

Something Borrowed

Chapter 4: The Rehearsal

Aksel was starting to get used to his ball draining escapades. Whenever he was at home, his rut was tirelessly taken care of by Ryan, at least when the rabbit wasn't working. In the hours between the constant face fucking and breeding, those balls ached and gargled with need. Aksel was currently sitting on the couch buck ass naked, his balls soaking sweat and drool into the cushions as a fan blew on his crotch. He felt hot despite the cool air outside. He even turned off the heat and opened a window to keep himself from burning up. His new body craved the cold, and his balls sagging in the heat were testament enough to how warm his rut made him.

Ryan had been sustaining himself on basically a diet of cum and carrots, and still Aksel's nuts ached for release. The cool air helped calm the buck, but sweat still glistened his brow. Aksel's gut was shallower from before, as though any excess energy was going to fuel his rut, but it was still large enough to angle his throbbing dick down. The tip of that knotted deer dick dripped and dribbled as the buck watched some old animated show he had watched a thousand times. Anything to distract his mind from his aching boner.

"Seriously, can we get that other guy over here for some release?" Aksel moaned, gulping the hot air as though it would cool the fire in his loins. "I'm burning up here."

"Bucks are more active at dusk and night," Stolid had taken over his hand, the red latex and onyx claws clicked and squeaked against his phone as it scrolled through the internet, catching up on current events and learning all they could about their target. *"So your rut is only going to get worse as the sun goes down."*

“Shit really?” Aksel threaded his fingers through his hair, the thick digits picking up some of his sweat and using it to push his blond locks back, the musky armpit shrubs of hair matted from the heat. “Like, seriously, what the hell. How do people deal with this heat. All I want to do is fucking bust.”

“The problem with that is the more you bust, the more your body thinks you’re primed for breeding. Trust me when I say you want to hold off as much as you can at night or you’ll rut yourself to death.”

Aksel snorted, steam practically flying out of his nostrils as he stamped his hooves on the ground, the hard wood creaking.

“Pouting wont’ help,” Stolid did the equivalent of rolling his eyes, the thumb drawing a circle in the air. Aksel glanced over at his phone, strands of red latex flicked over his phone like the feelers of some goo like insect as that muscular thumb scrolled over his social media page.

“Did you always cover this much of my arm?” Aksel cocked a brow. Sure enough the red latex had covered up to his elbow, the buck’s forearm looked several sizes larger than his other, gorged with muscle and power while the edge of his elbow had flicking tendrils of that latex goo as though they were worms feeling their way forward, but barred by some invisible field.

“A little more,” Stolid shrugged their thumb. *“Nothing serious though. I can’t take control of you unless you let me. During our down time though I’m able to creep out, stretch my legs as it were. It’s not the best feeling being folded up in this ring all the time ya know.”*

“No, I can’t say I do know what that’s like,” Aksel huffed.

“Let me paint you a picture,” Stolid continued scrolling while speaking in Aksel’s mind. *“You know how uncomfortable you are with your rut? Imagine feeling that way all the time, but that your dick*

was out of your reach at all times. Tied up and folded, hogtied and your dick kept in a void that you could never reach only getting worse with every passing moment."

"Geez," Aksel sighed. "Sorry dude."

"It's not so bad," Stolid continued scrolling, that onyx claw clicking against the phone's screen. *"I've had far worse in my lifetime."*

"Seriously?" Aksel cocked a brow. "That must have been hell."

"You don't know the half of it."

A strange itch ran up Aksel's arm as though Stolid's essence was shivering, but it wasn't in fear or disgust, it was almost...humorous? As though there was something so funny about what was just said. Just then Aksel felt his prostate clench, a thick stream of pre splattering the floor as he moaned. What he would give to just jack it, but he heeded Stolid's warning. He wasn't about to become a mindless fuck puppet to his rut. No, that was for Terry.

"There! I think that ought to be good," Stolid remarked. Aksel glanced down at the phone. There was a new profile there for a Stix Smith.

"Who the hell is Stix?" Askel asked.

