed they look. It's an acquired taste, Genji is quite sure. He still remembers the first few months of Hanzo's new duties; how the elders had to beat him into submission and hold his nose shut until he nearly went blue in the face and just had to open up for one wrinkly old dick after the other.

How he's cried hot, angry tears, suffering through the lashes against his back until it bled just because he's let them feel the edge of a tooth.

Now, he has his mouth open and tongue out even before the business men can fumble through opening their belts.

Genji sometimes wants to kneel next to him just to make sure they smell as bad as they look, but father's hand in the back of his kimono always holds him back. It is not his place to disturb Hanzo while he is *working* for the clan – but at least he may watch as he degrades himself for the amusement of those that his father intends to make business with.

“Show me your tits, little one,” one of them wheezes. The request is not unfamiliar to Genji, and Hanzo does not even bat an eyelash anymore. He looks up at the old geezer, eyes made big and innocent as he lets his kimono slide from his shoulders, squeezing his biceps around his chest to make his tits really pop.

Genji rubs his thighs together, restlessly shifting his ass against his heels. He can feel father's hand like a brand through his kimono as he tries to will away the hot erection that blooms like a Pavlovian response to seeing Hanzo's rosy inverted nipples pudgy and delicious peeking out just-so from the part of his garments.

“That's it...” The man's breath is becoming deeper and more labored as he ogles Hanzo's chest, then the pink slip of his tongue as it patiently sits against his lower lip, waiting for his treat.

The very same ‘treat’ that the man is currently pulling out of his slacks, and Genji leans forward eagerly just as Hanzo makes a soft, wordless sound in his throat, mouth still open wide, waiting to be used.

Sojiro's hand tightens in his kimono, keeping him from crawling forward. They are a modest distance away but still close enough that Genji can see a weird ugly bump on the side of the shaft the man is strangling in his fist.

He's never seen cocks as unsightly as the ones Hanzo is presented with on a regular – and he has seen plenty of dick, thank-you-very-much – but Hanzo only seems to delight in them.

They watch as the man grabs the top of Hanzo's scalp, fingers digging into his silky hair to keep him as still as possible as he bends in his knees and slaps the tip of his cock against Hanzo's tongue.

Hanzo's eyes go slitted as a cat's that is lying in a sunbeam. Genji can't believe how hot he gets for these guys – and how hot it makes him watching Hanzo go crazy over them.

.o.

Genji has never seen – or heard – Hanzo like this and he is not quite sure whether he likes it.

Next to him, his father is calmness incarnate, face as stoic as ever as he listens to Hanzo's distressed cries as he gets put through his paces by one of the most ancient men that Genji has ever seen.

The old man – going by the name of Giovanni – is as mean as he is sharp-boned and as he fucks Hanzo like an ape, Genji is only waiting for his hip bones to slice Hanzo's comparatively cushioned ass open.

It has to hurt just as much as it looks because Hanzo is positively wailing on the old geezer's dick, bouncing on his cock like a rabbit while Giovanni's gnarled fist is curled in Hanzo's long hair and uses it like a leash to pull him back onto his dick and make sure he can't get far.

Giovanni's bony chest is heaving but that does not keep him from running his mouth. Genji is almost reluctantly impressed.

"You fuck like a lazy farm animal! I thought better of the *heir of the Shimada empire*. Are you nothing more than a tired sow, boy?! Come on – let us all hear you squeal on my cock like the pig you are!"

Hanzo's face flushes redder than it was before, his mouth open, panting as he takes the old geezer's dick raw because he hadn't begged desperately enough for slick earlier in Giovanni's opinion.

Genji can see the mulish denial on Hanzo's sweat drenched face as it pierces through the fog of his mindless need, and when Giovanni begins harshly slapping his big brother's ass and thigh, he is not surprised to see that it does not garner the reaction he had been angling for.

The old man, however, knows exactly how to play the young man that he has bouncing on his cock.

Genji shifts nervously when he sees the wide, almost manic grin on his gaunt face as Giovanni bends to retrieve his belt, but Sojiro's hand in his kimono holds him back as usual. When he throws his father a small side-glance he can see a faint dusting of red on his high cheekbones, and, intrigued by his father's reaction, Genji settles down to watch the play unfold.

He is impressed, in a way, about the way that the old geezer can move while Hanzo is vaguely struggling: his fist stays in the black, long hair, holding them like the reins of a particularly spirited horse, as he curls the belt around his other fist.

