

The Glitch King

Part 2: My Kingdom for a Horse

“Holy shit that was way too close,” Aksel huffed, the knives in his hands disappearing into his inventory as he panted against a rock.

“Don’t worry young master,” Cheshire came over with a canteen of water. “We’ll get you leveled up soon enough.”

The young buck took the canteen and drank deeply from it, the water level indicator on the side of it slowly going down before he broke off it with a gasp.

“Fuck these level caps,” Aksel huffed. “I know they are meant to help Heroes and their progression through the world, but it’s a serious setback.”

“I understand young master,” Cheshire took the canteen back and put it away. Being an actual player, the black panther didn’t need to drink or eat if he didn’t want to. His stats were cared for via other means. “Would you like me to help you with your leveling again later today? I’m sure we can clear the dungeon if we push through.”

“No,” Aksel sighed while pulling up his stats. He was a level five merchant at this point and the small raid they bailed on only gained him a small trickle of experience. “You go rest your body for now. I’ll see you when you get back.”

“Of course young master,” Cheshire bowed and logged out.

Aksel sighed as he looked over the Valley of Beginning's fields and forests. The Valley was always full of people who just entered the game so he didn't need to worry about rendering when in such a highly populated area, and once Aksel knew the Midas Curse afflicted memories and actions outside of his world when people logged off, he was able to firmly establish a set guild for himself. Given, it was Cheshire's gild, but all the people who logged in under his name had taken Aksel's gold at one point or another and were all brainwashed into his loyal band of thieves.

He never removed the curse when he logged them out originally, so as soon as they logged back in, it was easy enough to use his deception skills to make them his personal party, but that didn't make the games natural restrictions any easier.

Being an NPC had its advantages, but some serious drawback's as well. Leveling up worked much the same as it did for Hero's, but the world had level caps on who could and could not be in specific areas. It was made to cater to Hero's starting out, but ever since Aksel obtained his class and a level set, he was locked into the Valley. The game simply wouldn't let him cross the border into other lands so long as he was under the level cap. Normal players could traverse the world freely, but NPC's had to obey the laws of the land.

Despite the Grand Exchange being a relatively safe place to traverse, it was in the heart of level fifty territory. He had been working at this game for a week already and he was only level five. Sure he had moves, but each level took longer to get to, more effort, and when you fought against monsters of equal level, then there would be penalties to the experience earned. The game rewarded parties ganging up and taking down larger foes. Even if the experience was split amongst the party, the bonuses for fighting above your station outweighed what you would normally get. Though, with the slow moving inertia with how Aksel needed to earn experience, it was an impossible slog.

“There has to be an easier way to grow levels,” Aksel scowled as he scrolled through his skills. There was an experience share mechanic in the game where he could have people fight his battles for him, but unless he landed at least one hit, he wouldn’t gain any experience, and even then, the amount was minimal. If only he could get to the Grand Exchange, he could scatter his coins, lock in the players, and have them work for him tirelessly.

Sure, a handful of about fifteen thieves was nice, but he was only gaining a small trickle of the experience they were earning. Suffice to say, his Midas thralls were gaining experience faster than he was. He thought about locking in players at the start, but Cheshire warned him against raising too many red flags. His party members already rose some suspicion when they couldn’t logout before. So, adding a small trickle of people wasn’t the way to go. He needed to wash the system with his curse or he would be weeded out. He needed to hit hard and deep, not languid and shallow, but at this point all he was capable of was languid and shallow.

“Fucking hell,” the buck snarled. “But there has to be some way of making this go faster.”

The merchant class had some serious perks in ways of deception and seduction, but in combat it was almost like a summoning class where your hired hands did the majority of the work for you. Even though he didn’t need to spend the money on moves like most merchants did with their mercenaries, he was still limited because the experience gained primarily went to his thralls and not himself. Again, if he had more people under his influence, it wouldn’t be so bad, but currently he was stuck grinding away as he was.

Cheshire was now a level thirty one trickster, but that only showed how much harder it would be to get to level fifty at this rate. If all the limited points only got Aksel to level five amounted to one level for his panther thrall, how was that going to equate down the road? Months? Years? It compounded quickly.

