

## Something Borrowed

### Chapter 3: The Suit

*You humans have gotten so much more depraved in recent years, and I'm loving it!*

"Dude, it's just Halloween costumes," Aksel rolled his eyes, his antlers clanking against one of the railings on the bus. "Shit, still getting used to that."

*I know, but just look at them! Is this how everyone dresses nowadays?*

"Not everyone," Aksel scrolled down his phone, over the various outfits. "Just the people with the bods for it. It's an excuse for sluts to go practically nude and for dudes to show off their bits. For others, it's just sort of a fun holiday about candy and dressing up."

*I'm looking through your memories and I'm loving some of the things that Terry wore when you were dating him.*

Aksel bit his bottom lip, the image of his ex clad in skimpy leather, his body paint changing his fur's color to be more skeletal while still showing off his sculpted abs and definition. He glowed under a black light in that memory, dancing with—

Aksel just shook his head and went back to scrolling. The memory both aroused Aksel and soured his win over Ken at the library.

"Look, there's a Spirit close to the next stop. I'm sure we can grab something cool there."

*What do you think both Terry and Ken would be into?* Stolid posed the question, though Aksel could already feel the ring's presence flicking over the folds of his brain like a receptionist flicking their nails over files in a cabinet.

“They’re both massive sluts, so something that shows off my new bod would be best,” Aksel shrugged.

*Yeah, no shit Capitan Obvious. It’s like that’s the crux of our entire plan, Stolid’s ring glinted as though he were rolling his eyes. It’s more about making sure it’s something both of them will go crazy over.*

“They both like that show with the white wolf,” Aksel floated the idea.

*Not really slutty when you’re covered in armor, and the scene where he’s in the tub with his foot paws out isn’t really the thing we’re looking for. I’m sure they have a costume of that, but it’s too desperate. It needs to cover up just enough to say I’m here to party and fuck.*

The bus stopped and dropped them off at the strip mall where the buck started for the costume store. Despite the chill in the air it was still very nice for a walk. Even though it was colder than the day before Aksel felt warm and insulated in his fur, his thick coat keeping the cold at bay while shimmering in the soft afternoon sun.

Stolid had taken control of the buck’s thumb, scrolling on the app as Aksel brought them to the store front, the clicking of his hooves against the cement an odd comfort. It reminded him with every step that this was real.

They entered the large store, the bright orange and yellows that made up the cheap signs out front mirrored the quality of the store’s construction on the inside. The floor was littered with scraps of half torn tags from various costumes, masks slapped onto shelves and toy swords stabbed into displays and shoved behind other plastic weapons when kids found the cooler ones. An animatronic witch greeted them with a cackle, the black cat with green eyes loomed over a cauldron that shot light up out of it. It was next to a massive display of “Fog Juice” that could be used to make the cauldron fill with fog.

A quick glance showed several masks, tags, and candy wrappers were in the witches brew from people tossing them on the way out.

“This place is a mess,” Aksel muttered to himself.

*It’s perfect, Stolid sighed. The lazy craftsmanship, the haphazard placement of discarded items, and the staff that is simply not paid enough to care. Reminds me of home.*

“Home?” Askel cocked a brow.

*Never mind my musings, Stolid sighed contentedly. I’d rather we find a costume before I find a nice pile of fake pirate treasure to nestle up into. I bet the paint is lead based.*

“Lead paint has been outlawed for years,” Aksel wandered into the store, his hand brushing over the leg of a giant inflatable skeleton who’s head was only inches from the ceiling.

*Such a shame, his thumb flexed as though Stolid were shrugging his shoulder. I guess it’s for the best though. Where are the adult costumes?*

“They typically keep them in view of the registers to prevent theft,” Aksel reasoned as he eyed a giant inflatable haunted house with a mechanical spider inside. There was orange tape on the floor saying “Web Trap” where a bunch of silly string was stamped into the carpet. Aksel decided to walk past it, the spider jumping forward and hissing, bits of silly string splattered them in spackling bits as the foam was almost completely empty.

*Please move on Aksel, Stolid insisted. If I see another half-baked invention only working at half capacity I might be compelled to stay.*

“Are you serious?”