"You, you fucking dork," Stolid shuddered with that same humorous itch. *"It's the alias we gave Ken. Can't be showing up as Aksel to your ex's party and throwing things off. So, how about we do a little thirst trap to really throw some feelers out."*

"What you talking about?" Askel wasn't following. Good think Stolid didn't have balls that were melting his brain. The red latex goo flowed off his arm and gripped the game station controller and paused the show on a particularly bright scene, the glow almost painful from the TV.

"Here, let me take over for a second to take this picture," Stolid's essence reached deep into Aksel and the buck resisted.

"Shit, dude, what are you doing?"

"Just for a second so I can take a picture, I'm not going to control you in your own home permanently. Calm down. Let me work my magic."

"Shit, fine," Aksel relaxed and his body started moving of its own accord. His phone switched to the front camera and he angled himself up so he got the image of his glistening chest, his fucking face a sweaty mess, but for some reason the grungy look worked very well for the buck. He winked at the screen as he felt his other hand grip the base of his dick, but his dick wasn't in the picture. The camera went off and the image of the buck froze there.

"That it?" Aksel gave a soft scoff as several little tentacles clicked and typed up shit rapidly on the social media site.

"Look closer hot shot," Stolid smirked, or his essence curled in a way that made it feel like he was. Aksel watched as the picture loaded, the status being set.

"October is a bitch, hashtag stag problems, hashtag rut...so a sweaty picture of myself showing off my rockin' bod, so what—hello!"

Aksel's eyes went wide as he realized the hidden thirst trap behind the thirst trap. On his chest, the shadow of his cock was clearly visible from the glow of the TV. The shape of that massive shaft, the knot at the base, the tapered tip that slung to the side and ended at one of his pierced nipples.

"There ya go," Stolid praised him. *"And look who just liked it."*

“Who,” Aksel clicked onto the image and confirmed that Ken had liked the image. “When did you become friends with him?”

“Earlier today,” Stolid’s little latex fingers continued typing up posts and weaving this Stix persona together. Some rugged country boy with a mysterious past. The profile was new, and yet so much information was placed on it without any actual info. A deep dive would reveal it as sketchy, but Ken was eating up the photos. There were even pictures from earlier that day, the buck having taken a selfie on the bus, smiling at the camera with a hashtag transit life, and some comment about healing mother earth. His profile pic was him winking cockily into the camera. Upon closer inspection it was a cropped photo from another post. Something that read “Guess what I’m going to be this year, here’s a hint” and it showed the edge of the black fur of their costume.

“You did all this in one afternoon?” Aksel shook his head. “Shit.”

“You should get to know me kid. I’m amazing,” Stolid continued to type away, continuing to weave this persona that Ken bought into. How did he already have over fifty friends? Those thirst traps really do work wonders on follower counts.

“I thought you were trapped in that cement for a long time. How do you know how to do all this?”

“Spreading information and building images is what I’m good at,” Stolid responded. *“The medium has changed, but it’s still articles and headlines. Even better because you don’t have to wait the next morning for people to buy the papers. They just take it for free.”*

“So, were you some spin-doctor or something?”

“You could say that,” Stolid paused to think, the fingers of that goo gently swaying as though in thought before angrily tapping away at the screen. *“But not everyone is as grateful as you are.”*

“You really hate this bitch for fucking your life over, huh?”

“She’s the reason I was in that cement in the first place.”

“What did you do to make her want to do that to you?”

Stolid paused before he continued.

“I gave her everything she wanted,” Stolid wouldn’t elaborate.

“Damn man, that sucks,” Aksel sighed. “Sorry.”

“Why are you sorry?” Stolid continued fabricating more of Stix’s persona. *“It wasn’t your fault.”*

“Yeah, but being trapped like that couldn’t have felt good, right?” Aksel shrugged. “That’s what people say, right, that they’re sorry some shit happened to you.”

“I didn’t apologize for Terry breaking your heart,” Stolid said matter of fact. *“Though, I understand what you mean. Though I didn’t cause that pain, I can comprehend not having the words needed to comfort, so you simply go to a default apology.”*

“Shit, you’re pretty fucking clinical with your stuff dude,” Aksel chuckled. “Lighten up. I’m not gunna judge you because you were scorned by some bitch.”

