### Summary

Bunch of teeny little ficlets written on Discord. They're all just PWP and short. (Might also take requests)

### Notes

Please heed tags and warnings. All characters are over 18.
**Drabble set 1**

**Mugman/Cala Maria; tentacles**

Mugman whined, biting down on his glove as he shivered in Cala Maria’s hold. She chuckled into his neck, pressing a kiss there. He could feel the tips of her tentacles rubbing and pressing against his opening, slicking him up. The little cup gasped and pressed his face into his hands, completely flushed blue as the tips began slipping inside him. One by one, deeper and deeper while he cried out and writhed, bucking up as they stretched him wider and wider. Mugman felt her hands take a hold of his hips, keeping him from writhing away and he yelled out as the tangle of tentacles pushed so deeply they made his stomach bulge, hitting a spot inside him that had his cock twitching and leaking against his stomach.

**Cuphead/King Dice; daddy kink**

Cuphead is sitting in his lap as he shuffles cards, presumably sorting poker chips but honestly he’s making more of a mess of everything. King Dice rolls his eyes and keeps putting the cards back into order, the quiet of the closed casino a calming atmosphere around them. Cuphead lets the chips fall to the table and flops back onto him, arching his back so the cup can pout up at him. “This is boring… I’m so bored daddy” And he isn’t expecting it, swallows loudly and goes bright purple, licks of heat slipping down from his stomach to between his thighs with a suddenness that has him gasping. Cuphead grins slyly and grinds down, rocking his ass down onto King Dice’s cock and he drops his cards, tugging Cuphead into a deep kiss while his hands start slipping into the cup’s shorts. He breaks the kiss, both of them panting as he rolls the cup’s little cock in his fingers. “Call me daddy again.”

**Cuphead/King Dice; public fingering**

“You’d better be quiet kid, the Devil’s busy making a deal over there.” Cuphead bit into his lip, trying to keep and sounds at bay, as he sat on King Dice’s lap at the craps table. Unknown to everyone present the little cup had his shorts tugged down to his ankles and the King’s hand between his thighs. His dripping cock pressed against his tummy as Dice’s thick fingers filled both his tight pussy and his tiny ass. He was trying so, so SO desperately not to squirm or rock, though he was sure his face must be flushed as all hell. And from Mugman’s concerned expression from where he was holding the huge contract for the Devil across the room, he must look a sorry sight. King Dice thrust the fingers deeper, stretching his tight holes and he had to disguise a moan as a strangled cough, one of his hands gripping onto the King’s trousers as the fingers slid in and out, the palm rolling across his cock and making him want to just arch his back and scream for the whole casino to hear.

**King Dice/the Devil; public, humiliation, cock-cage, orgasm denial**

King Dice swallowed, moving about the casino as gracefully as usual. Though anyone observing very closely might see the slight stiffness in his movements, the deliberate step after step. But luckily everyone was too absorbed in their own activities, for which the King was glad. As well as for the jazz band that was drowning out the quiet buzzing of the vibrator deep inside him. The
King was just about to greet some new arrivals when the vibrations suddenly increased and he had to press a hand to the wall, legs feeling like jelly as the pleasure hit him like a wave. Not that his cock could get very hard, and it hurt a little bit, trapped in the little metal cock-cage. He managed a strained smile, waving the folks in and hoping that his flush and beading sweat could be taken as the heat of the casino. The vibrations slowed to a delightful slow buzz, leaving a warm tingle as the King went back to organize a slight mix-up of a drinks order by the waiters. Just as he took the glass the vibrator sped up and he bit back a yelp, spilling the beverage down his front. He felt his flush deepen and tried to wave it off with a deep laugh and a shrug. “Dice, come back to my office and make yerself look presentable!” The King turned to see the Devil leaning on the casino’s far pillar, grinning, his finger still pressed to the button of the remote in his clawed hand.