*I like finding a fixer upper and polishing it until it shines.*

“Well, you know what they say about polishing a turd,” Aksel smirked.

*I made you shine, now didn't I?*

“Oh shut up,” Aksel dismissed the ring by waving it to the side and putting his phone away.

“Whatever, we're here.”

The shelves were almost empty except for some seriously stupid costumes like a ketchup bottle, a kissing booth, and a “Big Slender Willy” that was just Slender Man with a large dick hanging off its loins.

*So much variety and yet nothing that we want. Maybe further down the aisle?*

Aksel fought the urge to shove his hands in his pockets and instead crossed his arms to allow Stolid to see. He walked down the row and got into more sexy costumes.

“There's a sexy devil one,” Aksel picked it up and off the floor where it had been abandoned without being hung up.

*A bit on the nose for me, and besides, we wouldn't want to be giving them the wrong impression. You're a catch, not a one night stand.*

Aksel simply shrugged and hung the costume back on the shelf before moving onto the next grouping of clothes. There wasn't much, but one caught his eye.

“A sexy priest? Really?” Aksel pulled it off the shelf, his thumb brushing over the cheesy model who was wearing the robe and the image next to it showing there was nothing under the vestments.

*What the hell! Put that away!* Stolid hissed, his grip being reduced to nothing but his thumb and forefinger as his arm extended, Stolid showing his distaste. *You already have enough perverts in the real church.*

“Fine,” Aksel hung it back up and grabbed the costume next to it. “How about the EC officer? A sexy priest cop doesn’t sound half bad.”

The picture was the same guy as the previous one, and the only difference between the two was a little crest that was hung by a plastic chain, and that the vestments had pants. It was also twice as much.

*I said we need to find something that both Terry and Ken like, not some little boy fantasy of yours about joining the Exorcist Core. Besides, we’re doing some shit that the church would frown on. Infidelity and pre-marital relations?*

“Yeah, but doesn’t being a priest kind of make those things taboo?” Aksel egged on Stolid.

*Just drop it! Ugh! I can’t stand to even look at it.* Aksel gave another glance over the costume, his eyes lingering on the cross, emblem. His eyes stung with how bright the print was. He just blinked and tossed the costume next to a pile of returns.

“Maybe there are some hidden gems in the rejects.” Aksel started digging through the overflowing returns cart and hanging some of them back up to just get them out of the way.

“How about this one,” Aksel showed a gold spray-painted chest plate with abs, pecks, and nipples. “Who doesn’t like a sexy Spartan?”

*Nah, this is for people who don’t have the goods so they cover up their average chest with the fake stuff. You got the stuff, so we need something that’ll flaunt it.*

“How about this one? It’s cheap,” Aksel pulled a lifeguard outfit that was just a speedo with a red cross on it, an over the shoulder fanny pack, and a cap with the same logo.

*Too revealing, it gives away too much. Besides, the Red Cross is in clear violation of the Geneva Convention. Now, if it were a sexy nurse, it’d let it slide.*

“The Geneva Convention?” Aksel raised a brow.

*Yeah, a red cross can only be used in the branding of actual medical equipment or staff. Any other use is prohibited.*

“Seems a bit extreme, but I guess we don’t want to anger the UN,” Aksel tossed the kit to the side.

*Like they care, Stolid chuckled. Maybe if there was oil in Geneva.*

“Didn’t realize you were so political,” Aksel kept digging.

*I haven’t been into politics for a while now, though I’m managing to catch up despite your insipid aversion to current events. I’ve been catching conversations in passing.*

“Oh boy, I think we found the winner,” Aksel found the matching mustard container to the ketchup bottle.

*I know you’re joking, but look at that there, under it.*

Aksel tossed the mustard costume to the side and found a kit for a “Wild Warrior Viking” costume. It was a mixture of leather and faux fur. The top was a half harness that looped around the shoulders, then had a thick mane of black fur that acted almost as a shawl that accented the model’s wide shoulders. A chain connected in front to keep the thing from sliding off and hooked into a single

ring. The bottoms had a plunging fur codpiece that went down to just above the knee, but the belt was tied together at the hips by strings, exposing the entirety of the models leg and a peek at their ass, the then a large fur piece hung over the model's ass, the fur thick and fluffy making his ass look bigger and sexier. The costume even came with leather bracers and anklets that had fur on them as well. It was clearly a cheap sex costume they glued black fur onto and slapped into a plastic bag to sell at a premium.

