

Something Borrowed

Chapter 2: The Guest List

Aksel groaned as he felt a pair of hot lips wrap around his cock, his dick surrounded in warm needy flesh as a tongue lulled over the underside of his cum pipe. He gave a light grunt as his cock was slurped on, his mind a foggy haze from the night before. What was he doing before anyway? He could hardly remember except that his nuts felt so fucking full.

Did he pick someone up from the bar? No, that couldn't be, he remembered leaving the bar and how fucking cold it was.

Aksel wanted to crack his eye open, but a slit in his curtains reminded him how bad they were at keeping the sun away as it sliced his retina and forced his eyes shut again. He groaned in protest, but the sudden tense of his muscles gave him a pretty good idea of where he was. He was laying on his bed, one leg hanging off and resting on the floor, the other spread wide to make space for the person shlorping on his morning wood. He took a deep breath and yawned, stretching his hands, only to smack them against something above his head.

They were sharp, they were strong, and they were drilled into his skull.

Antlers!

"What the fuck!" Aksel bolted up, Ryan being forced off his dick as he looked over himself, his hands still thick and strong, dark hoof like nails. He glanced down and his human feet were replaced with deer hooves.

The buck man looked about his room for anything reflective to confirm it wasn't a dream. He put his hands on his face and felt his muzzle, his fingers digging into his lips to find his new and powerful blunt teeth.

"Everything okay man?" Ryan asked, his big floppy ears slung over one shoulder cutely. The big guy had a way of making his bulky features look adorable.

"I need a mirror," Aksel got out of bed and felt a weight on his groin. He looked down to see his hard eight inches swinging, flopping about his thighs and slinging strands of pre and rabbit drool down to smack his heavy low hangers.

His ankles shook as he tried to walk, but found it hard to do without a heel until he stumbled and found a wall to support him. He yanked the door to his room open and practically hobbled like a fawn on ice to the bathroom where he slapped the light on. There, before him with the sexiest bed head he had ever seen was a buck.

"Holy shit," Aksel leaned in and turned his head, inspecting his muzzle and beard, bringing his hand up to run his fingers through the thick manly hair. Then the glint of something red on his finger reminded him of what started it all.

There, the ring was on his middle finger, glinting in the shitty lighting of his apartment. He quickly slipped the ring off, half expecting to return to normal like it was some sort of illusion, but the heft between his legs and weight of his antlers still on his skull reminded him that this was very much all real. He looked at the ring in his palm and furrowed his brow.

"No fucking way...," he flipped the ring over to inspect the other side like it was some bug. It wasn't silver anymore, but some sort of dark black metal with a glittering red gemstone in its setting.

Before it looked like some wedding band for some bride, but now it looked like some jewelry hip punkers wear on each finger with mixed designs and sizes.

“You alright man?” Ryan asked. “I didn’t mean to scare you or anything.”

“No,” Aksel spun to look at the rabbit, clenching the ring in his fist and hiding it behind his back.

“No, everything is fine.”

“Well...you’re acting a little strange,” Ryan came closer, his naked body on full display, the sexy rabbit still an inch or two taller than Aksel and clearly a thick DILF for the ages.

“No, really, it’s fine. I promise.” Aksel glanced the rabbit up and down, the rabbit’s brown eyes regarding him credulously.

“Alright, if you say so...” Ryan rubbed his chin with the crook of his thumb and forefinger. “Then why did you storm out of the bedroom during your morning BJ?”

“I...had a bad dream?” Aksel chuckled and scratched the back of his head with his fist holding the ring to make it seem more organic.

“Oh?” Ryan stepped closer, the big rabbit’s foot making the floor boards creak. “Then why don’t you go back and have me finish that blowjob?”

Ryan ran his hand over the buck’s naked chest, his fingers running through that thick, blond chest hair before sliding down that happy trail and cupping that knot and tenderly stroking it.

Aksel gave a little yip at that, his knot so sensitive it caused his hips to buck forward and for his breath to hitch in his throat.

“Oh yeah, got to keep that rut of yours in check,” Ryan practically purred. “its fall, you’ve got to keep those nuts empty or you’re going to jump the next sexy ass you see.”

“I’m...sure...yeah...” Aksel gasped between his words as Ryan’s hand tenderly stroked that knot.

“What? This the first time you’ve had someone help you with your rut?” Ryan chuckled.

“Seriously though. I never would have shacked up with someone like you if I knew you went into rut like this. Fuck if I’m not a sub for a young man who’s got a nut to bust. Unf!” Ryan pulled Aksel closer by gently guiding him by his dick, the big rabbit putting his free hand on the small of the buck’s back. “You know I’ve always thought you were sexy as all hell, but something about you now just really gets my spine tingling.”