The first lash has Hanzo just gasp, his face hilariously shocked with his mouth in a perfect little 'o' of dismay.

Giovanni's bony hips have stilled, cock buried in the red, inflamed looking hole. (If Genji is honest, it looks *fasty*; like a hot little cherry that would feel so good against his tongue when he lovingly laps at Hanzo to take all the hurt away...)

He grins, cocksure, two red dots of color on his cheeks.

"Squeal for us," he goads, his dark eyes flicking for the first time over towards where Genji and Sojiro are kneeling. "Squeal for your father. Let him know what a greedy sow for cock his eldest son has become."

Genji hadn't known up until that point just how high Hanzo could pitch his voice or how eager he was to debase himself in line of his duties, but he found out that day as Hanzo got ridden to hell and back while squealing like a pig at slaughter.

Later, when Sojiro and Giovanni went to finalize their contract, Genji would creep closer just to have a look at Hanzo's ruined, raw gape as he was crumpled on the floor and too weak to keep the old man's cum from bubbling out.

.O.

Hanzo is not always an exclusive toy. Sometimes schedules clash, and his demand is high, so he will have to service more than one dick at once.

Genji does not think he's ever seen Hanzo as happy as when he can play with multiple cocks at once. It's a bit scary, sometimes – especially when he thinks about how filled with hate and loathing he had been when the elders first started his training; how he retched those first times they stuffed their wrinkled cocks down his throat and how he can't get enough of ugly cocks now.

He realizes, on some level, that they have broken Hanzo. They have twisted him up until he's been primed to debase himself and love it; how he gets positively anxiety ridden when a man does not immediately show interest in him, like he needs *this* cock and *this one alone* to become happy.

It is easily forgotten, however, when one can watch him drool happily on one cock while polishing another in his fist; how he'll crawl and bark and piss on the floor at the mere suggestion that it will bring him another load to warm his belly.

In some ways, Genji thinks he might be just as fucked up as Hanzo for loving it so much. Maybe it is just one more of the elders' ploys: Genji hasn't snuck out of the estate in a long time now – roughly since Hanzo started becoming the Shimada's bargaining chip.

Jack/Gabriel/Jack – sequel to a fic from Vol. 3 – A/B/O; Rape; Forced Possessive Mating – *Nightmares 2*

[Patreon Link to Prequel](#)

Gabriel is living in a kind of fog of terror and anxiety since the day that the freak accidents of Jack's split body and mind have forced themselves on him.

Life has become... difficult for him. No, not difficult – unbearable. There is nobody he can turn to, no institution to help him, as far as he can tell. Being in a top-secret military program like the SEP means that there are precious few avenues he can take to somehow help him in the shitshow that his life has become, and being in the rare situation that he is in – not only having been claimed by an Alpha, but by *two* Alphas that should not exist – poses even more problems.

He's never been mated before. He wonders if the sickly oppression he is feeling every waking moment is normal. He does not think so; not when everybody else is panting after a mate.

He does not think that the dread and anxiety he constantly feels draining his reserves has necessarily anything to do with the fact that he is mated to an Alpha pair, and more with the way that the bond has come about.

Gabriel is a big Alpha; meaty and strong, and ahead of the rest of the pack, and the loss of his own agenda has hit him harder than he would have ever thought possible.

He's never imagined himself in the position of a victim, let alone one of sexual assault, and the fact that this all is in the open – that everybody has noticed the change in his scent and seen the two vicious bites left and right of his neck – without anybody helping is... distressing.

He is living in a constant fear that is gnawing at his insides and makes eating difficult to impossible.

He wants to flee but he has nowhere to go – a horse kept on reins and whipped on its ass to try and run anyway. He can feel his sanity wearing thin, and the twin evils snapping constantly at his heels are not helping matters along.

Life has become one long, grey corridor for Gabriel Reyes and he does not know what to do to get out of it.

.o.

Jack and Morrison have been waiting for a while in their mate's quarters, and while his absence is something neither of them can handle well, they do enjoy his scent saturating every inch of the place.

They've briefly fought over who gets to roll around on his bed and lazily fuck one of the pillows, but Jack is not necessarily inclined to violence outside of ensuring the obedience of their mate and he's quickly backed down to leave Morrison the privilege while he himself is prowling through the small, tidy quarters and looking into various cupboards and drawers.