"Damn, that's hot," Aksel imagined himself in it and he smiled. It would show off his musculature so well and without being a hindrance on his antlers.

*I think we've found the right costume for the job!* Stolid agreed, but Aksel flipped it over and nearly jumped from the shock.

"We can't afford it," Aksel deflated, slapping it back into the pile. "Fuck, that's an insane amount of money for, like, no clothing!"

*Hold on now,* Stolid's voice was smooth as he took the costume back in hand. *Let's not rule it out just yet.*

"Ryan doesn't have that kind of money either. If he's going to be the only one paying rent and buying food for a while we can't just throw him into debt."

*Why not?*

"Because I said so," Aksel glowered at the ring.

*Jeez, calm down. It was just a suggestion.*

"Yeah, I'm not going to put anyone into debt over this, especially Ryan. I already kind of feel bad about making him deal with the money stuff."

*Fine, then what do you suggest? We're not going to find much else on such short notice. The only things left are garbage joke costumes or these super expensive ones.*

"I could call Ken...nah. If the first thing I do is ask for money he'll cut me out faster than he did that one guy who tried to move in with him when they were dating for a week. I can't think of a more mooch thing than that."

"You doin' okay back there?" The musk deer behind the counter asked. The guy didn't even look up from his magazine as he continued chewing on some gum and turning a page.

"Yeah, I'm doin' oaky. Are these prices accurate?"

"The price on the bag is the price unless it has a discount sticker," the deer droned back as though he had said it a thousand times. "You can't miss it, the discount sticker is right over the price tag to prevent any confusion."

"Um...Thanks?" Aksel shrugged.

"You're very welcome," The deer said back, blowing a bubble that popped between his tusks. "Let me know if you and your friend need anything else."

"Oh, it's just me," Aksel blushed.

"Sorry," the deer wasn't really paying attention that much. "You were talking, so I thought you were with someone."

"I'm on my phone..."

*Why are you explaining yourself to that goth dude?*

"My bad," the deer sighed.



*We could steal it, Stolid offered.*

“No,” Aksel stopped himself from shouting and hushed himself. “No, I don’t want to get the guy in trouble. Seriously.”

*Why!?*

“He seems like a nice guy?”

*Mister monotone over there? Really?*

“Come on, he doesn’t get paid enough to care. That also means he probably can’t afford to lose this job.”

*Wow, for someone looking to ruin their ex’s life, you sure do care a lot about other people.*

“This guy didn’t do anything to me,” Aksel reasoned. “Terry cheated on me, this guy is giving me the bare minimum and that’s what he’s paid, so I say five stars.”

*Seriously? Whatever man. What do you want me to do here?*

“You said you could fulfil desires, why not get this costume?”

*I can’t just waive your hand and make it yours, unless we do the five-finger-discount, but you don’t want to get the guy in trouble. My powers are limited here if you’re not going to let me work.*

“Well, maybe we could barter for it,” Aksel shrugged. “You said you know what people want. What does he want?”

*Another smoke break and a job that pays him more than minimum wage, but I can’t give him either of those. Do you have a job offer in your back pocket?*

“You can do better than that. There has to be something.”

*Well...you up for seducing your way through this?*

“What, like charm him into getting a discount?”

*No, I mean offering your body for the costume. Sex for pay. Being a cheap whore? Then again, for the price of that costume is it really cheap? My sense of what is expensive is still a little—*

“For real? Is that all you got?”

*You’re not giving me many options here! You can let me take the wheel again like in the library and it’ll be smooth sailing.*

“No, and how do you even know he’s gay?”

*He wants to get dicked down so hard it’s screaming out of him. He hasn’t gotten any in months and he’s been too tired to go out and club, so he’s just sort of been jacking off before bed.*

“Wow, you got all that with your powers?”

