

In Jace we Trust

“Yo! Jace!” Donner shouted as he came back to their shared apartment. “You got your damn rent money yet or what?”

“I’m sorry dude,” Jace said from the couch. “I don’t got the money.”

“Dude,” Donner came into the den to see his wolf roomie sitting on the couch in nothing but a pair of old pajama bottoms. “Come on, get off your ass and fucking pay your rent.”

“I know, can you spot me this time again?” Jace sighed, scratching his belly while watching some anime show. The wolf’s hide was black, his white underbelly stained yellow from a series of crumbs and cheese dust, the crinkling source a bag of nacho flavored ripples.

“Seriously?” Donner huffed, crossing his arms. The coyote was cobalt gray, blue lightning streaks on his eyes and the bridge of his nose. The coyote was blessed with the power of tempests, his eyes like blazing copper, his undercoat the color of storm clouds. “I can’t keep just shucking you money every time you need it.”

“Dude, I’m sorry,” Jace sat up, his ears folded back as his belly rolled forward. He had let himself go after he lost his job. “It’s just really hard to find the motivation to do things, and the job market is a fucking nightmare. Not like you would know though, mister trust fund baby.”

“We’re not talking about my money right now,” Donner crossed his arms. “We’re talking about your money, or lack thereof.”

“I’m sorry, really, I feel bad, and I’ll pay you back. But seriously, I know you’re more than good for it.”

“Well, duh,” Donner rolled his eyes. “I can cover it, but that’s not the point. You’ve been a total lump since we got this apartment together.”

“I know,” Jace sighed. “But I’ve been keeping things clean and tidy. I did the dishes while you were out and did a load of laundry for you.”

“That’s not the point,” Donner paused and pinched the bridge of his nose. “Whatever. I’ll cover it this month, but next month you need to pay your half.”

“Thanks Donner,” Jace smiled. “I’ll get to it right now.” The wolf pulled out his phone and started to surf the web for new jobs. The coyote simply rolled his eyes and went to his room.

Donner flopped down onto the bed groaning. The coyote cursed his luck. He specifically chose Jace to be his roommate out of his friends because he seemed to be the most responsible, but the dude was a total dud when it came to any kind of resistance. Maybe having a trust that he could pull from removed the stress of needing a job or whatever, but it wasn’t about the money at this point. It was that he trusted Jace to be a roommate, not some mooch.

Donner flopped onto his back, looking out the window, one hand resting on his chest where the alchemical symbol for sulphur blazed on his chest, the dormant magic inside him manifesting itself. It had always been there, growing along with him, but he just didn’t know how to access it yet.

“I just wish Jace could be the master of his fate,” Donner sighed and rolled over. His chest mark glowing as his wish thrummed through his bones.

The next morning Donner woke up and got ready for his day, expecting Jace to still be sleeping, but when he went to make breakfast, he noticed the wolf's bedroom door was open. He must have left early. Hopefully to go job hunting.

A few moments later the front door opened and Jace came in, his body drenched in sweat, his sweater soaked from neck to crotch in his perspiration.

"Shit dude? What happened to you?"

"Fuck you Donner," Jace joked back. "I just went for a morning jog. I figured it's time to turn things around."

"Oh really?" Donner cocked a brow, his fork slicing into his eggs.

"Yeah really dude, don't be a dick about it, just be happy for me," Jace came in and lightly punched Donner's shoulder as he walked by. "You mind if I use some of your milk or whatever?"

"Why?" Donner furrowed his brow.

"Well," Jace pulled his drawstring bag off his back and pulled out a container of protein powder. "I was thinking about getting in shape, so I got this stuff to kind of help jumpstart my training."

"Dude, where did you get the money for that?"

"Don't worry about it dude. I just slapped it on my credit card. I'll be paying it off in no time."

"With what job?"

"Don't worry about that," Jace shrugged. "But can I use your milk?"

