22nd Batch of my fics

Notes

Hanzo/Genji+Reinhardt+McCree – ABO; Alpha/Alpha; Hanzo fantasizing a lot – Hanzo is an Alpha that dreams of getting fucked by other Alphas. He has a sexual awakening late in life. Better late than never.
Hanzo’s emancipation from his family’s grip even years after the fall of the Shimada empire, takes a sudden and interesting turn when he finds his new look. He feels better being able to choose how he dresses and how he cuts his hair, or even with which jewelry to adorn his body, but these new pants he is wearing are making him feel all kinds of things.

Mostly naughty.

It has been a spur of the moment kind of thing; watching videos on the internet and quickly getting derailed into watching porn. His ears all but glowing with aroused excitement as his fingers tap out ‘alpha on alpha’ all by themselves and he even gets hits. His embarrassing sexual awakening at 39, finding out that he is not alone in his desires to get his hole spread on Alpha dick and be knotted like… like a…

like a bitch.

The thing with the pants comes after his realization. When he sees what naughty twinks get up to that try to get fucked in libraries as discreetly as possible. Hanzo is not a twink; a far cry from one, but he can’t fault their ingenuity.

He has a few new pants and while he does not like destroying him, the emptiness in his guts and the burning need prickling beneath his skin still makes him take scissors in hand and get at it.

The pants are baggy enough that when he walks, the slit in the seam of the pants is not visible. He tests it out for a few moments, letting Athena record him so he can watch if any skin flashes when he does his usual walk.

He almost goes out that very night, thinking of the rest stop just a few minutes away from the watch point, and all the unwashed, rude truckers that are bound to be there.

He loses his courage at the last second and stays in his room with a tube of slick and two shivering fingers rounding his hole. He fantasizes about those truckers; oozing Alpha pheromones like it’s nothing; stinking and (hopefully) drunk.

How he lets his keys fall to the ground and bends over to flash the wide slit in his pants and how he is not wearing anything underneath. He fantasizes that they think he is an Omega and gang up on him to pump his belly full of cum. That they’ll pin him against the hood of one of their big trucks and use his slutty outfit to fuck him without having to get him naked.

He fantasizes about other people walking past them and being none the wiser because they can’t see the fat unwashed Alpha dick that’s being shoved up into his guts.

And then he fantasizes about them knowing that he is no Omega. That he’s an Alpha that needs to get spread on their knots and fucked until he’s cried himself hoarse and tears are dripping down his cheeks. He thinks about them pushing him around. Grabbing at his neat little top knot to bend him over. Maybe rudely grabbing at his cock and painfully squeezing his knot and balls.

Tell him that they’re going to make him an Omega if he so badly wants to get fucked like one...

He concludes that it is better that he hasn’t gone to the truck stop that night. Being an Alpha on the prowl for Alpha cock means that he needs a certain kind of thorough preparation if he does not want his poor hole to get ripped in half on cock.
He also isn’t quite ready to be identified as an Alpha yet. He needs a bit of Omega pheromones that he can squirt on his neck like some kind of expensive perfume. He needs to be better prepared.

Hanzo takes a few more weeks to talk himself into it. He spends them squirming on his bed in his prepared pants and finger fucking his little Alpha cunt while sucking at the corner of one of his pillows and fantasizing that it is Alpha dick. He watches more videos and spends a worrying amount of time having panic attacks instead of jerking off to them. He breathes into the palm of his hand, staring at one Alpha quite openly mounting another, and them kissing and touching and being… intimate.

He realizes that his desires are not as shameful as he once thought they are, but he still can’t make himself touch his cock when he fucks himself on a cute little dildo that he’s bought online. He inadvertently trains himself into anal orgasms which leave his ears ringing and his heart pounding.

When he finally works up the courage to go, everything meticulously prepared, everything still goes wrong.

He does run into his desired drunk people, but they are not truckers.

Before he even leaves the premise of the watch point, his hole feeling butter soft and so sensitive, wet and with the cool air touching it whenever he moves his legs, he runs into three dark, loud figures which make themselves out to be McCree, Genji and Reinhardt.

He presses himself into the shadows of the hangar, eying the hover car that he wants to take to the next truck stop. It’s only a few steps away, but the three idiots are close enough that they would see him.

And then McCree lifts his head and carefully sniffs the air like a hound. It shouldn’t be as hot as it is, but it makes Hanzo’s insides clench, and his cock drip against the jockstrap he has put on. Something nice that will keep his dick more or less contained while leaving his prepared hole open for the taking.

“The fuck?” McCree murmurs, and nudges Reinhardt, and the old crusader stills and seems to take the smell in as well.

They are drunk, but obviously not drunk enough to have forgotten that no Omegas are currently stationed on the watch point. Hanzo swallows hard, his heart rabbiting in his throat; the throat that he’s sprayed with Omega pheromones.

And then the three of them notice him and Hanzo gets what he’s wanted after all.

They’re drunk, but they’re not mean about bending him over the hood of the car (just like he’s always imagined the Alphas at the truck stop would do). Reinhardt is very lovable and handy – and loud – and proclaims that he’s never seen an Alpha as lovely as Hanzo as he pets his head with one huge hand.

McCree reeks about the same like Hanzo imagined the Alphas at the truck stop would. It makes his mouth water as he lets them push him around.

Of course it is Genji who first realizes just how slutty Hanzo is; that he hasn’t just put some pheromones on to get dicked, but that he’s actively tried to be a whore.

His fingers part the wide slit in Hanzo’s baggy pants and show off the tight curve of his ass and the glistening dark valley between his cheeks.
It’s him that giggles the whole time as he sits on Hanzo’s back, pinning him to the hood of the car and helpfully holding his cheeks apart for McCree who is too drunk to find the bullseye on his own.

Reinhardt is dragging his cock out and Hanzo goes a bit dizzy from the thick Alpha stench wafting his way. His mouth floods with saliva, jaw going loose and relaxed as he thinks that if Reinhardt were to fuck his throat with the fat cock in his fist, he’d be able to reach right down into his belly.

And then McCree finally hits gold and Hanzo sobs with how good it is.
“No, no, no. Show yourself off.”

Akande comes to a halt, frowning and watching as Reinhardt struggles to make his knees comply and lift his bright red ass back into the air again.

The crusader’s wide, strong shoulders are trembling beneath the fall of his long, blond hair. He is wheezing, the sounds ending in high-pitched, pathetic whimpers that make Akande wonder if he has gone too far.

He hesitates, but finally steps closer, crouching down, the bamboo stick at his side but not visible to Reinhardt.

He tries to look at Reinhardt’s face, but it is difficult with all the hair in the way, so he puts the bamboo stick down and instead reaches for his submissive. Reinhardt does not fend him off – he never has – so he gently tucks the hair behind one deep red ear and looks at his face. It is wet with tears, his big blue eyes looking a bit glassy as Akande grasps his chin and makes him lift up some.

It is difficult to take care of a submissive when he has just one arm, but in the time of him losing one of them, he has learned to adapt. By now he is moving without really having to think about it.

“Too much?” he asks slowly. They’re both new to this scene, but Akande is a diligent student and has poured himself into finding out everything there is about the subject.

Knowing something in theory, and actually showing it in praxis, however…

He realizes that he has a problem with impatience, and, looking at Reinhardt’s wet, flushed face, he feels like he might have pushed him too far too fast.

Reinhardt slowly shakes his head, trying not to dislodge the grip Akande has on him. He is an extraordinarily sweet tempered submissive; probably the best Akande could have to train on… or maybe the worst.

Reinhardt so badly wants to be a good boy that he rarely tells Akande off when he is going too far.

“Use your words,” Akande tells him sharply, thumb digging in against the neatly groomed patch of Reinhardt’s little goatee. He will never cease to be amazed just how vain the huge crusader is.

“No, sir…” Reinhardt finally rasps, but his blue eyes are still brimming with tears and he looks like he wants to reach back and hold his hot little ass with both hands like a kid.

“Don’t lie.” Akande is frowning. He lets go off Reinhardt’s chin and instead starts wiping at his wet cheeks. When Reinhardt just mutely stares at him, lips open to try to even out his shaky
breathing, Akande tells him gently: “No skin is broken. You are not bleeding.”

It seems to calm the submissive down some. He nods trustingly, eyes fixed on Akande’s solemn, expressionless face.

“Take deep breaths. Should we stop? Or do you want me to do something else?”

Reinhardt shakes his head first, then whispers again: “No, sir.”

He is very meek; no shouting and boisterous laughter when he’s on all fours for his master and at his mercy. When he puts off his big, heavy armor, he seems to become as weak as a kitten, letting a one-armed man boss and bully him around as if he weren’t a head taller and a good few pounds heavier.

A nice, sweet-tempered puppy.

Akande sighs softly and stands without wobbling. It has taken him a while to find his balance without one of his arms, but it has not been impossible. He bends to retrieve the bamboo stick and looks at it thoughtfully. Maybe he has gone too fast.