*No, it’s written all over his face. Just look at that guy and try and tell me he doesn’t want his eyeliner to run from gaging on some dudes cock?*

Aksel sneaked a look at the deer. He was fit, his hair dyed black and put into a sexy up-do. His ears had several piercings on them, glinting in the flicking lights. His eyes were a dark brown and half sheathed, his black eyeliner and shadow making his eyes pop. He didn’t have any antlers, but instead had a duo of tusks that looked vicious, but the bright blue gum he was popping undercut the fangs and made them look more playful. His jaw was squared and he wore a mesh top that showed off the man’s

definition. He had thick arms and his hands were covered in various rings. His thick thighs filled out his leather pants well, his little tail flicking over his round cheeks as he continued to flip pages.

“Dude looks like a vampire pirate,” Aksel was going to write him off as not his type, but the more he looked at the deer, the more he liked it. The guy was maybe an inch or two shorter than himself, hard to tell with him leaning over like he was, and he was stacked. If he peeled back the layers of goth crap, he actually was quite the buck.

Aksel’s dick twitched in his pants, his eyes looking over the dude with a new fascination. A sudden warmth rolled up Aksel’s spine as he was reminded of his rut. Then their eyes met and Aksel quickly looked away.

“You got a question?” The cashier asked cocking his head to the side.

“I...” Aksel’s face burned. He was so out of practice. He had no idea what to say. His mind was a blank, and now his dick was rising and ready to rage.

*Fucking say something!* Stolid screamed.

“I...yeah,” Aksel spun around. “Do you have anything else like this?” Aksel took the costume and brought it up to the front.

“Oh, that one was popular,” the deer tapped the image. “Sold quite a few of those bad boys. As for something similar...” the deer trailed off and closed his fitness magazine. “They got a few caveman suits if you’re looking for something cheaper. Otherwise I might have something in the back. You mind if I take it back with me so I can compare?”

“Oh...um...sure,” Aksel handed it over, but when the guy went to take it, Aksel couldn’t let go. Stolid held the costume firm.

“Um...you okay there?” The clerk cocked a brow.

*Ask him his name.*

“Oh...I...can I get your name?”

“It’s Ron,” the deer gave him a curious look. “You want me to go check for ya or not?”

*Let go and apologize.*

“Oh,” Aksel felt Solid’s grip release on the costume and immediately brought his hand behind his head to scratch it. “Sorry, yeah, go ahead.”

“You okay dude?”

*Say yes, and that you’re just not used to running into such good looking guys.*

“Yeah,” Aksel’s face burned. “I’m...just didn’t expect to run into such a good looking guy.”

The air was silent for a moment and the deer gave a little scoff.

“Does that line usually work?”

*Look what you made me do! He’s totally turned off! Aksel shouted at Stolid in his mind.*

*No he’s not! Look at him. He’s in rut too, and now he’s intrigued.*

Aksel took a brief moment to look Ron over. The guy had a hand on his hip while a smirk played at the corner of his fangs.

“Shit, you’re right...”

“Excuse me?” Ron cocked a brow.

*Just let me work!*

*Fine, but I can take over whenever!*

“What I mean, is, you’re right,” Stolid spoke through Aksel’s mouth. “I don’t think that line has ever worked before.”

“Uh huh,” Ron gave them a once over. “I’ll be right back, smooth talker.”

Ron spun on his hooves and took the costume into the back room. They only caught a glance at it, but it was stuffed with piles of broken toys, a desk with a glue gun, and a shelf overflowing with feather boas.

“I don’t see anything that quite matches this exactly, but I have this black fur caveman outfit,” Ron reappeared with the new costume and the old one. “With a pair of fabric scissors and glue, you could recreate it for half the cost. If you already got the leather that is.”

“Thanks, you’ve been a huge help,” Stolid took both costumes and looked them over. The caveman was basically a fur toga, pure black. It was obviously the same fabric that was used to make this warrior outfit, but there was a bit less elegance to the design.

“Did you shop around?” Ron asked.

“I’ve been looking around here for a bit, but I’ve only found one good looking thing, and it ain’t the costumes,” Stolid complained while looking over the outfits before putting them down and looking at the deer with a half chuckle. “Sorry, I don’t mean to be so forward, but...I mean...how does a guy like you end up working at a place like this?”

“I have tusks that look like fangs,” Ron shrugged. “I also work at the gym as a personal trainer, but business has been slow so I had to get another job.”

“And they gave you that outfit?”