**Cuphead/Mugmans (based on the multi-Mugman glitch); dirty talk, gangbang, overstimulation**

Cuphead whimpered, shaking as the clones of his brother closed in on him. Mugman sat behind him, hands tugging up his shirt and mouth pressed to the side of his head. “Don’t worry Cup’, they just want ta play..” Cuphead tried to relax, but golly they all looked so happy and -hungry-to see him. And he had one more moment to think maybe that this wasn’t a good idea when they were upon him. He yelped as hands pressed and stroked from all sides, pulling at his clothes. His brother kissed the back of his head and whispered to him “Such a good boy for me..” His words had the cup blushing pink and then he cried out as someone suckled on his straw. Fingers pinched his nipples, mouths suckled along his skin, someone caught his cheek and he was coaxed into a deep and hungry kiss. Cuphead felt hands on his cock and jerked as mouths, goodness knows how many, began licking up and down the shaft. He was so overwhelmed and his brother, his real true brother, kept up a running commentary in his ear, letting him know exactly what was going to happen to him and how his body would be used.
Chapter 2

Cuphead/King Dice; non con, humiliation, rough treatment

King King Dice glared down at the cup, planted face first on the floor in a puddle of his own head-liquid. The boy's hand rubbed his sore ass from where the King had slapped it harshly, sending the cup into his current predicament. Really though! The nerve of the little twit, slapping his ass in the middle of the casino like he had any claim on Dice at all. The music has stopped, everyone in the room staring at them and the Devil grinned at him from across the room. King Dice smirked, nudging a booted foot between Cuphead's legs as the cup pulled himself onto his hands and knees. The boy froze as the King rubbed against his dick through his shorts with a roughness that had the cup gasping, face going from pink to a hot red. "Clean. It. Up." King Dice pressed a little harder with his shoe at every word and Cuphead's arms shook. "Y-yes sir..." As the boy made to stand, biting his little lip and trying not to look at anyone watching Dice slipped his foot out and pressed it to the boy's back, shoving him face-first into the floor once more. "No boy, with your -mouth-." Cuphead whimpered, eyes wide, and there was laughter from around the room. King Dice kept the sole of his shoe pressed to the boy's back. The cup tried to look back at him, eyes filled with a mix of fear, embarrassment and anger. Dice grinned and pointed back to the floor, his heel digging in painfully. Cuphead winced and shook under him. He closed his eyes and let his tongue touch the floor. King Dice felt his cock harden as he watched tears bead in the boy's eyes as he licked at the milk on the floor, lapping like a kitten.

Cuphead/King Dice; foot fetish, sock kink, clothed sex

King Dice leant back against the headboard, watching Cuphead as the boy knelt between his legs in nothing but a shirt, boxers and knee-high socks. Little fingers fiddled with the buttons of the cup's dress shirt, Cuphead looking down and flushing as more of his chest and stomach were revealed. The cup bit his lip and let the shirt fall from his shoulders and he finally looked up to meet King Dice's grin, little pink tongue slipping out. King Dice rather enjoyed how bare the boy was, in comparison to the King still in his crisp suit. Cuphead whimpered as he hooked his fingers into his boxers, slipping them down his slim hips. Finally he was left in just his socks and King Dice hummed delightedly, cooking his finger at the cup in invitation. Cuphead averted his eyes, looking both nervous and embarrassedly excited as he sat and shuffled forwards on his butt, audibly swallowing as he pressed the soles of his socked feet to Dice's hard cock. The King groaned quietly, resisting rocking his hips. "Good boy, now make yer daddy feel good yeah?" Cuphead leant back on his elbows, flushing deeper and his feet began to move, rubbing up and down the King's thick cock.

