

## Pilfer Counter

“Fuck babe,” Dalton came into his boyfriend’s room and flopped onto his bed, the smell of his mate’s hair and fur on that pillow calmed the hyena from the day’s grievances. “Today was a fucking mess.”

“Couldn’t have been that bad,” Rio shifted on his chair to look over his shoulder at his boyfriend laying face first in his sheets. The big water buffalo smirked over at his man.

“Today was practical training with our powers,” Dalton groaned into the pillow before flopping over onto his back. “And...well...you know I can’t just *use* my power without it being permanent. The instructor couldn’t find a way to have me practice without harming someone, or getting my sparring partner kicked out of the academy.”

“True,” Rio abandoned his pen on his homework and rolled onto the bed with his man, the water buffalo a hulking beast of power and brawn while his hyena boyfriend was a tight twunk of a man. “They did propose you go into the support core to assist people who had uncontrollable powers.”

“Yeah, but the problem with that is that *I* would have to deal with those powers then,” Dalton groaned and rolled into his man’s chest, the massive buffalo’s body warm and inviting. The hyena put his muzzle on the top of those shelf like pectorals as he looked into his lover’s ocean blue eyes. “I already have enough trouble controlling my current power.”

“Was it giving you trouble today?” Rio’s eyes were so kind and soft, his voice so rumbling and powerful. Dalton didn’t particularly like that his boyfriend was larger than him, but he couldn’t just ask the water buffalo to always use his power to be shorter than him all the time. This was his dorm, he should be allowed to stretch out here.

“Honestly? Yeah,” Dalton deflated, looking away from his man. “I wanted to give into the hunger, to feast and sate it, but...then I thought of you and I knew I needed to keep it together. It took everything in me not to just snap.”

“I guess it really was that bad, huh,” Rio nuzzled his man’s forehead, his thick fingers running through the dark hair of his lover.

“Yeah, fucking Xander didn’t make it any easier either,” Dalton had a low growl behind his words, his lips peeling back to show a wicked snarl. “I wanted to tear that fucker apart. He’s so fucking perfect. His practical exam went off without a hitch. He countered a fucking cannonball and sent it back and destroyed the damn cannon itself. Everyone was admiring him, cheering his name, and the big bulky dumbass was soaking it up like a fucking asshole.”

“That doesn’t sound like him,” Rio’s voice steeped in sarcasm. “He would *never* flaunt his power and body like that.”

“Uhg, you fucking get it babe,” Dalton huffed as he pressed his face into his man’s pecs, his voice muffled in that musky crevice. “That bulky mother fucker was flexing, showboating, and...fuck...just being a dick.”

“Xander is many things babe, but he’s not a dick,” Rio stroked his man’s back, the hyena’s tank top clinging to his trim form. “He’s just too dumb to see when he’s being an ass.”

“That’s the worst fucking part too!” Dalton snarled, his emerald eyes ablaze. “He’s too dumb to realize he’s a dumbass! The guy has a massive bod and a hero’s face! He’s going to be a hero without even fucking trying, while I have to constantly reel in my fucking hunger. This power, I swear, it’s a fucking curse. All this potential and I can’t use it. All while Xander, the golden lion boy, gets to just

counter shit left and right. It's like he's able to counter every bad thing in his life and just brush it off like it's nothing."

"I know babe," Rio sighed. "I know how you feel."

"You at least get to use your power," Dalton pushed off his man's chest and rolled onto his back to brood.

"Oh come on now," Rio smirked as he nuzzled his little man's shoulder. "You love when I use my power."

"Yeah, you love to flaunt that shit too," Dalton grumbled.

"In its own way, yeah, cuz I know it gets you hard."

"Whatever," Dalton turned his head away to hide his blush.

"Do you want to treat me like shit?" Rio smiled and kissed the hyena's shoulder. "I know how much you like dumping those frustrations on me," Rio rumbled, his voice deep and lusty. "And *in* me."

"I'm not really in the mood right now...bitch..."

"There's my kinky man," Rio grinned. "So, does my big bad man want me to be his *little* bitch?"

"Rio..." Dalton let out a halfhearted growl.

"Oh, what's this?" Rio's hand rolled over the throbbing dick in Dalton's shorts, his large fingers brushing over that hyena prick. "Is my submissive dirty talk working for you, *master*?"

That dick in its fabric prison flexed as those words rolled from Rio's lips.

"Fuck, babe..." Dalton breathed.

“You know you’re the one in control here,” Rio murred into his man’s ear. “You can tell me to stop whenever the fuck you want to, but I remember my master’s orders. All of his boners are my responsibility. I think your words were ‘My duty starts at the erection,’ and you’re very...*erect*.”

Rio smiled, biting his lower lip as his hand slipped into Dalton’s athletic shorts, his thick fingers finding the confines tight, but he found that throbbing cock. The water buffalo’s fingers curled around that cock while rubbing his thumb over that mushroom head.

“Oh master, you’re so tense. Sorry I couldn’t get to you sooner,” Rio murred in Dalton’s ear, his hand stroking gently on that hot five inch hyena cock. The pre dribbling from that tip made wet smacking sounds as it was used to glaze that cock head. The slow stroking and methodical dirty talk sent shudders up and down Dalton’s spine.

“Isn’t it a slave’s duty to ensure their master feels good? My purpose is to make sure you’re treated like a king, like a god. What kind of fuck slut would I be if I wasn’t ready to drain your frustrations right from those nuts. You don’t even have to do anything, just lay back and-”

Dalton’s hand snapped up and grabbed Rio’s forearm that was sticking out of his pants, stopping the water buffalo in his tracks.

“Babe?” Rio’s ears folded back as he felt a bit of fear roll down him. “You okay?”

“Why the *fuck* aren’t you in uniform?” Dalton turned his head to look Rio in the eyes. Those eyes were full of malice and sadistic superiority. It made Rio huff through his nose as his tail hiked up and his pucker clenched.

“Sorry master-” Rio stopped mid apology as the hyena gripped his throat with his free hand.