He finds a sewing machine in a large box hidden in one of the wardrobes along with a few half-finished pieces of clothing which Jack all finds very delightful. He hadn't even known how talented their mate was!

Jack is just about to turn around and announce his findings to Morrison who undoubtedly would have a field day with the information, when the door to Gabriel's quarters slides open and their mate is suddenly just standing there, staring with a blank expression at them.

The quiet lasts for a few seconds as Jack can watch Gabriel's dark eyes twitch from him standing at the open door of his wardrobe to Morrison groaning low and heart felt on his bed, hips flexing as he drags his wet dick along one of Gabriel's pillows to leave his own, sharp Alpha scent in the fabric.

"Oh," Jack says the same moment that the new Alpha scent seems to register with Morrison and he twists around to look at their mate standing in the doorway, filling it with his deliciously broad shoulders and letting his musky scent waft into the room.

As they watch, Gabriel's cheeks go darker with an angry flush. There is a tick below one of his eyes, one hand slowly curling into a tight, shaking fist at his side.

He's about to turn away, they can tell; flee off into whatever little hidey-hole he's found for himself in order to escape his duties and responsibilities as their mate, and while Jack would have been content to wait for just a bit longer and give him more time to wrap his head around the new and undoubtedly confusing situation, Morrison – as per usual – is a lot less benign and a lot less understanding in the struggles of their precious new mate.

And Jack... well. He can't let Morrison have Gabriel all for himself. Who knew what would happen if the two Alphas clashed, all alone – might even be that their feisty Alpha mate could overwhelm Morrison and do something *rash*... and they can't have that.

Jack and Morrison are on Gabriel before the door can slide shut.

He shouts out, angry and aggressive, immediately exploding in a flurry of fists and elbows, trying in a sudden, desperate rush to fight against them, but numbers are on their sides and they have their reluctant mate pulled inside his rooms before anybody could start being alerted about the sounds of the assault.

.o.

Jack wants to be too lenient with their bitch of a mate, but Morrison knows exactly how to treat him, and how to make him understand the quickest what his new duties entail: a full-on confrontation, preferably as often as possible until he behaves like a good boy should and rolls onto his back to show his dominant Alpha mates his belly.

They've already waited way too long, losing precious time in training Gabriel as they've just danced around him and let him squirrel himself away to try and avoid them as long as possible.

It's just no good. He needs to *learn*, and that is best done by *doing*.

The Alpha beneath them is roaring like a lion, twisting and fighting until they finally got him trussed up with his own bedsheets.

Fighting in the nude is not really Morrison's favorite past time, but at least it leaves him with little obstruction to fuck himself against Gabriel's ass once they have him in a way that ensures their easy access to his delicious, thick Alpha body.

The scent he's putting out is bitter and anxious, but he does not expect that to go on for much longer. Gabriel is an intelligent man with a quick wit, and he will understand what his place is, and the inevitability of it, soon enough.

They drag his jeans down after opening his belt, and once Morrison has his hands on Gabriel's fat cheeks, spreading them and having a look at his gorgeous cunt, their mate quickly changes his tune.

There's a wheezing whine coming from him, small and pup-like, and Jack the goddamn bleeding heart is at his head the next second, shushing him and dragging a hand across the shorn part of his skull.

"You don't need to be afraid. We're not going to hurt you if you're being a good boy and just follow along. Right?" He's looking up at Morrison, brows lifting in expectation.

Morrison snorts, one thumb pressing against the cute hole Gabriel has been hiding from them since their mating.

"Yeah... sure..." he mutters, then generously spits on it to get it wet and slick for some finger-fucking action.

Gabriel is whining again, high-pitched and desperate, his voice cracking as he pleads: "No-Don't. Please. J-Jack... the... the *real* Jack. He wouldn't want this. Not... not like this. Don't... Don't do it."

Jack looks worried, his hands framing Gabriel's face, thumbs gently smoothing over his goatee in an effort to calm him down before he's getting mounted and bred. Morrison aggressively thinks that he'll have to bite Jack if he now gets all mushy on him and starts defending their mate, but his worries are somewhat assuaged when Jack murmurs: "You shouldn't work yourself up like this. It's all going to be fine, you know? The Jack you knew is gone. I know this must be distressing for you. But you have new mates now and we are going to take such good care of you. Even though you're an Alpha.