Aksel felt like a cork being thrown down the river, lost in the rapids of a situation out of his control. But with another sweet tug on his cock and the press of Ryan’s lips to his, his concerns were lost. The ring was important, but it could wait. He was a guy after all.

Aksel opened his maw, their tongues lulling around one another as the rabbit guided the buck back to his bedroom. Ryan pushed Aksel onto the buck’s bed, the big guy flopping down and spreading his legs instinctively as Ryan knelt before him. The rabbit murred happily as he leaned in and pressed his lips against the buck’s thick nuts. He gave a gentle sniff, the thick musky smell of buck in rut filled his nose.

Ryan’s eyes rolled into his skull as red rings of light formed around his irises.

“Fuck you smell so good,” Ryan moaned into those nuts, taking heated breaths of those potent fawn makers. “You’re going to find a doe and make her a very happy woman.”

“You know I only like dudes,” Aksel smirked.

“I know, but fuck, you’re going to make any man want to be a doe of your fucking herd,” Ryan groaned as he took another hot, musky breath of those nuts before lulling them into his mouth. That heavy sack filled the Rabbit’s maw, his cheeks sloshing those supercharged balls to and fro, rolling them around with his tongue.

“Fuuuuuck,” Aksel groaned as his balls were suckled. They felt like magnets and the more that Ryan dug his tongue between them, the more pleasure would radiate between them, trying to get back to normal, but Ryan would keep them in a constant, hot, slick bath of hungry tongue. That rabbit’s nose nuzzled against that knot, the swollen bulb pulsing larger as he slurped on those painfully full balls.

Aksel already ached for release. He must have busted in Ryan’s ass three times last night, and that’s all he was conscious for. He had no idea how many nocturnal emissions the horny rabbit had slurped from him during the night, but his balls still felt so fucking full. Was this something furries dealt with? The rut of their animal ancestors? He could see why so many of them would go crazy without a nice warm hole to bust into. Bucks have a bad rep for being aggressive this time of year, but he could see why. Even Aksel knew he was using some sort of hypnosis to control Ryan, but his nuts just kept telling him it was okay. He needed to keep his balls happy, he had to keep them empty, he had to rut, to breed, to bust, to fucking drain his seed into any hole that remotely made him fucking twitch!

Aksel snorted, his nostrils steaming out as he slammed a hoof on the ground not caring if the downstairs neighbors heard. Ryan took that as a sign to start stroking. Aksel threw his head back and let out a gargling groan as the rabbit’s skilled hand gripped his shaft and started stroking while he continued to nuzzle that slick, knot and slurp on those heavy nuts.

“Holy shit Ryan! Fucking suck those nuts! Fuck they’ve been working so fucking hard! Fucking show them the appreciation they deserve for making your fucking breakfast!”

Ryan's maw popped open, the two soft boiled eggs in his maw practically steaming with his hot breath as he gently juggled them on his tongue and huffed the musky sheath and knot. Ryan's vision was hazy as he was stuck in the powerful miasma of a man. Every time he thought he needed to pull away or think about what he was doing, a little voice in the back of his head just told him to take a deep breath through his nose, to really smell that buck stud.

The rabbit was basically snorting on that knot, filling his lungs with the hot musky cloud of man, his own breath reeking of balls as he closed his maw around that duo of low hanging bastard fruit. He slurped on those nuts while slowly stroking that cock, his hand gripping that tapered tip, swirling his fist around it before stroking that oozing pre over that dire wolf dick to get it nice and slick.

"Fuck! That feels amazing! Don't fucking stop," Aksel's eyes rolled into the back of his head as his cock throbbed, thick shots of pearly pre created ropes of stringy slick on Ryan's fingers that he eagerly stroked over that rod.

Ryan took that command as a challenge to deepen the pleasure. He swallowed around those nuts gently to pull himself further against that cock. His nose meshed against that knot, nuzzling it and stimulating the underside of that bulb as he let those balls roll into his cheeks. He then stuck his tongue out and ran it along that taint. That musky little ball of muscle, the prostate hidden behind it as he slipped his slick tongue over that fuzzy, hairy bridge between the stud's untouched hole and those bastard factories.