“Why the fuck are you talking, skank? That cock holster isn’t used for speaking.”

Rio could easily still breathe, that hand was too pitifully small to do anything to Rio's massive neck, but that hyena was a clever little prick. Dalton's fingers pressed down, the claws gripping his throat that it slowed the blood flow to the brain and caused the buffalo to blush and get light headed. That's something the hyena knew very well. Choking wasn't about crushing the windpipe, but the blood flow in the perfect way to make the big guy fuzzy and submissive.

"Oh fuck," Rio's blush deepened, his head rolling back to expose his neck to his man, the thick Adam's apple quivering against the hyena's hot palm. The buffalo's arch extended down his back as he gave a muffled sigh.

"Still not in uniform?" Dalton gripped harder on his man's throat. "Did I fuck what little sense you had out of you last time?"

"Yes...sir..." Rio gasped as his body pulsed before shrinking down. Rio's power rolled through him as he condensed further. The six foot three behemoth looked like he was deflating as he sighed into that gentle choke hold.

"That's right, you know your place beneath me you little shit," Dalton growled at his mate as he gripped harder on that shrinking throat. Rio gave a shuddering moan as he shrank further. Dalton imagined he was syphoning his mate's size, shrinking him and growing himself. The image sated the rumbling need to feed from his power, but the fact the ache still persisted only made his cock want to plunge deep into something and fuck the anguish out.

Rio panted, his foot long bitch breaker throbbing in his pants, but getting smaller by the second. His body shrank, his clothes form fitting clothes sagged as he continued to dwindle in size. He looked like a bulky short stack, but he still had a half a foot on the hyena.

“Get on your knees, bitch,” Dalton ordered by shoving the water buffalo back. He gave a surprised gasp as he was forced off the bed and rolled onto the floor with a light thud. Much lighter than if he was his true size. Rio had to collect himself for a minute as the world spun before locking back into place. He was about to get up on his knees when the familiar paws of his master and mate came down on his muzzle.

“On second thought, why don’t you fucking apologize for being such a stupid skank? You thought you could be out of uniform in my presence?” Dalton grinned darkly down at his lover as he pressed his foot paws against the face of his mate.

“A thousand apologies master,” Rio murred as he opened his muzzle, his tongue lulling over those claws as they threatened to pierce his tongue. His taste buds running over those sharp tips. “I know every inch of size is an affront to your greatness.”

“That’s right you fuck slut,” the hyena growled as he felt that tongue lull between his paws, his musky toe beans being kissed and messaged. “Now, fucking surrender more of your size to my greatness.”

Dalton pushed down harder and harder on Rios muzzle, the buffalo’s only option to prevent himself from being crushed was to shrink, and he did. Dalton loved the feeling of that tongue dwindling between his toes as he pinned it there, the natural shrinking causing it to floss through his musky digits. The feel of that muzzle sliding further down made it feel like his foot paws were expanding over that face.

“There you go, bitch,” Dalton smirked as he lifted his paw. “Now, that uniform looks so good on you. How does it feel to be your appropriate size?”

“So good master,” Rio’s voice was much higher now, not squeaky, just higher in pitch without its rolling base. “I don’t need that size, it serves no purpose on me. You look...fuck, you look so good with such a massive body.”

Rio committed to the roleplay that Dalton had grown, but in reality, Rio had just shrunk down to just under five feet. He looked bulky, but he almost looked ridiculous with all that thick muscle with such a short stature.

“And you knowing your proper place pleases me,” the hyena chuckled darkly. “Now on your fucking knees.” Dalton lifted his feet from Rio and let him get up into his proper cock sucking position. The water buffalo didn’t need to be told what to do anymore. He had guzzled his man’s jizz enough times to know what the hyena wanted when he wanted it.

The now diminutive water buffalo gripped the hem of his mate’s shorts and pulled them down, the fabric sliding out from under his man’s powerful ass and thighs. Each body part virtually augmented to larger proportions by the fact that he shrank over a foot in size.

And that principle wasn’t lost on how he saw his man’s dick.

That thick member flopped up onto Dalton’s lowest row of abs. That five inch prick looked like it had grown to an eight inch fuck stick, and Rio wasn’t going to let that size go to waste. The water buffalo maintained eye contact with his master, his blue eyes locking with his mate’s green ones as he slurped that cock head into his muzzle. Rio’s lips suckled on that cock head, that thick slab of meat making his mouth open wide. Dalton wasn’t the longest guy, but he was definitely thicker than the average Joe. All that with Rio’s diminished size made for a thick jaw breaker of a cock.

“That’s a good boy, a *fucking* good boy,” the hyena gave his pet a little praise as he pulled the hem of his shirt up and over his head, turning his tank into an almost make shift harness. “Don’t forget

the balls, that's right, cup them. Show them some love for working all day to make your meal, you filthy cum sucker."

Rio's hands cupped Dalton's sack, that coin purse feeling more like a powerful sack with a duo of egg sized nuts that were churning with his dinner. He dove down, his throat being punched by that cock head as it spat a disrespectful shot of pre deep into that wanting throat. Rio gagged, but tried to keep it quiet. They were in his dorm and he didn't need to be reported again.

"Can't take all that dick?" Dalton mocked as he gripped the buffalo's horns. "Here, let me show you how it's fucking done." Dalton pushed Rio's head down while rolling his hips forward. He didn't shove his entire dick down, but he did control the bobbing of his mate's head to make it both pleasurable and not to cause him too much discomfort. He knew that Rio liked to give sloppy, fag gagging head, but that's why he took it slow. To torture the little fag.

"I know you want that cock to slam that throat, don't you?" Dalton growled and Rio managed to huff his agreement. Dalton continued to keep a steady pace. "That's right, you want me to fucking destroy that thrussy? Fucking breed that mouth of yours? Is that what my little fuck bucket wants?"

Rio tried to push down on that cock, but Dalton stopped him, that throbbing member spitting a thick wad of pre at his throat.