“I guess you would know all about that, now wouldn’t you,” Stolid remarked.

“I guess I would,” Aksel huffed. “So yeah, speaking from personal experience, that fucking sucks dude. Sorry.”

“Sorry for you too, I guess.” Stolid fumbled through the interaction, but Aksel simply un-paused the TV and let the animation take them away.

“So, what do you think is next,” Aksel scratched his chest with his free hand.

“Well, we got to read that book,” Stolid shrugged. “Were you interested in it?”

“Not particularly,” Aksel huffed. “It seems more like something to be catty over and I’m not about that petty shit.”

“Really?” Stolid shuddered with a giddy humor in his bones.

“Yeah, really,” Aksel rolled his eyes. “Not my thing.”

“The story is about revenge on a man that betrayed him and took his lover, you don’t find anything relatable to that at all.”

“Shit, really?” Aksel cocked a brow. “It can’t be that interesting, can it?”

“How about this,” Stolid finished his media posting for the day and set the phone down. “I can read it to you like an audio book if you prefer.”

“I mean, sure,” Aksel agreed. “I can go get the book.”

“No need,” Stolid remarked and tendrils of the goo rolled off his arm and shot into his room, grabbed the book and shot back into his hand. The clawed fingers gingerly opening the book and that blade like thumb tenderly flipping open to the first chapter.

“Shit, do I even need to get off the couch for anything?” Aksel chuckled.

“If you really want to, you can,” Stolid responded with a gentle nod. “Though, not necessary if you want me to grab stuff for you. It’s nice to finally be able to stretch my fibers. You need anything before we get started?”

“A beer maybe?”

The tendrils shot off into the kitchen, the silicone snagging a cold one and shot back to put it into Aksel's hand, the cap being flicked off with a powerful tendril before receding back into that hand.

"Now, chapter one," Stolid started as Aksel nursed his beer.

The book was a nice distraction from his rut, and Aksel slipped into sleep with pleasant dreams. The following morning he was awoken to the feeling of rabbit maw on his cock. Aksel woke to the feeling of his nuts bouncing and draining into the warm muzzle before he went to take a shower and lay down some groundwork for the following night.

"Why did I have to leave my little nut bucket and go out to read more of this book?" Aksel asked as they were going down the steps of his apartment complex.

"Ryan needs to rest," Stolid responded. "You can use him like a piece of meat, but he is mortal. He will collapse eventually, and you don't need that sexy rabbit to be jobless when he's the only one shucking money into your little apartment, do you?"

"Yeah, I get it," Aksel rolled his eyes. "But why can't we just read in the apartment. I don't need to go to some café to read."

"Ryan would be too tempted to hop on your dick if we weren't out of the place, so let's just let the rabbit get his rest."

"Fine, whatever," Aksel sighed and, his hands shoved in his coat pockets. "Not like it matters much. I could go for a nice sweet drink."

"That's the spirit," Stolid squeezed his fist as though to pat him on the back. *"Besides, this pumpkin spice stuff is all the rage in this era and I'm dying to know what it's like."*

“So PSL’s are the reason we’re missing out on those premium DSL’s?”

“Yes,” Stolid responded swiftly.

“Can you even taste stuff?” Aksel cocked a brow.

“I can taste whatever you taste, so as long as you like it, I should too.”

“Does that mean you can remember what it tastes like too?”

“Kind of,” Stolid kept them going towards the café as they spoke. “Memories are like the seltzer water drinks of senses. It’s a vague pass at the original.”

“Does that mean you’ve looked into my memories?”

“A bit,” Stolid responded. “But nothing you wouldn’t have already agreed to let me see. You have quite a bit of things behind locks upstairs, but you’re mostly an open book.”

“Could you at least let me have my privacy?” Aksel blushed.

“I’m only using every weapon in our arsenal that can help us achieve our goal faster. Besides, what else could you hide from me that I haven’t already seen worse of in others. I can sense peoples desires Aksel. People want some pretty fucked up shit. You’re fairly normal compared to most.”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, don’t take this the wrong way, but you’re a pretty simple guy. You like to nut, you like to be treated fairly, and you have a strong sense of justice that is slightly skewed by your need for revenge.”