"Oh FUCK!" Aksel shouted, his head throwing back and his antlers gouging the drywall as his cock busted. His taint flexed against that hungry tongue as that cock lurched and those balls tried to pull themselves out of that muzzle to dump their load. Ryan let them pull up, but not out of his talented muzzle, tenderly sucking on them and drooling over himself as those balls bounced against his tongue

while thick rope after tar-like rope of virile seed rained down and smacked the rabbit's face, painting it with his virility.

"Hooooooooooly fuck..." Aksel groaned as he pulled his antlers from the wall. "That was the best nut I've had since...well...since yesterday." Aksel chuckled. "Fuck Ryan, that was amazing."

Aksel's hooves fanned as he felt the rabbit's muzzle wrap around his cock, slurping it from knot to tip to clean it off, the Rabbit's eyes practically glowing red as he moaned around that member. His eyes unfocused as a red haze lazily wafted around his muzzle.

"Fuck, Ryan! I'm sensitive after I bust..." Aksel was going to complain when his nuts jumped and he felt them start to ache as soon as the pleasure started to ebb. "You've got to be shitting me."

"M-Master's...rut..." Ryan shuddered around that cock tip before slurping back down on that shaft, his mouth squelching and sloshing around that thick pipe as he sucked it back to full mass. Not that it had really gone down, but now it was painfully hard as if trying to grow larger.

And then it did.

It was just a fraction, almost unnoticeable and could have been written off as just how good it felt, but Aksel could tell. He knew in his heart of hearts that his cock dug a bit deeper, swelled a little thicker, his balls jostled a bit lower with an added weight.

Ryan lulled his tongue along the underside of that dick, sloping up the remanence of Aksel's orgasm and his drool before he pulled himself up to straddle Aksel.

"Ryan, are you ready for another round?" Aksel asked, his ears folding back in embarrassment a strange sensation.

“I live...to serve...” Ryan’s muzzle practically popped with red static, that pearly nut glowing with a hazy red aura that wafted around his muzzle and curled in his nose and ears. “Please...let me serve you...again...” Ryan’s thick cheeks went down on that cock, Aksel groaning as his dick slid into that used hole. “And again...” Ryan’s lifted his ass and sank it back down for a light flap. “And again...” he groaned rhythmically as he panted with his mouth open, his breath going in through his mouth and his nose as his mind was steeped in Aksel’s rut.

Aksel leaned back, his thighs flexing up into that ass as that rabbit slowly jacked his cock with that beautiful sexy silk. Aksel couldn’t believe he was ready for round two so quickly. He knew that bucks went through rut, but he had no idea how potent it was. How deeply seeded the pleasure in the core of his nuts as they kept churning and burning for release.

“Master’s pleasure...is all that matters,” Ryan moaned. Those words triggered a flashback for Aksel. Late in the night he was slamming his hips into Ryan, his hand gripping that rabbit by the skull as the ring on his finger glowed.

“Master’s pleasure is all that matters,” Aksel growled, practicaly foaming at the mouth as his hips slapped that ass and made it jiggle over and over.

“Master...deserves...worship,” Ryan groaned as his hands ran over Aksel’s chest, that chest hair curling around his fingers as he pressed down on those pecs before tweaking the piercings.

“You shall worship your master whenever you can,” that growling voice echoed through Aksel’s memories.

“His desires...always come first...”

“Master always comes first.”

“Ryan isn’t anyone...he’s just...a devoted slut...for master.”

“You’re an acolyte for my harem and worship.”

These words bubbled up from Aksel’s memories as though it were a dream seen through a red fog. Aksel knew this was wrong, but...but that fucking ass!

Aksel realized he was still holding the ring and tossed it to the side as he lunged up inside of Ryan, his hands slapping and gripping fistfuls of that thick ass.

“Up! Keep your ass up so I can fuck into it! Fuck yeah!” Aksel snarled and huffed through his nose, his cock slapping up into that hole, his balls swinging like pendulous flogs to smack that ass as he fucked up into that needy rabbit. Ryan screamed, his voice deep and husky as his cock lurched and sprayed a dribble of cum into his hand. The rabbit didn’t miss a beat and slurped it into his mouth and kept riding on that dick, his hole clenching around that rod.

Aksel’s nails dug into those cheeks, scratching them and leaving shallow marks as he felt his rut take hold of him, his thighs burning with the exertion, but his flexing biceps keeping his doe in place. He rammed up, his balls smacking with a satisfying slap that reverberated up his rod with a thick deposit of slick pre. A mixture of last night’s cum and his current juices dribbled down his nuts, flying around and marking his room with his musk, his rut, his fucking territory!

Aksel’s knot plopped into that hole before slicking out, that thick wad of flesh popping in and out of Ryan’s hole and causing the rabbit to scream with joy and push back against that glorious stretching organ.