"Sure," Donner waived him off. "Whatever makes you happy dude. Just pay your rent on time."

“Thanks dude,” Jace was peeling off his sweater, the thing clinging to the wolf like it wanted to suck up more of his sweat. Finally he peeled it off to show the tank he had on and Donner blinked. Jace looked like he had already trimmed down. Maybe it was his imagination, or maybe when he was laying on the couch his ponch just looked bigger. “Ah, fuck! That’s so much better.”

Jace tossed the sweater across the room, the thing slapping against their double decker washer and skidding down to the floor. The room was instantly filled with the rank of sweaty man in their prime. Donner caught himself staring as Jace shook his protein shake together. He blinked and went back to eating his breakfast.

The next couple of weeks were normal, or even more normal than before Jace lost his job if that made sense. Jace wasn’t ever a fitness nut, he just wanted to look good, but now the counters were covered in various kinds of protein powders, his sweaty clothes were strewn across the apartment, and one day Donner found a sweaty jock just on the floor outside the bathroom.

“Oh, sorry dude,” Jace pulled his headphones off as he paused his game. He said he was sorry, but it sounded more like the wolf already knew Donner was going to forgive him, a half grin on his muzzle. “I’ll pick that up right away.”

“Nah, it’s fine,” Donner replied as he toed the jock with his foot paw, moving out of the way of the bathroom. It was damp, the thing stained with the sweat of the now lean and toned wolf. “I mean, it’s no big deal, right?”

“You sure dude?” Jace gave a little half huff, half laugh. “I mean, I know it’s kind of gross.”

“I mean, you’re just getting yourself in shape. I’ve seen how hard you’ve been working on yourself. Goes to reason that some things will fall to the wayside.”

“You got that right little dude,” Jace flexed his one arm, the bicep coming into view. Donner blushed. The coyote wasn’t a small guy, but Jace was always taller and bigger in every regard. That was just genetics, but calling him “little” kind of sent a shiver down his spine.

“Just, try and get it in the hamper next time,” Donner gave a nervous chuckle and went into the bathroom.

“Whatever nerd!” Jace joked as he went back to his game. As soon as Donner closed the door he had to calm himself, his dick already half hard and poking out of his sheath. Donner took a cold shower that night and fell into a fitful sleep.

Next week they were out with their friends. Most of the people in their friend group were pulled in by Donner, but Jace seemed to be the reason they stayed. The depression cloud that hung over the wolf had long since passed and now he was just some sunny fun guy. He was always up and on, almost controlling the group without being an ass. It was kind of like everyone would suggest stuff and Jace would simply know what the best option was, or counter with something even better, or find a way to do everything everyone wanted.

Like that day, half the dudes wanted to go see a movie and the rest wanted to do go-carts, but the time slots for everything overlapped. Jace found a way to do both by going to a different theater. Sure it was more expensive because it was one of those theaters that provided services too, but he offered to pay the extra.

Though, when they got to the racetrack, Jace had forgotten his wallet and everyone turned to Donner. How could he let Jace down? He was the man! The dude’s dude!

“Come on now man, you know I’m good for it,” Jace egged the coyote on. “It’s just a couple hundred dollars, what’s the big deal?”

So Donner complied and swiped his card. Jace had a beaming grin from ear to ear. Donner blinked. Was Jace always so tall? Nah, it had to be his posture. He was puffing out his chest for sure. The tank top and athletic shorts didn't do anything to hide his rockin' bod. Jace dominated the race track and joked about dominating all his friends, doing an over exaggerated most-muscular pose to show off his physique and roaring in triumph before rolling off into laughter.

Donner was happy he was hiding in the back of his friends and that he wore some baggy pants. His dick was hard as a rock. Thankfully his briefs pushed them up against his thigh so it wasn't so noticeable.

Then that night, when they went to the movie theater, he sent money to everyone for the different price in their tickets and straight up paid for Jace's.