“Hey there!” Someone spoke to Aksel.

“What?” Aksel looked up to see a Clydesdale paladin. The massive rust-colored horse was built like a brick house and filled out his armor nicely, but was only a level ten scrub from what the buck could see.

“I wanted to know if you wanted to join our raid?” The stallion asked. “I know you barely meet the level requirements, but we only need one more party member to round out the numbers. You in?”

Aksel looked up at the horse, the guy was a tower of power and potential. He wanted to conscript him bad, but he heeded Cheshire’s words. He couldn’t just throw his curse around lest the people called the “moderators” got involved.

“I guess,” Aksel sighed. “What’s the raid?”

“Thanks my guy!” The Clydesdale shot him a thumbs up. “It’s the one right over here. We dive in two minutes. Get your gear equipped.”

“Sounds good,” Aksel shrugged and got his armor equipped, the leather armor hiding under his expensive looking silks.

Aksel had just tried the dungeon with Cheshire moments before, but it was going much more smoothly with a balanced group of players. With a healer they could be more aggressive, the mages could take out the mobs with their AOE magic, and the AD classes could focus their damage on the big baddies. Aksel was using a small crossbow and his knives to keep in the back, the paladin horse keeping close to allow him to smack things and gain experience from the battle. It was the same strategy he had with his underlings, but this team was so much more well streamlined.

“You doin’ good back there?” The Clydesdale asked, his tied up tail flicking in excitement.

“Yeah, I’m doing just fine,” Aksel shot back. At least he was gaining experience faster than normal and they were making great time.

“Good, because the next boss here is going to be tough. He’s level nine so not terrible, but we should stand our ground.”

“Right,” Aksel nodded as they finished the last of the mobs and the barrier to the boss chamber fell.

It was a very simplistic dungeon where a band of thieves were terrorizing the Valley of Beginnings, and their final boss was none other than the bandit leader. A large bear with a beast tamer class that granted him a duo of wolf companions. It wasn’t any surprise that he was there in the center of the cave chamber with his two dogs. His ugly mug had been plastered on wanted posters all around the forest. Everyone got into basic formations before heading in and triggering the opening dialogue.

Aksel assisted with keeping the wolves distracted while the casters flung their spells and the AD carries swarmed adds and took them out. It wasn’t a difficult battle, until we got to the last ten percent of the bandit leader’s health. A small cut seen triggered.

“I won’t go quietly into that goodnight!” The bear roared, ripping out a new dagger from behind him. It was blood red and jagged, clearly magical in nature. He swiped the air and a red arch of energy ripped through their AD carries, all of them instantly marked with a unique status condition.

“Guys! Look alive!” The paladin shouted. “If he strikes you again, he’ll heal. You got to pull back when you’ve got that status!”

A couple of the people noticed and pulled back, but some were just hacking away before they got smacked again, the damage they dealt instantly being replaced with positive health points.

“DUDE! Pull back!” Someone shouted before the bear pulled out another knife, this one black with a blue tint. He swiped it, the blue arch slicing through the air and going farther than the red one did. A new status condition popped up on everyone it passed through.

“Stop casting!” Someone shouted.

“What do you mean?” A mage asked, casting a spell and their HP dropping to zero instantly. Their body went limp as the person now occupied a ghostly version of their body.

“It’s a mana burn curse! Any mana spent while cursed will double back as damage!” The Clydesdale shouted orders, trying to get people back into line, but their formations were falling apart, some people tried to push forward and knock out the leader with a final push, but the point of the dungeon was to learn how to work together. The more chaotic it got, the more the bandit leader’s health bar continued to grow.

“This isn’t good,” Aksel huffed, loading his crossbow up and aiming at the boss. “I don’t have the damage output and we’re losing bodies fast. We might need to retreat.”

“Not yet,” the Clydesdale grunted as he lifted his hammer and went back to barking orders, casting healing spells as best he could and getting ready to revive someone. “If we do one more simultaneous push, I think we got this.”