“Please! Breed me again! Fucking nut inside me! Fill me up! I’m so fucking empty without your rut! Bust it! Fucking bust inside me! Never hold back! Just keep nutting in your devoted slave!”

“FUCK! Take it!” Aksel slammed his knot home, this time it jostled and grew, literally grew thicker and locked him behind that puffy hole before distending it with his growing tie. Those balls had swung up and smacked against that ass, sticking there for a brief moment before ridding up and getting ready to breed again. “Take my RUT!” Aksel roared and snorted like a bull as his cock flexed and shot thick wad after wad into that needy hole.

Ryan flopped forward exhausted, his face buried in Aksel’s neck and smearing his previous nut there while licking the sweat and salt from his master, the only air Ryan could breathe was hot, almost acidic with how musky it was, and he couldn’t get enough. The rabbit flexed his ass as Aksel continued to thrust up into that hole, his knot keeping him seated, but each tug, each twitch causing his orgasm to come roaring back as his nuts churned out shot after hot studly shot into that hole.

“Master’s...pleasure...comes first...” Ryan groaned into his neck as he rocked his hips back and forth, that pucker squelching around that knot as it flooded his guts with potent rut nut.

“Fuck yeah it does,” Aksel growled, his own eyes glowing red as he fucked up into that hole. “My nut is your life! My rut is your creed! Take it with fucking honor you little slutty whore.” Aksel kept bucking into that hole, his hips burning from exhaustion, but the ache in his nuts demanded release. He wouldn’t be denied.

“Fuck,” Ryan gripped Aksel’s shoulders and continued to slam his ass down on that cock, milking that entire member for all it was worth, that knot being tugged on with each flex of those cheeks.

Aksel didn’t know how long they were like that. Minutes, hours, days? It didn’t matter. It was unending pleasure as he dumped thick, virile shot after shot into that needy hole.

“Fuck, Ryan, I’m starved, time to get some food,” Aksel tried to sit up but Ryan pushed him back down.

“Master’s pleasure comes first,” Ryan’s eyes were wide and crazed, the irises nothing but glowing red lights as he slipped that knot out of his hole with a whorish moan before gliding up and down that shaft.

“Holy shit—” Aksel’s voice caught in his throat as that big rabbit ass bounced on that pole, Aksel’s hooves fanning and kicking at the floor to get purchase, but only scraping against the carpet. “Dude, seriously, let’s take a break.”

“Your pleasure...your pleasure comes first...” Ryan practically growled as he bounced, his ass jiggling as he sat on that cock, his hole gripping and squelching on that dick.

“Fuck, Ryan, this is hot, but seriously, stop,” Aksel tried to get up only to be forced back onto the bed as Ryan continued to ride that cock, drool dribbling down Ryan’s clenched jaw, his crooked smile glinting as he huffed through it to keep ridding that rut.

“Ryan stop, your master commands you,” Aksel felt a pang of fear as his cock throbbed deep in that ass, but the rabbit just bore down on him harder.

Ryan was lost, his mind shattered as he rode that dick for all it’s worth as he continued to tirelessly work that rut into him. A thick froth of cum glazing that dick and dripping down those over productive nuts.

“Shit,” Aksel tried to push Ryan off, but the guy had at least fifty pounds on him. He only managed to jostle the guy before he pinned the buck down and worked harder, his feet coming up to cup those nuts while he railed himself on that pipe.

“Fuck, Ryan, can you even hear me?” Aksel’s eyes went wide, but Ryan was lost, a thrall to his pleasure and rut as much as his own nuts were. Aksel felt panic well up in his gut and just as he was about to throw his first punch a glint of red caught his eye. There, on the edge of the bed was the ring.

Aksel lunged for it, his fingers fumbling with the little band of metal as the entire bed rattled and bounced with Ryan's bucking hips. The ring fumbled further, but with another quick reach Aksel pinned it to the side of the mattress where it started to slip onto one of his fingers. He pulled his hand into a fist, sliding the ring on before gripping Ryan's skull.

"Stop!"

Ryan went limp, falling to the side and Aksel's cock flopped out of that ass as Ryan panted in a pool of his sweaty fur.

"Wa...water..." he gasped. "please...water..."

"Fuck," Aksel tried to get up, his legs shaky from the constant rut, but also panic as he tried to get away.

"Aksel...water...please..."

"Fuck...yeah buddy...you okay?"

"Water..." was all Ryan said before he passed out.