"Thanks *little* dude," Jace chuckled, putting Donner in a headlock as soon as they were past the front desk and ruffling his hair. Donner tried to struggle, but that bicep against his face was so solid, and when it flexed and locked him in, he had to suppress a wince as Jace's thick knuckles rubbed his scalp playfully.

Then there was the smell. Jace's deodorant was strong, but his musk was stronger. The light whiff of sun tanned man filled his nose, the light pit funk from his hairy pits tickled his nose. Donner gave a little yip like he was struck. Jace let go right away and the whole group stopped to look at him.

"Dude, lighten up," Jace smacked the coyote's chest with the back of his hand.

"Sorry, I was just surprised is all," Donner chuckled nervously and scratched the back of his head.

"Don't sweat it *little* dude," Jace smirked, his friends relaxing and letting Donner back into the circle. "Tell ya what. I'll let you buy me anything I want to make up for it. Deal?"

“Wasn’t I going to need to buy you stuff anyway?”

“You were?! Thanks dude,” Jace joked, knowing full well Donner was the one with the card, yet the coyote felt like the card wasn’t in his own hands.

Every time Donner swiped his card, every time he slipped it through a reader or tapped it for pay, he felt like it wasn’t his hand holding that card. It was like Jace had reached inside him and was slipping the card for him. It felt like...Jace was actually paying for these things...like this wasn’t his money, but that he was just some wallet for him to reach into. He was so hard.

“I...think I need to go to the bathroom before we go into the theater,” Donner admitted, his boner aching like mad, his knot feeling awfully tight in his pants.

“Dude, can you hold it? The movie is about to begin,” Jace said, all their friends looking at them. Donner felt like a deer in the headlights and simply went along with it. When they got in the movie theater, the steward came by and took their orders, Jace telling him to just have Donner slide his card once they all ordered. They all got drinks except Donner. He was the designated driver.

The coyote was starting to get annoyed about all this, that was until Jace leaned back in his chair and kicked his feet up on the chair in front of himself. Those feet were perfect. The way the light of the movie played between those muscular toes, perfectly groomed without being pampered. Those were the base of a man who was a real fucking man. Jace fanned his toes and cracked them a few times as he drank up, several rounds coming through. Donner didn’t know how many times the steward came by to get orders, but he didn’t care, he didn’t even care about the movie. He just kept swiping his card. All he cared about were those feet as they were haloed by the action flick in the background. With the way the movie and lights went on in the background they even looked bigger with each passing frame. He knew they were the same size, but for some reason, Jace’s big feet were just...

Donner was suddenly pulled from his revelry when Jace smacked his chest to get his attention.

“Dude, you that interested in the credits?”

Donner blinked. How was the movie over already? He blushed as he looked over at his friends, they were all staring.

“I...was hoping there was a short at the end?”

“Nah, not this one,” Jace pulled his feet back into his flip flops, his toes hanging over the edge of them and eclipsing the treads.

That night, Donner jerked off twice to the thought of his roommate, going through several wads of tissues, but when he was on his third yank session, he wanted a little more stimulation so he pulled out his phone. He started surfing the web, looking for dominant men, when something caught his eye.

It was a picture of feet haloed by a movie in the background. Donner blinked and clicked on the picture. It was a free pick from some dom’s account. He couldn’t be sure, but...no that was the movie they just saw!

Donner looked over the description.

“Made my fag pay for the movie with my buds,” Donner’s heart sank as he looked over the description. There were a couple more photos. One was the row of his friends with their faces blurred out, and the last was a picture of himself. His face was blurred but plenty of drawings were on the image.

A wet spot on his shirt was labeled “Drool” and a red circle over his crotch read “hard clit” then he noticed the shadow of Jace’s feet framing his body. It was clear what he was drooling over. He knew he shouldn’t, but he read on anyway.

“Fucking cuck doesn’t know his wallet is my pocket pussy yet. Waiting to see how long it takes for him to catch on.”

