

## Wanna Bet?

The Harley-Davidson tore through the streets, the roar of the engine like a beast itself. The rider, the handler of all that heat, was flying down the street. The bulk of that man was prevalent even with all the leather covering him, but the most impressive thing was how the rain accented it all. A steady stream was soaking the city, one of those long drizzles that glazes everything in its glisten and stains neon with the lights of the businesses around it. Lines blur and lights shimmer as the rain dampens the world with its soft song, only to be turned into a volley as our rider ripped his way down the street.

The droplets rolling off that leather caught the neon yellows, blues and pinks as though the rain itself was bioluminescent. The rider was a roaring beast that cut through the calm, the bike and its silvery tail of rainwater like a warning to all who dare approach. He wove his way between traffic. He was like a needle and the droplets rolling off him his thread as he made his way effortlessly through the city.

He eventually started to slow down and turned off into an alleyway behind a bar. He rolled up and parked his bike under a makeshift awning made of sheet metal that was attached to the stairwell leading up to the apartment above the bar. The man gripped his helmet and peeled it off, revealing the jackal's head.

Vanta, the rider of that beast, looked on in his typical stoic expression. He was stacked like a seasoned body builder, his massive pecs straining the leather of his coat. The typical Anubian snout was forced to be more square with his impressive bulk. His thick neck supported a strong jaw and chiseled features. On his right ear he had a few cuff piercings, on that side's brow a few rings, and a silver

marking around his eye almost like an eye of Ra. Those eyes were chilling even without the one being framed by steely silver. Black sclera and bright irises that resembled the moon.

Vanta put the helmet under his arm, the leather of his jacket straining as he sauntered up to the apartment above the bar. The jackal let himself in.

“Yo! Wao,” Vanta alerted the apartment and bar owner to his entry, not wanting the guy to come at him with a bat again. Vanta hung his helmet up on the hat rack and started taking off his boots.

“Bout time you showed,” a deep rumbling voice came from the kitchen and was quickly accompanied by lumbering steps. “Work run late or some shit?”

Wao came forward, his frame monstrous, his horns practically scraping the ceiling, several gouges around the apartment showed where he had. The drake was a specimen of man, a sculpted wonder that would make Greek Gods weep with envy. His eyes were aglow with his draconic ancestry with blue sclera and electric blue irises. The drake wore jeans and a deep V, showing off his solid cleavage and neck. That neck was slightly longer than average, but the corded muscle that lashed it to his delts made it look good on him. The drake easily had a good foot on the Jackal and an extra hundred pounds of raw muscle. The drake’s face and underbelly were a dazzling blue while his hide and foot paws were a deep cobalt. His horns and elbow spikes were ivory, both accentuating his sharp features. Two thick spikes grew off the back of his jaw that accented the cutting angle. The man’s foot paws sank deep into the carpet, his weight blatantly apparent, leaving four toed foot imprints that bled away in his wake.

“Was wondering when you’d show up,” Wao smirked, an opened bottle of beer already in hand.

“Was held up at work,” Vanta gave a little huff, his upper lip shifting into a shallow sneer, but not so much that it took away from the Jackal’s stoic nature.

“Well,” Wao smiled, his eyes glittering. “Wanna pound a few beers and talk about it.” Wao revealed another beer he was holding with his long muscular tail.

“You know it’s classified,” Vanta answered.

“Yes, I know,” Wao flexed his tail, the scales causing the cap to pop off. One of the many tricks he does at his bar, and offered it. “But the devil’s in the details. Names and places don’t matter.”

Vanta finished taking off his boots, took the beer, and knocked it back. His thick Adam’s apple bulging with his big swigs as he took massive gulps. Wao smirked and took a quick swig of his beer as he watched his friend down his drink in seconds.

“One of those nights, huh?” Wao raised a brow. “Just don’t be throwing the beer bottles later. Don’t need another shard of glass in my foot.”

Wao swaggered off into the kitchen, his muscular ass and tail swaying behind him.

“I ain’t making no promises,” Vanta answered back as he followed Wao into the kitchen to get another beer.

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“Wao, you don’t get it,” Vanta had a light blush on his cheeks, the stoic man’s lips loosening as he continued to drink with his friend. “Taking orders from dumb little faggot’s is so *fucking* obnoxious.”

“Man, I own a bar,” Wao thumped his tail on the ground to emphasize his place of business was just below him. “I take orders from dumb, drunken shits all night.”

“Wao, it’s not the same,” Vanta threw down his cards showing he won the round and Wao groaned as he threw down his pig of a hand. “These little bitches always tell me to go kill someone like they think they own me.”