He walks towards a cabinet and gently puts the stick down to be disinfected later, and instead takes out a riding crop with a soft leather flap at the end.

He steps back, turns towards Reinhardt, and starts moving his arm in long arcs, getting a feel for the new instrument.

While Akande looks at the motion of the riding crop as it swishes through the air, he is aware of Reinhardt slowly pulling himself back together in the background of his vision and lifting himself back onto his elbows, back first going ramrod straight, then arcing downwards as he sticks his ass into the air again.

Showing it off.

The cheeks are a bright pink with a few distinct, deep red lines that the bamboo cane has left. They look painful, of course, but not worrying. He has not lied to Reinhardt: none of them are open or even close to it. Still, wearing the armor tomorrow and following Akande around as his personal guard will be difficult.

He likes the thought of it; of Reinhardt having problems moving about without being reminded of kneeling for Akande and showing off his beautiful body.

Maybe he will order him to a hand-to-hand combat session tomorrow. Truss him up nicely to even out the playing fields by binding one of his arms to his back and then have at this big, sweet bear of a man.

Akande smiles to himself at the thought.

Satisfied with the feeling of the riding crop in his hand, he slowly makes his way back to Reinhardt, who is waiting patiently, seemingly unconcerned to have Akande at his back with a toy he does not know. He must have realized that he has been walking to the closet with their utensils, but he has not tried to look back and catch a peek.

“How are you feeling?” Akande asks him slowly, standing next to his submissive proudly and letting the leather tip of the riding crop slide along the dip of his spine.
Reinhardt shudders. Akande can’t see his face again, the hair having fallen back into place. He makes a mental note of having Reinhardt braid it the next time – or make him put it up into a ponytail.

(It is these times that he is mostly annoyed at just having one arm these days; of not being able to pamper his submissive properly in some instances.)

“Green, sir,” he whispers and lifts his ass just a bit more. Showing off that he is ready for whatever Akande will give him.

Akande hums. The riding crop has reached the delicious little knob of Reinhardt’s tailbone. His cheeks are slightly spread, showing off the way his blond hair becomes darker; pretty little gold hair covering the cheeks and rounding his peach pink hole.

Reinhardt is slowly tensing up. Akande can almost feel him holding his breath as he waits for a new, hard swat against his tender ass.

Akande lifts one brow, pulling the crop away from Reinhardt. When he next touches it to Reinhardt’s ass, it is just a gently tap, but the big man still cries out as if he had been hit full force.

He pauses when he realizes that there is no pain, and lifts his head, peeking over his shoulder, cheeks darkening with embarrassment. He looks sheepish.

Akande snorts and smiles thinly, some of his own tension draining away.

“Ready?” he asks gently, and Reinhardt relaxes, slowly nodding, and Akande truly begins anew.

Methodical, even slaps that have Reinhardt groaning and lifting into it, his back slowly flushing as his skin warms up to the treatment.

Yes… Akande has to be more gentle to this boy. He’s so big and sturdy, but he still needs a loving hand. He thinks he can give that to him. They both have a lot to learn.
Lúcio/Gabriel

Chapter Summary

Lúcio/Gabriel (+ Lúcio/Reinhardt; Gabriel/Reinhardt) – continuation of B21F2 – mentions of past abuse/rape; praise kink; dirty talk; voyeurism – Omega Gabriel stakes his claim on Omega Lúcio.

Lúcio seems to calm considerably after Gabriel scents him. He closes his eyes, mouth going soft and open as he softly rocks himself on the fingers the older Omega has stuffed him with.

He looks… relaxed for the first time since starting his heat. He angles his head up, softly nudging beneath Gabriel’s chin; asking for more of the possessive behavior, and Gabriel, locking eyes with Reinhardt, gives it to him.

Reinhardt’s nostrils flare, his big hands clasped tightly to each other until his hairy knuckles turn white. He stares at the two Omegas cuddling and rutting and playing with each other, wishing he could go over there and gentle Lúcio down; lap at that creamy soft looking hole and have him play with his big Omega cock the way he knows Lúcio needs right now.

He also knows, though, that it would not be appreciated; not now. Not when it is Lúcio’s first heat in their pack and he is so desperately clinging to Gabriel; looking at him for guidance like a much younger Omega would.

“You’re so hot and silky inside,” Gabriel murmurs; he talks to Lúcio, but he keeps staring at Reinhardt in what can only be considered a challenge. Reinhardt’s eyes narrow, lips pressing together, but he stays put. Finally, Gabriel’s dark eyes wander back to Lúcio who has started mouthing and suckling at the hinge of his jaw.

“You’d take cock so well…”

Lúcio gasps softly like he’s shocked by the statement. He stops suckling at Gabriel’s skin and instead turns his head, hiding it against his throat. He looks shy, a tremble shuddering through his frame, but his hips are anything but: Reinhardt watches with his mouth going dry, as the young Omega humps against Gabriel’s thick thigh, rutting his cock against him and getting the older Omega’s lounge pants sticky with his pre-cum.

He looks like he can’t decide whether he wants to show off to the Alpha sitting at his back or hide himself away, and Reinhardt wants nothing more than grab him and stretch him out and make him feel good like he deserves.

He also wants to hunt down those Alphas at Vishkar that had made him so shy and nervous about being knotted against his will.

“You don’t have to be afraid,” Gabriel croons now. He turns his head towards Lúcio and presses slow, self indulgent kisses against his temple. “Nobody is going to stretch your pretty cunt out without you begging for it… I will make sure of it.”

Gabriel’s voice goes dark and ominous at that. His gaze snaps to Reinhardt, staring at him as he
slowly drags wet glistening fingers out of Lúcio’s creamy Omega cunt and instead grabs his little cheeks with both hands and spreads them wide. Shows off how butter soft his hole gapes already; how more slick bubbles up and starts trickling down his taint and collects behind Lúcio’s delicious looking little balls.

“He’s looking at your pretty snatch,” Gabriel tells Lúcio in a croon. “But he’s not going to have it… not unless he asks me for permission.”

Lúcio jerks – and so does Reinhardt, pulling in a sharp, slightly shocked breath through his teeth, his cock trying to burst through the fly of his jeans. He’s always been hot for dominant Omegas… and Gabriel knows it.

“He’ll have to ask, and I would have to allow him,” Gabriel rasps, his fingers digging in deeper, Lúcio’s soft little cheeks stretched as far apart as they will go. His hole looks obscene and delicious; like it is waiting for Reinhardt to go on his knees and French kiss it.

“But before any of the rabble may have you… I will mark you…”

Gabriel’s voice slides low; deep and dark and predatory as he rearranges Lúcio to sit better on his thigh and have him have better access to his heating cunt.

“I won’t have any Alpha stake their claim on you… you are mine. My little Omega to do with as I please… to keep nice and safe. Would you like that?”

Lúcio is breathing in wheezing gasps. Gabriel has stuffed him with two fingers again, and Reinhardt feels his mouth water with just how easy it is for him to take the two fat digits now. He has to be long past his pre-heat stage at this point. The whole room is filled with the thick smell of his warm little body.

“I would like that…” Lúcio suddenly whispers. It is the first coherent thing he gets out in a while, and both Reinhardt and Gabriel freeze and look at him with surprise. They haven’t expected him to do anything but melt against the old, experienced Omega and be serviced by him.

“I’ve… I’ve watched you… last time…”

He has turned his head to the side. Reinhardt can’t see much of his face other than his chin and his plump little mouth. His lips are wet with saliva and looking like he’s gotten kissed within an inch of his life. Reinhardt really wants to kiss him.

Gabriel has fallen quiet. His fingers are fucking Lúcio, but slowly; almost like an afterthought. Just something to give his heating body to cling on to.

“Last time, when you…” he pauses, looking for words. Gabriel seems to finally catch on and croons: “When I let Reinhardt fuck me through my heat?”

Lúcio shudders and nods. When he speaks next, it is a feverish rush; like he just has to get it out.

“I’ve watched you; how you put him on his back and rode him… and I fucked myself, thinking of… of you doing the same to me… putting me like you want to and making me feel good and taking what you want…”

Gabriel breathes deeply. He slowly, luxuriously spreads his fingers apart and shows off the dark red insides of Lúcio’s intestines. They are glistening; they look expensive like champagne.

Reinhardt is sure he tastes as good as well.
And then, Gabriel is feeding a third finger to him and the lazy, self-indulgent rhythm suddenly goes hard and punishing. He fucks Lúcio and Lúcio accents every deep slide inside with a lovely, hoarse cry.

He is clinging to the older Omega, panting and helpless and loving it.

“Of course you did,” Gabriel rasps, his other arm like a vice around Lúcio’s ribcage, keeping him snug against Gabriel’s front.

“You felt that you belonged to me. You knew that no Alpha could ever know just how to treat you right. Just how to make you feel like a million bucks. They all just took what they wanted from you, didn’t they? But I can make you feel good. I can make you feel like you’re on the top of the world. You’re mine, baby boy. My little Omega… and if any Alpha gets their grubby hands on you it is because I allow them.”