Aksel huffed and turned to leave. He wasn’t going to get killed in a place like this. He was about to cross the exit when a barrier pushed him back.

“What the fuck...” Aksel looked at the magical field. A voting system popped up, if enough people said yes, they could fail the dungeon immediately, but be ported out. Everyone voted no. A droplet of fear trickled down Aksel’s spine. He was stuck in here with these idiots!

Aksel spun around and started to asses things. If he died, he would be teleported back to his shop. He was lucky the last time, but it was a level locked area as well. He would be stuck in a high level area with no way of getting out, and that’s if he’s lucky enough to have it rendered when he pops in. He had to make a stand here or his team would be wiped.

Aksel looked over his skills but there wasn’t anything useful, but something in his inventory caught his eye. It was a single bolt for his crossbow. It must have been picked up earlier in the raid. It was a rare drop for this area and it appeared to be unique to the merchant class.

“Bandit’s Bane?” Aksel smirked and equipped the bolt onto his crossbow and aimed at the bear before pulling the trigger. The bolt whistled through the air before smacking the grizzly in the neck. He shouted, his body seized up, all his buffs were removed, and his armor class reduced to zero.

“NOW! CHARGE!” The Clydesdale shouted. Everyone got ready for one final push and jumped in. The boss was paralyzed for ten seconds, his body twitching, almost glitching as the players hacked away at him.

“Good riddance,” Aksel lifted his crossbow and shot one final bolt, smacking him and finishing off his HP.

The boss fell, dozens of chests popping up as players were revived. There was a chest for each player based off their performance, and the biggest chest was there in the center with Aksel’s name right on it.

“Damn! The newb got the rare drops?” Someone complained. “Lucky bastard.”

There was some grumbling, but with the dungeon being so low level, they didn't really care. Aksel smirked as he noticed some more experience points trickle in, it was like a quarter level for him, but still. He went to the chest and popped it open, some gold being added to his pocket, but also the dual daggers from the dungeon boss as well as a golden scroll with a unique name.

"Dungeon Deed?" Aksel cocked a brow as he pulled up the scroll and looked it over. A unique item giving him ownership of the dungeon and a cut of the rewards that come from every raid.

"Every raid?" Aksel cocked a brow, but before he could really dig too deep into the information, the Clydesdale came up and smacked him on the back.

"Damn dude! Had no idea you had a skill that powerful! What the hell did you pull out of your ass there and why didn't you use it sooner?"

"Oh," Aksel smirked and scratched the back of his head. "It was just a rare bolt for my crossbow. I only had the one though."

"Damn, but still, that's a hot technique," the Clydesdale smirked. "The name is Vermillion, but my friends just call me Verv."

"Thanks Verv," Aksel put the items in his pouch and equipped the unique blades, the red and blue glinting in the low light. "Looks like I got some really rare drops."

"Yeah, the merchant class has a higher chance of those to compensate for their lack of damage...Wait, you're still level five? I would have thought you would have leveled up by now. That blows dude!"

"Yeah," Aksel chuckled. "But I'd love to do more raids with you."

“Well, at your current level, this is the only one you have access to, but I’ll add you to my roster and we can hit each other up once you gain a few more notches.”

“Sure,” Aksel smiled as they made their way out of the dungeon. They exchanged contact info before Verv ran to catch up with the rest of his small party, but just before Aksel exited, a tingle ran up the buck’s spine. A green screen popped up in front of Aksel, the display gave a rundown of assets obtained by a raid party and the cut he would be able to take.

The options were clear. He could take a cut of the gold, a random rare drop, or...

“A cut of the experience gained,” Aksel smacked that option right away. A sudden burst of power ran up the buck’s spine, his every fiber tingling as his experience bar started to steadily slide up until he smacked past level six, the bar going on just before about a quarter of the way through his next level.

“Holy shit,” Aksel gasped, new skills and attribute points caused his perception to increase, his muscles to flex and get a little deeper and more defined. He took a deep breath, his chest puffing out a little as his antlers grew thicker, the faintest nubs of new points making him a shy six pointer.

