

King Maker

Part 1: The Demon in the Hall

“Raul, keep up man,” the basset hound mocked. “You got to work out more dude.”

“Not all of us run track with their pretty pink lungs, Eric!” Raul shot back.

Raul’s shoes smacked the pavement behind his short friend. Eric, the basset hound, was at university to become a physical therapist. He was a health nut and always teased Raul about his smoking habits. Currently Eric was half jogging backwards, his athletic shorts hanging loosely on his waist and exposing the hem of his boxers. He had a wind breaker on with a simple tank top underneath. His ears were tied up behind his head to keep them from flopping around. His running shoes patted the pavement as he jogged in place with his hands in his jacket pockets waiting for Raul to catch up.

“Dude, if we don’t get there before Carl leaves, I can’t be held responsible if the new bouncer charges us full price.” Eric huffed. The breeze that sent leaves clattering across the pavement had held a warning chill of the inevitable change of season. Raul just rolled his eyes.

“I know, ya dink!” Raul huffed, his lungs burning as he made it to his friend. “Just cool your jets! We have plenty of time.”

Raul, a rat of average height and lithe build finally caught up with his friend. He was wearing an old band zip-up hoodie. An indecipherable metal band’s album was scrawled on its back, but the people who knew, knew. He had a black tank underneath and loose fitting sweatpants that really showed off his bulge. He was a rat, so, big balls came with the package regardless of its actual size. His worn-out

converse were several shades of black and gray. They weren't even tied up. The high-tops were left unlaced and open for easy slip on while the laces were balled up on the inside.

"We only have plenty of time if he doesn't get off early," Eric said pointedly. He did slow down, though he was kicking his legs up for added resistance.

"When was the last time he got off early?" Raul countered, the piercings in his brow slanting as he scowled in skepticism.

"Never, but that's not the point," Eric sighed. "I just really want to get there and get the weekend going. I got so much stupid shit I got to do before the weekend is over and I just want to hit the factory reset! So, pick-um-up and put-um-down!"

"It's just a couple blocks down," Raul sighed, the viper piercings gleaming in the setting sun. "We'll be fine. Just walk at, like, a human pace."

"We only got ten minutes before they shift bouncers," Eric complained. "I can't lose this score man. I don't want to spend half my money on just getting in the damn place."

"Dude, relax. There's a bar we can go to right next door if we can't make it," Raul reasoned. "Besides, it's just around the corner."

"Yeah, what about the line?" Eric asked. It was a question that answered itself as they rounded the corner. There was no line for the club.

"See, totally fine," Raul mocked and went up to the entrance. There sat a bouncer, a large black panther with golden eyes. He immediately lit up when he saw Eric.

"How's the pup doin'?" He rumbled.

“Doin’ just fine big guy,” Eric ran up and did a flying hug. The panther didn’t even flinch as he caught the pup in his arms. “So, you gunna let me and my friend in?” Eric got right down to brass tax.

“I’ll let you in, as soon as I *get off*,” the panther purred and kissed the basset hound deeply, their lips smacking as they made out. It was very blatant and in the open. Raul felt a little embarrassed, so he just looked down and off to the side. When they finally broke for air, the Panther looked up.

“So, tired eyes over here is the friend you were talkin’ about?”

“Yeah, he’s a total bro, down for whatever,” Eric smiled.

“Wait, you aren’t angling for me to be a third, right?” Raul’s eyes went wide.

“Nah, just heard a lot about you,” the panther smirked.

“Oh, that’s good...” Raul felt himself blush a bit, his gray and black fur hiding it well as he scratched the back of his head. He didn’t know if he was upset that Eric might offer, or that they didn’t just...well...go with it and have him join in.

“Why don’t you go on in Raul,” Eric suggested. “I need to take care of something first. Settle our entrance fee.”

It suddenly became very clear to the rat why Eric was pressing so hard to get to the club. Raul just rolled his eyes, his ocean-blue irises pairing well with the dark rings under his eyes.