He is curling his fingers, digging a little mean against Lúcio’s prostate; and in front of Reinhardt’s greedy gaze, this sweet little Omega comes like a rocket, yowling and holding on to Gabriel like he is his lifeline while his delicious cock creams the top of the older Omega’s thigh.

Absolutely beautiful.
Mauga/Hana; Mauga/Reinhardt

Chapter Summary

Mauga/Hana; Mauga/Reinhardt – public/semi-public; breeding; (dom/sub... if you squint) – Mauga is new in Overwatch but he likes it.

Overwatch is better than talon. Hell, it is better than Haiti. Mauga leans back, a tiny drink clasped between two fingers of his gigantic hand, watching a little Korean girl try to choke herself to death on his cock.

He hasn’t even had to sweet talk her; she’s just come over and offered herself up; like it’s a normal thing to do. Like that is what they do with new initiates in their organization. He’s never heard of Overwatch having practices like these. He thinks he might have given Talon the finger a lot earlier if he had known.

Which makes him wonder…

“Baptiste!” he calls over, waving him closer with the hand that is not holding the little glass of fruity drink. Not quite as delicious as the one he’s gotten at that little Haitian bar, but close to getting there. The nice company definitely makes up for it. The girl between his massive thighs is gagging, eyes rolling up into her head, clear fluid glistening beneath her nostrils. He looks close to passing out for a second, and he quickly reaches down to cup her head and urge her off his cock, but then her eyes are back in a normal position and her eyebrows draw together.

He’s never seen this look of utter determination on the face of someone sucking dick, but he’s not going to argue. He laughs heartily and she blinks up at him as if she had forgotten that there’s a person on that fat dick she is so desperately trying to cram down her throat.

Her face makes a weird little contortion, and then she winks at him.

Oh, these people are perfect. These people are wonderful. Mauga should’ve been here years ago.

“What is it?” Baptiste has come over. Mauga had forgotten he’s waved him closer. He is standing there, kneeling at the side of the huge armchair Mauga has let himself drop in, arms loosely crossed in front of his chest, eying the party that’s going on between his on-again-off-again comrade’s giant thighs.

He does not look concerned or even surprised.

“You knew of this!” Mauga accusing, feeling his suspicions confirmed as he sees Baptiste’s reaction.

Baptiste grunts and lifts one shoulder.

“I did not. But you get used to it pretty quickly.”

“That they’re all whores?”

Mauga reaches down and clamps two thick fingers around the brittle little wrist of the girl,
dragging her up like she’s a little doll. She makes a sound like an angry cat when she’s popped off his dick.

Mauga has forgotten her name. He’s not usually like this, but he’s barely had three days on a base chock full of agents before she’s come crawling out of whatever hidey hole she’s hidden herself away in to accost him and his poor cock.

Baptiste huffs. When Mauga turns to look at him, he looks a bit annoyed at his choice of words – but he is also not denying it. He looks a bit distracted, eyes on the Korean girl’s tits. She’s been wearing a top that she had pulled up, showing off her lack of underwear before diving right in and searching around Mauga’s shorts for gold.

They’re tiny, but have enough give to do a nice jiggle when she fights against the hold Mauga has on her to get her greedily grasping hands back on him.

“You played with her before? Is she the welcoming committee?” He pulls her to sit on one of his thick thighs, intent on getting to know her a bit better; find out just how rough she likes her little snatch played with.

“Not yet, no…” Baptiste says slowly. He looks like he does not want to talk about his teammates like this but his shoulders sink as if he has to admit that they’re sluts and it is inevitable. Mauga wonders if that is to mean that the girl isn’t the only one prowling for cock.

Baptiste gets a shrewd look; the kind of look he always gets before saying something shockingly nasty, and Mauga is already turning his shoulders towards him, an eager grin on his wide mouth when he gets distracted by the girl on his lap suddenly speaking.

“Reinhardt! Let’s play!”

Mauga turns, and somehow a mountain of a man has stepped in without him having noticed. Mauga is very much used to being a giant amongst the crowd, but this man is just as massive. Just as awe inspiring – and his face is soft and shy looking despite the scarring making one of his eyes useless.

Looking at him Mauga does not need to wonder why this base even has furniture easily accommodating a man his size. There is precedent.

The little lady on Mauga’s lap squirms until she is off of him and reaches for the man with both hands which she curls around one of his thick wrists.

“Come and play with us, Reinhardt.” She smiles but there is something sly in her face. Something that makes Mauga think that she is a lot more dangerous than he had first thought. Someone to keep an eye on for sure.

Reinhardt ducks his head a little, making a soft little sound as if to deny, but his blue eye is fixed on Mauga’s cock hanging from the open part of his board shorts, a jagged silvery scar running along the side of the shaft like a lightning bolt; not unlike the thick streak of white in his hair.

“A warrior,” the old man suddenly mumbles. There’s something dreamy about his voice. Oh… this one is soft. Mauga knows just what to do with him. He smiles slowly with his sensual wide mouth; something delicious and charming as he delicately puts down the little glass of fruit drink and stands. He is even broader in the shoulders than the old mountain of a man, and only a hair shorter; negligible.

The man’s face goes slack, then flushes a dull, agitated red beneath his white beard.
“Oh… I love this organization.”

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The girl’s name is Hana he’s found out, and she is indeed a force to be reckoned with. He watches in awe as he tiny snatch stretches and stretches and stretches to accommodate the fat girth of his cock. It looks obscene. It looks like he is going to destroy her cunt and she’s only crying for more.

Next to her, bend across the low table in the lounge, is the old crusader, just as naked and just as delicious, though in a wildly different way.

Where the girl is smooth and peach pink everywhere, the old man is hairy and paper pale, but his cunt is just as delicious and butter soft, gaping softly between his cheeks from having it stuffed full of Mauga’s dick just moments prior.

They both sing like little song birds on his dick. He fucks one and fingers the other, and the old crusader is so pathetically grateful for his attention, mewling and shifting his legs apart, trying so very hard to stay conveniently still, that when Mauga can feel it brewing, balls going tight and achy with an impending orgasm, he does not even pause to ask who of the two sluts wants to get bred up.

He drags himself out of Hana’s grasping little snatch, ignoring her cry of protest, and fucks back into Reinhardt who squeaks like he hasn’t been expecting to get it back any time soon.

He is silky and hot and tight around him, and when Mauga keeps him tight, buried deep and pumping him full, he sighs like he’s being given a treat he hasn’t had in years.

Mauga is fascinated by Overwatch. It is so… soft. Softer than the fruity drink in that little Haitian bar. He likes it.
Baptiste/Mauga

Chapter Summary

Mauga/Baptiste – ABO; Omega!Baptiste; Alpha!Mauga; very short fantasizing about prolapse in the end; brief attempted rape but nothing graphic and nothing Baptiste is worried about – During a talon mission, hidden Omega Baptiste unexpectedly goes into heat.

When Baptiste doesn’t answer and Mauga whirls around, his comrade is nowhere to be seen. He frowns. The hallway isn’t too big – certainly not big enough for a man of Mauga’s size – and there are only a few doors off to the sides of the seedy little drug hotel that they have been all but strolling through, all the individuals they’ve spied too out of it to do anything than blink owlishly at them.

Mauga is annoyed that they have been given the job of extracting the money. He can’t help but feel like it is a punishment of some sort. As if Baptiste and he had not done absolutely exemplary work.

He stares down the hallway, frowning slowly. There is nothing to be heard – until there is. A soft thump to his right. His eyebrows lower and his shoulders relax somewhat; though not much; the hallway does leave a lot to be desired in terms of spaciousness, especially with him wearing his heavy harmor.

He retraces his steps until he is standing in front of one of the doors. There’s another soft thump behind it. He places his big palm on the cheap wood and gently nudges the door open.

“Hey there, friends. I was wondering if you had seen my-”

He pauses, jovial grin freezing on his face, then turning very sour within seconds as he sees a pack of men on top of his friend, parts of his body armor already strewn about the room.

Baptiste has not been afraid when he’s been grabbed from behind, or when the addicts started pawing at his armor, searching and finding release mechanisms to peel him out of it like a tasty morsel.

In a normal situation he would have been more than able to fend them off, but this situation is everything but normal. Heat is sluggishly curling through his body and making his muscles weak, and they are all smelling of Alpha. Reeking of it, really.

He looks up when he hears Mauga’s voice; talking fast and loose as usual, his broad, sensual mouth frozen in a grin as he takes in the situation before it curdles into absolutely murderous intent.

Baptiste pulls in a sharp breath, his hand curling into a fist. He wants to cry out to him not to do anything hasty, but his words are stuck in his throat. His belly feels molten, filled with magma as he watches the massive Alpha advance on them, grabbing the addicts by their necks and flinging them off to the side like they are pieces of wet tissue.
One hits the wall with a troubling crack, going down like a piece of bricks and not moving a muscle anymore. Baptiste’s ears burn with arousal when he can feel himself squirting in a direct reaction to Mauga’s display of strength.