Then, one final screen popped up after accepting his rewards. It was a roster of the people he had just raided with, a toggle by each name already defaulted to yes.

“Would you like to apply the Midas Curse to the raiders of your dungeon?” Aksel grinned darkly. Another way to spread his influence, another layer of control he could inflict, but he heeded Cheshire’s words. He needed to keep things covert in order to avoid the moderator’s gaze. He unchecked them all except for one.

Vermillion.

Aksel was gaining experience faster than he ever had. The dungeon was so early in the game that everyone who started out went through it at least once, and every time he got a nice little surge of power. His level was creeping higher by the moment, the experience pulsing through his body, his rack getting larger and wider, his wispy beard becoming thicker, his muscles bulking up and becoming a solid jocky foundation. He looked like a freshman in college, or a young squire just at the end of his training to be a knight.

And still the experience flowed. He rapidly grew to level ten in the matter of minutes, but once he reached the max level for the dungeon, penalties were put on the experience, reducing it further and further until he reached level eleven and the experience wasn't even an option anymore. The net gain from taking that experience would be zero, but he didn't care. Something new unlocked on his Midas Curse when he was at level ten.

Skill drain.

He quickly applied the curse to his small troop of bandits, apart from Cheshire, and ordered them to grind. Each kill they scored sent the lion's share of experience to the buck, his experience slowly chipping higher. It was slow, but consistent progress, much better than the game's natural experience share.

It was euphoric. The constant trickle of experience was like a light buzzing against his prostate that kept his dick at half mass. If he focused hard enough, he could feel it flowing into him, building in every cell of his body, every digit of his code. A burst of power surged through him as he reached level twelve, his body expanding, his spine elongating as he crept upward. His rack was a solid six points with little nubs emerging for his eight point rack.

“Yesssss,” Aksel groaned as he felt the power flow through him, his hooves scrapping across the ground as they got bigger, his thighs flexing into solid slabs of meat, his chest pushing out, his shoulders broadening. With these new augmentations, he was going to make it to the grand exchange in no time.

“Fuck yeah,” Aksel moaned as he flexed his bicep and felt it up, the powerful ball of muscle was dense and impenetrable. He gave it a squeeze and he felt it push back, pulsing as his bandits continued to grind for experience. Grind for him. “We can move our time table up much more quickly with this power.”

“I should say so master,” Cheshire nodded. “Though, I think we have a tail on us.”

“Yeah, I think that’s because I called him here,” Aksel closed his friends list and stopped by a tree and waited for the steps to come closer. The shimmering silver armor of the paladin came walking forward, Vermillion giving a frustrated nicker as he loomed forward. “Glad you could make it Verv.”

“What the hell did you do to me?” Verv huffed.

“Nothing,” Aksel smirked, his deception skill clearly being activated, but Vermillion didn’t even register the red glow. “You’ve always been this way.”

“I mean...what?” Verv put a hand to his head, the very real words Aksel spoke contradicting each other deeply. He was a college student, wasn’t he?

“Yeah, this is your real world, and I am your master,” Aksel smirked.

“Master,” Cheshire put a hand on Aksel’s shoulder. “Do you think it’s wise to bring people in before we’re sure we can sustain ourselves?”

“Shut up Cheshire and step off. I’m testing out a theory,” Aksel smirked.

“It looks like you’re just looking for an easy lay, and you know I’m more than capable,” Cheshire was silenced as Aksel put his hand up.

“I assure you, this is more than just me wanting to get my rocks off to some sexy Clydesdale, but you are correct that I’m going to have some fun first.” Aksel turned to Vermillion who was still struggling with his thoughts. “You’re much like Cheshire here, a loyal servant hired by my parents to protect and guide me.”

“I...I am? I mean...of course I am,” Vermillion had a very sour expression on his face, his brow knit in confusion.

“Don’t think too hard about it,” Aksel shrugged. “You’re just as devout as Cheshire, and your loyalty runs as deep as your lust for me.”

“Lust?” Cheshire cocked a brow. “Master, I would never.”