"You want to go down further? Why so eager? You want that premium, alpha DNA rolling down your throat so soon? Such a shellfish little fag. I don't give a shit what you want. You may be a cum dump, but this is about what I want."

Rio's eyes locked with his man's in a pleading look, his mouth drooling on that cock.

"You know what I want, you filthy, cum sucking pig," Dalton growled, the hyena teasing him. "You want me to hit the back of your throat? Give up more of your size. Make me bigger."



Rio shuddered. This was their agreed upon size before, but how could he NOT submit to such a dominant man. He moaned as he shrank down further, that cock making his jaw strain more as it filled his entire muzzle even with several inches left unattended. The water buffalo was almost a full foot shorter than the beastly hyena before him. The tall hunk was easily able to subdue him if he wanted.

“Good boy,” Dalton grinned darkly. “You know the safe word if I get too rough.”

Obviously it was a joke, the safe word didn’t matter. If anything, Rio was supposed to grow again to accommodate his size. But the buffalo prided himself on never needing to.

With a little huff from Rio, or at least he tried to huff, but a thick wad of spit and pre gushed out his nose, Dalton had everything he needed to rail his man. And he wasn’t going to hold back.

Dalton forced Rio’s head down by the horns, that throat gagging and lurching around that cock as Dalton fucked deep into that thrussy.

Dalton thrust with abandon, the bed creaking under his ass as he railed his man. He knew what the buffalo could take, and he could take whatever he fucking told him to take. That’s how the fucking fag liked it. He was a big guy, but he would show that little shit who the real alpha was in this relationship!

Rio was a mess. His nose was bubbling with a mix of drool and pre, that cock was smearing his muzzle with throat and cock snot, his eyes were a leaking mess as he continued to gag and shlorp over that monster cock. The hyena was a giant to him now, the fucker a full foot taller, looking like he was a seven foot monster as his throat was bulged, gaped, and railed.

“Fuck yes, FUCK yes,” Dalton didn’t care if they got caught at this point, he was going to nut in his man’s throat soon. “Take that FUCKING cock you filthy CUM SUCKING FAGGOT!”

Dalton put both his arms up in a double bicep pose and Rio forced himself to keep shlorping that cock, his hands coming up to stroke that shaft while his tongue and lips slurped over the head and his other hand cupped and stroked those nuts as they drew up to feed him his reward for being such a good fucking slut for his master.

“FUCK!” Dalton shouted, his balls churning and drawing up, his prostate snapping into action, and his cock flexing hard. A thick shot smacked and filled Rio’s throat. Immediately he threw his head down to the hilt, gulping hard to slurp that alpha slurry deep into his guts as it throbbed where it deserved. Everything in its proper place. The fag on his knees in front of the master.

Dalton’s cock throbbed deep, thick wad after wad was guzzled down that muzzle as he unloaded his frustrations deep into that diligent throat. Say what you want about the short kin, he was a very productive man.

Dalton saw stars as he flopped back onto the bed. As soon as his cock stopped throbbing, his obedient slave slurped on it hard causing the Hyena’s toe claws to fan from the powerful suction and his dick’s hypersensitivity.

“Ho fuck Rio-Fuck,” Dalton gasped as the water buffalo’s lips smacked off that cock.

“Master, may I cum now,” Rio moaned into that cock head like a microphone connected to god, still very much in character.

“I don’t give a shit you filthy fuck, so long as you clean it up,” Dalton moved his paw over until he found that cock and stroked it, his toes rubbing the slick pre up and down that shaft. Rio didn’t stand a chance as those toes gripped his cock head. He came, his cock spewing thick strands of cum all over those toes.

“Thank you master!”

“Yeah, whatever fucktard,” Dalton tried to keep in character for his man, but after that nut, his heart wasn’t in it to be aggressive anymore. He was too high on his afterglow to truly care, but he did his best. He smiled as he felt his man’s tongue lull over his toes, slurping up that cum and gulping it down as he licked that foot paw and leg clean. Dalton could feel that tongue get larger as he went, the hands cradling his calf growing larger as Rio shifted back to his regular size. The buffalo gulped, taking every last drop of his own DNA down to join his master’s in his gut. The massive bull murred and flopped on the bed next to his man.

“You okay baby?” Dalton asked.

“I’m fucking great, babe,” the dominant act melting away as the bull came over and kissed his man. “You know you don’t have to be so gentle with me.”

“I know,” the hyena smirked. “How did I get so lucky to find such a fucking slut?”

“Just as lucky as I was to find such a stud,” Rio kissed his mate, their tongues dancing around each other, their mixed musk filling the air between them.

“You think you’re ready to go back to Xander now?” Rio asked.

“Fuck...don’t kill my buzz like that.”

“He’s your roomy. Not like you can stay here forever.” Rio chuckled.

“Can’t I stay?” Dalton asked, his eyes glittering as he looked into his man’s sapphire orbs.

A knock at the door alerted the horny mates as to what happens when you’re not quiet.

“I think you’re going to have to go,” Rio smirked. “I’ll see you tomorrow. Just give me a call if you need anything.”

“Sure thing babe.”

There was another knock at the door.

“FUCK! I already finished asshole, just let me say goodnight,” Dalton shouted back at the door before looking in his man’s eyes again. “Love you babe. See you tomorrow.”

“Sweet dreams babe,” Rio smirked and they kissed one more time before they were interrupted by the sound of jingling keys. The RA ready to come in on them naked to get shit done.

“You can put your fucking keys away, you prude! I’m coming out.” Dalton grumbled as he shoved his legs into his shorts and pulled his shirt back over his head. He didn’t even give the RA the time of day. He just walked off as they kept shouting at him for his info to write him up for fucking in the dorms. He didn’t want to deal with them. He had a different asshole to deal with when he got back to his room.

“Fucking Xander...” Dalton growled, his power roiling in his gut, the glow of his love making fading quickly as it was consumed by his power. “Fucking, god damn, Xander,” the hyena’s claws flashed on his hands before he shoved them in his pockets and trudged his way back to his dorm.