Aren't you grateful?"

Morrison uses the moment to press the blunt head of his cock against Gabriel's barely prepared hole. He can't help it: he just needs to feel his silky insides wrapped around him.

Gabriel howls.

Gabriel/Lúcio – Predicament Bondage; Voyeurism; sub!Gabriel; dom!Lúcio; Cock And Ball Torture – *Let The World See*

It's all just a show and make-believe, but when the curtain goes up and there's a dark mass of people behind it, Gabriel still flinches back and wants to shield himself from their gazes.

Of course, that is impossible with his hands bound behind his back. Still, it makes him wobble on the unstable stools he's kneeling on, and as he tenses his abdominal muscles and struggles to regain his balance, Gabriel realizes for the first time the predicament – hah – he's in.

There's an uncomfortable pull at his balls from the silky rope wrapped around them and attached to the floor, and the gentle, not quite satisfying slide of the fake cock in his ass.

Gabriel closes his eyes and takes a deep, shuddering breath through his nose, teeth gently digging at the ball gag in his mouth.

He has to remind himself that this is all just a game; that this is make-believe, that nobody other than his Dom will put a hand on him. There are lights on stage that transform the onlookers into a faceless, dark mass.

Gabriel blinks, trying to discern some of the faces. He wants to know if there is anybody in the crowd that he knows; maybe have a friendly face that he can hold on to while he is being put on display, visible to everybody and so very, very vulnerable – but his eyes start tearing up from the glare of the light and he rather closes them.

That makes the whole thing even more scary. The big muscles in his thighs tremble until the motion travels down and into the unsteady stools he is kneeling on.

Again, he is clumsily fucking himself a bit deeper onto the generously lubed cock before trying to pull up and away, pulling at his balls in the process.

Gabriel whines, suddenly frustrated with the whole situation – and it's not even been five minutes yet. Nothing has happened at all, other than his reveal and his indignant, unhappy struggling.

The crowd is watching him fight his bondage, and it gets him all the more antsy. He knows they can see how unsure he is about this whole thing. He knows they can read him like a book, and he does not like the thought of it. Of them realizing that he's still a submissive in training; that his Dom is letting him play like this for the very first time-

Gabriel can feel Lúcio hovering just behind him. His energy is warm and vibrating; like he has to physically hold himself back from gentling Gabriel down and reassuring him. It's not what the scene is about, though, and he does not touch him for the longest time.

Everything is so quiet...

One of Gabriel's legs jerks suddenly, nearly kicking his stool away, and Gabriel cries out soft and pathetic, the sound muffled by the gag. His head falls back when the sensation of the fake cock sliding deeper into his belly has warmth radiating off of his insides.

And like that has been the start signal, the show suddenly gets rolling.

“A gorgeous specimen, this one, isn’t it?” an unfamiliar voice booms.

Gabriel’s head jerks around. He tries to see the man that has spoken, but he’s nowhere to be seen. His sudden motion has him wobbling again as well, and as he struggles not to fall, his balls are getting pulled on.

He groans into his gag, feeling drool starting to slip from the corner of his mouth. He’s very aware of his ballsac now; big and warm, hanging from its own weight. It feels swollen already, and nothing much has happened yet other than him getting trussed into his current situation by Lúcio’s warm and sure hands.

There’s a harness around his upper body to make sure he does not hurt himself if he were to completely fall off the unsteady stools he is kneeling on, and he is uncomfortably aware of how it is framing his pecs and making them look more plush than usual; like tits, almost.

“There you go,” the unfamiliar voice croons, jerking him out of his thoughts once more. The man laughs. It does not sound belittling, but he seems trained in this kind of thing; like he could make his voice do all sorts of nasty things.

“He’s getting nice and drunk, do you see? He’s struggling so hard not to go down, but we all know he’ll be there sooner rather than later.”

The crowd murmurs for the first time, low and appreciative. Gabriel’s nipples pebble at the sound, something stubborn wanting to rear inside him; the same thing that made him struggle against Lúcio’s calm, gentle dominance those first few times, not wanting to show off just how badly he likes to be praised and cooed over.

He huffs, nostrils flaring as his adrenaline spikes. He tries to breathe through it and center himself, but it is difficult when he’s so very purposefully kept off-center.

“I’ve talked to his owner behind the stage, and he’s told me quite a few interesting titbits. Seems like we have a very good boy on our hands – only that he doesn’t want to show it. Ain’t that right, buttercup?”