He pulls in a deep breath, but it rattles around in his chest uselessly. There are spots dancing in front of his eyes until he realizes he has to let the air escape as well.

“Mauga.” The giant is still on a rampage, eyes burning cold, and Baptiste should not be this excited to see it. “Mauga!” he says again, a little louder. More firm. The giant pauses, one foot up and poised to smash an unconscious man’s skull. Baptiste groans and struggles to get on his knees. God, he needs to fuck.

Mauga turns his head and looks towards him, a veil over his eyes that slowly lifts the longer he stares. Baptiste knows Mauga is a rudely intelligent man, but his nose is not exactly keen. There is a moment of almost adorable confusion on his face as his wide nostrils flare and he finally scents the air. It is thick with an Omega’s heat. While he visibly debates on where the sudden sweet scent is emanating from, Baptiste finally manages to pull himself up on his legs and takes unsteady steps towards his comrade.

“Mauga. Come here;” he croons. The massive Alpha’s dark eyes finally zero in on him. His wide mouth goes slack in surprise. He had not been expecting… he hadn’t even dreamed… Baptiste can read him like a book. He is at him in a few more shaky steps and curls his arms around Mauga’s neck, fingers sinking deep into his thick hair.

Baptiste wants to rub his face into it. He wants to rub himself into it. Fuck Mauga’s lion mane and mark him as his property.

Mauga is staring at him with a weird sort of almost betrayal.

“You never told me…”

“There was no need for it, was there?” Baptiste arches up, trying to kiss Mauga’s quick, happy mouth but can’t quite reach. The Alpha looks like he wants to say more, a calculating glint in his dark eyes, but Baptiste only needs to whine and all that intellect seems to melt away in favor of leaning down and giving the heating Omega what he’s begging for.

Baptiste is delighted.

.o.

Mauga is a splendid Alpha in Baptiste’s opinion. He is big and sturdy settled down enough not to want to pose the whole time.

He doesn’t need to anyway. There are bodies strewn all around them as Baptiste squirrels pieces of armor off of the giant’s body and urges him to lie down. It is like fucking on a battlefield, and the thought makes something primal and needy skitter down the Omega’s spine.

When Baptiste whines, Mauga watches him carefully, anticipating what he might want. When Baptiste purrs, Mauga’s cock jerks and surges like a well-trained puppy, delighted at pleasing the Omega.

Gorgeous. Wonderful. Baptiste has a mind to sniff out all the previous Omegas that have trained the Alpha so well. Thank them personally with a firm handshake and some chocolates.

Mauga tries to deter him from completely peeling him out of his armor (“Come on, my friend. It
will be horribly inconvenient…” and Baptiste almost breaks out in anxious tears because all he sees in his mind’s eye are the tattoos spilling over Mauga’s shoulders and pecs and how badly he wants to touch and taste them.

He is distracted by Mauga’s cock.

He’s never seen a thing like it; but then again, he’s never seen a man as massive as Mauga.

It is short for his height, and mind-numbingly fat. Baptiste feels himself gushing thinking of somehow cramming the beer can dick into his guts, but once he has caught sight of it there is no way to deter him.

Mauga is crooning at him, his big hands bracing Baptiste’s hips, dark eyes watching him steadily. There is a moment in which he tries to slow him down, but whatever the look Baptiste throws him, it has to be scary enough that his wide mouth shuts closed and he lets the heating Omega do whatever he pleases.

Fucking himself on Mauga’s cock feels like he is trying to fuck himself with the rubber end of a plunger. Every time he lifts himself on trembling thighs, he is sure that the fat dick will drag some of his silky intestines out with it.

Baptiste’s mouth is hanging open, eyes rolled up, fingers trying to scratch up Mauga’s chest but only scrabbling uselessly at his armor.

They’re expected back soon, but he is not yet done with him. This is merely an appetizer. He will take what he wants from the huge Alpha; scratch that itch to function until they’re back at HQ… and then he will tackle his knot.

Oh God.
Chapter Summary

Hanzo has locked himself out and visits the neighbors while his husband Jesse is still at work...

Hanzo is wiping his slightly wet palms against his skirt. His ears are thumping with the fast beat of his heart. Standing in front of the chipped door of their next door neighbours he starts to second-guess his decision for his little plan.

He shouldn’t have done it. But he has also been wily enough to anticipate his own cowardice and made himself pull the door closed without a key on his person.

It would take a while until Jesse came home from work.

He was wearing just his little maid outfit; the one with the frilly skirt that lifted up high when he bend forward, showing off everything he had to offer. He couldn’t just… stand out here in the hallway, waiting for anybody to walk past and see him in all his shame.

He had to find shelter.

And that shelter just happened to be the rowdy bunch right next door; the ones he could hear through the thin walls. The ones that he just knew could hear him and Jesse as well when Jesse put him over his knee and spanked his ass and called him a naughty little housewife while Hanzo wailed.

Hanzo lifts his hand and knocks at the door. Nothing happens, though he knows for a fact that there has to be at least one of the residents inside. He had been able to hear them just some fifteen minutes ago; the tall lanky one noisily saying goodbye to his room mate and someone else before thumping out of the flat.

He knocks again. And again. When he lifts his fist for the fourth time, the door suddenly opens. He had not heard anybody walking behind it, and he thinks that is quite a feat considering the sheer size of the man standing on the other side.

Hanzo’s insides pull tight in a weird mix of true animal fear and hot, needy anticipation as he looks the man up, and down from his harsh, expressionless face with thick lips and small, intelligent eyes, over his hugely bulging belly down to his sagging pants – the only piece of clothing he is wearing.

Hanzo’s balls want to immediately shrivel and pull up into his belly. He stares mutely up at the giant of a man, and the giant stares down at him, his small eyes flicking to take in Hanzo’s attire. There is malicious interest in them – at least that is what Hanzo thinks – and his cock jerks against the front of his skirt, wetting all the thick frills there.

“I… Locked myself out. And I have no phone with me. Could I… Wait here for my husband?”

The man is unsettlingly quiet, just staring at Hanzo. He fills out the door in a way that makes him
wonder how he even managed to fit through it. It makes his insides quiver. He would probably piss himself a little if he weren’t so damnedly hard.

After a long pause of quiet staring, the man suddenly makes a sound that mostly reminds Hanzo of a pig, and steps to the side to let him in. He goes, happy to feel his ass cheeks slipping and sliding together with the slick he used earlier to fuck himself open on one of the cocks that Jesse has bought for him.

The flat has the same layout as theirs, and Hanzo is surprised to find out clean it is. He has seen the thin, twitching man that goes in and out and thought more of a drug hovel than anything else. Finding out that the place is mostly well put together and there are little cute Pachimari plushies strategically placed in a few nooks and crannies, almost dampens his ardor right until the moment he feels a huge hand grabbing his ponytail.

He’s had his hair grow out again after leaving the clan behind. He likes that it is long and silky and allows Jesse to grab it and throw him around by it. The fat man must have gotten the memo as well because he maneuvers Hanzo easily around to bend over the back of a large couch that is sagging in the middle where the fat man probably prefers to sit.

Hanzo catches a glimpse of another person sitting in an armchair and the sight is so surreal that he forgets to fight against his assailant and lifts his head to stare at them. They are thin and long limbed like the twitchy man, but their hair is thick and fire red and their facial expression mostly reminds him of a doctor. Cool, clinical interest without a hint of surprise at seeing a man in his forties in a maid’s uniform getting bend over the couch.

The person looks well put-together in sharp dress pants and a silk looking shirt and tie. Hanzo gapes at them. They look so out of place that he wonders whether he has hit his head somewhere.

They lift a cup of what he can only assume is tea to their mouth and take a sip, eying him coolly.

“Your neighbor?” they asks slowly, and the man behind Hanzo grunts in the affirmative. Hanzo realizes slowly that he might have gotten in way over his head. His cock is drooling incessantly.

Thinking they might have heard him getting fucked and knowing it without a doubt is surreal. The man that has Hanzo spread on his cock is mostly quiet while the other person is giving idle commentary. They must be a frequent guest despite Hanzo never having seen them because the details of which they know of… everything… is humiliating.

Hanzo loves it.

He’s fought in the beginning, getting off on the fact that his quiet observer is not even trying to get up and help him. His assailant is quiet and precise, flipping his skirt up and commenting roughly on his lack of underwear.

“It was to be expected. They like this… kinky stuff obviously. He probably gets off on his husband not allowing him to wear them.”

Damn right.

He is staring at the pillows of the couch, mouth hanging open and tongue lolling as what feels like a can of beer is stuffed into his ass. There’s the insistent, heavy drag of his belly against Hanzo’s back, pressing him down. He feels like a puppet that has been thrown across some furniture to be railed like the piece of trash that he is, and the knowledge makes him struggle once more to keep
his bladder in check.