Donner’s ears folded back, but a sudden twitch between his legs made him refocus. His heart raced as he read on, the free content rolling off into promotions for some onlyfan’s account. He knew he shouldn’t, but he clicked it. The majority of the content was behind paywalls, but he could still get some of the snippets, the teasers.

“Roomie drools over jock”

“My little dude pays for my day out with my buds”

“Can’t get enough of my bod”

It was all there, the past few weeks in a quick review, and he was on the fucking edge, his cock oozing pre, his nuts had practically drawn back up into himself with how ready to bust he was.

He busted several.

Donner played along with Jace’s little routine, the coyote even bending to him more and more, letting the wolf push the envelope.

“Dude, why don’t you just wash my clothes when you do your own?” Jace reasoned, throwing a dirty jock at the coyote. “I mean, it’ll save you money or whatever, right?”

“Don’t be such a little bitch about it, just pick up more food on your way home tonight.”

“The dude’s won’t come out unless you pay for parking and entry. You can, like, keep the table we get at the club. Just order bottle service when you want us to come back around.”

Each and every interaction had a teaser posted to his account, each one with blurred out pictures. Then Donner found a file, one that was completely locked behind a paywall. It was titled "Growth Progress."

Donner started to see something. Over the last month, it was subtle in the first few pictures, but when he looked at the progression, it was simply inhuman.

Jace was much larger than what he was at the beginning of the month. It had to only be a few inches and maybe twenty pounds of muscle, but that was impossible unless he was on a seriously dangerous kit...but something else came to mind.

Was...was Donner's money making his friend grow.

Donner's eyes went wide as he looked at the subscription button. The coyote swallowed the lump in his throat as he pressed the subscription and the money left his account.

All the locks came flying off the posts. He could fully read everything, and when he slammed on the growth progression post he saw that it was Jace after his shower with a towel around his waist.

The first pic was him in the bathroom, flexing with his body back on that first day he came back after his jog. The next was dated only a couple days later with a caption.

"See how you pigs make me grow? Keep tributing for more."

Donner noticed there was a follower count on the screen, and with every picture his following grew. At first they were just curious onlookers or skeptics, but day after day Jace would pose in the same picture, showing off his body, flexing in the same way, maybe even giving a cocky smirk. Then the images turned into absolute thirst traps.

As soon as Jace got his six pack, the towel was now hanging on his hard cock, the hand holding the phone flipping the bird at the audience.

“When we get to a hundred subs, the towel comes off.”

Donner’s eyes went wide as he continued to scroll. Then he noticed there were posts that were live streams that were on every Sunday night labeled “Your Lord’s Day.”

Donner scrolled down to the most recent entry. Just above a cocky picture of Jace from his shower that night, the towel still on his cock, he was like a model, trimmed and bulging in all the right places. His wet fur clinging to his muscles and showing of his massive bod.

Then there was the live stream. He couldn’t hold back. He opened it.

There was Jace, the wolf in all his glory posing for the camera in his underwear.

“Yeah PigFucker420, keep sending me those tributes. Tribute to your Lord on his fucking day.” He smirked, flexing his bicep with every ding on his computer. “That’s right, each dollar is another flex. You of all people should know this shit ain’t free.”

Donner had to hold back a squeal.

“Am I looking for more fags?” Jace read over the chat and huffed. “Get in the pig pen with the rest of you fucking cash fags.” Jace paused to read another message. “Spit on me daddy? God, you’re a fucking simp for this alpha, aren’t you.” Jace chuckled darkly. “You ain’t worthy of my spit. Pay up and tribute to your fucking Lord and Master. Make me grow. Maybe when I’m big enough you might be graced by the rain of my sweat beating down on you from above.”

Donner’s eyes went wide as several dings went off, the wolf giving a low, lusty growl of approval.