Aksel was white knuckling the metal pole on the bus and tapping his hoof. The feeling of his boxers scratching against his hardening sheath with a grating need was impossible to ignore, he hated the way the sunlight made his back ache and want to lay down. Any exposed skin he saw or round sexy curve sent his nuts churning.

Rut was the fucking worst.

Being a buck at the end of October isn't all it's cracked up to be, huh?

“Shut up,” Aksel growled under his breath at his fist, the ring on his finger again.

Maybe keep me on next time and I'll be able to save you from yourself. The ring glinted as it spoke to him in his mind.

“Whatever,” Aksel rolled his eyes, his antlers smacking the metal bar. That was going to take some getting used to.

Listen, Aksel, you need to keep me on. I'm the conduit keeping your charms in place and the only thing that can mend them. You can't just toss me around like some jock's promise ring during prom night.

Aksel pulled out his phone and put it to his ear, pretending to get a call so he didn't look like a total freak talking to himself.

“What did you do to Ryan,” the buck demanded.

Smart move. Stolid approved of the phone technique. *And I didn't do anything he didn't want to do. I can't create desire, I can only act on what's there.*

“You know damn well what I meant,” Aksel snarled into the phone. “He wasn't himself. It was like he was...was...”

Being controlled? Stolid butted in. *Of course. That's what you wanted. You're a kinky little buck, wanting to be worshiped and desired. Could that have something to do with your abandonment issues?*

“Stop,” Aksel spat into his phone. “I should hawk this ring right here and now.”

Good thing you gave me a day to convince you otherwise. You can't break that deal even if you wanted to.

“Well you better start convincing me or you’re going on eBay first thing come midnight,” Aksel huffed.

This is your stop, Stolid’s voice had a distinct curl to it, as though the little trinket was smiling.

“What, the public library?” The cab jostled to a stop and Aksel hopped out, his hooves clopping on the pavement, his jeans snug while his hoody barely fit. He had to tear the neck a bit to fit his antlers in, but it just made a sexy torn ‘V’ for his chest hair to come through. “I try to avoid it.”

Because of Ken? He’s why we’re here.

“What! Fuck no, I can’t be talking to Ken. He’s—”

Terry’s best friend? I know.

“How the hell did you know about that?”

I can see into your heart and soul, you think you could hide that from me?

“Or was it that you have access to my phone.”

That doesn’t hurt either.

Aksel hopped off the bus and looked up at the big brick building.

“Well, why do you want me to go in here?”

Isn’t it obvious? Ken is Terry’s best friend. If you want to take down that tasty slab of meat, you’re going to have to catch his slippery little twink of a friend.

“Ken never fucking liked me. You think just because I’m a buck now that he’ll treat me different?”

Good thing you're not you today, you're us. Stolid's essence curled in that ring, that metal band felt like a caterpillar wriggling its way around his finger. *If you'll allow me to control you in the Library, things will become very clear.*

"Seriously? After what happened with Ryan?"

I'm not going to mind fuck someone in the public library, the ruby in the ring's setting glinted as though it were an eye rolling. *I promise I won't let anything that happened to Ryan happen to Ken unless you give me explicit permission.*

Aksel paused, looking up at the building and reading the rust stained letters tacked across the library's face.

"Is Ryan going to be okay?" Aksel pressed for reassurance. "Like, is he going to go back to normal."

The rabbit was just a little dehydrated and exhausted. You made sure to get him water before we left him passed out on your bed. He'll be fine.

Aksel still wasn't convinced.

Hey, you promised you'd let me try and convince you of my worth, Stolid's words were very pointed. *Are you going to break a deal with me?*

"No, I'll keep my word, keep your fucking tarnish on," Aksel went to put his hood up, but his antlers smacked it back. "This is going to take some serious getting used to."

Don't worry buddy, Stolid's voice was thick with sarcasm and condescension. *I'll be there with you every step of the way. Now get a move on. I've got some work to do.*

“Fine, you can have control of my body when we go into the Library, but I can pull the plug at any moment.”

You're not very trusting, are you?

“I may have found you in a pile of rocks yesterday, but I wasn't born then either. Magic artifacts are always twisted and find ways to take advantage of you. So yeah, I'm not that trusting.”

This coming from the guy who's only experience with magical trinkets comes from Aladdin the musical.

“Do you want me to throw you in the gutter?”

Cool your jets, mister sensitive. I was only joking.

“Sounds like you're back pedaling now,” Aksel smirked. “Whatever. I agreed to your terms so let's get going.”

Lead the way, leg man.

Aksel rolled his eyes. The buck was getting the strong impression that Stolid was the kind of ring that always got the last word in. Though, he didn't really care that much as long as it got the job done.