Gabriel jerks at the pet name, brows coming down in a fierce scowl. He digs his teeth into the rubber of the ball gag, muscles tensing in annoyance. He sure as hell is not *cute* or some shit.

“Aw look at that. The little lady is getting all antsy-”

Gabriel roars at that, anger burning hot through his veins. He twists, forgetting all about the scene as he struggles against all his bindings, shame at the feminization egging him on to try and find that clown and bash his head in against the floor-

The stools slide away, and all of a sudden Gabriel’s considerable weight falls down a few inches. He cries out in alarm, rough and a bit high-pitched as the fake cock slides into him deep, spearing him open as the harness keeps him from seriously injuring himself.

He hangs there in the air, eyes big and face slack in shock as Lúcio steps a bit closer, his sure, warm hand landing between his shoulder blades as a point of calm.

He leans forward some, staring into Gabriel's surprised, big eyes.

"Alright?" he murmurs, and Gabriel, as if in a trance, just dumbly nods.

He is truly helpless now, as he hangs in the air, his ankles kept up and off the floor by some more straps that connect them to the back of his arms.

Lúcio smiles at him, discrete and happy, like Gabriel making an ass out of himself and losing his temper at the feminization has all been planned (well...). He steps back again, just enough to be out of Gabriel's line of sight.

His hand doesn't leave him, though, instead giving him a gentle shove that makes him swing through the air.

"Ah there he goes," the voice says, but it is difficult to focus on it when he is being fucked on the slick dildo while the rope around his balls restricts firmly just how far his Dom can push him through the air.

He whines into his gag, muscles trembling as he tries for some semblance of control, and the man keeps talking in the background.

"He's a good pet. Bit temperamental, as you can see – but certainly very eager to please his Dominant. Look how sweet and docile he's getting now. He'll surely show you a good time if you're willing to put the effort in. I think bids should start at..."

Gabriel is chewing at his gag, drooling around it more as he swings through the air slowly, the feeling of getting fucked and getting his balls tugged on just this side of mean is making it so difficult to keep a calm head on his shoulders.

He's a mess, he knows, but the faceless mass of people does not sound put-out by the sight of him.

It is embarrassing to think that they can see just how easy he is for it; how his big, muscled body becomes all sweet and soft for a bit of rough handling, while his cock is swinging heavy and excited between his massive thighs.

"Look at how sweet and rope-drunk he's getting. The little lady just needs a bit of a firm hand. Someone to show her some rules and not afraid to put them through..."

Gabriel sobs at the words. Lúcio is stepping closer again, leaning into him so he can feel his Dom as he reaches around him and starts to additionally pluck at his nipples, fingers gentle but relentless as he plays with Gabriel's body in front of the whole crowd.

Lets them all see and hear how he goes wild for it when someone plays with his nipples. Lets them know just how sensitive his tits really are.

It is embarrassing, yes, but also...

But it's also really good... He's happy he's let Lúcio talk him into it.

Reinhardt/Hanzo – A/B/O; Ahegao/Fucked Stupid; Drooling;
Slut Shaming/Humiliation; Dehumanization; Mocking;
Consensual – *Not In The Job Description*

Reinhardt is used to being larger than anyone else, but he will never get over just how tight the fit is with the little Shimada Omega that has taken such a liking to the huge Alpha hired as his bodyguard for the foreseeable future.

Popping the fat head of his dick into the creamy little hole never ceases to be a revelation. He always thinks that this time will be the time it does not fit; that the little Omega will twist around and start biting at him viciously to get the huge Alpha off his back and protect the sweet little cunt he's got on him.

Hanzo, however, always lets him mount up without fail, baring down helpfully and trembling beneath him as he works to stem the weight of the young Alpha whenever Reinhardt gets too excited to pay attention to carrying his own weight.

The Shimada Omegas may be small, but they are sturdy, ready to take a pounding. Hanzo is inordinately proud of the fact. Reinhardt lets him be – he is the last person on earth that will begrudge another their pride.

He's never had as fun a job as this one – that is for damn sure. Hanzo might be uptight and strict outside the bedroom, ruling his estate with an iron fist – but inside he is nothing more than a greedy hole ready to be filled to the absolute maximum of his capacity by a strong Alpha cock that makes his belly bulge and rearranges his insides until he pisses himself in abject submission.