“At the rate we’re going, you’re going to own me,” Wao complained as he pushed the cards back to Vanta. “It’s your deal.”

“Yeah, whatever,” Vanta grabbed the cards and started pulling them together into a neat pile and shuffling them absently as he continued. “These little shits hire me and think they somehow own me. I’m offering a service, not my fucking soul.” The Jackal started to flick cards back and forth between the drake and himself.

“Again, preaching to the choir, man,” Wao grabbed his cards and exchanged a couple and Vanta tossed him his swaps. “Just because I show a little scale they think they can touch. At least the bouncers do most of the heavy lifting.”

“All-in,” Vanta pushed his stack of cash forward. “You want to know what I do when I take my mark?”

“Fold,” Wao threw his pair of threes down and pushed the rest of his cash forward. “What do you do?”

“I always imagine it’s the person who hired me,” Vanta smirked raking his winnings to his side of the table. He threw down and showed he had a pig-hand. Wao moaned in defeat. “It’s so satisfying imagining I took their money and got their kill all while giving them the respect they deserve. See this here ring,” Vanta held up his middle finger, two silver bands were on it. “The casings from my first kill. I don’t remember who the target was, but I remember the little shit who thought he could boss me

around. After the job, he asked me for the casings. I melted them down and showed him what I did with them. He wasn't too pleased, but he got the message."

"So that's why you got so many?" Wao leaned back in his chair, the red "X" over his left eye throbbing as he contemplated going another round. "One from each kill?"

"Yeah, somethin' like that," Vanta confirmed. "I melt um down so they can't ever be found again. Once I got enough of the right stuff I smelt them into other shit."

"I think I'm done with this game," Wao stood up, his muscular tail grabbing an empty beer bottle and two empties with each hand, the bottles looking like kiddy drinks in his massive mitts. "You want another round."

"Fuck yeah I do, loser!" Vanta kicked his feet up on the table, his heels smacking down on his winnings. Wao came back with a couple of beers in each hand to see his friend flexing his toes and leaning back on his chair with a cocky grin. The mercenary's toe rings gleaming.

"You don't need to gloat," Wao put the beers down on the table and slid them across with the practiced finesse of a real bartender. The Jackal snatched them up, snapped them both open on the edge of the table at the same time, and went to downing one.

"Yeah, and you don't need to be such a fucking pussy at poker," Vanta smiled and licked a dribble of beer from his upper lip. "You don't ever take risks you fucking pansy!" He threw the empty bottle at the recycling. It landed with a catering smash with the other bottles.

"I feel like I held my own just fine," Wao was grinning but the throbbing of his temple was an easy tell.

“Come on,” Vanta practically booed him in response. “You would never play a hand unless you had something. I gave you the chance to take the whole pot there, and you folded like a bitch in heat.”

“Yeah, yeah,” Wao took a swig of his drink. “I get it. You’re the big bad mercenary and I’m the bartender. You got the life of excitement and I’ve got a life of listening to all those exciting things from the other side of the bar.”

“You know,” Vanta smirked and put his hands behind his head, his wife-beater riding up and exposing his first row of abs. “I have a different kind of bet you could make. One you might be able to win, if you’re not a weeping pussy.”

“Oh, what’s that?” The larger drake sighed.

“You know I have a demon patron,” Vanta winked. “What if something more important was on the line than just money.”

“I’m not going to wager my bar, or my soul,” Wao crossed his arms, his pecks bulging out and arms flexing.

“Nah, I don’t need to use a demon from another dimension to swindle a pussy out of his bar. No, what I’m saying is we can wager our size.”

“Well, some of us have more to lose than others,” Wao smiled down at Vanta. “So, how would it work?”

“Simple,” Vanta smirked and licked his lips, his hand going to his fly as he slowly slid it down. “My demon patron is an incubus, so I can link us by our pleasure.”

“If you wanted to fool around, you know we can always rope a few bitches from downstairs.” Wao rolled his eyes and took another drink. “But go on...”

“Yeah, but I don’t want to fuck with some dumb bitch. I want to fuck with you big guy.” Vanta’s bulge was already forcing his zipper apart, the massive log of a cock already impressive even in its straining pouch, the dark underwear getting darker where his thick head was oozing his excitement. “I can break a bitch whenever I want to. I want to break you.”

“Sure,” Wao’s muzzle cracked into a wicked and cocky grin. “You think you can out fuck me?”

“Any shit lord with a dick can fuck,” Vanta smirked. “This is more of a stamina and control. Real alpha shit.”