King Dice/Mugman/The Devil; spit-roasting

Mugman whimpered around the cock in his mouth, sucking as deep as he could while Dice played with his straw and made the little cup's head want to spin. His own leaking cock pressed up against his bulging belly as the Devil pressed in deep to the hilt, filling him completely with a purr. Clawed fingers gripped his hips as the demon began to thrust, in and out, Dice's hands holding him in place as he slid his cock deeper before pulling back to let the cup breathe, panting around his cockhead with wet eyes staring up in adoration.
Cuphead/Cagney; tentacles (based on a convo about Cuphead feeling jealous of Mugman being with the Devil and King Dice)

Cuphead gripped the vines holding him in place, letting the flower tug off his shorts. Cagney grinned up at him and the cup turned away with a blush. "Sh-shut up, I'm not.... don't tell me I'm jealous!" He doesn't see the Carnation's expression but he hears the little chuckle. Soft leaves and tiny vines rub and caress his body, tweaking his nipples to make him gasp and wind about his little cock. He could have as much sex as his brother! He could! The cup cried out as Cagney licked up his cock, minding his sharp fangs as he licked and suckled. Cuphead chanced a look and flushed even deeper, wanting to hide his face as the flower grinned and growled, the vibrations travelling through his dick and making him whine and writhe.

King Dice/Cuphead; ageplay, daddy kink, lactation

"Good boy, come on now my little lamb, you gotta suckle on daddy." King Dice held the little cup against his puffy nipples, the leaking tip of his cock pressed to the cup's ass as the boy latched on. Dice groaned, slipping a finger into that tight little hole as Cuphead began to suck, drinking the milk hungrily, eyes half-lidded in bliss. The little cup grinded down on his cockhead, the fingers of his other hand playing with the twin nipple and making it leak milk down the King's chest.

Cuphead/King Dice; bondage, ageplay, crossdressing, daddy kink, biting, gags

Cuphead lay on the King's bed, arms tied and a pacifier gag firmly tied around the cup's head. He squirmed in his frilly little dress, aware that he wasn't wearing any panties under the short petticoat. He whined around the gag as King Dice crawled between his thighs and tugged up his skirt, a fingertip flicking his hard little cock, the pink satin ribbon tied around the base preventing him from making any 'mess' on his daddy's sheets. Dice started to kiss his thighs, praising him between each kiss. "Such a good little princess...mm, so good for your daddy... look at you... all wrapped up pretty like a present..." Cuphead whimpered and shook, legs jerking and his daddy grinned, the King meeting the little cup's eyes as he suddenly bit into a soft thigh, Cuphead letting out a muffled cry though the gag.
Chapter 3

King Dice/Cuphead; noncon, human furniture, humiliation

King Dice hummed as he read through his newspaper, licking his fingers before paging through. He felt his footstool moving and tapped it sharply with his heels, ignoring the squeak. He sipped his coffee and lit a cigar, finishing reading through the columns. He lifted the newspaper and met the angry glare of his footstool with a raised brow of his own. Cuphead, on shaking hands and knees (he -had- been on them for hours) was blushing and angry and bit his lip, knowing that if he kicked up a fuss the King would find a worse use for him.

Devil/Mugman + King Dice/Cuphead; noncon, humiliation, pet/slave play

The Devil and King Dice lounged at the demon's desk, going through the winnings of that day and playing a very light game of cards. They chuckled and wagered on what they would make the next day. The Devil put down his cards and tugged at the leash hooked to the desktop a few times. "Come one puppy, this cock ain't gonna lick itself." There was a strange undog-like 'yip' from underneath the table and scuffling and then the Devil sighed, leaning back in his chair. "Come on Dice, where's your own little mutt?" King Dice grinned and reached below the table, chuckling at the sight of Mugman lapping and suckling at the Devil's thick cock and knot before tugging on his own leash. Cuphead growled behind the muzzle and tried to shuffle backwards on all fours but Dice grabbed him. He hoisted the cup onto his lap, the naked boy squirming in his arms and shared a smirk with the Devil. "I've got a present for my puppy, though he hardly deserves it." Cuphead wriggled and flushed as King Dice pulled a buttplug from his pocket, a fluffy tail attached to the end. The cup yelped but Dice held him firm and slicked the plug with his mouth before bringing it down to rub against the cup's ass. "Such a good doggy..." He cooed, as he pressed it inside Cuphead.