Aksel pushed on the door to the library and entered. As soon as he passed the threshold everything felt tingly. It was like someone smacked the bass-drop and slowed the record down at the same time. His breathing evened out his heart beat slowed and his eyes softened.

“Damn, it feels good to be flesh and bone again,” Stolid spoke through his mouth. Aksel's skin crawled as he realized he had lost all control over his body. A warm haze wafted around his senses,

almost dulling them from what his body was feeling. It was like he had water in his ears and he was listening to himself from inside of his own skull.

What the hell, give me my body back. Aksel demanded and lunged forward to wrest back control. When he did, he felt as though he were clotheslined and smacked back into the corners of his skull.

“Just sit back and enjoy the show, Aksel,” Stolid spoke as he walked up to the bulletin board. He looked at his reflection on the glass case that surrounded it, his blue eyes replaced by a distinct red. “I’m going to show you exactly what I can do.”

I thought I could take control back whenever I wanted!

“I never agreed to that,” Stolid smirked and gripped the hem of his hoody and tore it a little more to show off that shallow, hairy cleavage. “I really did do a good job making you a rugged stud, huh?”

*You agreed! You—*Aksel’s memories were forced upon him. Stolid never once said he agreed to his terms...only that he agreed to Stolid’s. *Give me my body back!*

“Calm down,” Stolid gave a light huff. “It’s just for as long as we’re in the library. What, do you think I’m going to just hunker down in here like a tick? Live out the rest of your mortal days as a book worm? No dice. So calm down. I just wanted to be able to show you what I can do when the gloves come off.”

Panic burned deep in Aksel’s gut, but before he could shout any absurdities, the mental equivalent of a gag was shoved down his throat. He could still think and comprehend what was going on, but he knew Stolid couldn’t hear him.

“Just sit back and enjoy the ride, *master*,” Stolid chuckled and slicked his fingers through his hair, expertly avoiding his antlers. Stolid swaggered into the main part of the building. The smell of cheap cleaner and old books filled Stolid’s nostrils. The buck scanned the shelves before pulling out their phone and swiping it unlocked.

Aksel wanted to know why he was looking up Ken online if he knew he was at the front desk, but it wasn’t so much about Ken as it was the groups he was a part of. Stolid scrolled down through the feed and smirked as he found what he was looking for.

“Intelligence gathering has never been easier. You humans all just post it out there for anyone to see.” Stolid ran his fingers over the spines of several books as he marched his way into the historical fiction. He paused and scanned the shelf as he traced a line over the letters and names. “Where is his last book club’s...ah! There it is.”

Stolid snagged a book off the shelf. It was relatively small, more of a novella than a novel, but it did have several stamps across the cover showing the awards it had received. He strode back up to the front desk and smirked as he came to a black poodle, his curly hair styled and trimmed to accent his curvy figure. He wore a forest green button down with bats all over it, the kitten ear glasses on his nose were a bright orange and heled on with a chain with pumpkin beads. He was reading an Even Queen novel, the cover some scantily written horror title.

The poodle closed his book and smiled up at the buck, his chocolate eyes glittering.

“Hey there! How can I help you?” Ken asked as he set his book down and gave Stolid a quick once over, his brow furrowing. “Wait...do I know you?”

“I don’t believe we’ve met,” Stolid shrugged and gave the poodle a dazzling smirk, his recently augmented smile a series of pearly whites. “I’m sure I would have remembered seeing someone like you.”

“Why?” Ken put on a scrutinizing pout as he dipped his glasses down his muzzle.

Fear shot right through Aksel’s heart. He didn’t know how to handle Ken when he got this way. He would take any compliment the wrong way just to keep twisting and torturing men into knots.

“Isn’t it obvious?” Stolid gently murred.

“No,” Ken crossed his arms. “Explain it to me?”

“Because I’m new in town and I need a library card,” Stolid cocked his head, keeping his charming smile on while raising a brow. “Is this how you always greet new folks to your town?”

“No, of course not...I mean...” Ken’s ears drooped as a blush crept across his muzzle.

Did Ken just fucking blush! Aksel had never seen the guy ever do anything like that.

That’s because you’ve never seen me at work, Stolid’s thoughts echoed through to Aksel. Now keep your thoughts down. I’m working here.

“So, can I get a library card, or does that come with a slice of spicy attitude as well?”

“No, of course not!” Ken was flustered and on the defensive. He spun around to go snag a little bin full of blank cards.

“Are you sure? I wouldn’t mind it coming from you.” Stolid egged the poodle on.