“Fuck, now that’s a decent tribute,” Jace took a deep breath and did a double bicep pose, his muscles flexing, the veins bulging as his body swelled ever so slightly. It looked like his already pumped body just got another pump. “That’s right, feed this growing God. How many of you want to see this bod grow? Keep tributing-wait looks like we got our hundredth subscriber. CrazyCoyote92...oh”

Donner’s hair stood on end. That was his email address! His email address he used for everything since childhood!

And Jace knew that email.

A dark grin played across the wolf’s face.

“Looks like the little yote finally found out,” Jace smirked. “Donner!”

Jace barked his name over his phone and in real life. Donner dropped his phone like it was made of hot iron.

“Come here!” Jace shouted from the other room. Donner didn’t know what else to do but comply. He left his bedroom, not bothering to put on pants and saw Jace’s open door. He entered, the big guy leaning back in his gaming chair, his body on full display, the massive boner tenting that towel.

“Good boy,” Jace rumbled. “Why don’t you come over here. I’m live streaming. Everyone say hi to my little bitch of a roomie.”

“I...Jace...”

“Open the other tab on my browser,” Jace didn’t let the coyote finish. Donner didn’t know why, but he felt compelled to do so. He went to the computer and clicked over to the next page. It was a secure wire transfer with a contract.

“Jace—”

“Nah,” Jace slammed his heel up on the table next to the coyote. “Only my friends call me Jace. You’re one of my cash fags in my pig pen now. You call me Master.”

“M-Master,” Donner was shaking, but it wasn’t exactly fear. “I...this would sign away my entire trust to you.”

“Glad you know how to read dip shit,” Jace smirked. “But it’s not just your fucking trust, it’s your life that you’d be signing away. Everything you are and will be, you’ll hand over to me. Rent is fucking due, and my prices are much higher if you want to stay under my roof.”

“But...how does...why would that...”

“Don’t hurt your brain by overthinking it,” Jace’s dark eyes glowed violet, horns forming on his head. The lines between his white fur and his black glowed the same eerie purple. “Just know you’re not the only one with latent abilities. Now come on, not like you were going to use that money for anything. Don’t you want to be my good little cash fag? Don’t you want to be my pocket pussy wallet that I can rape over whenever the fuck I want? Don’t tell me you didn’t like paying for everything this past month. I could see your little boner bouncing in your shorts.”

Jace’s massive member twitched, the fabric hiking higher as more tributes came in, his body pumping up ever so slightly.

“H-Holy shit,” Donner’s eyes were wide.

“Come on,” Jace kissed the air. “I know you want to be my little cash fag. Don’t you want to give me unrestricted access to your wallet pussy? You saw how I treat my things, don’t you want to be a used, sweaty, fucked up cum rag for my use?”

Donner couldn't take his eyes off Jace. He was so hot, every time he thought the wolf was perfection, a tribute would come through and he would change ever so slightly, shift a little, his body becoming sexier by the second with the constant dings of that machine.

"Do it," Jace smirked, lifting his arms up, his pits exposed and filling the room with his musk.

Donner blinked and looked back at the computer.

"Just imagine what a tribute in the millions could make me. You think I'm hot now? Just imagine the fucking god I'll be. You all think I'm a fucking idol of worship now? Just imagine a god of gods."

Donner was sweating, his dick hard as a rock as pre dribbled from it. He took the mouse, the electronic signature already set up and ready for him to click, all the subscribers, all of Jace's other cash fags were witnesses. It would be legally binding, and god knows what else.

"Come on," Jace smirked. "Do something useful for once in your life and give it to someone who'll make use of all that cash. Give it up. Give everything. Be a perfect example to my pig pen of what a fag worthy of slaughter looks like."

Donner's hole clenched and he clicked. The sound of that mouse click and the transfer going through rang through the air.