“Skewed? What’s with that?”

"You want me to tear down the life of someone because they personally wronged you," Stolid pointed out. "Don't get me wrong. Impressed with the conviction and hatred, but it is a pretty simple and admittedly common desire. To hurt those who made you hurt is human nature. You want sympathy and empathy from the one who cut you, and when they don't, you want to make them feel it. It's not that difficult a concept."

"It sounds so petty when you lay it all out like that," Aksel shook his head. "But it's not though, right? I'm doing the right thing?"

"We haven't done anything that can't be undone at this point," Stolid offered. "You could say to hell with it and just let Terry get away with it all. Just let him go and move onto bigger and better things."

"You getting cold feet now?" Aksel gripped his fist, the ring warm against his finger.

"I don't have feet," Stolid remarked as though that were dual answer for his obvious lack of a body and his lack of remorse. "This is about what you want, and I know you want this, but...well..."

"Well what?"

"It might be your rut and the constant sex, but you're kind losing that Terry sized chip on your shoulder. You know I can get you a pretty good life without taking revenge on him."

"What's with the sudden change in tune? You were chomping at the bit to help me get one over on Terry, why you bringing up this shit now?"

"I just want to be sure this is what you want. Don't need you going back on our deal just because you didn't get what you wanted."

"I wouldn't do that," Aksel rolled his eyes. "Though, I get where you're coming from. Is it really all that bad? I can do so much now, and you've already completely changed my identity. I could start from square one and kind of hit the reset."

"Yeah, that's true," Stolid agreed. *"I could get you a new identity and you could start a new life."*

"Plenty of people would worship this body and I could have a pretty nice go of it with you helping out."

"For sure," Stolid said as they rounded the corner, the smell of the café filling the air as they saw the little patio of the place up ahead.

"I mean, it's a good idea. Not like I have much going on for me here."

"Right!?" Stolid opened the door for them as they walked in, the warmth of the room filled with the smell of brewing coffee and fresh baked sweets.

"It would be easy, for sure, and we could just leave this all behind."

"Hey there, may I take your order?"

Aksel froze, his bones going rigid as he felt a slanted smile fold in Stolid's essence. That voice! It couldn't be! Aksel spun on his hooves and took in the barista. There, a tall, strong looking Great Dane stood behind the counter. He wore a black shirt that clung to his body that showed off his powerful muscles, the supple curves of his pecs and the vein that lightly rolled down that bicep and split it was all on display. The green apron he wore synched around his tight waste. His cream-colored fur and dark muzzle showed his light fawn coloring, his green cap with the café's logo on it covered up his dark brown hair, his kind eyes were black and sparkled with an endearing gleam as they were shaded by big lashes.

And the name tag pinned to his chest confirmed what he feared.

Terry...

Aksel was frozen to the spot. That permanent kind and endearing expression on that muzzle, the gentle curve of his lips changing the signature stoic look of a typical Great Dane into something far softer and cuter took Aksel's breath away.

"Sorry, are you ready to order?" Terry gently pressed.

"I...no...I'm...I'm not ready..." Aksel stammered out. Terry's brow knitted as though something about the interaction wasn't right.

"You sound familiar, have you been in here before? I'm sure I would have recognized a stud like you." Terry's voice was smooth and deep. Higher than you'd expect for such a large dog, but also still deeper than the average man's tambour.

"I..."

"*Cat got your tongue Aksel?*" Stolid mocked in his head. "*You gunna say something?*"

Aksel's face started to burn as he realized he was trapped. He had been lured into this shop and taken for a fool. Why!

"I need a moment," Aksel finally blurted out, then abruptly flashed his phone to the Dane to make it look like he was taking a call before walking further into the café. "What the hell Stolid! What is wrong with you!"

"*What?*"

"You knew! I don't know how, but you knew he would be here," Aksel hissed at his ring as he held his phone to his face. "What the hell!"

"Guilty," Stolid admitted. "Saw his place of work on social media. Though it was for your own good."