“Wait...” Ken came back with a blank library card. “Are you flirting with me?”

“What if I am?” Stolid shrugged.

Oh god, no man has ever tried to tango with Ken and get the better of him.

“Well,” Ken slipped his glasses up with a confident smirk. “That ring on your finger might give the wrong impression. Does your spouse know you do this kind of thing.”

Like a ring has ever stopped your fay ass from pile driving into someone’s groin! Fucking asshole!

“They might,” Stolid shrugged. “But from where I come from, people typically don’t keep their wedding bands on the right hand.” Stolid lifted his hand to show off the ring on his middle finger. “Also, do you know what they call this finger where I come from?”

“Gullible? Cuz some people might think you’re just wearing a ring, but I know a wedding band when I see one—”

“They call it the widow’s finger,” Stolid kept that warm smile on his face, making sure that Ken knew he didn’t take any offense.

Shit, really? Aksel was shocked.

Of course not you dunce, but he doesn’t know that!

“1...” Ken froze, his eyes darting around Stolid to find some other sign that he might be messing with him, but that little ring trinket knew what he was doing. They stood there for a moment, frozen, Ken’s face a beat red underneath his fur. Despite being black, the burn of embarrassment could be felt from every corner of his body.

Fuck, are you just going to let him stew like that? Aksel asked.

Isn't that what you want? Stolid kept a warm expression on their face, but Aksel could feel the wicked grin in that ring's essence.

This lasted for what seemed like forever. It was only until Stolid could count to five, but still, Aksel could only imagine what Ken was thinking in that moment. How embarrassed and completely disarmed.

"Would you like to start over?" Stolid asked, extending out a hand.

"I...um...yeah," Ken shook his head. "I'm so sorry. My name is Kenneth, but everyone just calls me Ken."

"Stix," Stolid smiled and shook the poodle's dainty paw, brushing his thumb against the back of the poodle's hand tenderly. "Stix Smith."

"Sorry again," Ken let go of the shake and rubbed his cheek as though trying to banish his blush. "I'm usually so good at picking up on these things, but...sorry."

"Don't sweat it," Stolid shrugged. "Wouldn't be the first time someone made the mistake. The dating pool is ruthless."

"Don't I know it," Ken put his paws on his hips, the card sticking between his fingers. "So you're looking to get a card? I can get you set up. Do you have anything with your current address on it?"

"Not yet," Stolid shrugged. "But do I need a card to buy stamps?"

"Um...no," Ken furrowed his brow. "How many do you need?"

"Just the one will do," Stolid confirmed.

"Okay, I'll be right back." Ken left the blank card on the desk and went into the back office.

In the meantime Stolid plucked a postcard from the rack by the desk and snagged a pen from a cup by Ken's computer. With a well-practiced hand, Stolid wrote the address of their apartment on the postcard. Just as he finished Ken came back holding a singular stamp.

"So, stamps are a quarter, but...let's just call it even for before," Ken handed the stamp over. Stolid looked up and tenderly took the stamp, making sure their thumbs brushed lightly before parting.

"I appreciate it," Stolid smirked and peeled off the back of the stamp and put it on the postcard. "Here, got something with my address and name right here."

Ken took the postcard and smirked, his thumb brushing over the ink and smearing it.

"Clever and good looking, but I can only accept letters that have gone through a proper courier."

"How about this," Stolid leaned in and lowered his voice into sultry murmurs. "Why don't you set me up with a card, and I'll assure you that a small, independent courier delivers that letter by the end of the day. Sound like a deal?"

"You want me to use a blank postcard?" Ken smirked, leaning in.

"It's not blank, it's just not fully finished yet?"

"Oh, then do you want to finish before I mail it out?" Ken kept a coy smile on his lips as he spoke.

"How's about you finish it for me," Stolid offered the pen back to Ken. "I'll dictate it for you. Something like, 'Welcome to the neighborhood mister Stix, and here's my number if you need anything else.'"

Ken bit his lip and took the pen, his fingers fluid and deliberate.

“I’ll do you one better,” Ken started to scribble down some info in cursive. “I host a Halloween party every year. It’s a big bash me and my friends do and we like to invite at least a couple new people into the mix. How’s about you come on by and I can properly apologize. My number is there too if you have *any* questions.”

Ken held up the card for Stolid to take. He gently took hold of it, but Ken held the card fast.

“One second,” Ken murred. “Ink’s still wet.” He pursed his lips and gently blew on the card, his breath smelled of sweet toffee coffee. Just as his breath ran out he let the card slip through his fingers.