“Shhh,” Aksel stepped forward and put a finger on the massive horse’s lips, the Clydesdale’s eyes going half sheathed as his braided tail flicked behind him. “It’s okay. Nothing brings you greater joy than serving me. Nothing gives you more euphoria than appeasing me, and you love being my good boy.”

Verv’s ears flicked, his eyes going wide and his pupils dilated as his crotch plate felt like it was getting tighter. “G-Good...boy?”

“Yeah, such a good golden boy for his master. Always trying to do what’s best for me. Whatever that may be, your creed as a Paladin be damned. Master is all that matters. I am your god as far as you’re concerned. Your vows mean nothing while in service to me. Do you understand?”

“Of course master!” Vermillion knelt down and put his arm across his chest.

“Good boy,” Aksel smiled, his curse worming its way through the Clydesdale’s mind more quickly and deeply than it did with Cheshire. He didn’t know if it was because it was getting stronger, or because Vermillion was a lower level, but he didn’t quite care. All he knew is that his curse was getting stronger right along with him and he could feel it. The way it plucked and frayed Vermillion’s brain and then wove it into his very psyche as truth was simply invigorating.

“Yes master,” Vermillion nodded, his spine tingling, his hair standing on end from the goosebumps of being called his master’s good boy. He was about to get up, but Aksel stopped him.

“Oh no, don’t get up,” Aksel gripped his pants, the hem falling to the ground around his hooves and exposing his augmented dick. It was a solid seven incher, thick and pulsing with power, the knot still surrounded by his thick, furry sheath. “You’re right where you need to be.”

Vermillion’s maw hung open, a single drop of drool dripping from his muzzle before he composed himself.

“Master...I could never...my vows keep my paladin class active.”

“Then break your vows and serve me,” Aksel smiled. “That’s right, forsake your god and patron and become my acolyte.”

“I...” Vermillion paused. If he were to break his vows, then there would be severe repercussions. Irreversible consequences.

“Come on now Verv,” Aksel smiled. “Don’t you want to be like my other good boy here?”

Vermillion’s eyes glanced over at the black panther kneeling beside the buck, completely naked, his own dick rock hard as the buck’s hand rubbed his head and scratched behind his ears. The massive muscle cat purring like a motorboat.

“Yes...” Verv blinked and swallowed back his drool.

“Then, what’s the problem?”

“My...My patron...”

“I can be your new patron,” Aksel grinned darkly down at the Clydesdale, the beast of a man was massive. Even at his augmented size, Aksel standing was just head and shoulders above the paladin. “Give in. Start by taking off your armor. You like showing off your body to me, don’t you Verv.”

“Yes...” The Clydesdale’s armor disappeared, going into his inventory. The massive rust colored horse had a powerful white chest, his underside a delightful sun kissed cream, and his thick pecs protruded out before him, his nips a bright pink. His belly button was popped against his thick abdominals, his splotchy coloring going down to his loincloth that was tented against his swollen sheath.

“Come now Verv,” Aksel lifted his hoof and pressed it onto the Clydesdale’s bulge. “All of it. Don’t you see how happy Cheshire here is in his birthday suite? You’re even happier when naked in front of me. You can’t even go soft knowing the only thing between you and my dick is air.”

“Yes...” Verv’s underwear vanished, his thick mottled horse cock flopping forward and throbbing into a thick, foot and a half of proud stallion meat.

“Good boy,” Aksel murred, moving his hoof away. The words shot right into Verv’s dick, causing it to throb and spew a thick shot of pre on the ground. “Now, I know you’ve been trying to keep your virtue intact for your patron, so you can better serve, but now you know that’s an affront to your loyalty to me. You can’t have two masters. Not when I’m a jealous one. I demand all of your devotion, and it’s shameful splitting your heart between to deities.”

“Yes,” Verv let out a pained response, his dick throbbing for his master.

“We’ve been working on breaking that virtue, haven’t we, your balls blue as the ocean,” Aksel smiled. “Now, how about we start small.” The buck pulled his shirt off, leaving the golden rings and necklaces on to show his status. “Show your master some respect and kiss my nipple like a good boy.”