“Fine, what are the rules?” Wao leaned in and glared at his friend, or should he say opponent.

“First person to cum, loses a set amount of size or stamina. The other gets that size and stamina.”

“So we go until one of us runs out of cum?” Wao shook his head. “I have dragon nuts. I could fuck until the sun comes up and swap out the fags in my harem for the rest of the day till the sun goes down.”

“So long as we’re linked to my demon patron, we’ll still be able to shoot. No running out of ammunition, just until we decide to stop.”

“Sounds like a blast,” Wao smirked.

“It’s a bet then,” Vanta had to stifle a dark chuckle as the two shook on it, the demonic deal struck and the stage set. “May the *real* man win.”

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The two went to the living room and got ready for their little sexual, booze fueled, bout. The two sat on the floor and stripped down to nothing, the traditional amount of clothing the two got down to when they went this hard.

Vanta sat first, his ass sinking down on the rug, the fibers playing with his sensitive pucker and taint. He spread his legs wide and flexed his toes.

“Ready to lose a few inches, big guy?” Vanta egged Wao on. The drake huffed as his lumbering form sat itself down on the floor. Normally he would use his tail to cushion his fall, but he wanted the damned Jackal to feel what he was up against. The drake’s ass slammed against the floor, the entire apartment shaking with his bulk as he pulled himself forward, his legs sliding over Vanta’s before flexing and pulling him closer, their dicks pressed up on each other.

“You can tell me how that feels in a few moments,” Wao licked his lips as he glared down at his jackal friend from his imposing height.

Now that they were right next to each other, it was even more obvious who the larger man was. Clearly Wao had the advantage with the excess size to use. Much like poker, the man with the bigger pot could easily force the smaller ones to fold.

That is, unless the dealer stacks the deck against you.

Vanta glared right back up against that drake’s stare until he felt a warm wetness dribble down on his dick. He looked down and licked his chops. The dragon’s dick was a monster. Vanta had seen it many a time when they tag teamed some bitches. It had to be at least sixteen inches of fuck meat, a blue throbbing monster that bled into a pink, fleshy, uncut tip. Those monstrous dragon nuts each the size of an orange and churning with his draconic birthright.

“So when does it start?” Wao asked.



“It started when we shook hands,” Vanta replied, leaning back on his hands as he looked over the dragon’s bulk. “Man, that size is going to look really good on me.”

“Dream on, pup,” Wao egged the jackal as he took his massive hand and gripped their cocks together. Vanta moaned, his onyx dick throbbed to attention. The head of that cock was a darker black as the foreskin started to roll over it. At a foot long, no one could say he wasn’t a total stud, but compared to the drake, it looked like a piss poor imitation of what a real man’s cock should be.

Wao stroked, their thick foreskins rubbing against each other, their pre dribbling down their dicks, welling up in the folds of their foreskins, and then slowly stroked down by the dragon’s meaty paw.

“Looks like I can stroke your whole cock without me reaching the full length of mine,” Wao chuckled as his hand expertly stroked over both their shafts, his one hand unable to encompass both of them fully, but was still able to glide up and down Vanta’s shaft easy enough.

“I don’t mind,” Vanta gave a soft growl. “I don’t stroke my dick when I have a perfectly good fag to do it for me.”

Wao narrowed his eyes, a lusty grin on his chiseled muzzle as he gripped harder, their cocks grinding against one another as the musk of the two men mixed from their growing slick. His strokes were so deliberate that Vanta could feel his nuts lifting off the carpet some, only to be gently brought back down to the rug below to be kissed by those fibers.

“You look like you’re enjoying yourself,” Wao smiled.

“Yeah? You’re better than most fags at this. How many other men’s dicks did you lick to get this good at stroking?”

Wao gave a little huff and stroked faster, their excess foreskins rolling up and down their shafts, getting slicker as he stroked.

“I can feel you twitching,” Vanta gave a sly grin. “Getting close already? Getting off on stroking my dick against yours?”

“Soon...hunfff...it’ll be even bigger,” Wao moaned as he stroked faster.

“Yeah, keep that up, fag boy, show your betters how a fag really strokes dick.”

“Soon...unf...you’ll be the one...unf... busting their size...into me...fuck...” Wao removed his hand, his cock throbbing. He was so focused on getting Vanta off he didn’t realize how that dirty talk was making him rocket to the finish line. He was a minute man, so usually he fucks, busts, and keeps going. He wasn’t used to this kind of self-control.

But Vanta was.