King Dice/Mugman/Cuphead; noncon, drugging (aphrodisiac)

Mugman and Cuphead writhed together on King Dice's bed. They were whimpering and nuzzling one another, seeming unable to keep their hands of each other. King Dice watched them from his desk as he worked, waiting patiently for the begging to start. The aphrodisiac was a slow-burning potion of the Devil's design. He'd poured it into both boys' heads whilst they were on duty and 'helped' them back to his own room when the brothers started feeling woozy and hot. "M-Mr Dice Sir... I-uh-please we're so-AH-hot..." Cuphead whined from where he was rocking his little hips against his brother, body lost to need. Mugman panted, tugging Cup in a harsh kiss whilst moaning and squirming desperately. King Dice put down his pen and smirked, pushing back his chair and making his way towards the bed. Both boys reached for him, calling for him and the King pulled each one up in turn to claim their mouths. It was going to be a fun night.

Cuphead/King Dice; noncon, spanking, punishment, rough

Cuphead had stuck his tongue out and mouthed off one too many times that day and King Dice had finally had more than enough. After closing time he grabbed the boy's arm and tugged him back to his own room, practically throwing the boy onto his bed. "So, you think you can disrespect me? In
front of my customers? In my own casino? Well I've got news for you -boy-, you're luck has run out." Cuphead knelt up on the bed and flipped him the bird with a petulant glare, though it melted into a look of nervousness as Dice strode forwards, rolling up the sleeves of his shirt. The cup scrambled back but couldn't escape far before Dice grabbed him buy the collar. "Now kid, you're going to lay over my lap and I'm going to spank your insolent little rump until I'm satisfied you've learnt not to run your mouth, understood? And if you don't, I'm sure your brother would like to know why he's on garbage duty for a month, don't you?" Cuphead visibly swallowed and looked away, glaring down at the bed with furious tears beading in his eyes. King Dice sat down an dlet the cup go, patting his knee. "Be a good boy for daddy and maybe I'll go easy on you." The cup hesitant wriggled forwards and awkwardly crawled over his lap, face flaming. Dice held him down with one hand as he squirmed and went to tug down his shorts. At Cuphead's noise of objection Dice gripped his straw and started to crush it, until the Cup cried out and stilled."Don't be a naughty boy and stay still." Down went the shorts and Cuphead squirmed as Dice raised his arm. There was a satisfying yelp after the first smack and Dice continued with a chuckle, swatting the boy until he was squeaking and eventually crying, sniffling into his arms. The boy's greyish bottom was becoming a lovely cherry red. He spanked him 10 times on each cheek, enjoying every noise and jerk. "There we go," he paused, rubbing Cuphead's abused bottom gently, "that wasn't so bad was it?" Cuphead sniffled and wiped his arms across his eyes, taking a shaky breath and glaring at him. Though with much less fire in his wet eyes. Dice chuckled deeply and pulled the boy to his feet. "To the wall kid, face it." Cuphead rubbed his bottom and shuffled over to the wall, still very red. "Hands out against the wall. Good boy."