“The lady insisted,” Ron shrugged. “I’d file a sexual harassment claim with human resources if one even existed in this damn company.”

“I hope they didn’t charge you for it,” Stolid smirked. “You’d be in the red before you’d even get your first paycheck.”

“I know, right,” Ron chuckled. “Luckily for me I already had the pants and she only charged me for the mesh shirt.”

“For real? They charged you for the shirt,” Stolid continued the conversation.

“Yeah, and the piercings I have from an old band I used to play in.”

“Oh yeah? What’s the name of the band?”

“Oh no,” Ron chuckled, his cheeks blushing. “No way am I going to tell you. All I’m going to say about that part of my life is that I don’t look good with long hair.”

“Come on,” Stolid leaned in on the counter. “Who doesn’t like a little something to pull on?”

“Trust me, there’s enough to pull on as is,” Ron rolled his eyes before locking them with Aksel’s.

*Holy shit, is this working?* Aksel wanted his eyes to go wide, but they were forced into a sultry expression.

*Keep it down, I’m workin’ here.*

“Now who’s the smooth talker,” Stolid leaned further onto the counter, keeping his eyes locked with the deer’s. “You got any proof of that claim, hot shot?”

"I mean, these pants don't leave much to the imagination," Ron got up and leaned against the back counter, spreading his legs and showing off the bulge in his pants, the pole in them twitching. His hard on in his pants evidence enough that their rut was also keeping them on edge.

"I don't have much of an imagination," Stolid stood up. "You want to paint me a picture?"

"I'm not much of a painter," Ron cocked a brow.

"Then how about you let me paint you one," Stolid smirked, his ring glowing softly. "You, me, your back room, your ass worked so good you'll be finding feathers and rhinestones into the New Year."

"I thought you said you didn't have much of an imagination," Ron smiled, kicking his leg up, his hoof flipping over the part of the counter that divided the front from the back. Ron's eyes started to glow, red rings circling his big baby browns.

"What can I say," Stolid moved them forward until they were gently running their fingers on the back of Ron's neck. "You're one hell of a muse."

"I...holy shit," Ron gripped Aksel's shirt and pulled him in for a kiss. Ron's eyes went wide when Stolid held their body firm, their strong frame not bending to their whim. Stolid simply smirked and cocked a brow as if to say "you can do better." Ron pushed up on his hooves and pressed his lips against the buck's. Only then did Stolid bend down to deepen the kiss and wrapped his other hand behind the deer to rub against the small of his back.

Stolid pulled the deer closer, his mesh shirt pressing against his sculpted gut and powerful abs. Aksel's beard brushed Ron's lips as they opened their muzzles. Stolid sank his tongue into their maw, flicking over and playing with that tongue, lightly brushing those tusks from time to time. All the while, behind the deer's head, that ring glowed red, waves of energy radiating off of it and wafting over the deer.

Aksel was completely lost in the kiss. He didn't know where his control of the kiss began and ended with Stolid, but it didn't matter much. Aksel knew how to do this part of things. The buck pulled the deer in closer, his hips moving forward to push against the deer's. Ron moaned into their kiss as their dicks brushed against one another's. Despite the deer being seven inches, the buck had him beat in length and girth. Their kiss deeper and deeper, their hands roaming one another as they got bolder.

"Fuck, we got to take this into the back room," Ron glanced over the store. It was dead. He grabbed Aksel and pulled him into the back room. The deer was surprisingly strong, but he was a personal trainer so it made sense. The deer pushed him against one of the racks, the flimsy thing shaking as Aksel steadied himself. Ron kicked the door closed and practically pounced.

They were wrapped in each other's arms, Aksel leaning against the rack of returns smelling like cheap plastic and silicone while the musky tang of man radiated from the deer making out with him. Their arms roamed and groped each other, Ron's going to Aksel's pecs and arms while Aksel's hands were split between gripping his ass and cupping the back of Ron's skull and running his fingers through their hair.

Stolid then grabbed a fist full of Ron's hair and pulled back, forcing the deer man to give a light cry.

"What are you doing?" Ron breathed.