“Whatever man,” Raul sighed. “Hope to see you inside or whatever.”

“Dude, lighten up,” Eric chuckled. “Go in and mingle, get laid for once.”

Raul ignored the two as he went into the club. It was very early in the night, the sun not having gone down yet. Only a few people were there and he didn’t know what else to really do besides head to

the bar. He ordered a drink and sat there while the bartender took their time getting it. He just sighed and leaned against the polished wood. He was debating if he should dip or not when someone on the end of the bar started snarling into their phone.

“Gilles, for the last time, remove the damn thing!” It was a wolf, black as night with an under coat of pristine white. He wore a tank top and jeans. His red leather jacket was tight on him and contoured to the stud’s built frame. He looked like he belonged at hooters or some shit with the muscled rack he was sporting. The wolf was built like a serious body builder, but he wasn’t overly huge. Thick mane of black hair with purple frosted tips. The black light made the purple die in his fur glow; a purple line divided the black and white from his under coat and upper coat.

“What do you mean *I asked for this!*?” the wolf snapped into the phone. “I told you I wanted someone while Peab was back at uni. NOT for you to put that job on me!”

The wolf listened to his phone, his brow knitting further, his fur standing on end as he bore his fangs.

“You cheeky little goat fucker,” the wolf snarled. “You’re lucky I don’t know where you are or I’d raise hell to kick you back down to the inner rings myself!”

“Your drink sir,” the bartender spoke to Raul. He was shaken by the raging wolf and looked back. He grabbed the bubbling blue drink.

“Thanks-” Raul pulled his long black hair back behind his head before a loud bang caused him to drop his drink and shatter it on the ground. The wolf had slammed his phone onto the bar, the screen cracked as the words “Call Ended” faded into the lock screen. Raul caught a glimpse of the wallpaper. It was of a picture of a English Bull Terrier and a goat with a skinny little wolf between them. It had to be the big buff wolf’s little brother with how much they looked the same.

“Fuck you Gilles,” the wolf snarled before his expression flipped. “Oh shit, sorry dude.” The wolf looked like he was blushing as he pinched the bridge of his nose. “Gilles just always gets under my skin...and...fuck let me get you a fresh one.”

“I...um...it’s fine,” Raul squeaked out, his tail wrapping around his leg as he tried to keep it together. “I...I’ll just...you don’t need to...um...”

“Just let me buy the damn drink,” the wolf snapped before he paused, collected himself, and took a deep breath. “Sorry, I’m not mad at you, and I’m a little on edge. Let’s start over,” the wolf extended his hand, his paw pads looked soft and warm as they glowed purple under the black light. “The name is Jace, and I’d love to buy you a drink.”

Raul was frozen in a mixture of fear and awe. The closer the guy came the hotter he looked. Piercings on his ears and brow, a singular piercing poking out from a soul patch on his chin. His eyes glowed a violet that looked like it was shimmering with the way the light hit them. His jacket almost looked painted on, same with his jeans and flip flops. His powerful foot paws sank into the fabric of those flip flops. They had to be new.

Raul blinked. How long had he been staring? He quickly took the wolf’s hand.

“The name’s Raul,” the rat breathed out. The wolf gave a sly grin. Raul’s bulge twitched.

“Raul, huh?” The way Jace spoke his name, it was like a spell. Like a treasure he didn’t want to have leave his tongue and yet that deep raspy voice spoke it in a way that made Raul feel...desired?

“Yeah...that’s my name,” Raul blushed and let go of Jace’s hand. “You really don’t have to get me another. I don’t think I’m going to stick around.”

Raul felt a surprisingly soft couple fingers touch his under-muzzle and pull his vision back to the wolf. The big guy's eyes were half sheathed as he spoke.

"You must let me make up for it somehow, Raul," Jace spoke his name again. It was like a pulse ran through him whenever he spoke his name. His sweatpants were starting to tent as his sheath stirred, his balls churning with need as he looked up at the big guy.