Reinhardt wonders if Hanzo is this lewd and ready for any Alpha that has barged his way as rudely into his bedroom as Reinhardt has (he's thought he'd just try whether the pretty Omega would be easy), or whether he just has a particular soft spot for the huge, German Alpha... But in the end, it does not matter much, does it?

All that matters is that Hanzo makes high-pitched little sounds of pain when he's getting stretched on a knot, sounding like a pup calling for it's mommy, and Reinhardt will never get over the pure rush of adrenaline that comes with the act of holding this powerful Omega down and making him take something that is so ridiculously large compared to his stocky little frame that he will be forced to come on his cock one last time – whether he has it in him or not.

Reinhardt's knot will simply press into his prostate with such rude efficiency that he'll be milked of every last drop of cum while he drools into the bedspread and howls for daddy to save him from the big bad Alpha that's ruining his precious Omega baby.

Not that Hanzo would actually want to get away.

Reinhardt has quite a few interesting scars high on his thighs, put there by the greedy Omega's claws those scant few times Reinhardt has tried to take his cock away from him.

He might be a young Alpha that still tries to push boundaries with the Omegas he's mounting, but he definitely is no idiot. He doesn't need his *Papa* to tell him that you don't

take your dick away from an Omega that is so gagging for it as much as Hanzo is on a daily basis.

Reinhardt has hit the jackpot, and he's not willing to give his little Omega away any time soon – which is why he makes so very sure that Hanzo reeks of him, so there is no doubt in anybody's mind who it is that gives it the Shimada heir so good on a daily basis that his love cries can probably be heard into the city outside the Hanamura castle.

.O.

Reinhardt has been trying to squeeze his cock into the little creamy Omega cunt for the better part of an hour now, so when it finally pops in, he can't help the booming, if slightly breathless laugh that breaks out of him.

His huge hand comes down in a resounding crack on Hanzo's thigh, but the Omega does not react much to it. He always gets very quiet and spaced out when his Alpha has finally forced his body into accepting the massive girth of his cock, and while Reinhardt usually likes to hear his Omegas sing for him – to bolster his ego, if nothing else – he does not necessarily mind Hanzo's drooling, fucked-out appreciation.

And appreciate he does.

“Lift your hips some more, slut!” Reinhardt's hand comes down in a loud smack once more, and Hanzo gurgles, shifting clumsily beneath him without doing much of anything that he's been asked to do.

He is squirming in his nest, invaded by the huge Alpha, with no place to squirrel himself away and feel safe from the immense pressure that the Alpha's cock is putting on his guts.

Reinhardt laughs at him, loud and insulting, because he's figured out early on that this Omega gets needy and pathetic when he knows that the guards outside can hear how he is getting treated and debased by some Alpha that wouldn't be worthy breathing the same air as him, let alone breed him as deep and thoroughly as Reinhardt does.

“Are you done already? Can't you even try to put in some effort, little Omega? You are a pretty lazy piece of work, are you not?”

He ruts forward, loving how Hanzo gets shoved through the blankets that make up his nest by nothing but the huge cock rammed up his belly.

Hanzo's nest already is an absolute mess, and Reinhardt can tell that it fucks with the Shimada heir's head.

He pulls out roughly, listening to the wet, obscene squelch of Hanzo's insides trying desperately to keep clinging to him, and watches the insane gape of his hole – an inflamed, aching red.

Hanzo cries out in alarm, inarticulate and animalistic. He twists himself around a bit just to see the Alpha carelessly wiping his dick with one of the Omega's blankets – usually a huge no-go that would get him kicked out of an Omega's nest for good-

But with Hanzo, it is always a bit different. Always a bit more crazy.

He looks positively *heartbroken* for a few delicious seconds before he wails again, knees sliding farther apart, offering himself up to the Alpha that is using him and everything that is his so very rudely.

Reinhardt laughs at him again, cock surging in his fist, eyes on the red, ruined gape he already made of the prettiest Omega cunt he's ever seen.

He still can't believe that Hanzo would not only let him *do* these things to him, but actively *beg* for them.

It's laughable how drunk this little creature gets for cock.

One moment he is whining and squirming, gagging to be filled once more, even though it hurts his little belly so much to get stuffed to the brim with dick, the other he is getting quiet and content, drooling into his once pristine nest as he is getting used like a toy on Reinhardt's big ruddy cock.