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Dalton entered his dorm hall, his brow knitted and his jaw set. The hyena kept grumbling to himself about how much he hated his roommate. Given the two appeared civil, but that was simply because Xander was too stupid to know when Dalton was insulting him. Or if he did, he brushed it off like he did everything else.

The hyena went up to his floor, and just as he entered the hall his eyes landed on his nemesis. There, kissing some girl goodnight as he took a sock off the door handle, was Xander. The big lion was

wearing nothing but a pair of baggy athletic shorts, his powerful, thick body on display. The six foot lion was a beast of a man. Powerful arms that lifted his chicks one-handedly, golden fur that practically shimmered with its luster. That shimmer only accented the crevice between his pecs and the cobble road of abs leading down into those shorts. The lion's dick was so big it pushed down his shorts and Dalton could clearly see the root of the lion's cock and the dust of a happy trail that led down into his pubes. His legs were thick and powerful and his paws large and imposing. The lion's mane was thick, full, and perfectly groomed, except for at that moment it looked like it had gotten a bit wild during his romp.

The girl he was kissing, a gazelle wearing the big guy's oversized sweatshirt like a dress, bid him farewell and trotted off just as Dalton was walking up. Xander's blue eyes followed that ass as it sauntered out of view, his tail flicking back and forth as the sock he had on the door now hung from the elastic of his shorts, further pushing it down to expose the tight Adonis belt. A deep purr rumbled from him like thunder as he crossed his arms, putting one foot paw against the door and watching his most recent conquest take her leave.

Dalton wanted to get into their shared room, but the massive asshole was blocking the way. So, the hyena cleared his throat.

"Huh?" Xander didn't even jump, just raised a brow and turned to see his roomy. "Yo, dude, didn't notice you there." The lion flashed the annoyed hyena an award winning grin.

"I'd like to get in our room," Dalton forced his voice to be even despite his disdain for the "didn't notice you" comment.

"Dude, you came back just in time," the golden boy's eyes glittered with excitement as he pushed off the door and moved to the side. "Just finished having the best fucking night with Jenna."

“Uh hu,” Dalton suppressed an eye roll as he entered their room, the lion’s bubbly personality already getting under his skin.

“Aw man, I swear, she’s so smart, funny, and cute to boot!” Xander had a little blush. “Man, she’s the best.”

“Yeah,” Dalton threw his backpack onto his bed and started tearing out assignments from it, trying his best to ignore the perfect guy right next to him.

“Hey, you’re gay,” Xander smiled warmly. “Does that mean you know about girly stuff? I mean, probably more than I do, right?” he wasn’t being mean, he just genuinely thought what he was saying wasn’t insulting. “What do you think a classy girl like Jenna would want?”

“Was tonight your first date?” Dalton cocked a brow.

“Yeah, she’s the fucking best dude,” Xander flopped back on his bed, the messy sheets ignored as he purred like a kitten with yarn.

“Uh hu…” Dalton glanced down at the garbage can where a couple of condoms had been slapped into them. “Real classy gal, huh?”

“The classiest, dude,” Xander grinned. “I think she might be the one, ya know? I admire your relationship with Rio so much and I really want to have what you two got. Like seriously, how did you bag a dime like him? What’s your secret?”

Dalton gritted his teeth. This asshole could get any chick he wanted in this fucking academy, but was this guy seriously falling in love so easy? The one thing he had on that righteous prick was his relationship. It was the only shred of superiority he had claim to over this glowing dickhead!

“Dalton? Dude? You okay?” Xander waved his hand, the massive paw thick and corded with muscle and tipped with dazzling white claws. “Seriously, what’s your secret? Rio could have any chick, or dude for that matter. He’s probably the only other person in this whole place that I consider a real rival, and you two found each other and BAM!” Xander smacked his hands together. “Match made in heaven! For real, what did you do to get him?”

Dalton couldn’t help but growl, his fur standing on end. Even the hyena didn’t know what Rio saw in him. Sure, he knew how to fuck good, but the truth was that the love and affection that Rio had for the hyena was a mystery even to him. One of the reasons he didn’t have Rio come over to his dorm for fun was to keep him away from the most alluring guy on campus. It was a silly thought, but the idea of Xander somehow getting under his mate’s skin, twisting him against him, it burned more than any insult.

“Shut up...” Dalton growled, his lips peeling back to show off his fangs.

“What? Dude, did I say something wrong?” Xander scratched the back of his head. “Sorry man, didn’t mean to pry or nothing-”

“Shut UP!” Dalton snapped. “I’m so sick and FUCKING exhausted of listening to you. You’re life is so FUCKING easy! Everything is just handed to you! I have to work so hard every fucking day to prove I belong here. You have no idea what it’s like to have to fight against your own power, to keep yourself in check, to make sure you don’t do something you can’t take back.”

“Dude, I didn’t mean to-”

“Stop it, just stop! You’re always going to be better than me at everything. You don’t even have to do anything to find love besides fucking be yourself! I don’t know how I found Rio, or what that guy

sees in a fucking loser like me! You wouldn't ever have to question why someone gives a shit about you..."

*So take it...*

Dalton's eyes went wide as the thought crossed his mind. All his pain, his insecurities...gone in an instant. All he needed to do was take it...take it all. Make everyone forget that Xander ever existed.

"Man, I'm sorry," Xander's voice was full of so much sympathy. "I had no idea what you were dealing with."

"No," Dalton seethed and glared at his prey. "You couldn't possibly know." The fact that Xander would never feel this anguish was torture to the Hyena. He couldn't hold it back, he *didn't want* to hold it back. He wanted Xander's life, his body, his power, his fucking soul! He would take it all!

Dalton lifted his hand, a black sphere flashing in his palm as purple static lashed around it.

Xander's eyes went wide as he looked down the barrel of his demise. Dalton launched it, the sphere kicking up a wind that drew on Xander, his body caught in a gale that was only affecting his body.

Xander didn't try to reason, he didn't try to talk. No, he did what he always did best, and that was to react without thinking. The lion's paws glowed with golden light as he lunged forward at the orb trying to consume him.