“You are being very crude,” the person comments on a sigh and looks away, idly rubbing at a little speck of dirt on the ceramic of the tea cup. “You just bent him over without asking. But I suppose it was to be expected that he is a cheap whore. He certainly sounds like he is about to come from his own rape.”

Oh yes, Hanzo is. He hasn’t even been aware of the fact that he is making noise, but the person is right: he has been gurgling the whole time, his nipples tight points of pain where they rub against the rough fabric of his uniform; still tender from Jesse and janitor Morrison fucking him up a couple days ago.

“I’ll keep her,” the fat man suddenly grunts with a voice that zings up and down Hanzo’s spine. “Write a note. Put it on her door. Let ‘er husband now I got his cunt.”

The person rolls their eyes, looking very put upon, but they eventually put down their tea cup and tug out a notebook.

Hanzo whimpers.
Gabriel/Raikou

Chapter Summary

For legendary Pokémon both Raikou and Entei are surprisingly silly. Whenever Gabriel and Jack meet in the backroom of a Pokécenter reserved for weary travellers, they will hop out of their Pokéballs unbidden and play with each other on the floor like they’re little puppies instead of almost 400 lbs of furious power.

Gabriel and Jack are sitting on one of the bunk beds, close enough to bump shoulders. They are too old for bunk beds; or even the travelling lifestyle of teenagers hunting for gym leader badges, but they’re also too old now to change their ways. They like not being bound to one spot for too long.

They like the sweet ache of being separated and finding together again after months apart.

They like sexting over their Pokécoms and building the tension until it explodes.

But now they are watching the two legendary beasts roll around on the floor and paw at each other while the two of them are all meek and nervous.

They’re naked. Gabriel is clutching at a big tube of lube. Their cocks are flushed and chubbed but not exactly hard yet.

“I don’t know about this,” Gabriel rasps. They watch as his Entei snuffles at the soft creme colored underbelly of Jack’s Raikou, and Gabriel slowly curls his hand around his cock, holding it and squeezing it as the pink tip of Raikou’s cock starts slipping from its sheath.

“You don’t have to… but I tell you it’s great,” Jack murmurs. He is flushing pink like a little pig right down to his pecs. Gabriel swallows hard. It is weird to be this hesitant about fucking Raikou, considering that he’s had Entei mount him more times than he cares to count.

Jack sitting next to him safe and sound is a living testament to the fact that it is possible, but still… Raikou’s cock is scary looking.

The longer Entei is sniffing between the spread hind legs of the other legendary beast, nudging its big furry yellow balls with its flat snout, the farther Raikou’s cock starts slipping out, showing off its weird lightning bolt shape.

Jack swears up and down that the sharp bends in the cock will simply smooth out when he fucks into you, but Gabriel has trouble wrapping his head around it.

He jerks when Jack’s big palm cups the glowing back of his neck. He glances to him, feeling like his head is about to explode with how hot it feels.

“It’s gonna be real good. I swear.”
Gabriel swallows hard. It’s not like he can’t say no halfway through if he doesn’t like it. He could still… suck Raikou off or something. Rim him while he lets him fuck his fist with his freaky lightning bolt dick.

He slowly nods, cock still undecided because he feels nauseous with nervousness. He presses the tube of slick into Jack’s hands. “You prepare me, okay?”

Jack grins, looking a lot more like a boy than a close to fifty balding champion.

“Well, sure thing.”

.o.

The legendary beasts are intelligent; very much so. Gabriel has never had a pokémon quite as keen as Entei, and seeing him sitting quietly on the floor next to Jack, his bright orange, glowing cock out and his face so goddamn solemn as he watches Gabriel getting mounted by Raikou is making him… nervous. Like he is being unfaithful to his friend somehow.

Raikou has been curiously sniffing at his slick ass, rim gaping and nervously clenching when the beast’s nose touched it, but now he seems to have come to the conclusion that Gabriel is well-prepared and worth his time.

Raikou is goddamn fucking heavy, but Gabriel is big and strong and he is used to Entei’s massive weight, so he just locks his elbows firmly and braces himself. He is panting even before anything really happens, his heart racing a mile a minute.

“Easy. You’ll like it, really,” Jack murmurs, trying to ignore the heat radiating off of Entei from his side.

Gabriel feels close to tears and then immediately stupid because holy shit this is supposed to be fun and he knows Jack loves when Raikou dicks him down until he is an incoherent mess.

There’s not much more time to overthink the whole sordid affair because Raikou’s cock is slipping in smooth and without a hitch. It is not as fat as Entei’s, at least not now, and as Gabriel waits nervously for more of it to be crammed inside him and the first weird sharp angle to be fed to his hole, he gets thoroughly distracted by the weirdest fucking sensation in his guts.

He jerks at the spark of… something, and then it happens again and again in sharp succession and he makes a soft high sound that has Jack laughing. His friend’s cheeks are a bright red now, blue eyes a bit glassy looking.

“You feel it, don’t you?” he croaks. “His electricity.”

Of course it is. Of course it fucking is. Raikou is the thunder to Entei’s vulcan and Gabriel is left staring at the floor of the Pokécenter’s backroom, tongue lolling as Raikou fucks in deeper and deeper and deeper and gives off little sparking shocks that nearly have his elbows buckle and him crashing face first into a little puddle of sweat that is forming rapidly between his hands.

It doesn’t even occur to him that he must have long since hit the first sharp angle in Raikou’s cock. Just as Jack has prophesied, the Pokémon’s dick smooths out, and Gabriel has not taken into account just how much longer that makes it.

It fucks in and in and in, spearing Gabriel on more and more of it’s slippery warm cock – not nearly as molten hot as Entei’s – until he can feel his belly bulging with all the dick stuffed into it, and the more it shove in, the more sparks it is starting to give off.
Gabriel crashes down onto his elbows after all, mouth open, tongue lolling, a low pained sound of ecstasy coming from him as Raikou fucks him in sharp bursts that are translated directly into sparks of electricity that have Gabriel’s body jerking and convulsing irregularly.

Raikou fucks quicker than Entei; a rabbit fast jerking that just drags a few inches of his long cock through Gabriel’s intestines and makes him feel stupidly like when you drag yourself along a carpet and feel yourself starting to get charged.

His breath hitches, cock jerking and dribbling and useless between his thighs as he starts fearing when the charge will unload itself.

His voice goes high-pitched and reedy. He stares over at Jack who has been watching with his mouth softly gaping and his hand thoughtlessly jerking his cock and whatever Jack sees has to be so pathetic that he croons at him.

“Don’t be afraid. It’ll be so good.”

Gabriel is not sure at all. He is close to calling it off, panic seizing him, when suddenly the built up charge unloads and all but fries him. It zings through his body, up his spine and down his extremities and seems weirdly centered on his prostate.

He is crying out, eyes wide and unseeing as he gets all but electrocuted on Raikou’s cock, his body forced into coming, load splattering to the ground as Raikou holds him securely between his front legs and still gives it to him, fucking straight into his belly and zapping his prostate until Gabriel is howling and thinks he’ll never be able to come again.

And the whole time Jack’s voice is in his ear, rough and stupidly excited.

“You’ll get addicted to it.”

He can believe it.
Jack/Entei

Chapter Summary

Jack/Entei – glowing hot belly bulge – It’s been a few weeks but finally Gabriel can give the little gift back that Jack and Raikou have given him.

Revenge is sweet. It has taken a few weeks – almost a couple of months – but finally they are back together and Jack is kneeling on a blanket they spread over the forest floor because the two of them already struggle to find enough space in Jack’s tent… Entei would be way too big and also a fire hazard.

He gets… ah… warm when he is excited.

The huge beast is being a big bully right now, too, making Gabriel sweat as he tries to fuck a fourth finger into Jack who is whining and trying to squirm away, his shoulders an almost violent shade of pink, along with his ears.

Gabriel can’t see much more of him because he insists on hiding his face in the crook of one elbow as he groans drawn-out with little hitches in his breath whenever Gabriel gently teases his rim to spread a little wider and a little wider still.

“Oh come on!” he hisses explosively when Gabriel flirts with slipping his thumb into him as well, and Gabriel grins, pushing against Entei with his elbow because the beast is no idiot and knows they are preparing the bitch for him.

He is trying to urge Gabriel away, exuding heat like an open fireside flame until he and Jack are glistening with sweat and the air seems almost too thick to breathe.

“You can’t be serious,” Jack whines, somehow managing to bring one arm back to feel with trembling fingers along the stretch of his asshole.

Gabriel hums thoughtfully, his own cock a hard line along his thigh.

“You’ll thank me later,” he murmurs back, turning his head to wipe his forehead somehow against his shirt sleeve. He sees a few luminous eyes peering at them out of the darkness of the forest and he wonders what poor Pokémon they are scaring for life right now.

Or maybe they get off on this just as much.