"My own—How could—you son of a bitch. Why!"

"You know why," Stolid smirked.

"No, no I don't!" Aksel hissed into his phone. "You got to be fucking kidding me. Why did you bring me here."

"You needed a reminder," Stolid remarked. "You needed to be reminded of what you really wanted."

"I cannot be in this café right now," Aksel huffed. "I'm leaving."

"So soon? You really want to blow your cover? Terry might be a bad cheater, but he's not stupid. He might put it together who you are if you don't smooth things over."

"No, I can't talk to him," Aksel glanced over his shoulder and met the Dane's eyes again before quickly turning around.

"If you want, I can talk to him if you give me control of your body for a bit," Stolid offered.

"Shit! Fine, just do it! I don't want to have to interact with him just yet," Aksel felt the command go through him, Stolid's energy warping around his senses and dulling them until he became a passenger in his own body once more.

"Sorry about that," Stolid said through Aksel's chiseled jaw. "I'm sure that sounded pretty crazy."

“Not at all,” Terry cocked his head and smiled down at the buck, the tips of the buck’s antlers even with the Dane’s eyes. “I assure you I’ve heard worse.”

“I bet you have,” Stolid shrugged. “You look familiar. Have we met?”

“I...” Terry pursed his lips into a thin line before answering. “I’m not entirely sure. You sound so familiar, but I can’t quite place it.”

“Well, maybe we met each other in our dreams at one point.” Stolid eyed Terry up and down with his sapphire orbs before giving the Dane a cocky smirk. Terry gave a little scoff at the cheesy line.

“Sure, maybe we did,” Terry popped a hip and put one of his paws on it. “You looking to get anything off the menu?”

“Of course big guy,” Stolid looked over the menu. “I’ll have a pumpkin spiced chai, hot.”

“Will that be all?” Terry asked.

“Just that for now,” Stolid responded.

“Name for the order?” Terry pulled a cup out and grabbed a sharpie from behind his clipped ear.

“Stix,” Stolid answered.

Terry wrote the name and paused, his brow furrowing before he looked back at the buck and then at the cup.

“Something wrong?” Stolid asked.

“No...” Terry shook his head. “I’ll get that out right away.”

“Thanks, I’ll just be over here reading,” Stolid took the book from their jacket and tapped it on the counter before turning. Stolid went over to a booth and flipped open the book and started reading.

“What the hell was all that!” Aksel shouted in their mind.

“Like I said, you needed to be reminded of what you truly desire,” Stolid answered while flicking over the page. “You want revenge on that tramp for breaking your heart. I could feel your desires shifting ever since Ryan started bouncing on your cock and your rut started to take over.”

“Are you serious! So this whole thing was because you wanted to...to what? Test my resolve?”

“Yeah,” Stolid responded with a gentle shrug and another flip of the page. “What’s wrong with that?”

“EVERYTHING! You tricked me into coming here you little asshole!”

“True, I wasn’t forthright in why we were taking this little excursion,” Stolid admitted. “Though, I figured I could both remind you what you asked me to do along with laying the groundwork for your enemy’s demise.”

Stolid paused as Terry came out to the main floor to set the order in front of the buck.

“Here’s your order—oh that’s a good one,” Terry gestured to the book.

“Yeah?” Stolid responded. “It’s actually a funny story. The cutest little pup at the local library recommended it to me the other day and I haven’t been able to put it down.”

“Oh my god,” Terry smiled and leaned in, putting one of his hands on the corner of the table. “I know that pup. Ken, right?”

"I...I think that's what his name was," Stolid responded and put the book down, a singular finger left between the pages as if trying to determine how long the conversation will last.

"I know him, he's, like, one of my best friends," Terry chuckled.

"Oh my, small world," Stolid smirked. "Good thing I only have good things to say about how he's so cute."

"Oh, he's not that cute," Terry rolled his eyes. "I will be the first to admit that he's cute, but all poodles are cute."

"That they are," Stolid smirked. Aksel was taken aback. Did Terry just throw Ken under the bus? What was going on here?

"I mean, yeah," Terry smiled. "I mean, they're just so naturally small and adorable. How do you not think they're *just* cute."