Suddenly everything stopped, the pulling wind cut off as both of them were frozen. Xander's hands gripped at the air around that orb, an invisible barrier keeping him from touching it, but purple static rolled between Xander's glowing fingers. Topaz embers combated against purple lightning.

"Fuck...I can't...I can't hold it,"



“What did you do?” Dalton’s eyes were wide as he looked on as the two powers combated. “You can’t stop it?”

“No...I countered it with my perfect counter...but I can’t stop it from rebounding,” Xander gasped. “Dalton...Dalton I’m so sorry. I can’t hold it. It’s slipping through my fingers.” Xander’s blue eyes glistened with tears. “What...what were you going to take?”

Dalton gasped, his breath hitching in his throat as he realized what was about to happen, his heart pounding. He couldn’t feel his hunger anymore. He couldn’t feel his power. It was like he had been cut off from a part of himself.

“Dalton! What were you going to take!” Xander screamed, tears streaming down his muzzle as Dalton felt a pull, a wind picking up around his body.

“Everything,” Dalton muttered. The admittance was quiet, petrifying, and full of unparalleled fear.

“Dalton,” Xander grit his teeth. “Try and run...get out of here!”

It was too late.

As soon as those words slipped through his teeth, so did the counter. A vortex burst out from that sphere, the room tossed into chaos as Dalton was ripped from his bed and into that sphere. Even his scream was swallowed by that power as he was fully consumed. The last thing he saw was Xander’s hand trying to reach out to him to stop him from being sucked into his own power, but he just wasn’t fast enough. The last thing Dalton felt while he was still in one piece was his claws grazing Xander’s as he was plunged into a void of unfathomable darkness.

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Xander lunged forward to try and save Dalton as he was sucked up, screaming like a trapped animal. He knew he couldn't make it, but it simply wasn't in his nature to step aside and let things happen.

The lion felt claw dips and he tried to grip at them, but they slipped by and vanished, that black hole collapsing and vanishing in a blink.

"Dalton?" Xander's eyes were wide, tears dripping down onto his muzzle, rolling onto the floor and onto Dalton's most recent assignment he was working on. "Dalton? Where did...did you go?"

Xander felt sick. Deep in the pit of his stomach he knew what happened, but he didn't want to admit it, because that would mean he took someone's life-

Xander put his hands over his mouth as he held back the urge to wretch. Then, something in the pit of his stomach writhed. Something new...something that wasn't there before. A hunger, a deep need to...feed.

"What's happening..." Xander put a hand on his stomach. Something was wrong, terribly wrong.

The lion looked down at his stomach and from that pinprick of hunger, it was suddenly filled to the brim with power. Purple static popped around Xander. Where his hand was his fur started to darken. The dark pigmentation rolled over his belly, his golden fur rapidly changing from silky gold to an almost fluffy cream color.

"What the fuck..." Xander lifted his hand and watched as the new color rippled over his stomach and hide. The pristine white of his claws darkened into an inky black, his ocean blue eyes swirled with an emerald tint. The lion backed up and tripped over his own feet, the expanding foot paws and swelling legs extending outward. His abs got thicker, his pecs rolled out further, and fluffy chest fur welled up between them giving him a shaggier look as his arms flexed and expanded.

“What’s happening to me?” Xander wanted to scream, but was cut off as his back arched violently, his spine cracked and extended. Wet choked noises gargled out of his muzzle as it was frozen in a silent scream, his eyes rapidly darting about as the changes ravaged his body. His fur on his hide became ruffled and thicker, rising up with volume, his mane fraying into wild strands like he was some feral beast, the golden locks washing out into dark chocolate strands. Xander lurched upward to his feet as his body extended upward, more powerful, more muscular, veins pulsing purple energy through him.

Splotches of his hide grew darker, giving him spots, some of his golden hair staying on him to form what looked like sun bleached highlights. His pink nose and nipples grew dark, his pads becoming a darker shade as he continued to mutate and change. The evolving hero gave a snarl before letting out a roar that echoed off into hyena yips and laughter. A grin sliding onto his muzzle as he came to.

“Fuck...this feels, good...no...amazing,” Xander threaded his claws through his thick and wild mane. “Not just amazing. Outstanding, euphoric, exquisite!” Xander felt his mind open up to new avenues as his vocabulary broadened. He was never a particularly smart guy, he got by with B’s and C’s, but now, his mind was warping and expanding much like his body did.

That’s when it hit him. He knew what was happening.

“Oh no,” Xander’s eyes went wide as his smile fell. “This is...this is...”

*It’s my body...*

“Who said that?” Xander looked around, but no one was there. Instantly his mind expanded to understand. “Wait...that’s Dalton. You’re in my head.”

*Only in spirit, Dalton muttered. You have to go get help, you have to go find the teachers and they might be able to reverse this before you consume my soul too!*

“Right,” Xander went to the door, but his hand stopped as he gripped the handle.

*What are you waiting for?! Go!*

“Why should I?” Xander paused, his own words surprising himself, but as his fingers swelled, becoming thicker and stronger around that handle, a dark thought crossed his mind. “You were going to take everything I am and was. Why should I let someone like you come back?”

*Xander, you need to get help! My power is taking root inside you. If you don't do something soon, it'll take over completely. It took me years of living with it while it developed in order to control it. It's a hunger that eats away at you from inside.*

“I'm fully aware of what your power is,” Xander nodded to himself as he smirked, foreign knowledge and experiences flooding his mind and memories. “Besides, you had it pretty good. Fast learner, a great GPA, and...oh fuck yeah. A smoking hot sub that'll do whatever you want him to?” Xander bit his lip as the memories of countless nights with Rio flooded his mind, his cock throbbing extending before coming out the hem of his shorts, pulling them up as he grew fully hard. “Oh shit...and this feeling...what is that.”

Xander thought of Rio and the world felt brighter, the air smelled sweeter.