Hanzo does not mind anything, as long as he is being filled: he does not mind Reinhardt slapping his ass and flicking his cute cock; he does not mind being lifted into the air and dragged along his cock like a flashlight – he does not even mind it when Reinhardt gets bored in the middle of mating and sits down in front of the TV, drinking the expensive German beer that he has Hanzo import while the Omega is sitting on his dick, head lolling against Reinhardt's broad chest and small, pathetic orgasms being force fucked out of him.

"You like to pretend that you're a lot more discerning and prissy than you really are," Reinhardt tells him, not unkindly, as he leans across Hanzo's back and fucks his cock into his guts once more. "But in reality you are just a bitch for it. You are a hot little hole that likes to get spread on Alpha cock and get its belly filled with cream."

He is murmuring right in the Omega's ear now, eyes fixed on Hanzo's lax face, mouth open and red and drooling mindlessly just like the rest of him is lax and fucked-stupid.

Reinhardt can't quite put his finger on why he thinks it is so hilarious, but he also does not need too much of a reason to laugh at this particular little cocksleeve.

Hanzo loves it either way. He trembles around his dick at the sound of his humiliation, eyes going thin with need, pupils blown ridiculously wide.

He wants Reinhardt to slap him around some. Tell him he's not good enough for some prissy well-born Alpha's pups. That all he's good for is being a nice warm hole for Reinhardt to fuck into and leave with his own brood that'll forever ruin Hanzo's pedigree – as ridiculous and nonsensical as that notion is.

Reinhardt just lets his mouth run, watching Hanzo's delirious, needy reactions to it, and feeds off of his Omega's energy.

He would say just about anything just to make Hanzo happy and have him purr for him later while he is getting groomed by the little firecracker.

Ana/Reinhardt – Femdom; Strap-On; Mommy Kink; Slight Sadism – *The Biggest Trees Can Fall*

Reinhardt, being huge as a tree, crumbles like a wet paper tissue when just touched the right way, Ana finds.

The right way can be different things, however; it can be Ana scritchng through his blond goatee with her sharp nails or curling one of his long strands of hair around her index finger while he is buried face first between her thighs.

It can also be her toes pressing down on his overly big dick and pinning it against the floor until he pants like a dog, or a few mean fingers pinching his large, warm sac.

In any case; it takes hilariously little to make Reinhardt bend and roll over and show his belly.

He is like one of those huge pups that still thinks they are lap dogs; one, that has been trained to bite and still does not know his own strength.

It's not like he's come to her like this; he's not always been a well-behaved little kitten that follows her every command and says please and thank you. It's taken her, in fact, quite a long while to get him to the point of even being allowed to get her off with his fat sausage fingers instead of having to sit trussed up like a package at the end of the bed and watch her get herself off.

But, she finds, the work has been more than worth the end result.

The big baby now knows his place in intimate detail. She does not think he's ever gotten acquainted to a cunt as well as hers, and she intends to have it stay that way. She's put too much effort into teaching him just how to suck her clit and with how much force to drag his big tongue along her folds to just have another woman snatch him away from her.

Not that she does not share him occasionally with one of her colleagues – but those play dates are always neatly arranged and overseen by her. Before Reinhardt pushes his nose into the pretty bush of another woman, he'll look at her for permission, and Ana, being a control freak first and foremost, does not want to miss the rush of endorphins it gives her.

It is not like she hasn't had to get used to them being together, though. Reinhardt is a big boy, extraordinarily so, and she's been loath to destroy what she deems to be a gorgeous cunt on his big monster of a cock.

While she manages to cram at least the wide tip of it into her when she's especially slick and had his fat fingers to ride for a while, she has to admit that his whimpering when she does not let him slide into her belly all the way is tugging on her heart strings. Reinhardt begging her wordlessly for some relief for his poor, bigdick, does stir up her motherly side – surprisingly enough – and makes her more than eager to find a way to give her good boy what he's whining for... though admittedly not the way he might have envisioned himself getting it.

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It's so endearing to Ana, for how big Reinhardt is, as cute and small his hole looks. It's a pretty peach pink with nearly translucent little golden hairs growing around it where they proceed to crawl up his tight ass cheeks where they become a gorgeous fuzz.

That first time she orders her boy to turn around and spread his cheeks with both hands, she ends up spending the whole evening just tickling his hole and biting into his cheeks and the backs of his thighs until he was close to tears and didn't know where else to squirm to anymore.