"Yeah," Stolid eyed the Dane up and down. "It must be frustrating when you have to work so hard to be as adorable as you are."

"Right!?" Terry agreed.

"Oh come on now," Stolid folded the corner of a page and put it down, turning to the Dane so he knew he had his full attention. "I bet you're this cute without even trying."

"Oh...I...you think so, huh?" Terry smirked, the faintest rosy hue glowing on his cheeks.

"Of course, I think you're being cute now," Stolid answered.

"*What are you doing?*" Aksel was confused. He had never seen Terry so flustered.

“Isn’t it obvious? The big guy loves feeling cute, and who better to do that than a raging stag like this?”

“So, Ken is your friend, huh?” Stolid continued the conversation. “How long have you known the pup for?”

It was a simple enough question, but the energy in Terry’s expression shifted. He didn’t like that Stolid wasn’t focusing on him. He was...jealous? Aksel felt the change in energy, how it soured and then ached for release. How did Stolid read him like a book so easily! He had him spiraling in only a couple breaths and now Terry was waiting on every word the magic ring would say. The Dane furrowed his brow and his maw opened a bit in surprise before he answered.

“Oh, forever,” Terry waived off the question as though it weren’t important. “How long have you been in town? Do you live nearby?” He changed the subject.

“Of course,” Stolid smirked. “I live just a few blocks down, and I’ve only been here for a couple weeks. Looking for a fresh start where no one knows my face.”

“Aren’t we all,” Terry smiled and cocked his head. “So I’ll be seeing you around often then?”

“You can bet on it,” Stolid smirked. “Well, hopefully more than just here. Ken invited me to his Halloween party.”

“*Our* Halloween party,” Terry corrected him curtly before softening his voice. “I mean, we both put it on every year and what not.”

“Oh, you two roommates?” Stolid’s ears drooped, his lids going down to feign like he was losing interest in both of them. It was better than any whip as Terry’s ears perked up.

“Yeah, I mean, of course, we’re roommates, but we’re just roommates and not like *roommates* roommates, you know what I mean. We’re just roommates and we’re nothing more. I mean we’re best friends, but we’re only friends, not like we’re like romantically or even...I...yeah. We’re just roommates.”

“So,” Stolid cracked a half grin. “You’re saying you’re roommates?”

“Yeah,” Terry chuckled and scratched the back of his head and tried to cover it up as adjusting his cap. “We’re both not really into anything serious, though it’s not like we’re just party animals ya know, I’m...er...”

If Aksel had control of his eyes and jaw they would all be wide open right now. He had never seen Terry so flustered over someone before. In a single interaction, Stolid showed that he could not only hook Terry, but also have him turn on his best friend. The two always seemed like a united front, but Stolid had them picking each other apart and falling over themselves to impress him. For the first time in his life, Aksel felt...he felt...

“Desired,” stolid said in their mind. *“The word you’re looking for is desired. Try and keep your thoughts down, I know how impressive I am, but your constant gawking is distracting.”*

“I mean, Ken is into this one guy or whatever,” Terry was babbling, his fingers twiddling on one another as his ears folded back. “They aren’t anything serious, but ya know, it’s not void of romance. He cooked for him last night and stunk up the whole apartment so...I guess don’t be surprised if the place smells like burnt fish.”

“I’ll keep that in mind,” Stolid kept his eyes on the Dane, his blue orbs checking him out blatantly and coming back to meet his eyes whenever he gave a point he felt was important, to ensure him he was listening.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to talk your ear off. I shouldn’t be talking about this stuff at work at all, sorry for disturbing you or...”

“No,” Stolid gently took Terry’s hand into his and the big guy paused, his blush getting darker. “No, it’s fine. I promise.”

The words sounded so sincere and genuine that even Aksel felt himself calm down. Well, he would have if he didn’t feel that cheating mother fucker’s hand in his! He could feel it, as dull as it was with being cut off from his body, and it would have made his skin crawl had he been in control.

“Thanks,” Terry sighed in relief. “I thought you might think I’m some crazy person. I’m Terry by the way.”