“Oh, Dalton, I think I love your man,” Xander gave a cute purr that was echoed by muffled hyena yips. “Oh Rio...fuck just his name makes me hard. How were you not just rolling on top of him all the time.”

*Xander! Stop! I know you're in there somewhere! You got to fight it. My power is corruption incarnate. You need to-*

“Shut up you little fuck stain,” Xander chuckled darkly. Dalton gave a scream inside of Xander's head as a chunk of his soul was nipped away from him. “That’s right, know your fucking place.” Xander licked his chops. “Give it a few minutes, and then every memory of what you were will fade to nothing.”

Xander reached down to one of Dalton's assignments. The name on it was already warping to Xander, purple sparks darting over the room like rats scurrying around and mending reality as Dalton's existence was being rewritten.

“My own power was great, but it was defensive in nature,” Xander rumbled. “This shit...fuck, it's almost predatory. Such a potent power. Now it's all mine.”

*Xander, listen AH! FUCK!*

“Not another word skank or I'll send you to the void,” Xander chuckled darkly. “Now...what's your boyfriend's number...I mean, *MY* boyfriend's number?”

*Xander, Dalton whimpered from the corners of his mental prison. Please...I'm begging you.*

“No dice, fucktard,” Xander grinned and pulled out his phone. Purple sparks rolled over his phone as the number he punched in came up as a contact labeled “Fuck Slut” but with a little heart next to it. He slammed his thumb on the contact button, his claw growing slightly as he assimilated more of Dalton's old form.

“Hey babe,” Xander smirked.

“What up hun?” Rio answered. Those words were like a knife in Dalton's heart.

“I was thinking that BJ was nice and all, but how would you like your man to treat you right? Gape that hole for once?”

“Fuck, really?”

“Yeah, oh, and let’s do a fun little roll play too,” Xander’s dark mind twisted and flopped, the lion hyena hybrid giving a low, lusty purr. “Let’s pretend you’re someone else’s man. I want to fucking cuck someone hard core.”

“Whatever you say, master,” Rio rumbled.

“Fuck yeah baby, ditch that limp dicked looser and come get a slice of real man. Your place is beneath my heel, five minutes go. So hurry up. Don’t make me wait. You know what happened last time.”

“Oh shit, babe, you don’t play fair.”

“I’m not your babe right now, fucktrad, and I don’t have to play fair when I’m the one who makes all the rules, bitch. Now get your ass here in ten or I’ll call up some other skank while you crawl back to your loser boyfriend faggot.”

“Fuck, I’ll be there in five.”

Click...

*Xander...please*, Dalton felt like he was going to retch. *He’s...*

“He’s the only thing you had that I never could? Guess again cuck! You were going to erase me, now I’m going to show you what happens to people when they cross the new and improved Xander.”

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*Please...Xander, I’m sorry. I’m begging you...please...*

Xander listened to Dalton's pleas and rumbled, his now eighteen inch bitch breather throbbing. It felt good to hear his enemy suffer, to hear him broken and lashed to the rack. Dalton's soul was the spiritual equivalent of crucified, nailed to a pyre of his demise.

"Fuck you Dalton," the massive slab of liyena meat growled through a dark grin. "Your pain...fuck, it's so delicious."

Xander rumbled, the resentment that Dalton harbored for the lion mixing with Xander's confidence melded into sedition. The compounded insecurities now quashed by Xander's pride coalesced into arrogance. Little by little the darkest parts of Dalton infected the golden boy's temperament, his mind ablaze with a past self that was being rewritten with every beat of his powerful, rotting heart.

*Xander...please...*

"That's right, keep begging," Xander growled lustfully. "It feels so fucking good, so right to finally give in. To let the beast feed. Your fear is so delectable, your soul's ichor like droplets of desire, your fear a syrupy glaze. Fuck-"

There was a knock at the door and Dalton felt his soul, or what was left of it, shudder.

"Showtime, cuck," Xander growled as he went to the door, he opened it up and there stood Rio, his body at its full height and still shorter by nearly a foot. Xander gave a cocky grin down at his love as he leaned on the doorway, his cock throbbing between his legs.

"Hey baby," Xander rumbled. "You ditch the loser?" Xander chuckled at his own cheesy line.

"Oh fuck..." Rio's ears folded back as his tail hiked up.

*Xander, don't...he's all I have left...leave him untouched...please...*

“Come on in baby,” Xander lifted his chin and looked down with a dark, lusty glare. “I’m going to fuck you like your man never could.”

Rio smiled and came in and wrapped his arms around Xander.

*Please, don’t...at least don’t hurt him UGH!* Dalton was cut off as a clawed hand gripped his spirit’s throat, silencing him.

*Rio is my fucking queen, I would never hurt him.* Xander snarled in his mind, the love he stole from Dalton rooting deep inside. *This fucking buffalo stud deserves nothing less than the world, and I will make sure he wants for nothing. Something you could never have provided him.*

It was so tender and twisted all at the same time as Xander pulled Rio into his arms. Xander had to hold back tears as he pulled his man close to his pecs, the water buffalo folding into him perfectly. The love was raw, pure, and true. In reality, it was the only reason Dalton survived with his power for so long. Xander couldn’t help but milk it, not only because he truly wanted to curl Rio’s toes, but also to make sure he stole everything from Dalton before he was reduced to oblivion.

Xander’s hands roamed over his man’s back, peeling his shirt off, making sure his claws never touched him, but just his thick pads brushed over those valleys and ravines of muscle. Everywhere those fingers touched a rippling bloom of sensations rolled over them. It was like they had never touched one another, that everything was fresh and new.

“Hey baby,” Xander smirked, using one of his knuckles to bring his muzzle up, making their eyes lock. “Have I told you how fucking beautiful you are?”

Rio didn’t respond. He simply threw his arms around Xander’s neck and their lips met. Those lips, the first of many things Xander would take from the defeated hyena. Their lips smacked, their tongues rolled around each other’s. Xander’s flexible feline tongue lulled around the buffalo’s thick



muscular one. Xander cupped Rio's face and brushed his thumb across his cheek as he deepened the kiss, his heart fluttering and his dick throbbing.