Entei shoves again, this time really rude, and Gabriel almost topples over. He turns his head and glares at his companion, but the Pokémon’s eyes are fixed solely on the flushed, stretched rim around Gabriel’s lube wet fingers.

Gabriel shudders and averts his gaze; a bit submissively, maybe. It is not a good idea to let any of their legendary beasts get away with behavior like that; they might decide they are not worth the effort of listening to after all – but Entei’s eyes are all but aflame, and his fat cock is bouncing between its hind legs, giving off a gentle glow as what looks like magma currents are flowing through it.
“Brace yourself, Jackie,” he croons as he slips off to the side to not be in the middle and then drags his thick fingers out of Morrison’s loose asshole; already gaping lewdly as Entei immediately mounts up and buries the man beneath him.

Gabriel crawls up to Jack’s head, the fingers of his clean hand dragging through his thinning hair while Jack is very, very silent. He knows the feeling well. Entei’s fur is thick and paired with his unnatural heat absolutely stifling while a cock that feels like a hot poker is trying to cram its way inside his guts way too fast.

“You’ll like it,” he rasps at him, echoing words from weeks before with a shaking voice. Jack is not reacting much. His eyes are wide open, mouth formed in a shocked little ‘o’ while Entei is grunting and trying to fuck more of his dick into the willing cunt.

Gabriel knows exactly how mind breaking the experience is. The cock of Jack’s Raikou is not nearly as fat as Entei’s, albeit a lot longer.

(Gabriel remembers thinking that the beast is about to directly shock his diaphragm with the bursts of electricity he’s fucked into his guts).

Entei grunts and bears down, and Jack pulls in a sharp, long breath that suddenly bursts out in a heart-felt cry when the fattest middle part of Entei’s cock seems to all but pop inside him. Gabriel’s shaking fingers curl around his cock, holding on to it as Jack gets filled with dick like he’s never been before in his life.

He is patting his friend’s hair distractedly, feeling just how tacky with sweat it is becoming the longer Entei bears down on him.

When the beast finally starts moving; actually fucking Jack, Gabriel thinks a good ten minutes have passed. Entei is good about that; feeling how fast or slow he can go so he doesn’t cause damage, and when it happens; him dragging his white hot cock along Jack’s insides, thoroughly numbing Jack to anything but focusing on the feeling of getting fucked on a hot poker, Gabriel crawls away from his old friend’s head to properly enjoy the sight.

Jack’s abdomen is… bulging. It shouldn’t surprise Gabriel – and it doesn’t, not really – but feeling it every so often being done to himself and actually seeing it with somebody else is a whole different story.

Jack looks almost pregnant with cock, his dick swinging half-hard between his trembling thighs. When Gabriel reaches beneath him and gently scratches at one of his tiny nipples just to check whether he actually is into this whole thing, Jack gurgles and tries to squirm away; hypersensitive now that Entei is dicking him and filling his belly until he feels like he is going to explode.

Entei fucks with single minded intent, not paying attention to either of the trainers. He is used to the nervous energy radiating off of the cunt he is mounting, and Gabriel crawling all around them to watch is nothing but a little fly on his radar right now.

When Jack’s thighs try to give way and let him slide to the blanket, though, Entei does get a bit mean again, roaring at him and ramping up the heat some until Jack sobs and struggles to get up on his knees once more; even going so far as to angle his ass up into the dicking.

Gabriel is honestly quietly impressed.

When Entei starts to hunch his hips down a certain way, Gabriel knows he is close. He is sitting to the side of Jack’s head, distractedly petting his sweaty hair as he stares with almost grim focus at
Entei hunching down and down and in and in, not really pulling out or properly fucking, just cramming more and more of his cock inside Jack, trying to get his load in as deep as possible.

Gabriel knows the exact moment the legendary beast is coming because Jack is howling and shooting out an arm, fingers digging into the loose soil just out of the range of the blanket they spread out.

Gabriel wants to comfort him, but he can’t. He is staring at the bulge that is forming, Jack’s belly slowly growing like a balloon that is being filled with water. A glowing balloon.

Gabriel knows somewhere in the back of his mind that that has happened to him, too; that in the end when Entei has filled him up to the brim, his belly is glowing a hot magma red from the Pokémon’s load, but the memories are somewhat muddled by him being totally out of his mind from getting dicked.

The way Jack looks right now, eyes rolled up into his head, mouth open and slack, Gabriel surmises he might feel the same way.

Maybe he should take a picture.

They last longer.
R76 – fucking machine; belly bulge; gape; horse cock – Jack has a new toy for Gabriel to use. Gabriel is unsure but willing to try.

If Gabriel had animal ears, they would have drooped timidly, Jack is quite sure. He is standing next to their favorite sex toy, one hand on the machine, quietly watching Gabriel stand and stare at the thing he attached at the end of the pole that will (hopefully) soon be moving and fucking into his husband.

Gabriel is naked, which usually is of no problem or consequence to either of them, but this time his big hands are folded in front of his cock. He looks like a little boy in front of their physician.

His face is a little slack, lovely dark eyes gone big and a bit scared as he stares at the toy.

“That… is not going to fit,” he says after a long beat of silence. There is sweat starting to spring up at his hairline, made obvious by his buzzcut. Jack looks at him patiently, his hand slowly stroking the top of the machine as if it were a sweet pet.

“It will fit. I’m sure of it. You’ve taking things like it before.”

Gabriel balks, taking a physical little step backwards.

“Not… not that long. And not with that fucking tip!”

Both of them stare at the toy attached firmly to the pole of the fucking machine. Jack has to agree that it looks… massive. Like it can’t be conquered.

The horse cock is a lovely black-and-white color and its realistically molded balls are… impressive. He’s tried to properly cup them in his big hands and had trouble doing so.

The company has made a quite bang-up job with the contraption. It looks almost uncomfortably life like; a good half of the thing drooping downwards as it is not skewered on the pole.

“At least touch it,” he gently encourages.

Gabriel’s face twists. He looks like he wants to decline that, too, but in the end he sighs and finally comes closer as if he’s decided Jack might be more inclined to see reason if he at least plays along for now.

He is a big man with wide shoulders and thick, round muscles, but he approaches the contraption as carefully as a child. He stands there, staring at the drooping (and quite frankly at the moment very sad looking) horse cock.

After a moment he reaches out and slowly curls his big hand around the shaft. His thumb and middle finger have difficulty touching, and Jack feels a funny little swoop in his belly as he watches it. The need to see Gabriel speared on this fat horse cock loses the vague ‘I wanna see it’ quality and becomes a crystal clear demand.
The look on Gabriel’s face suggests something wildly different. His thick brows are pulled together. He doesn’t quite snatch his hand back, but he very deliberately flexes and curls his fingers when he lets go as if he wants to chase the memory of the girth away.

“It’s not hard plastic, Gabe. It's just firm rubber,” Jack tells him with what he hopes is a prudent amount of gentle exasperation.

He grasps a dial at the base of the machine and turns it. The machine springs to life with a satisfying, smooth purr. There is no rattling, no loud noises; just the hum of the motor as the piston slowly starts moving in an almost glacial back and forth rhythm.

Gabriel stands there, staring. It’s difficult to tell but Jack thinks he can see his pupils dilate. He watches the end of the cock slowly bouncing with the motion. The tip looks a lot more scary than it is; Jack has been troubled by it as well until he touched and explored and realized that the sharp looking edge of the flat head is soft and malleable.

“Gabe, listen. I know what you like. And I know you’ve spend a long time in that bathroom all but fisting yourself. I’m pretty sure you will not only be able to handle this thing, I’m sure you’re going to shoot off like a rocket.”

Gabriel glances at Jack who tries to look very serious but also can’t deny the huge tent in the shorts he is wearing. When he frowns, making his scarred face look scary, Jack grins back and shuts the machine off again.

“Just try it. We can stop at any moment in time. I promise. I won’t try to talk you into it if you tried it out and think it’s not something you enjoy.”

Gabriel’s face relaxes a little bit then and he nods slowly, staring at the cock, then says with a surprisingly endearing amount of shyness: “Don’t laugh, okay?”

The smile slides off of Jack’s face the same time his cock gives a nice bounce. There is a dark spot of wetness forming on the fabric where the nose of his cock is pushing against.

“I promise.”

.0.

There’s nothing to laugh, in all honesty. Jack is focused as he rounds Gabriel again and again, eyes on his trembling, sweating body as he goes into position.

They have a nice padded stool on which Gabriel can lie his chest down and take a bit of pressure off his knees and mind, not having to focus on keeping up too much as he is getting split apart.

Jack is helpful, hands on Gabriel’s fat ass, spreading it open and watching the dark, glistening gape of his hole as the wide tip of the cock approaches it.

Gabriel has done a very thorough job. His cunt looks loose enough that Jack feels like he should be able to punch fuck his way inside his guts without much of a resistance. He is quite frankly surprised Gabriel still insisted on being worried.

Gabriel whimpers when the pressure mounts, but the cock pops in easy enough. Almost worryingly so.