"I...I..." Raul's eyes went wide as Jace closed his eyes and came in close. His lips pressed against Raul's. They only brushed against his, the musky smell of that wolf tickling his nose, as he hovered there.

"You reek of potential," Jace practically rumbled.

"Wh-What?" Raul didn't know how to respond to that.

"You want me, don't you, Raul?" Jace murred, his breath smelled like mulled wine.

"Want you?" Raul was still mentally back where he dropped his drink. He wasn't following any of this.

"You want me to make up for your drink," Jace spoke his words directly into Raul's lips. The "k" in "drink" popping in his mouth wetly as a shallow smile crept across those fangs. "Don't you? Raul?"

His name had never sounded sexier. It had never sounded like poetry dipped in honey until Jace spoke it. Had he ever known his own name before?

Jace pulled away from Raul's lips to speak in his ear. "How about I let you see my tat."

"Y-Your what?" Raul blinked as though a spell had been broken. He suddenly realized he had been pulled away from the bar, the staff cleaning up broken glass and spilled drink.

Jace smirked and lifted his shirt showing off his sculpted chest, his powerful abdominals and oblique's coming into sharp powerful bricks. Raul almost missed the tattoo scrawled around his bellybutton. There was a swirling design of a heart encompassed by a crown, his Adonis belt covered in scrawling lines and runes that dipped down into his pants.

"It's...it's just...wow..." Raul felt like he was about to pass out, his cock starting to leak onto his sweatpants, a dark spot forming where his four incher was pushing against it.

"You like?" Jace smirked. "You wanna touch it?"

Raul's eyes went wide and he thought about protesting, but...he didn't know when he would get a chance to touch such a sculpted abdomen again. He lifted his hand, his furless fingers brushing over the tattoo. He swore the lines glowed against his touch. The warmth of the wolf tingling over his fingers as he started to rub over that tat. He felt the vibrations of a murr travel up his digits and remind him he was touching a man and not some Greek statue.

"I...it's hot," Raul commented with a sigh. He was going to pull his hand back when Jace gripped his wrist.

"You haven't even gotten to the hottest part yet," Jace licked his lips and moved the rat's hand down lower...and lower! Raul's hand tingled as his palm touched the softest of fur, the sensation trickling up in the bones of his forearm, only to feel the heated warmth of that crotch. There was no bulge, but he felt a warmth there. Suddenly it all clicked.

"H-Heat..." Raul gulped and looked back up at Jace who was smiling down at him. The smell, the way his dick throbbed like mad, and how hazy everything was. He knew heat could hit hard, but this was something else. He felt like he was smoking a bowl and yet somehow completely aware of everything at the same time.

“Follow me, Raul,” Jace bounced his brows and sauntered to a dark hall.

Raul would normally go running for the hills. This was all too intense. For some reason though, he complied.

Was he about to get his dick wet? Was he really about to pound someone in a club? How old was this guy, was he like, mid-twenties? Raul was just starting his second year at university. This was crazy.

And yet, there he was. Walking into the dark hall, the only thing guiding him was the glow of those purple tips. Where they actually glowing? Raul was starting to question reality, but that sculpted ass swaying back and forth and that tail fanning that heat in his face was enough to silence any voice of reason he may have had.

As soon as they were under the cover of darkness, Jace turned a corner. There was an emergency exit off to the side, the end of the hall giving them a little privacy, but was clearly visible if anyone were to really look. The big wolf pulled Raul close, his lips pressing against his. Raul was suddenly very aware of what they were doing. He wrapped his arms around Jace’s neck and lifted himself up on his tip toes to kiss that big wolf. Raul opened his mouth, inviting Jace to take his muzzle, but he never felt it. Instead, that tongue flicked over his lips, lightly brushing the rat’s tongue then darting back into his maw.

Jace was asking for Raul to take his muzzle.