“Yes,” Verv couldn’t get to Aksel fast enough. Kissing and giving pleasure didn’t break his vows, so doing this for his master was pretty routine, at least he thought it was.

Vermillion leaned in, his thick lips wrapping around Aksel’s nip, his little nub being tenderly sucked on as the stallion’s blunt teeth gently nibbled and nipped at that little nub.

“Oh shit,” Aksel groaned, his back arching as he cradled the Clydesdale closer. “That’s right, flick it just like that, fuck yeah, faster. Fuuuuuu-hu-huck yeah!” Aksel moaned as Verv started serving his master, his muzzle slurping on that nipple, pulling at that full pectoral while flitting his tongue over that sensitive nub. His hand came up to cup it, not to fondle it, but to support that pec while he continued to work it over.

“Good boy, good FUCKING boy,” Aksel moaned, each time he said it, it sent a shot wave through the Clydesdale, his fur standing on end, his dick spewing thick ropes of pre onto the ground as he suckled on Aksle’s sensitive tit.

“Shit, that’s good, Oh fuck...” Aksel felt a tightness in his nipple, the pleasure tickling and building rapidly before a single stream of milk slipped out of his tit and into the Clydesdale’s hungry maw. “Holy shit, Fuck yes!” Aksel arched his back as pulsing waves of pleasure surged from his nipple, mini orgasms blooming one after the other as Verv nursed on that hard little nub.

“What?” Verv pulled away as a tingling liquid filled his maw, but Aksel gripped a fistful of the Clydesdale’s hair and forced him back into his nip.

“No one told you to fucking stop! This is your favorite treat second only to my nut! Fuck! Keep going!” Aksel demanded, the deception latching onto Verv’s frontal lobe, and forcing him to practically headbut that peck, slurping on that nipple, playing with it, circling it, flicking it with his warm, slick tongue, and nibbling on it gently.

“Fuck yes! Harder! Suck harder!” Aksel groaned as more and more of that milk slipped through his nip, the pleasure was being sucked directly out of him through his nipple, and that essence tingled down into Verv’s chest, filling his core with corrupted code. Already the Clydesdale could feel darkness seeping into him. This was wrong, and he knew it, but he couldn’t pull away. He didn’t care if this was some unholy ritual, all that mattered was getting more.

Aksel gripped the Clydesdale’s head like he was riding for his life while Cheshire got between the buck’s legs, his flexible feline body was able to slink between those thighs and slurp those nuts into his maw, his paw going up to stroke Aksel’s throbbing boner, sliding his pre over the shaft, slicking it with his own essence as Verv nursed on the buck’s nips.

“That’s right! Keep going! Don’t fucking stop!” Aksel snorted, hot streams of steam shooting out his nose as Verv basically took Aksel’s entire pec in his muzzle and slurped, biting down and squeezing more pleasure out of that tit, his tongue flicking over it, slurping and playing with the most sensitive little love button on his chest.

“Fuck! Time for your new baptism! Get down, fucking now!” Aksel ordered, the horse obeying and popping off that nip before getting down low so that cock was pointed above his muzzle. “Fucking take it! Forsake your god! Now!”

“I forsake my patron!”

“Who’s your new god now!” Aksel snarled, his cock a throbbing mess.

“You are master!”

“That’s right! Now accept my fucking GIFT! FUUUUCK!” Aksel’s nuts pulled up, plopping out of Cheshire’s maw before bouncing. Thick ropes of pearly cum shot out of that cock, flying forward and smacking the Clydesdale’s face, marking him with the buck’s essence.

Instantly, Vermillion felt it. The corruption in that seed seeped deep into him, his hide burning into a deeper shade of red, his eyes glowing with the green corrupted code as his faith was stripped from him with each smack of that cum. His mouth hung open, a thick wad of it flying in his muzzle and smacking his taste buds. The musky, salty flavor of his master bloomed across his tongue, Aksel’s nut smacked his face and he could smell his master’s essence as it filled his senses. Verv’s cock throbbed hard, thick jets of cum shooting from his cock as he nickered in pleasure, never having touched himself.