“There you go,” Jack croons. “There you go, Gabe. You took it so well. See? That was no problem. Now there’s only the shaft left to take. You can do it…”
The machine moves at a glacial pace. Jack has an eye on it the whole time, face tight and calculating, as he listens in to Gabriel’s gasping and quite frankly nonsensical babbling.

He is not concerned. He is used to Gabriel’s brain short circuiting when he is getting dicked well, and the girth and intimidating length of the new toy has him down in his headspace quickly just from his nervous anticipation.

“Good boy,” Jack croons. His cock feels like it is trying to pop through the fabric of his shorts, but he is not willing to let it free; not when this is about Gabriel taking his first horse dick.

Gabriel is not making much of a sound. His eyes are open, but he looks like he is miles away. He is breathing softly and quickly; like the cock that is slowly being fucked in and out of him is making it difficult to breathe. His belly is… bulging. Jack is standing to the side, absolutely fascinated by the sight of Gabriel’s belly filled with cock.

The bulge is moving with the slow motion of the machine fucking Gabriel on the horse dick. It is mesmerizing; and shocking, he supposes, but honestly… they have gone way past being intimidated by something such as this.

He reaches out and slides one hand along Gabriel’s spine.

“You’re doing beautifully. Just a few more inches, yes?”

Gabriel whimpered high and canine; as well he should. The bulge is already a hand width above his belly button.

Absolutely stunning.
Aziraphale/Crowley

Chapter Summary

Aziraphale/Crowley – snake Crowley – Snake Crowley tempting his angel.

Aziraphale is precariously balancing a piece of the strawberry cake on his fork, trying to guide it somewhat safely into his mouth.

The whole ordeal is made that much more difficult by Crowley’s insistence of curling around Aziraphale’s naked middle and tickling him beneath the arm with his long, forked tongue.

“Crowley!” he cries out, exasperated, a pink flush to his cheeks and elbows and knees that gives away his excitement. “Would you just stop it already!”

“I can’t help it,” the snake croons, black-red body cinching a bit tighter around Aziraphale’s middle until he can most definitely feel the power within the muscular body. “I just get excited when I can tempt you…”

Aziraphale’s flush darkens somewhat. He stares at the plate in his lap and the fork with the delicious cake piece that he had let sunk down to it.

It is true… eating in bed like this is awfully hedonistic, and had Crowley not started all but pushing the plate into his arms, crooning at him how he got it from that quaint little Oxford bakery this morning just for Aziraphale.

Well, he might have still eaten it just like that, but dressed properly and sitting at their dining room table with a nice cup of tea.

“Oh, you are… you are being very…” he is searching for words, too flustered and embarrassed to come up with anything but a very heartfelt: “Bad.”

The big triangular snake head is right in front of him at that point and while it obviously is not possible, it still looks like it is grinning at him.

Crowley’s tongue shoots out and the forked tip gently tickles at Aziraphale’s mouth.

“Stop it,” he mutters again but even less firm than the first time. Crowley looks inordinately pleased. His tongue darts out once more, gently fluttering against Aziraphale’s chin before his head lowers.

The tip of his tail has been working in dragging the blanket down that has been draped for modesty’s sake across Aziraphale’s lap, and by now he is looking positively cherubian, sitting in their bed, pink and plump all over, cock rising from a golden nest of curls that are just as neat down here as they are on his quickly flushing head.

“Crowley!” Aziraphale hisses, shocked, lifting the plate with cake to safety. “You… you can’t!”

He looks like a match at that point, his ears a dark, burning red and Crowley’s body curls a bit tighter still around his chubby middle.
“Just eat…” Crowley hisses at him gently before the snake opens its maw wide. Wide enough for Aziraphale to see the troublingly long venom fangs that are neatly folded up against the roof of Crowley’s mouth.

Aziraphale’s mouth drops open slowly just watching Crowley lower his head. He can’t believe is about to… he can’t possibly intent to…

But then it is happening and Crowley is closing his snake maw around Aziraphale’s lovely flushed cock. He is not clenching down, just holds it as he starts to slowly but surely slide further onto it.

The inside is… warm and sticky moist to the point of being slimy, and Aziraphale almost lets the cake tip over in his shocked silent state, staring at the massive snake pleasuring him.

It looks like Crowley’s sulfur yellow eyes are staring at him, but of course a snake has no eyelids so it is simply…

Well.

It is the same kind of stare Crowley gives him in his human form as well, when he is pressing his body flat against the bed and slowly but surely letting Aziraphale’s cock pop past the tight restriction of his throat and farther down.

Watching him, Aziraphale is actually quite sure that there is little difference to how snake-Crowley and human-Crowley pleasure their partner, and the thought makes his heart do a nervous little tippety-tip.

He can see the snake unhinge its jaws as Aziraphale’s fat cock pushes past the immediate space of its mouth and down its… throat? Body? He is… he is not even…

“Crowley,” he whispers, all nervous, finally putting the plate with the cake to the side. For now.

His legs start shifting nervously. He wants to tilt up into Crowley and drag his cock through the silky warm snake throat (oh… dear…) but he’s also afraid he will hurt him, so he stays put and just watches Crowley work.

That is, until he feels the cheeky press of something else against his hole.

His mouth opens in a perfect little ‘o’ of surprise, eyebrows first crumpling together in confusion, then lifting up high.

The tip of Crowley’s tail is as unnaturally warm as the rest of his body, and it tickles against the clench of Aziraphale’s opening first barely noticeable and then with a kind of insidious force that makes Aziraphale squeak and curl his fingers into the bedding.

“Crowley!” he says, voice climbed high, shocked as the little tapered tip expertly rounds his opening once, twice, thrice – and then starts to wriggle its way inside his body.

Crowley, of course, does not answer. His mouth is full and his whole being begins and ends with Aziraphale. He looks… content. Happy. Enough so that Aziraphale can’t bring himself to make him stop. He lifts one hand and presses his trembling fingers to his mouth, eyes big as he stares down at the snakehead engulfing his cock and slowly starting to… starting to move.

Crowley lifts himself up, then back down, trying his hardest to make his snake maw do the work that is a lot easier for him in his human form where he can let his delightfully wet tongue help him along the way.
Aziraphale does not need much acrobatics quite frankly when it is a snake pleasuring him. His brain still tries to come to terms with the fact that his cock is nestled in between huge, poisonous fangs and that the tip of a snake’s tail is starting to push into his body.

Crowley’s body is fat around the middle; enough so that it is impossible for Aziraphale to get both his hands satisfyingly around it, but the tail end is tapered to an exquisite little tip that has no problem at all to coax Aziraphale’s hole to open for it.

The scales make him silky smooth, allowing for a worryingly easy entry as he slowly but surely spreads the angel wider and wider.

“Oh my… goodness,” Aziraphale whispers shakily against his fingers, his eyelids fluttering shut as he realizes he can see the bulge of Crowley’s jaw and throat that is definitely his cock being squeezed within an inch of its life inside the snake’s body.

Crowley seems so smug, even mute as he is now, slowly fucking Aziraphale and making the angel spread his thighs nervously to give him better access to dicking him.

Oh goodness. Oh dear.

Tempted indeed.
Nines pauses when he feels Detective Reed come on his cock for a second time. The man has ceased his incessant howling to instead just wheeze. The side of his face that Nines can see is a dark red; the kind it only gets when Gavin is very agitated and angry – or, apparently, when he gets fucked through his second orgasm and is fighting for breath.

Nines tilts his head to the side, cataloguing the sight with clinical interest and fielding it away to analyze later when he isn’t preoccupied with taking Detective Reed’s vitals through the connection they currently share.

It is not that he has to do it; but Reed *hates* it when he does it so he feels obligated to ‘push his buttons’, as the humans so succinctly put it.

Nines quietly stares down at him, wondering about the contrariness of humans. Or… well… *this* human. How much he always complains and screams and kicks, pretending like he doesn’t want to be put in his place – and the second Nines gets behind him; really lets him feel the stretch of his cock pushing him open, he becomes as docile as a kitten.

He’ll still make a ruckus, yes, but he’ll also lift his hips up helpfully, curving them into the android’s hips and trying to make him catch that angle that makes him gurgle and causes his eyes to roll up into his head.

Nines slowly pushes himself farther up until he is kneeling upright behind the Detective. Usually, two orgasms are enough to have him fall into unconsciousness and finally have him shut his nasty little mouth, and this time is no different.

His quickly pounding heart is just in the process of slowing down when Nines changes something in their routine and, instead of slowly pulling out of the puffy grasp of Reed’s body, grasps his cheeks with both hands and spreads them wide.

Reed’s shoulders flinch and he grunts softly in surprise. He turns his head, peeking over his shoulder with one very blue, very wet eye.

“*The fuck you doin’?*” he mumbles. He even sounds sleepy already. How pathetic.

“I am not satisfied yet,” Nines answers evenly, eyes focused on the sight of Reed’s hole, stretched wide around his cock and flushed a red that is only a minimal shade lighter than the blush on his cheeks right now.