Raul took it. He didn’t know where this sudden burst of confidence came from, but he wasn’t going to hold back when a man like this was throwing himself at him. Raul’s tongue slid into Jace’s, the wolf’s tongue wasn’t dog like, but the rat wasn’t focusing on what it was so much as how it felt. Jace’s tongue wrapped around Raul’s, Jace’s glowing purple tongue nursing on Raul’s tenderly. The wolf’s

tongue piercings added another layer to kiss as they gripped and slid across Raul's. Jace's powerful hands gripped on the small of Raul's back, pulling him close. The warmth of that wolf was almost feverish, but appealing. For some reason, the rest of the world felt cold and unforgiving, but everything about that wolf was warm and inviting.

Raul swore he could feel the tattoo on Jace's abdomen burning against him.

In reality, under Raul's fur, the same tattoo to the one that Jace bore was burning itself into Raul's abdomen. Half of Jace's complex tramp stamp was shifting over to Raul, burning into his skin. All the sharp and powerful angles of the tat scrawled across Raul's chest until the crown burned like a beacon over his belly button and the various other sharp tribal like tats wove their way like lightning down to his crotch.

Jace felt the tat leave him, at last half of it. The curse was now bonded and marked. Only the heart and the various languid scrawling ruins remained on Jace. If Gilles wanted him to make a new King, he would fucking make one.

Jace broke the kiss and dropped to his knees. Raul was about to go down to help him, but Jace's powerful paws stopped Raul and pinned him to the wall.

"Let me do this, kid," Jace murred and pulled down Raul's sweatpants with his teeth. The slick mess of Raul's pre kept strands connecting his boxers and sweats. Raul felt embarrassed...but that thought was washed away as Jace moaned.

"A productive boy, huh?" Jace opened his maw, the glowing demon tongue lulling and licking over the mess. Raul shuddered, his toes flexing in his converse as that hot tongue flicked over the underside of his dick. "So sweet and innocent. Well, as innocent as a teen gets with nuts like these."

Jace cupped those nuts. They were each the size of an egg and churned in his warm fingers. Jace brushed his thumb over one, his claw lightly itching between the two. Jace opened wide and sucked those balls into his mouth. That flexible tongue lulled over them and lightly sucked on Raul's sensitive boys. Jace murred, those nuts feeling the rumble of his baritone voice as that tongue curled around them and licked them clean. Jace's hand went up to grip that four incher, the pecker vanishing in Jace's massive paw as he began to stroke it.

Raul wasn't paying attention to what was going on anymore. He may have been shocked to see that tongue, or the tat that had magically appeared on his stomach, but he wasn't paying them any mind. As soon as that tongue touched his nuts, he felt a cool static roll between them. It was like the wolf's tongue was electrified and sending raw pleasure into his nuts. Emphasis on raw. It was like that tongue was able to lick into the core of his balls, suck on those orbs and draw out the most intense sense of pleasure that tingled down his toes and up his spine. Once Jace gripped the base of his forming knot, it was over.

Raul's balls churned and flexed as his cock throbbed in Jace's hand. Thick jets of cum shot out of that dick and smacked the wall on the other side of the hall. Raul's thick rat cum splattered over Jace's back and then onto his head and muzzle, but the wolf never stopped making love to those nuts. Raul felt like his balls were a pair of super conductors, each a maelstrom of pleasure and static that rolled and roared. His orgasm ended, but his balls had never felt so full and potent before. Raul was a minute man, one of the perks of being a rat with massive nuts, so only after a little teasing, he was ready again.

Jace let those massive balls flop out of his mouth, his tongue leaving a slimy trail of drool over the now matted fur of those bastard factories. Were they bigger? Jace murred as Raul panted.

"I...holy shit Jace," Raul gasped.

“We’re not done yet, kid,” Jace rumbled. Raul opened his eyes and his cock lurched. Jace’s pants were around his ankles, the puffy dripping spade between his legs was presented to Raul. That black spade was glorious, thick, puffy, a purple glow came from deep inside of it, beckoning Raul with the call to nature. A pearl of need dripped from that spade, smacking wetly on the wolf’s soaked briefs below.