Horny little slut, huh? Stolid was ready for this, but he feigned being taken aback by blinking rapidly before quickly composing himself.

“I’ll be there, cutie, but how about my card?”

There was a sudden beep as Ken slid the library card through a reader, all without taking his eyes off the buck. “I got you covered.”

“Oh my,” Stolid murred. “You’re very good at your job.”

“I’m number one in satisfaction,” Ken winked. “Anything else I can do for you, Stix?”

“Just check me out,” Stolid handed over the book. “Or am I too much for you?”

“You’re in good hands,” Ken took the book and scanned it, sliding the card and putting it in the book to hand over. “Another Neil Thomas lover?”

“I appreciate his newer stuff. So much younger and full of life than his older collections.” Stolid gave the poodle a wink.

“Be sure to finish before the party. My book club just finished it and we’ll have *loads* to talk about.” Ken winked back as he bid the stud buck a good day.

“We’ll be sharing loads soon enough,” Stolid spun on his heels and stuck the post card in the book before leaving.

“Holy shit,” Aksel breathed as they passed the threshold of the library and he had control of his body again.

So, how did I do? Stolid asked with a cocky slant to his tone.

“I’ve never seen Ken simp for some dude before! How the hell did you do that?”

I’m damn good at what I do.

“So, you’ve got me going to that fuck fest they call a Halloween party,” Aksel chuckled. “Fuck, I’m going to fuck him up there? That’s where he cheated on me in the first place. This’ll be so sweet.”

Oh, we’re not going to fuck Terry there, Stolid murred darkly.

“Wait...I thought we were doing this to get back at my cheating ex?”

And I told you, we’re going to do it in a way that’ll ruin his life. Ken is but one chink in the armor.

“What do you mean?” Aksel cocked his head as he started for the sidewalk.

Ken is but a means to an end. Stolid’s ring hummed in anticipation. This party is but the first step in Terry’s demise. We’ve already laid the groundwork to get between your ex tart and his best friend. This is all about driving a wedge between them.

“How the hell are you going to do that? The only time they ever fought was when that one guy came between them...” And it all came together with that one little sentence.

Now you're getting it. You remember how they fought like rabid dogs over that one guy? Now imagine if that one dude stuck around and continued playing with them, toying with their hearts?

“Holy shit, you're going to make me into that guy?”

You already are! Ken is already wrapped around your little finger, itching for that dick. Now all we need to do is make a move on Terry and watch the fur fly.

“Holy shit, you're an evil genius!”

Oh wait, that' won't work will it?

“Wait, what do you mean?”

I mean, you're going to hawk me for pocket change before the party right? Stolid's voice was the very definition of facetious. I guess you'll have to fly this mission solo. Don't worry about me. Your finances are the biggest concern you have right now. Never mind what I could do for you financially if given the chance. I only set up a slam dunk for your revenge in less than a day. Farewell! Goodbye! Auf Wiedersehen!

“Fuck, dude, fine! I won't sell you,” Aksel rolled his eyes.

You're going to have to do better than that. Let's make a deal.

“Like the one we made in the library? No chance.”

Full transparency, I swear. I want to help you get your revenge, but all I ask is two things.

“What are those two things?” Aksel cocked a brow.

First, you must always wear me, even if I'm not controlling you or advising you, you cannot just ditch me.

"Now who has abandonment issues," Aksel mulled that one over and nodded.

The next, is I want you to help me with my own revenge once I've helped you with yours.

"Your revenge?" Aksel shook his head. "Really, who could a ring possibly hold a grudge against? A jeweler chip you the wrong way?"

The person who put me in that cement prison! Look, I don't even need you to play an active part in that revenge. I just need a body to do it.

"I won't let you hurt anyone."

Too late for that shit! You're hell bent of burning some dude's life to the ground and everyone around him for something he did! I can promise in my revenge that I won't harm anyone who you deem is innocent, but this is non-negotiable. I help you get your revenge, and you help me get mine. Deal?

Aksel pondered the offer for a minute, his mind racing. He didn't see any specific holes in the deal that he could be manipulated with. And he couldn't argue with the results. Stolid was only given an afternoon. What could he do with a week, or even a month?

"Fine, you have a deal," Aksel closed his fist and shook it as though shaking with the ring.

Then let's get you a new costume. Can't show up to a sexy Halloween party as a nudist on strike.

Aksel just shook his head and shoved his hands in his pockets.

"So long as we fuck Terry harder than he fucked me, I don't care if I'm a sexy cat woman. Let's bring this asshole down."