**The Devil/Mugman/Cuphead/King Dice; using the boys as toys, genital manipulation, voyeurism**

The Devil loved playing with other's bodies. Adding a feature here, warping another... And oh it was so satisfying when it left his playmates confused and nervous. The cup boys made for even more fun. Their elder guardian had obviously kept them naive to the world beyond their woodland home. They were rather gullible and so very sensitive... Mugman leant back on his furred lap, shivering and biting into his own glove. His pretty little petticoat was hiked up in one of the Devil's hands, while the demon used the other to press Mugman's own hand to the pussy the Devil had conjured. The boy barely knew how to pleasure himself with the cock he had been born with and the cup's utter confusion over this new development was making the Devil burn with lust. "I-it's too mu-much Master.." Mugman whined as his own fingers were brushed so so gently against his folds, already glistening with slick. The Devil chuckled darkly and looked up from the delicious sight of his pet to meet King Dice's eyes from where the man sat opposite him. The King's own toy was wriggling and biting his lip, legs spread to put his own new little pussy on full view. Dice had tugged Cuphead's fingers into his mouth, sucking on them as he grinned at the Devil. The boy whined, knees brushing his brothers as they mirrored each other in their squirming. Finally King Dice stopped licking the boy's fingers and brought them down to press at the puffy little pussy between Cuphead's thighs. The Devil smirked as they continued, teasing and teaching their pets how to touch and play, how to slide fingers deep inside to stretch and to roll little circles around their clits to make themselves cry out in pleasure. And the brothers whined and pressed their faces together, all delightful little noises and flushed faces and eventually desperate hungry kisses. King Dice licked his lips as the boys explored each other for the first time, both rolling their hips and crying out against their own fingers as the pleasure rose higher and higher.
Chapter 4

(Mugman/Cuphead; incest and breeding kink)

Mugman held his brother down, thrusting roughly. Cuphead was whining and gasping into the bedsheets below them, gripping them in tight fists as he was fucked roughly in his little pussy.
"You like that Cup? M'gonna, fill you right up- make you... aaah Cup god... make you have my babies..." And he slid a hand around to play with his brother's clt, still roughly thrusting. Cuphead was crying out, pussy clenching around him. "Please-AH-Mugsy.. please make me yours.. nmmm get me pregnant..."

(The Devil/King Dice; mpreg and lactation)

The Devil whined, grinding down on King Dice's thick cock, the other buried to the hilt in the tight little pussy hidden beneath the demon's own cock. "Fu-uck Dice, yer so deep..." The Devil purred, his swollen pregnant belly bouncing as he rode the other. Dice grinned up at him, groaning himself before latching onto one of the puffy nipples in front of his face. The Devil was reduced to whimpers and strained begging as the King suckled for the milk, his hands tweaking and rubbing a few of the other nubs, making them leak over the die's hands and staining the fur.

(Beppi/Cuphead; death threats, stuffing and noncon)

Cuphead writhed and jerked, crying out desperately as Beppi continued to fill him. The clown's cock seemed to almost inflate, thickening inside of the boy and making the cup scream. Cuphead gripped the side of the roller coaster as Beppi pushed on his neck again, holding him over the side as though intending to drop him. All he could see, though his blurry vision was the ground far below and feel the air being knocked out of him, even as he clenched down on Beppi's cock with another loud cry, cumming and leaving dripping white along the side of the coaster.

(Cupbrothers/Casino Employees; Watersports/pee, bondage, noncon(?), public humiliation, piss drinking)

"Step right up folks and see the two little finks who tried to play with the Devil. Aren't they just adorable?" The Devil's voice boomed over the casino, the demon lounging on his throne as he gestured with one clawed hand to the two boys tied back-to-back in the middle of the room. One their knees, naked but for their socks and gloves, the boys were flushed red in embarrassment, the red one glaring with all the venom he could muster. "Now, time for them to receive their just desserts wouldn't you say?" Applause and a few wolf whistles followed the Devil's words, the casino's patrons eager for more.

With a wave of his paw, some of his employees closed in on the cups; King Dice and a few others circling the boys. "Leave 'em all wet boys!" The Devil laughed, eyes glowing as his employees aimed their cocks at the brothers. Cuphead and Mugman yelped out protests as warm piss started to rain down upon them, splashing into their cups and running down their faces in like liquid gold. The brothers squirmed and made loud sounds of distress, a sob escaping the blue one as Mangosteen aimed the hot spray at the boy's face and down his front. The piss dripped over his
cock and if any of the audience were watching especially close, they'd see the little shaft twitch excitedly.

Cuphead glared up at King Dice but there wasn't much heat in his gaze and as the manager stepped closer, the boy parted his lips as though to yell. Dice smirked as he filled that mouth and Cuphead made a show of choking and coughing, face red with humiliation. His little cock was rock hard against his stomach and the cup tried to hide his face, eyes still locked to the manager's as he licked his lips.