Reed blinks slowly.

“The *fuck*?” he whines and the tone of his voice sets Nines’ teeth on edge. “No! I’m done…”

He tries to drag himself away but Nines has his hands on him and is clamping down, not letting
him move an inch from the thick silicone cock spearing him open.

“But I am not,” Nines answers evenly. They have a safeword for this exact occasion and he waits a moment to see whether the Detective will utilize it; yet all Reed does is whine more. Absolutely pathetic.

Reed’s insides are still wet with lube, and, when Nines resumes his thrusts – slow and easy – he stops his whining and becomes curiously quiet; except for his deep, labored breaths.

He ducks his head, shoulders pulling up to his ears, and Nines can watch the red flush slowly spreading down, unearthing some freckles that are all but invisible in normal circumstances.

Nines watches the way his hole reacts; how it bulges outwards when he pulls back, clinging to his cock wet and plump and as if loath to let him go; then clenching down and trying to keep him from pushing back in again which is a wholly futile endeavor, of course.

He records the whole show because he knows he would like to watch it later again while lounging in the living room as the Detective sleeps noisily in here – but also because he knows that it will humiliate Reed when he shows him sometime down the line. Maybe threatening silkily to show it to the rest of the precinct if Reed insists on being difficult during a case again.

Their relationship is a strange one. He supposes he… enjoys the constant fighting with the human. Reed is obtuse to a point of hilarity that isn’t lost on RK900.

When he has enough footage to satisfy him, Nines leans back down, slowly slotting his front against Reed’s back. The human keeps being very quiet; breathing deep and a little wet as Nines fucks him through the sensitivity that the earlier orgasm has brought him. He can tell when the whole experience slips over into need once more when the Detective tries to hide his face against his biceps and simultaneously curves his hips back into it.

Nines wonders if he should say something; maybe praise him. ‘Good boy’ comes to mind. ‘There you go’. But he tries to pre-construct the scenario and can’t quite manage to find one where it doesn’t sound very awkward or is met with Reed’s sneering grin, so he doesn’t say anything and just carefully hovers a hand across the Detective’s arm and then stiffly brushes a thumb across it in what could be described as a pet.

If Reed notices that Nines is touching him like this, he doesn’t react to it.

Instead, Reed makes a soft, high-pitched sound, and his insides clench down, his body shaking enough that the android quickly pushes himself back up, freezing with his cock lodged deep inside the hot insides of the human.

It takes his processes too long for his liking to tell him that there is nothing wrong with Reed – he simply came again, dry and without a sound, his face slack as Nines twists a little to peer into it.

Oh… He likes that.

He likes that very much.

.o.

Reed has started to sob beneath him. He is holding on for dear life, his voice broken and his body drenched in sweat; but he is not telling Nines to stop.

He’s fucked three more orgasms out of him, and by now he is sure that the Detective will be able
to feel the swollen, raw rim of his hole for the next two weeks.

When he feels the new twitching of muscles and knows that Reed is about to come yet again, the human makes a sound that sounds a bit hysterical. He is gasping for breath and digging his fingers into the bedding as if planning to drag himself away when both of them know his muscles are way too weak for something like that.

All his vitals point to him being on the verge of a breakdown; like the effort of him having to come yet again would be just too much for him to take… and yet, he has not uttered the safe word.

Nines stares at him and clears his throat even though he should not need to, then places his hand awkwardly on the back of Reed’s neck.

“You can do it,” he says stiffly; and it feels like it does calm the hysterical human as he is made to come on the android’s cock yet again.
Chapter Summary

Reinhardt/Soldier76

Reinhardt’76 (background R76) – talon!Reinhardt; humiliation; dirty talk; feminization; consensual cheating – Reaper has loaned Jack to Reinhardt for some cleaning purposes...

“You missed a spot,” Reinhardt whispers right against Jack’s ear, making him jump. His hand curls more tightly around the end of the useless feather duster, threatening to snap the cheap plastic in two.

He stares at the bookshelf in front of him; the old-timey one that nobody has anymore except you were inclined to brag to others about it. Like Reinhardt Wilhelm obviously is.

Jack refuses to acknowledge the tightness of his nipples just about hidden by the little maid uniform that is stretched to its limits. As everything in this whole arrangement, the garment is cheap as all the other things that Jack has been given by the old geezer.

His belly is tight with anger and embarrassment but he swallows it down with difficulty.

“W...Where?” he asks with a croak. Reinhardt’s big hands clasp his hips. He is standing as close as he can get without outright plastering himself against Jack’s back. His heat is radiating through the maid outfit that Jack is wearing and makes his skin prickle distractingly.

He does not want to get a hardon from all of this, but Reinhardt is rubbing distracting circles into his hips and Gabriel hasn’t touched him in a long while, too distracted by work.

“Right down there.”

Reinhardt lets go with one hand and points to one of the lower shelves. Jack immediately clenches his thighs together, trying to keep his cock from eagerly pushing up against the embarrassingly short skirt.

“Ah.”

“Go and get it.”

Reinhardt’s voice is congenial enough, but Jack knows that that can change rather quickly. It’s not like he isn’t used to the whole... Talon shtick. But he is definitely not happy about Gabriel not only dragging him into the whole thing but also whoring him off like some toy.

Jack swallows hard. His heart is thumping in his throat and after another moment of hesitation, eyes on the huge frying pan sized hand, he starts to lean forward and down.

He can feel the unfamiliar way the little skirt immediately rides up and exposes his ass to the air of the room.

Reinhardt is behind him, close and oppressive; a demon in the guise of a happy-go-lucky grandpa.
Jack’s hand is trembling as he extends his arm and starts to ineffectually wipe the duster against the spines of the books. He is shoving the dust only from one side to another with the thing, but of course that has been Reinhardt’s intention.

His large hand comes back to grasp Jack’s hip; and then he is tilting his hips forward and lets him unmistakably feel how excited the old man is about this whole arrangement. Jack’s mouth falls open, eyes staring ahead of himself as he freezes and just… stands there, bend over and letting the geezer dry hump him, the fabric of his pants rough against Jack’s bare ass.

“You are very loyal…” Reinhardt croons. “Or maybe you were excited to get out from beneath your Master’s thumb for once… get some new flesh…”

Jack’s jolts in an immediate angry denial but Reinhardt’s hand all but slams down between his shoulder blades and keeps him down.

“That’s not…” he starts and Reinhardt jerks his hips forward, making him nearly topple. He has to brace himself against the bookshelf so he doesn’t hit his nose on it.

“No talking,” Reinhardt says casually. “Fuck toys don’t talk. Reaper hasn’t taught you a thing, has he? Only sold you off so he didn’t have to pay his due…”

He is slowly grinding against Jack, dragging his clothed cock along the crack of his ass and letting him feel just how hot and big it is.

Jack’s ears are burning with humiliation. He presses his lips together and tries to power through, but it is difficult when Reinhardt flips his little skirt up to lie uselessly around his waist, exposing his shamefully naked ass.

“I hope you’re as nice a fuck as your ass looks like,” Reinhardt tells him. He has both hands on Jack’s ass, spreading the cheeks wide. There’s the sound of him gathering spit and before Jack’s brain can process it, there’s the feeling of it hitting the top of his crack and slowly sliding down.

Blood is rushing in his ears, making it difficult to think. He’d thought this was just about cleaning and looking like a tool for Reinhardt’s amusement, but suddenly he is not so sure anymore…

He can already hear Gabriel’s sneering voice in his head: “Really, dipshit? What made you think that? Maybe the fat baseball bat of a cock currently trying to cram its way into you?”

Jack’s cheeks are a fire red, but he can’t deny that feeling Reinhardt’s massive dick nosing up against his cunt is immensely, disturbingly satisfying.

For a few heart thumping seconds he thinks that he will actually try and ram that monster of a dick into him, but then he chuckles low and like an asshole and just slaps it against his hole to get it hot and bothered.

“Someone’s waited for a new cock,” Reinhardt sing-songs. Jack’s ears are flushed a humiliated hot red.

“No…” he whispers back shamefully, making Reinhardt roar with laughter. He is lining his cock up against Jack’s crack and squeezes his cheeks around it with both palms.

“Someone’s also a dirty liar…”

He slowly starts to thrust, dragging his cock along Jack’s crack and making his hole tingle. His mouth is hanging open, hot puffs of air forced out with every luxuriously long slide.
“Just admit that you love stepping out on your negligent little boyfriend… maybe I’ll give you a finger to fuck yourself on.”

Jack whimper. He wants to hide his face against his arms but there is no way to do it. His knees feel weak; like they will give in any second. The thought of Reinhardt fucking one of his fat fingers into him just on a bit of spit sounds… really good…

He can imagine the burn it would bring along. The thought makes his cock jerk, a string of sticky pre-cum smearing against the inside of the skirt.

He stubbornly keeps his mouth shut – which only amuses Reinhardt more.

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