"Oh fuck yes," Jace growled. "Oh fuck! It's so intense! Yes! Like every fucking cell of my body is orgasming! Fuck! It's all mine! All of it!" Jace snarled. Jace stood up, and up, and up! His veins glowed, tattoos flashing on his shoulder and snaking down it. He gripped the air, a leash of purple light lashing onto Donner's neck.

“Kneel!” Jace snarled. The command was so deep and powerful it knocked Donner onto the floor. He couldn’t resist even if he wanted to. His dick twitched with joy. He was a good fag for his master.

Donner looked down at his master’s feet, the toes flexing, the veins glowing with purple power before they extended outward, those long toes getting thicker and longer, the claws becoming more vicious as those feet covered more and more of the floor. Donner looked up to see the power surging into those claws, the muscles crunching and then flexing out to massive diamonds. Teardrops flexed and then expanded on Jace’s thighs. Donner didn’t see much else as the object of his desires filled his vision.

Jace’s cock was at least a ten inches long and rapidly reeling out with each beat of his heart, his furry sack drooping lower as his nuts swelled with size and virility. His thick sheath was pushed back as a softball sized knot moved it out of the way. The massive shaft throbbing with power as the tip tapered off and dripped glowing pre.

“Open!” Jace’ snarled. Donner knew what his master wanted immediately, his maw swinging open as that cock was moved down to face his yawning gullet. Jace’s fingers stretched and fisted more of that cock by the second. Donner was helpless as Jace’s other hand gripped the leash and tugged the coyote forward onto his dick.

“That’s right! You’re fucking mine! Suck my cock you fucking cash fag! Your bank account is my pocket pussy and your thrussy is my nut bucket!”

Jace snarled, thrusting forward as donner was forced to look up at his growing master. The abs on Jace’s chest flexed, each row shunting out at a time. His obliques rolled out like thunder before those powerful pecs burst forward, each one the size of a pillow and rippling with power. His shoulders and

arms were next, his lats forcing his arms out at an angle as those biceps feasted on Donner's trust fund. Jace gave a snarl as his cock lurched forward.

"It's fucking bottomless! It's so much! It's all mine!" Jace's eyes glowed with power, static popping off his body as he thrust into Donner's maw. "Fuck! It's so much, I can, GRRR-FUCK! I can hardly contain it!"

Jace's body bulged up, his body expanding larger, inching upward as the two foot log of alpha cock surged down Donner's throat, forcing him up off his knees, the coyote needing to crouch as he slurped and sucked on that alpha dick. Jace's head banged against the ceiling, plaster falling down before he sat back on his chair. He flexed at the camera, his bicep cresting above his head as his ass blew the armrests off his chair. He lifted one leg up onto the bed, his foot on plain view as it expanded further, his cock mercilessly distending Donner's throat.

"Fuck! Take my cum you nut bucket!" Jace snarled, gripping Donner by the hair and forcing him to bob on his cock as those papaya sized nuts bounced, surging cum deep into Donner, the coyote's belly bloating with the cum almost immediately. "Don't waist a FUCKING drop, pig!"

Donner could hardly keep up, his guts a sloshing mess of cum. Just as Jace was about to finish, a dual of shots worked their way back up and propelled out his nose, making his face a teary, cock snotty mess.

"Fuck...streams over," Jace slammed the window closed and peeled Donner off his cock. Donner groaned as he got up on his hands and knees, his belly distended with that bright purple glowing nut, but gave a groaning moan as Jace's heels rested on his back.

“Yeah dude,” Jace said into his headset as he booted up COD. “I swear, having a house fag is the best. He’s going to do my laundry and shit. He gets off on me treating him like a jizz rag...Yeah Aaron, if you want a fag you could totally get one, or do you just want to be one of mine.”

Donner moaned, his old friends having already forgotten him. He was just his Master’s...no...his God’s little play thing. Maybe someday they could join, but for now Donner was cumming on the floor from feeling the weight of those feet digging into his back while he supported his god, the glorious feel of them getting heavier as his follower count continued to roll in.