His class glitched out of his sheet and was replaced with something far more sinister. A rare Oath Breaker class.

“Fuck, that’s right Cheshire, squeeze out every last drop—Shit!” Aksel groaned as his entire cock was surrounded with the talented maw of that Clydesdale, his eyes now back to normal, a deep blood red glow coming from his eyes as he sucked on Aksel’s cock. That muzzle pushed down, his lips replacing Cheshire’s hand as he kissed and made out with that thick knot to get a few extra thick ropes to smack the back of his throat.

As Vermillion’s faith was shed from him, a new type of class was born, his healing powers and smites coming from a much darker source. The Clydesdale gave a deep nickering murr that rumbled up Aksel’s shaft as the Midas Curse pulsed through the Clydesdale’s veins and corrupted the holy power that was bestowed upon him by his former patron.

All his abilities stayed, but now he had necrotic powers that could corrupt and de-buff as much as he could buff and heal. Aksel felt a dark chuckle tickle his chest as he looked down at the cum covered face of his first acolyte. The first prophet of his faith that he would spread far and wide.

“Good boy,” Aksel murred. “Now, let’s break more of your vows. Turn around and present that ass to me.

“Yes master!” Vermillion’s voice was deeper, huskier, and manlier than before. He spun around on his knees and presented his massive, thick ass to his master, having to grip a cheek to spread them wide enough to reveal his tight virgin pucker that had never been broken in. Aksel smacked his hand against the other thick, dried-blood colored cheek, his hand not even able to cover half of that massive slab of horse cake.

“So good, so eager,” Aksel gave a dark grin as he lined his cock up with the Clydesdale’s hole, pushing forward and that pucker yielding with surprising ease as he sank down balls deep, his dick just long enough to press against the Clydesdale’s prostate and making him nicker as his hole clenched and milked the buck’s cock.

“I hate to interrupt,” Cheshire said between Aksel’s legs. “But what, pray tell, was your plan with this horse fucker?”

“Quiet back there you killjoy,” Verv huffed. “Let master enjoy his newest acolyte’s ass.”

“Yeah, shut up Cheshire,” Aksel smirked. “I’ll reveal it in time, for now, just keep sucking my nuts while I break in our newest member.”

Aksel thrust forward, his hips smacking against that muscled, thick, ass. It rippled, those cheeks swaying with their mass before the buck thrust again, that hot hole gripping his dick each time

he bottomed out, and blooming open to accept his every thrust. Verv's eyes were rolling back into his skull as his thick nails dug into the dirt as plapping hips caused his body to jostle.

"That's right you filthy little Oath Breaker," Aksel grinned. "Who's your master now? Who's your fucking god!"

"Y-You are M-M-Master!"

"Fuck yeah I am! And don't fucking forget it! I'm an angry god, a demanding and dominant god, and your new creed is to my pleasure and mounting my power. Nothing else in this world matters. Every time you go to your other world, you'll forget about all this, but you'll know your purpose lies in my world."

"Yes master! You're my creed! My everything! This world is yours and I'm just your fuck-sleeve! Fuck yes! All other gods can piss off! This is your world, and we're just living to serve in it!"

"Fuck yeah you are!" Aksel snarled, his hips a blur as his balls were slurped on by Cheshire, his muzzle bobbing back and forth to keep in time with the buck's thrusts, those nuts already getting tight again, getting ready to further corrupt his acolyte. To mark him, baptize him and claim his ass for his master!

"Mark me master! Breed me! Make me your mare!"

"Fuck yeah! Take my nut you bitch!" Aksel thrust forward, his knot being accepted into that thick horse ass, his balls bouncing hard against Cheshire's tongue as they dumped another thick load deep in Verv's now soiled guts. The stallion's virginity sacrificed on the altar of his master's cock.

This was the real beginning, where Aksel truly saw the extent of how far he could take his control. He knew deep in his bones, he wasn't going to just be an overlord of this world.

He could be a god.