“What’s wrong?” Vanta started go grind his hips up against that cock, the slick shafts rolling their foreskin over each other again. Wao slammed his fist down and flexed his legs to keep Vanta from grinding.

“I know you’ve been a hair trigger all your life Wao, or at least as long as I’ve known you.” Vanta mocked him as he continued to roll his hips. Even the small strokes were sending tingling bolts of pleasure down into Wao’s nuts. His cock felt like it was electrified, buzzing with pure pleasure. The carpet beneath their nuts was getting wetter by the second as their collective juices dribbled down.

“Vanta...stop...”

“No,” Vanta breathed out his refusal as he did controlled thrusts. “You feel that cock of mine? It’s already twitching with anticipation of your size. I’m a master edger you `dumbfuck. Now that we’re locked into this, I’m going to keep you going till I get exactly what I want.”

“Dude, the fuck, I quit then,” Wao moaned as his balls started to plap against the floor, his cock swelling and getting tighter. Fuck he wanted to bust.

“You can’t quit, not until both of us say so. Devils in the details as you said. The deal was until *WE* decide to stop, and I’m saying, we keep going.”

“Fuck you...Vanta,” Wao growled.

“Enjoy my name on your lips while it lasts,” Vanto smiled. “I make bitches that are smaller than me call me master. And I know your verse ass is always down to hike his tail up for a bigger guy. The more I assert my dominance, the more of a little bitch you’ll become. And I don’t give little shrinking shrimps any respect for being so fucking cock hungry and dumb.”

“Fuck...you...Va...FUCK!” Wao busted. His thick cock pulsed, his nuts drew up off the carpet and his toe claws sank into the floor as his cock burst. Thick ropes of cum shot up and onto his chest, the stream wavering as Vanta continued to thrust, causing a few shots to stray and smack the carpet.

“Fuck yes,” Vanta groaned as his body soaked up the offering, though not much size rolled over. If anything Vanta’s nuts felt less ready to burst.

But that was the plan.

“The fuck did you take?” Wao asked as he looked down on the Jackal, the Dragon’s nuts churning and burning even though he just busted, that gentle adulation of Vanta’s cock was maddening. Wao could hardly think straight.

“I took your stamina,” Vanta moaned. “All of it. You’re a two pump chump now.”

“You fucking bastard, FUUCK!” Wao’s cock throbbed, blasting ropes of cum. This time Wao felt the world shrinking around him. It wasn’t subtle, and it wasn’t slow. It was like each shot of cum caused his body to tense and collapse in on itself. It felt like the rug beneath him was expanding, but in reality his ass was just shrinking and sliding his taint across that unforgiving rug. He felt as his nuts lifted off the carpet permanently, no longer able to hang low as their heft was shot out of them.

Vanta on the other hand was chuckling darkly.

“Fuck yes you stupid bitch, give it to me. Give me all you can.” Vanta kept thrusting and Wao felt his orgasm compound, his cock going painfully rigid as he came again.

“Fucking stop Vanta!”

“Shut up you fucktard!” Vanta lifted his legs, his powerful thighs pulsing with power and expanding, the veins throbbing with strength as he slammed them down. They were now in the exact opposite position as when they started. Vanta had Wao pinned, the big jackal’s cock expanding. Wao felt his cock rolling down that shaft as it expanded, swelling larger, reaching higher until it quickly surpassed Wao’s.

Like a grappling animal trying to not fall down a cliff, Wao’s cock skidded and bounced against that hot cock, that shaft’s veins and hardening flesh providing no purchase as Wao’s cock continued to slip away.

“Vanta,” Wao was gasping as he fell onto his back. “I thought we were friends?”

“You think I’d be friends with a fuck speck like you?” Vanta lifted his foot and pressed it on Wao’s face, pinning him down on his back as that monster kept growing. “Not a chance, fagtard! You’re going to give me everything you are, everything you got will be mine, and I’m not going to stop.”

Wao came, that massive foot on his face easily the size of a shoebox itself. It expanded, cracked and grew larger. Wao struggled against that foot until he was able to slide back, the carpet having gotten slick from a mixture of his cum and Vanta’s pre.

“Where do you think you’re going, you little fuck piece?” Vanta gripped Wao by the ankle and pulled him back and lifted him off the ground. It was like watching a body builder hold up a toddler. The drake hadn’t realized how much size he had already lost.

“Please, you’ve taken enough, just stop,” Wao begged.