"Just look at you boys, all washed up!" the Devil chuckled, and his own cocktip was peaking from his furred sheath. They'd been doing this show for weeks and the patrons loved it. And after the first 'performance', the boys had really taken to their new roles, enjoying every moment even as they pretended to cry or fight. The Devil couldn't wait until closing time, when he could have them all to himself and enjoy just what those rather devilish little mouths and bodies could do.

(The Devil/Cupbrothers; oviposition(eggs), dubcon, mpreg)

The Devil chuckled breathlessly as he held the first cup brother against his belly. Mugman was shaking and squirming a little in his claws, flushed as the Devil's ovipositor rubbed his tiny twitching entrance. The cup was slick with the fluids the demon had squirted inside him, readying the boy for breeding. "M-Mr Devil Si-Sir... it-it won't fi-fit?" Mugman whimpered, shivering in his bonds. The Devil had tied his wrists to his ankles, leaving the cup spread obscenely wide, little dick hard despite his nerves. The demon purred and nibbled on his straw, making the cup gasp. "Oh it'll fit little one, and soon you'll be filled with my brood... your sweet little belly round with the eggs. The Devil pressed his ovipositor in and Mugman cried out as it stretched him, the demon's hands beginning to stroke and tease his cock to add pleasure to the slight pain. The boy clenched around the shaft as it reached deep inside and the Devil continued to pet him as the eggs began to push inside, stretching and making him feel more full than he's ever known he could feel... and it was good. Mugman was reduced to begging, cumming as the eggs rolled inside him and his belly began to grow but the demon didn't stop, continuing to milk his slick cock. Cuphead bit his lip and shook from the side, where he was bound just like his brother and awaiting his turn, body awash with need and nervousness for when his own time would come.
Chapter 5

(Cuphead/King Dice; violence, gore, blood)

The cup growled and bit into King Dice’s tongue, drawing blood as the older man wrenched his arm back. The boy arched as the King exerted more and more pressure and he yowled as a snapping sound rang out. He panted and headbutted Dice, the older man grunting as a few teeth were knocked out and he spat them at the cup in bloody spittle. “You little hellion.” Dice’s words were a furious hiss and he slammed the cup down on his desk, the boy’s handle cracking and smashing with the sound of breaking china. Cuphead cried out, tears in his eyes and he reached out with his good arm, raking his nails into Dice’s left eye. The older man hissed and wrenched the broken cup’s arm, making the other writhe in agony. The King thrust his hips into the boy’s furiously, both of their excitement obvious by the hardness there.

(Cuphead/King Dice; noncon, spanking, humiliation, watersports)

Cuphead glared, face red whilst the King continued to pat his knee, eyes alight and mouth curled in a smirk. The rest of the casino had stopped their activities at the argument between the newest of the Devil’s workers and the manager and at the boy’s defiance and mouthing off, they were sitting in anticipation. There was some laughter and a few claps as the King ordered Cuphead over his knee. The cup looked like he was going to protest more but stopped when he saw the Devil at one of the tables, clawed fingers on his brother’s shoulders, Mugman's eyes wide with fear. With a gulp and a weak sneer, Cuphead trudged over to his manager and growled as he was tugged over the taller man's lap. He crossed his arms and stick out his bottom lip, red-faced but determined not to give the King much satisfaction. He could stop the yelp and struggling when the King began to pull down his shorts however but Dice held him still with his other hand.