*Kiss his neck, Stolid instructed.*

Aksel did as he was told, leaning in and kissing against a vein while brushing a thumb against the guy's brow calmingly. Ron gave a little moan, his breathing heavy and his pulse rapid against Aksel's lips as he gave tender nips and licks along that jugular. Aksel's hand lifted up and found a little bit of that ass crack exposed out of those leather pants. He slipped a singular finger in there causing the deer to



shudder as the stud continued to make out with the deer's neck. Slowly getting more and more aggressive, tasting his sweat and cologne as it soured on his taste buds, his moans and grinding hips against his.

All the while, behind his head that ring glowed, energy radiating and pulsing through it. Aksel didn't notice the red ring in Ron's eyes. He was too focused on the feelings between his legs to really focus on much else. The grinding of their dicks was amazing, pulsing and primal as they let their instincts take over.

*On your knees...*

Ron's legs gave out, his thighs quivering so much that he let go and fell down, but not without purpose. The deer gripped Aksel's belt, the jingling like some whore's dinner bell as he pulled those pants down, the fabric clinging to his thighs and making it difficult to get it down much further. Ron abandoned the idea of getting off the rest and instead pulled down Aksel's boxers, that thick beast of a cock flopping forward.

Ron huffed, his eyes glazed over with lust as the thick heady musk of man filled his lungs. The smell of a real buck in rut and the need to breed itching deep in both their bones. Ron opened his muzzle and sucked that cock in, that dick slipping into his muzzle and sinking past his tonsils as he murred over that fuck pipe.

Aksel snorted, a wordless claim of a real buck as he threaded his fingers through the grating on the rack he was leaning on. He gently thrust his hips forward making Ron gag, the little deer a manly specimen looking so cute on his knees. Aksel looked down and their eyes met.

*Don't look, just suck...*

Ron broke their eye contact as he was instructed and sucked, that cock fitting neatly between his tusks as he slurped over that shaft. His tongue lulled over the underside of that shaft as he went down and pressed his forehead against that powerful gut before drawing back and going back down.

“Good boy,” Both Aksel and Stolid murred, Stolid taking their hand and guiding Ron’s head lower. Ron didn’t waste any time and dove down, deep throating that eight inch bitch breaker and swirling his tongue around the knot, the tip of that tongue cupping and flicking over that sensitive bulb of buck meat.

*Don’t just suck, worship...*

Ron’s hands rolled up Aksel’s abdomen, the healthy layer of fat obscuring his abs, but still sculpted into a glorious dad bod by the powerful muscles beneath. His hands roamed up and down as he slobbered on that knob. One hand found a nipple beneath Aksel’s shirt and started to tweak it gently, the buck snorting at the treatment as Ron’s other hand went to cup his heavy sack.

The ring started to glow brighter, the ruby laced in Ron’s hair and guiding him. Stolid could feel the worship and adoration trickling in, the need to please and worship filling the kneeling deer’s every thought. To worship and submit...to please and serve...

Aksel gave a moan as he felt his veins start to hum, the red glow emanating from his blood as the worship and sexual desire to please was soaked up by that ring and flowed into Aksel. The buck’s spine creaked before rising ever so slightly higher, his fingers getting a little thicker, his pecs pushing his shirt further, his shoulders thickening to pull his shirt up higher. It was subtle, but the power was there. It thrummed in Aksel’s veins like a drug, singing in his blood and pumping through him.

Aksel felt the energy inside him, he knew Stolid was doing something with his body again, but he didn’t care. The pleasure thrashing in his nuts was causing his brain to reset every time he tried to

process any thought other than fucking. His rut was boiling his brain with need and he didn't care if his veins glowed. All he cared about was fitting his dick into a tight, warm hole, and Ron was the closest hole.

"Fuck Ron, that fucking mouth," Aksel groaned as he gripped a fist full of that deer's hair and pulled him back and forth, his dick digging a little deeper, his nuts filling out the deer's hand a little more with each passing second.

"We're ready, present yourself," Stolid growled lustfully. Aksel was a bit confused, but he wasn't angry with the results. Ron peeled himself off that cock, a thick layer of throat sludge and cock snot covering that glistening pole. Ron got up and did a desk swipe, clearing off the desk with the glue gun and yanking down his pants, his ass practically springing out of those tight leather pants and his dick smacking the underside of the desk.