“Shut your dick trap, cock sucker, we’re not done yet. I said I’d take everything.” Vanta growled, that massive hand of his gripping Wao entire ankle and a good chunk of his calf. Vanta gripped Wao’s other leg and pulled his ass up. The Jackal licked over Wao’s taint and ass crack. The musk there was even turning sweet, his masculinity failing him. The motion itself caused Wao to bust again, his own dragon nuts turned against him.

“That’s right you dumb slut. Just give into your betters. Give it all to me,” Vanta licked over that taint, feeling it flex as Wao shrank. The jackal groaned as he felt his feet scrape against the carpet, sliding longer, his calves flexing and burning with more size and strength. His thighs were monstrous kegs and his abs diamond bricks. His pecs were like king sized pillows folded into a massive muscle shelf. His arms dueling peaks of power. The jackal’s jaw snapped and rearranged to be more angular, blunter and squarer. His ears were already being forced down as the ceiling was approaching. He didn’t care, he wanted more.

“Look at you, the big proud drake reduced to a fucking squealing simp,” Vanta chuckled. “You’re not even large enough to fuck.”

Vanta gripped the base of his cock, a cock that surged with so much virility it would never be soft again. The melon sized nuts sloshed as they churned with unimaginable gallons of jackal cum. That shaft sprung forward and smacked Wao’s face, smearing his muzzle with that oozing cock snot.

Wao realized his entire legs fit in Vanta’s fists, but that was just a brief thought as that parking divider of a dick throbbed angrily in his face. It was musky, it was potent, it throbbed and spat at him in disrespect of his weakness.

But that smell. Wao couldn’t help it, his cock clenched, his pucker winked, his taint throbbed. Cum dribbled out of his dick as he continued to dwindle.

“Fucking pathetic,” Vanta lifted the dwindling dragon up by one leg, “Cumming at the mere smell of a real man. What a cum sucking fag.” Vanta held Wao there like a rag doll and flicked his face. The motion was enough to cause the drake to spiral and smack against the wall. Wao’s X eye swelled shut as he slapped into the ground.

“Not done with yet cock-sock,” Vanta pulled Wao by the leg back to him. “You’re such a pathetic fucking fag, I bet just snorting my fucking pubes is enough to get you to bust.”

Vanta dropped the drake on his dick, the drake like a skinny doll for girls to play with. Wao felt the cock beneath him throb with life, life that he was cuming into it.

“Vanta...I don’t think I can get much smaller.”

“Wanna bet, cumstain?” Vanta gripped Wao and thrusted, his face smacking into the massive beast’s pubes. Wao’s soft foot paws teased at the tip of that dick while his face was mashed deep into the base of his tormentor’s cock.

Vanta had to keep his back against the ceiling as he fucked. His feet crashed through to the other room as he continued to screw his dwindling fuck speck out of his size, and soon his life.

“That’s right you little fuck toy, you fucking cum sucking slut. I know you’re a fucking tail raiser. All that fucking size and you were wasting it. I’ll put it to better use.”

Wao was in a haze of pure pleasure and terror. His loins were a constant cramping and cumming, a mixture of pleasure and pain. His arms went down to grip those massive jackal nuts, but he kept losing his grip, the sloshing orbs and scrotum slipped through his shrinking fingers.

“That’s right you dumb slut! Give it all to me you fucking fag spec!”

Wao was feeling weak, his mind going dark as the world rapidly continued to expand around him. First he was held against that dick with two hands, then one, then just a few fingers. The last thing he remember seeing is a thumb pad and claw that eclipsed the entire sky as he was washed away by a wave of pre.

“That’s right, almost there! You worthless little fag particle! I’m gunna bust. I’m going to fucking bust!” Vanta didn’t care if he gave Wao some of his size back. He could just keep going and take it again.

“That’s right you stupid fucktard, you fucking dumb ass cum slut fag! I’m your master! I’m your fucking owner! You belong to me, every last fucking cell of yours is fucking mine!”

Vanta's balls rumbled like a growling drake, each churning and drawing up as his taint rumbled with pleasure. Thunderstorms of power surged through the Jackal as every muscle flexed and demanded release.

Vanta came, his toes digging into the carpet and tearing it up. He roared, his voice like that of a drake and a howling hound. Hose like jets of cum smacked the wall, cracking it and drenching it in his virility.

Vanta huffed and felt his cock subside, his throbbing member not being magically recharged. Vanta chuckled darkly and lifted his hand from his cock, the thick glaze of Wao and his own cum showing there wasn't anything left of the little fag.

"Though luck, gaylord," Vanta chuckled darkly, his voice shaking the apartment. "Can't give anything back to someone who doesn't exist anymore. Hope the bar is ready for some new management."