Trembling and refusing to meet anyone's eyes, though the chuckles and whispers had gotten louder around the room, Cuphead tried to brace himself. He managed not to make too much noise at the first hit and there were cheers from the crowd. The next few hits were worse, the loud slaps ringing out and he couldn't help the yelps. More hits, leaving red-hot pain rained down on his ass and he felt tears prickling in the corners of his eyes. And then he became aware of something else. They weren't allowed a lot of breaks and well.. he'd forgotten he'd been holding for hours. His bladder was swollen and hurt and he couldn't focus on keeping it in when Dice kept increasing the speed and force of his slaps. Another hit and a little dribbled out, the boy whined and tried to make a verbal protest. Dice used his free hand to tug harshly on his straw and Cuphead cried out, eyes clenching shut in pain. And that was it, he whimpered, the flow of urine breaking free and soaking through them both. King Dice paused and the dam broke. Cuphead started sobbing, pissing more as the tears slid down his cheeks. King Dice started to chuckle. "Oh dear kid, did I give you permission to piss on me?" There was laughter around the room and Cuphead hid his face in the King's trousers, still blubbering in anger, frustration and mortification.

(Mugman/the Devil; virgin-killer sweater, public sex, exhibitionism)

Mugman shivered, sitting on the Devil's throne wearing the present the other had bought him. It fit. But golly there wasn't much to it! Mugman tugged at the sweater, thinking he must have misunderstood. Surely this should be worn with something else? He looked up, flushing to meet
the curious eyes from all the little imps and demons gathered around the throne. There was a
strange glint in their eyes that had his stomach twisting. "I-I think I've made a mistake fellas, you
can... see too much huh?" The gaggle of demons all began to shake their horned heads and hands,
letting out a bunch of "no!"s and "It looks real good kiddo!" And Mugman smiled nervously, biting
his lip and looking down in embarrassment.

There was a creak as the door opened and the cup held his breath as the Devil stalked in, looking
him up and down with an assessing gaze. Mugman swallowed, afraid that he really had gotten
confused. The Devil usually only invited him here to keep him company with his bad jokes and
sometimes allowed the cup's awkward flirting. The Devil's eyes glowed and Mugman squeaked as
he was suddenly caged in by the demon's arms as he loomed over the cup with a grin. "My my,
don't you look good enough to eat boy." A whimper escaped the cup as the Devil slid a clawed
finger down his back, feeling the expanse of skin laid bare by the skimpy garment. "But for now,"
The devil's tongue flicked out against the cup's lips, "I want you to sit on my lap and give my
servants a show.... they've been asking for this for weeks . And there were cheers throughout the
room as Mugman was kissed hard and twisted around to rest in the Devil's lap, in full view and
fingers tugged up his new sweater.

(King Dice/The Devil; spanking/belting, punishment, biting, some blood, etc)

Dice had failed to collect. There were too many souls in Inkwell Isle that needed 'reaping', or at
least collecting. And whilst the Devil could make good on those deals himself, he rather enjoyed
watching those that owed him live in fear and occasionally sending a minion to fail, leaving those
debtors with a false sense of hope. And as Dice limped to his Boss's office, nursing a bandaged and
bleeding shoulder, he braced himself for the demon's ire. The Devil looked up from where he was
lounging in his chair with a cigar, claws trailing over old parchment.  The King swallowed,
schooling his features into his usual easy grin. "Ay Boss, seems like we'll have ta wait a little while
longer fer that Cagney fella..."

His Boss grinned, razor-sharp teeth glinting in the lamp and his yellow eyes flashed. King Dice let
out a nervous laugh, fighting not to step back in concern. He watched as the Devil rose to his feet,
sauntering around the desk leisurely and slinking upwards towards the tall die. His smirk didn't waver as
he slid a clawed hand to grip Dice's shoulder hard. "Over the desk Dice, yer know the drill." And
the Devil's growl was laced with a dark hunger that had the King shivering with anticipation. He
tried to hide his own smirk as he lay over the desk, using two gloved fingertips to shove the errant
papers to the side.