Aksel snorted, thick jets of steam shooting out of his nose as he gripped the base of his cock with one hand and steadied Ron with the other by gripping him by the hip.

"Fuck yeah, you're mine," Aksel and Stolid both growled and thrust forward, his cock sinking into that nice tight hole. Ron gave a moan, the brown fur on his back rising as goose bumps rolled over his skin. Aksel bit his lower lip and gave one last snort before thrusting forward. Ron's cock smacked the underside of the desk, knocking against it like a fist as it shot a thick wad of pre.

"Fuck yeah m-master," Ron moaned. "Fucking take that...ass is yours!" Ron raked his fingernails across the desk as Aksel continued to thrust into him. That hole let that dick sink deep inside and gripped him nice and tight when he tried to pull back. That little deer bussy was the bucks. He had the antlers to prove he was the real man and he was going to rail this little bitch for all he was worth.

Aksel smacked Ron's ass, a bright red handprint glowing against that cheek as it jiggled against the buck's mating thrusts. His other hand went forward and gripped Ron by the head and pulled back, forcing the deer to moan out into the open, that ring glowing bright as its power burrowed into Ron's skull.

"That's right," Both Aksel and Stolid growled. "We fucking own you. You're ours now and forever you little fuck piece. Join my harem! Learn how to make me nut and worship me!"

"Yeeah! Yess! Fucking harder!" Ron moaned as he pushed back against Aksel's thrusts.

Aksel didn't hold back and slammed in faster, his breathing heavy and hard as sweat trickled down his back. He gripped his shirt and pinned it under his chin as he watched those cheeks clap on his dick. Those thick globes jostled with each thrust, bouncing as he staked his claim to his new doe.

Stolid though, had other plans. The ring glowed brightly, Aksel's eyes glazing over as a bit of red silicone dripped off the ring and slithered and bubbled into Ron's ear.

"That's it, fucking take it!" Both Aksel and Stolid huffed. "You're mine! Fuck yeah! Take that fucking dick! Take, unf, my fucking nut!"

"Fucking breed me! Fucking flood my ass you fucking buck stud!"

Aksel slammed his hips forward, focusing on the short strokes to get a tie, but Stolid's hand came in and gripped the base of his dick to simulate a tie.

Aksel wanted to gnaw off his own hand in that moment, but it was too late. He snorted and let out an elk like screech as his balls bounced and dumped thick load after load into that hole.

Ron was a mess, his own cock throbbing and shooting thick shots onto the floor. He might even be considered a stud too if he didn't look like such a bitch while squirting on this alpha buck's dick. He

felt like he was drunk, his mind completely lost in the lust as Aksel's balls emptied into his guts while his balls spilled their seed all over the floor.

Aksel was lost in his afterglow, his mouth hanging open as his balls continued to bounce their potent seed deep into a nice warm hole. Just as nature intended.

Stolid wasn't done though. While Aksel was preoccupied in his post-coital bliss, Stolid wrapped his hand around the neck of the deer and pulled him up into a deep kiss, the buck's tongue much longer than it should have been as it sunk into his maw, making out with him by slapping his tonsils before coming back out.

"You going to be a good acolyte?"

"Whatever you want master," Ron gave a little orgasmic cry as Stolid thrust deep into that hole, prolonging that orgasm and making that dick beneath the desk smack it again.

"Good, now, what do I owe for the costume?"

"The...the world...owes you everything," Ron moaned, gyrating his hips back against that dick and milking out the last few drops of Aksel's nut. "You...You don't pay...we only tribute...to our...master...I'll...cover it..."

"Good boy," Stolid growled, drawing back and thrusting again, his dick frosted in his own cum as it dripped down his balls onto the floor while they were still bouncing and twitching with the last few throws of that orgasm.

Aksel's nut was so strong he was seeing stars, he didn't even hear what Stolid was saying, but he didn't care. When he came too they were walking out of the shop, costume in hand. As soon as they were past the doors he stopped moving.

“Holy shit, that was...amazing...You think he’d be down for another round?” Aksel looked over his shoulder, but Stolid pulled them along.

*I got his number. You can have him drain your balls whenever you want. Hurry or we’ll miss the bus.*

“Shit, what time is it?”

*Exactly! Let’s go.*