"Fuck baby," Xander breathed as they broke their kiss.

"Fuck...Xander...You've never kissed me like that before," Rio smiled. Xander smirked at that.

"Best kiss you've ever had, huh?" He gave a cocky grin, his powerful teeth gleaming. "Better than your boyfriends?"

"Yeah, best I've ever had. Way better than my fag of a man," Rio murred, getting back into the roleplay.

Dalton's heart shattered as he watched through Xander's eyes, feeling the betrayal through the lion's lips. He could feel everything, see everything as though he were experiencing a shallow version of what the liyena was doing. Even with this muted sensation, he knew it was better than he ever did with his love. It was proof that was forced upon him, and he couldn't look away or unsee any of it.

"You deserve it," Xander murred brushing a hair out of Rio's face. "You deserve to be fucked the way you deserve. Like a goddess, baby. You deserve so much more than what your man can give you. I'll give you all that, and so much more."

*Please Xander...just kill me...end me...*

"We're going to take this nice and slow," Xander was speaking to both Rio and his spiritual captive. "I'm going to show you what it's like to fuck without needing to shrink down."

"Oh, that'll be a first," Rio smiled before cocking his head. "Did you do something to your hair?"

“Why? Does it look better?” Xander milked the compliments knowing each one was a stab to his passenger.

“Yes, so much manlier than my boyfriend’s,” Rio’s memories were still being rewritten, all of reality was taking its sweet time, but it left a window that Xander could take advantage of to really drive that blade into his captive’s guts.

“Fuck yeah it is,” Xander’s cock throbbed, the eighteen inch fuck stick dribbling pre. “Get on the bed.” Xander spoke his order, but it was so smooth and soft it almost sounded like he was begging. Rio shuddered.

“So soft and tender, my man usually just pounds away and treats me like shit. He’s compensating for soooo much,” Rio smirked as he ditched his shorts on his way to the bed, the two twin mattresses pushed together to form a much larger fuck pad.

“Like I said, you deserve to be fucked right, at least once,” Xander grinned darkly. “And I’ll treat you the way you deserve too. The way you want, *bitch*.”

Rio’s tail twitched, his sculpted muscle ass flexing as he rolled onto the bed on his back.

“Shit, you don’t play fair,” Rio rumbled, laying back and holding out his arms to invite his massive man.

“Do I fucking ever?” Xander padded over, his massive foot paws causing the ground to shake before he made the bedsprings creak and groan with his augmented size.

*Now, where does he like to be kissed again?* Xander spoke in his head for his captive to hear. *Oh yeah, right here.*

Xander nipped a tendon on Rio's neck, the water buffalo stifling a moan as those teeth brushed against that sensitive cord. Xander smacked his lips against it, tenderly sucking on it, flicking his tongue over it before dragging his lips up to the buffalo's ear.

"You like that baby?"

"Oh babe, that's so good," Rio murred.

"Don't call me babe," Xander grinned darkly. "That's what you call your man so you don't mix our names up. Say my name," Xander's muscle cracked into a devious grin as he spoke in Rio's ear.

"Oh fuck, Xander. Do that again," Rio groaned.

"That's a good boy," Xander half growled, half purred in that ear before giving it a light kiss and moving down to the space just below that ear. He found another sweet spot, kissing and licking over it as he huffed out his nose into the buffalo's ear.

"Oh fuck! Xander, please, don't stop," Rio gasped, his thick fingers gripping the liyena's back, his legs hooking behind him at the ankle as his spine tingled. "Oh, fuck, Xander...oh Uhf! Xander...ahhh."

It was Dalton's nightmares come true. His love, his greatest love saying another man's name. Not to mention with the salt Xander threw on that wound. Now every memory where Rio called him babe, or baby was tainted with an uncertainty. Was his lover just using pet names to hide the fact that he was thinking of someone else? Until that moment, Dalton knew in his heart that Rio had never said someone's name so sweetly, so hotly, so enthralled. Not even his...

The water buffalo huffed through his nose as he grinded his foot long dick against his man's much larger eighteen incher. The size difference made the water buffalo shudder while his ear was huffed into and his neck was nipped and kissed, hickies forming under his fur as his man marked him.

Rio had never let Dalton do that to him. He didn't want to be seen with those marks like some slut out in public, or at least that was the story he was told. When your boyfriend is Xander, it's more of a brand of honor. The reality of how much more Rio would do for Xander than Dalton became very clear. The good looks gave him more sexual currency than Dalton could ever have with just his "personality."

Xander had them both now, and Rio was helpless against his charm and prowess.

"You like it when I leave slut marks on your neck, don't you baby," Xander huffed into that neck.

"Yes Xander," Rio moaned.

"You love showing off how much I love to fuck you, don't you. I'm the fucking alpha on campus, and it's an honor to be my bitch, isn't it."

"Yes Xander."

"And your man is such a stupid cuck he doesn't even know how much you don't respect him," Xander grinned darkly.

"Yes Xander! He's a fucking joke! Oh fuck yes!" Rio huffed, his face ablaze with a deep lusty blush.

"Quiet baby," Xander grinned darkly as he spoke directly in Rio's ear. "I can't have you waking up the whole dorm. I know it's hard, but you got to try and contain yourself around me."

"I don't...I don't know if I can Xander," Rio huffed, grinding his cock against that other massive hot rod, the pre oozing from both frothing as they slicked against one another.

“I know baby,” Xander rumbled cockily. “You just keep saying my fucking name. That’ll tell anyone dumb enough to stop us who they’re fucking with.”

“Oh fuck, Xander! How did I land such a fucking stud,” Rio gasped.

“Yeah, you like the big guys, huh,” Xander chuckled before biting down on his neck, his tongue feeling that pulse as he licked across it.

“Oh fuck, yes Xander.”

“The bigger the better, right?” Xander groaned into that neck as he kissed each tooth mark left behind.