He's as sweet as a virgin when she eventually starts fucking him on one of her fingers. He flushes and whines and hides his face in his big, muscular arms, but when she asks him to reach down and pull his knees towards his wide, plump chest, he does so like the well-behaved boy that he is.

It is humbling, in a way, how much Reinhardt trusts her. How willing he is to let her bully him around and make him lose all that pride that had ushered him into coming to Overwatch in the first place.

He's a good boy. Young. So willing to be taught, and just needing a firm fist to make him buckle.

Still, Ana likes seeing him tremble and struggle. She's a sadist at heart, even if a very benign one, and hearing Reinhardt cry out and seeing his big fat tears rolling down his cheeks gets her even better than feeling the double ended dildo of her harness slide into her and gently vibrate within her clutching cunt.

It's mean to immediately make his cute little hole take the big fake cock she's chosen for him, but his face makes it definitely worth it.

His pretty blue eye goes big and round as he sees her walking towards him, face going positively slack as he sits and stares, dumbfounded and shocked silent. He's afraid of it. The crown of the large brown toy is as big as a small fist, and when she gently nudges it against his cheek he already starts to cry and plead with her to have mercy on him.

On that sweet little cunt of his.

Still, he turns around for her, even though he is softly hiccuping and trembling all over, his huge body curled into a tight fist of fear as he lets her see his cute, wet hole; flushed a delicious dark red from having her finger him, then having *him* finger *himself* just for her viewing pleasure until there's a fat bubble of pre-cum at the tip of his large, swaying dick.

She's merciless – she won't be swayed by a bit of tears – but she is very gentle with him. He's her big dumb puppy, after all, and she can't help but coo at him, rubbing her hands along his heaving sides and petting what she can reach of his back and up his shoulders as she lets her toy kiss up to his gently gaping hole.

"Don't be afraid now," she purrs at him, hips moving, just nudging against him with slowly increasing strength. "It will all be well. You will love it, dear boy. Don't be afraid of mama..."

It gets worse before it gets better; when the insane stretch of the toy begins, Reinhardt almost wants to bound off the bed. She has to grab at his long hair like a leash, holding him

steadfast as he howls out his anguish, the big muscles in his thighs trembling something fierce as he gets impaled by her.

She coos at him, trying to calm him down despite how desperately slick she gets from listening to his wailing, belly almost aching with how hot he gets her.

“Bear down. Be a good boy for mommy. It’ll be so good for you in just a bit. I promise. Mommy has never lied to you, yes?”

When he is finally brave enough to bear down and she forces the flared tip to pop in with a bit of force, everything gets better.

Her big boy becomes more quiet when the wide shaft slides into him, spreading the rim of his cute hole so wide that it makes the breath catch in Ana’s throat to see it. She can’t believe he would let her do this to her; let her destroy his sweet little hole on the unfairly big toy she’d chosen for him.

His voice is all sweet and high-pitched when she carefully starts dicking him. She’s never asked him, but she’s really sure at this point that this is the first cock he’s taken up his gorgeous ass.

Reinhardt mewls exactly like a virgin that’s feeling a cock rearrange their guts for the first time, and Ana could kick herself for not recording this occasion. He’s all quiet and breathy, shuddering occasionally as she carefully fucks him on just a few inches of the large dick she’s managed to somehow cram into the tight clutch of his body.

She’s not sure how much lube she’s fucked into him before, but it sure is squelching now, loud and obscene even though her tempo is nice and slow and even.

If Reinhardt is embarrassed about the sounds she’s fucking out of him, he does not show it. He seems absolutely in his own little world, as he lies there, chest against the bed and ass in the air, letting Ana deflower him when he’s not even been allowed to shove his cock into her.

His cock, which looks positively cute compared to the monster she put on her harness.

She reaches beneath him, cruel little fingers finding his dick and how wet it has become. She lets it slide through her fist, listening to him obediently choke on his spit as he’s getting double teamed by his mistress.

The boy won’t be able to properly sit for a week. She wonders how he’ll explain it to those little friends of his that he likes to brag to. Maybe she’ll make him admit it; ask him to tell them the truth: that mommy fucked his cute little ass until it was too loose to close up properly; gaping and fucked buttery soft until it was just as flushed as his cheeks will surely get when Ana tells him her little plan.

God, but her boy is delicious...