“You ever fucked someone who’s hot to trot?” Jace asked.

“I-I don’t have a condom,” Raul blinked. How could he be thinking of protection at a time like this?

“Don’t worry about it, Kid.” Jace gripped his thick muscled ass-cheek and pulled it aside to spread his spade open further. “I got it covered.”

Somewhere back in Raul’s heat soaked mind he knew Jace couldn’t be protected from pregnancy if he was in heat. But, then again, he didn’t care. He was given the green light to raw this stud and he wasn’t about to pass that up.

Raul didn’t say much else. He gripped the base of his cock and put his hand on Jace’s ass. That ass looked so big with his paw on it. How did this all happen? How did he manage to land such a stud?

Raul’s questions were lost as Jace pushed back and his cock slipped into that tight spade.

“That’s it boy,” Jace rumbled. “Don’t worry about it. Don’t question it. Just fuck like a King would.”

“Y-Yeah?” Raul thought Jace was doing some sort of roleplay. “You wanna take your King’s dick?”

Jace moaned, his body shuddering as his foot paws dug into the ground.

“Fuck me, I’ll make you a fucking king.” Jace panted and gripped his own pec, teasing his nip.

Raul thrust forward, his dick sliding deeper into that warm spade, his cock hooking deep into that warm hole, the walls gripping his dick. It was hot, physically hot, and slick. Then Raul felt it, it was like he stuck his dick into an outlet. A stream of cool static rolled down his dick in pleasure. No pain, just raw pleasure. He pulled back and thrust, the static redoubling and shooting a bolt down his dick, spiraling in his nuts like a trapped eel before rocketing up his spine. Raul’s fur stood on end as he started to thrust.

Raul didn’t care if the wet slaps could be heard from the bar, or if the whole club heard them groaning and moaning. He just kept going...like a fucking king would. He wouldn’t care if the peasants saw. It would be an honor for them to see him fuck!

Jace murred as he felt more of the tattoo’s curse transfer to Raul. For Raul, it would be a blessing. Raul felt a sudden surge of energy roll through him. It was practically unnoticeable as he gained size little by little. It was barely a millimeter, but he grew, his dick sank deeper, his hands gripped more of Jace’s ass. It was subtle, but Jace felt it.

“That’s right,” Jace moaned, his spade dripping a mixture of their juices down his thighs. “Fuck me! I’ll make you a King, a fucking alpha amongst alphas. Don’t stop! I’m almost there.”

Jace’s heat was stoked and prodded, but his tattoo glowed in denial. It wouldn’t let him douse his heat until a true King busted inside of him and took his litter. He would be in perpetual heat, unending, until he found a new King to add to his master’s harem of hunks.

But that was neither here nor there. Right now, Raul’s knot was smacking against that spade and demanded entry. It didn’t take long for his cock to slip in, his knot locking behind that pussy’s lips. It

wasn't so large that Jace couldn't force him out, but he was large enough to stay tied while he clamped down.

"Fuck! I'm gunna bust!"

"Cum inside me!"

"But your heat..." Raul had a moment of clarity.

"FUCK MY HEAT! BREED THIS CUNT! MAKE ME YOUR BITCH!" Jace shouted and pushed back, his ass slapping against Raul's thighs as his powerful claws raked the wall.

That's all it took. Raul busted. His balls throbbed, a powerful jet of cum smacking the walls of Jace's spade, his cunt gripping and milking that rat dick for all it was worth.

As Raul came down from his orgasm, he saw a flame flicker in the dark. The rat looked down to see Jace was offering him a lit cigarette.

"For my king," Jace smirked and clenched his spade, those walls milking Raul and causing him to flex his nuts, his toes scraping the soles of his converse.

Raul chuckled and accepted the cigarette, took a long drag, and blew the smoke in Jace's face.

"So, my place or yours?" He joked with a cocky grin, showing off his buck teeth.

Where was this confidence coming from?

If he only knew.