“I know,” Stolid responded and let Terry’s brow furrow in confusion for a moment before the buck chuckled and nodded to his uniform. “Your nametag, sweetheart.”

Terry’s legs visibly shook as Stolid said “sweetheart” his favorite pet name. Stolid gave Terry’s hand a gentle squeeze and let go of it, letting his fingers slip through his, all a clever reminder of how he let the last person who called him “Sweetheart” slip through his fingers.

“Oh, of course. Silly me,” Terry chuckled. “Not like you’re some stalker or something, right.” He laughed nervously.

“I think you’ve been watching too much true crime if you thought I was a stalker instead of thinking of your nametag, though I can’t blame you. They’re hella fun to watch.”

“Oh yeah, I do love my true crime docs,” Terry stood up and started to step backward, his large paws bumping into a table beside theirs. “I...I um...better be getting back. I’ll see you tomorrow though, right?”

“Of course, I already RSVP’ed with Ken,” Stolid threw that last little insult of giving attention to Ken instead of him. “I picked out a pretty fun costume. I’m excited to see what you *roommates* think.”

“Yeah, can’t wait,” Terry smiled and kept inching his way back, lingering on Stolid’s every word. “I’ll see you there.”

With that Terry spun around, but Stolid wasn’t done with him.

“Hey Terry!”

The Great Date spun around, his tail hiked over his muscled cheeks.

“Yeah?”

“It’s Stix with an X,” Stolid held up the cup, showing that the name was spelled “STICKS” and not “STIX”

“Oh, sorry,” he chuckled. “They tell us to spell it wrong on purpose sometimes so people take pictures and complain. Ya know, for the free advertising.”

“Don’t worry about it,” Stolid smirked. “You’ll have plenty of time to make it up to me tomorrow.” Stolid started picking up his things and getting ready to go. “You have a good night and see you tomorrow.”

Without looking back Stolid left the café, the burn of those Dane’s eyes on his back the entire time.

“How the hell did you do that?” Aksel asked as he took over their body again.

“Eyes up front, don’t’ look back, leave him wanting.” Stolid instructed.

“But seriously,” Aksel asked, his breath crisping in the frigid air.

"I know how to handle a couple of attention whores," Stolid answered, his essence curling into a smile. *"So, was that a reminder enough for you?"*

Aksel paused once he got around the corner. Even just the memories of a few moments ago stung. Looking into his eyes, how he was so kind, how he fell over himself, how he made a fool of himself for some guy he barely knew. Fell over himself trying to impress him...it felt...good. It felt good to see him squirm, to stew in his doubt and humility. It was...therapeutic. He felt lighter, his heart, though beating out of his chest, never felt better. It was a sickly sweet tang of revenge and it was exactly what he wanted. Aksel's spine tingled as he realized tomorrow was the night they could finally put things into motion and get his revenge.

"Yeah, as much as I hate you for doing it, that was just what I needed."

"Good, now let's go wake up Ryan."

"What? I thought you wanted him to rest."

"That was before I had control of your body and realized just how hard that rut hit. Let's go rut that fucker into his mattress."

"Fuck yeah, I got a little aggression to burn," Aksel gave a snort, hot streams of air flew out his nostrils as he made his way back to the apartment, but not before he took a sip of his chai.

"Shit, that's good," Stolid rumbled. Aksel didn't taste it and he realized why. He could feel Stolid's essence had wrapped his tongue, the appendage long and slithery almost like a snake that coiled around that flavor, wringing every last drop of warmth from that sip before letting it slip past his throat and into his gullet.

“When,” Aksel paused as he swallowed and that tongue coat peeled away. “When did you manage to do that.”

“Just a little reward for my hard work there. Do you mind if I just enjoy that drink on the way back?”

“Fuck, sure, you sure as hell earned it,” Aksel rolled his eyes and felt his tongue change. He knew his tongue was larger, longer, and more malleable than before. It also didn’t matter how hot the drink was, it simply rolled over his silicone goo tongue and absorbed through it as he relished the flavor.

Aksel just focused on going home, enjoying the way his hooves clicked against the pavement as Stolid enjoyed their chai.