The Devil growled again and pressed a hand to Dice's cube head, shoving it into the tabletop with a
laugh. "Don't think I didn't see yer smirkin' boy, I won't be goin' easy on yer." Dice grinned into the
wood grain as his trousers were tugged down his slim hips and bunched around his ankles. And he
almost moaned when the leather of his own belt brushed his shin as the demon slid it from his own
belt-hoops. He only had a moment to shiver on the table before clawed fingers slid to his lower
back, holding him still. And then- the first hit had him gasping, body jerking in shock as the metal
prong of the belt nipped his his rump, leaving a line of fire. The hits kept coming, one after the
other as he gasped and grunted, mixing with a deep rumbling chuckle and growls from his Boss.
God it was AGONY. But the King inched his thighs apart as the hits kept coming, no doubt
leaving welts and harsh bruises in his skin.

"Likin' this are yer dollface?" The Devil paused in his assault, a claw trailing over the marks and
making Dice wince. There was shifting behind him and the King yelped as what could only be the
Devil's forked tongue began to lap and lick at him, taste his blood and making his thighs shake,
cock hard as it pressed to the table edge. The demon bit him hard, sinking fangs deep into the flesh as his claws slid up the hard length of his leaking cock, teasing him as he writhed.

(The Devil/Mugman; 1930s lingerie, oral, double-prehensile tongues, cervical penetration)

Mugman was wearing the silk bralette and tap that had been left on his bed. The lingerie felt so cold and *smooth* on his bare skin. He'd never worn anything so feminine... but it did feel nice. Though he had nothing for the bralette to cup, which made the material hang a little awkwardly off his chest. He knocked on the Devil's door nervously, stocking-clad feet shuffling on the marble floor. He heard a terse “ENTER”, and he crept inside, flushing brightly when the Devil looked up from his desk and the cigar fell from his mouth.

The demon coughed, blinking wide eyes before he seemed to regain his composure. "Whoee look at you dollface, why don't you climb up here and let me look at yer?" He patted the desk with one great paw and Mugman smiled sheepishly, stumbling over with a strangled giggle. He shivered as he felt the Devil's eyes roam his body, trying to clamber up onto the desk. The demon laughed, a deep rumble that had the small cup shivering more violently and he plucked Mugman up and set him on the desk top. "Gosh, what a pretty little kitten you are, all dolled up jus' fer me." The Devil grinned, sharp fangs glinting as his fingers began to trace the silk.

The demon rolled two fingertips over the cup's pussy through the silk tap, growling in delight as Mugman covered his mouth and whined, thighs shaking. The Devil grinned and bent down, yellow eyes boring into his as his two forked tongues slid out, lapping against the cloth. Mugman had to brace himself on both arms, body jerking with a cry as the Devil snaked his tongues below the silk. His pussy was drenched, the silk slick with his excitement and the Devil groaned himself, both tongues rolling against the clit in turn. Mugman bit his lip, thighs jerking like they wanted to close around the Devil's head. It was just *so much*. The tongues flicked and licked, one continuing to tease the cup's clit as the other snuck inside him. Mugman cried out, eyes closing as he writhed, the tongue edging deeper and deeper inside him.

He could *feel* it -it was-oh golly it was snaking inside his- Mugman fell back on the table as the devious tongue slid so deep it could only be inside his womb. He reached up with a trembling hand and felt his stomach, the bulge there causing him to cry and moan out louder. The Devil didn't let up, the forked tongue swirling inside him and the other rubbing at his clit. Clawed fingers gripped his thighs as he arched desperately, the pleasure rising and rising until his vision blurred. Mugman came with a sob, clenching down on the tongue inside him, hands scrabbling to hold onto the Devil’s horns as he lost himself.

(Ribby/Croak; incest, prehensile tongues, oral, rimming)

Ribby slid his arms around Croak and whimpered as their tongues twined in their mouths. One of his brother's hands was inside his shorts, webbed-fingers rubbing and jerking as they kissed. Croak drew back, leaving a string of spit connecting them and knelt down. Ribby fell back against wall, face flushed and hands hovering uncertainly as the other frog tugged down his pants and wound his tongue around his cock. Ribby gripped Croak's shoulders, legs spreading as that tongue rolled up and down and then slid back further, inching up inside him.

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