“And you’re the fucking biggest, Xander baby,” Rio was already a dripping mess. “No one compares to you. I don’t fuck with little shits! You’re the best and that means you deserve the best!”

“Damn right I do,” Xander nipped that ear before giving it a slow and tender lick around all the most sensitive folds.

*Stop it, isn’t this enough!* Dalton sobbed, straining against his mental restraints and only screaming in pain. Xander only rumbled in pleasure.

“How about we make that pussy pop,” Xander rumbled. “Been a long time since anyone’s made you squirt without needing to shrink down, huh?”

“OH fuck Xander, really? No shrinking? It always mutes the pleasure.”

“Oh, I didn’t know that,” Xander smirked, meaning that Rio had never told Dalton either. “What a revelation. How about we make a little change now to make sure to fuck you the way you deserve from now on. You’re already a little short stack to me. If I need anyone smaller, we can just get a third.”

“Oh fuck, Xander, really?” Rio gasped.

“Fuck yeah,” Xander smiled. “Though, I’m sure you wouldn’t deny me if I told you to fucking shrink, wouldn’t you?”

“Never,” Rio moaned.

“Of course you wouldn’t,” Xander chuckled and reared back, his cock lining up with that hole.

“Now, who’s your favorite master?”

“You are,” Rio breathed.

“And who owns that heart of yours?”

“You do baby!”

“Don’t call me baby,” Xander rumbled and slipped his hand around Rio’s neck the way Dalton always did, having to hold back as the size difference made the muscle memory off, but Rio blushed nonetheless. “That’s the shit you call my cuckold who takes care of you when I’m not around. Say *my* name, skank, or I’ll get someone else to tend to this dick,” Xander growled lustfully.

“Fuck! Xander, please, you’re the best master!”

“The only master you’d ever love, right?” Xander lined the insult up, knowing what Rio would say next.

“Oh fuck, who could resist loving you? You’re the biggest, the best, the fucking apex of man. You’re – OOOOOOohhhh mmmfffff!”

Xander pressed his cock into that hole, his cock as thick as a beer can and harder than steel.

“Yeah, I think we get the picture, huh?” Xander started a little two step, sliding his cock out an inch and then a couple in, his orange sized nuts clenching and lining the way with thick globs of pre.

“Oh fuck, it’s so fucking big,” Rio huffed.

“Yeah, you’d never want anything smaller, would you,” Xander smirked as he gave a little thrust forward. “Your boyfriend doesn’t even come close does he, the little micro dicked faggot.”

“Holy shit, no! Not when you’re my master. Nothing less! Who could feel anyone else after fucking you?”

*STOP IT!!! JUST FUCKING END ME!* Dalton screamed, his soul weeping in anguish as his love was used as an instrument of torture. Playing songs of that plucked at his insecurities and unraveled his heart.

Xander took that as his cue to kick things up a notch. He thrust in, Rio crying out in a mix of pain and pleasure. Xander found virgin territory and he was about to plow it for all it was worth.

“That’s good, now say my na-”

“Xander! Fuck! Xander! Fuck me!” Rio screamed, pushing back, his cock throbbing and oozing milky pre. The liyena raised his brow in surprise, but it quickly melted into a cocky grin.

“Good boy, let the fucking dorm know who’s bitch you are,” Xander started to thrust in and out, the bulky buffalo looking like some wolf twunk as that massive cock plunged deep into that wanton hole. Xander was sure to look at him at every angle. Their rut grew deeper, harder, faster, more intense with each thrust, each sloppy slap, each bedframe groaning thrust.

“Best you’ve ever had, right!” Xander demanded Rio to answer him.

“Yes! Best! Nothing beats you Xander, baby! Fuck! I love you so much!”

Xander spat on Rio’s face and grinned darkly.

“Love you too skank,” Xander growled and slammed his hips forward. Rio’s eyes rolled into the back of his head. “I’m your one true love. No one before me comes even close does it.”

“Anything before you would have been a lie! Xander! FUCKING BREED ME!”

Dalton lost track of how many things Xander took from him. Dozens? It didn’t matter. The only one that mattered, the only one left, was approaching fast.

*Please...please no...*

Dalton felt weak, his essence dissolving, Xander’s cock digging a bit deeper with each thrust as he smacked his hips wetly against his love. Dalton was becoming less of a memory and more of a dream. Soon he would be a concept attached to a name, and then after that...

*Please...stop...st...stop...*

“Say my name! FUCKING SCREAM IT YOU FUCKING RAPE MEAT!”

“XANDER!” Rio screamed.

“TAKE MY FUCKING CUBS!” Xander roared, his balls clenching and his powerful prostate physically making his taint churn as that cock throbbed deep in no-longer-virgin territory. That cock head throbbed, the bulge of it visible even in Rio’s muscle gut. “FUCK!” Xander snarled and bit down on Rio’s neck in a mating bite.



Xander's cock surged, that cum pipe distending with the volume in it before blasting Rio's guts. Thick squelching could be heard as that orgasm audibly filled that hole and painted it white with that tar like baby batter.

*St...op..., Dalton sobbed. Just...just let me...go...*

The last of Dalton's consciousness broke, his soul fully absorbed. The last remanences of his essence funneling down into the liyena's balls. Reduced to the spiritual equivalent of Viagra to prolong Xander's nut.

"Xander...Xander...xander..." Rio panted, his cock spending its load between the two, pooling in his abs and soaking into their sheets. He didn't even care that he now had a very obvious bite mark. He would proudly display it as Xander's brand of ownership.

"Fuck," Xander was even starting to forget about Dalton. He knew who he was and how this all came to be, but it was getting harder to remember his face. "Don't worry Dalton, Rio will want for nothing."

"What...you talking to yourself babe? Who's Dalton?"

"No one babe," Xander pressed his lips against his mate and started rolling his hips.

"Again?" Rio gasped.

"I'm not fucking done with you. That was my easy nut, get ready for my fucking rut!"

Rio screamed as Xander started fucking that ass hard and fast. His mate, his love, his soulmate. No one could ever come close to Xander, and the liyena knew it.