

# Cradle Robberz

By: Terinas Tiger

*You are passing through a different dimension than what is known to humankind.*

*It is a dimension as deep as your pockets and full of opportunities. It is the staging ground between fan and fiction, between patron and creator, and the rules of reality are malleable as long as the price is right.*

*Within it you may see beloved characters from other works, but they may act differently. Almost as if someone else were writing them. This is a dimension fueled by imagination.*

*You are entering...*

*The **Commission** Zone.*

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## **Chapter 2: Days, Months, Years Later**

A few days later Stephen was supposed to meet up with the others, but he had slept in a bit too long and got sidetracked by a realization that he looked kind of hot just out of bed. The buff horse lumbered out of bed to the nearest bathroom, delaying his morning rituals long enough to take a few selfies of his shirtless bleached fuzzy chest while flexing his pectorals. Shirtless pics always seemed to be a crowd pleaser on his social media channels, and the stallion loved every heart and liked every like from his growing contingent of fans. He looked his best in the mornings anyway. Stephen was of the opinion that his mane was just long enough to look good without much fuss, but short enough that he just needed to run a brush through it once or twice to get it in the right shape. His green eyes glinted as he smiled for the camera. After his morning hygiene routine, he at last went to bum a ride from his older brother to the mall.

The group were meeting at the Lustrum Mall in downtown Vixen's Run, the next city down the highway from theirs. It was the largest shopping center in the area. By the time Stephen arrived, everyone else was already texting him for updates about when he was getting there.

The stallion was eager to get past yesterday's awkwardness. With a wide, beaming white smile, he trotted up towards his buddies. "The fun has arrived!" He said, waving at his trio of bandmates, and that red-black furred wolf Paulie Leon behind them. The Cradle Robberz' new "agent". That thought earned a derisive snort from the stallion as his hooves clipped and clopped against the concrete of the parking lot.

"Geeze, you took long enough to wake up, you old grey mare?" Siber stuck his tongue out at the stallion. Behind the husky, Stephen could see Clarence waving at him, a goofy smile on his

face. At the horse's gaze the young buck just giggled and averted his eyes. Siber, meanwhile, was smirking and watching the horse for a response.

Running his fingers through his ebony mane, Stephen snorted and glared back. "Sorry to leave you chasing your tail for so long." The stallion put his hands on his hips and tilted his gaze away from his friend to their new agent. "So we're really starting all this today? Right out of the blue? I sorta expected to have a week off from band stuff after the interview" He had hoped to lay low after walking through an office with wet pants, after all.

Maximilian nodded. "Mr. Leon said he didn't want to waste any time."

The wolf folded his arms. "Exactly. And neither do you, really. We've got five years for you all to hit it big, right?" His tail wagged as he locked eyes with Stephen. "I've listened to the demo Maximilian gave me of your music. I can work with it. But before that, we've got to get a distinct visual style going for your band. Ain't no band that's hit it big without LOOKING GOOD first, you understand?"

In spite of what he'd made them do yesterday, Stephen gave their new agent a small little mote of grudging respect. "Alright, alright. I guess I can roll with that logic." Flexing an arm, he flashed his friends a grin. "Not all of us can look this good getting out of bed, after all!" He chuckled, flaunting a bit in front of the people passing them by.

"H-heh Stephen, did you n-notice that the velvet was starting to peel off my antlers?" Clarence said, in a faltering tone.

"Yeah, looks good!" Stephen said, giving the buck a nod. "You look a bit more manly like that!"

The horse heard a quiet titter escape from the stag's muzzle as Clarence pressed his hands against his face and turned away. "Aw, thaaaaank you..." The slender cervine male just squirmed a bit, the pins covering his cargo pants jinging as he swayed his hips.

With a sigh, Stephen turned away from his little buddy towards the wolf among them. "So what would you do to change perfection, oh Agent of ours?" He was eager to change the subject. Clarence's crush on him was adorable, but the big horse had been trotting on eggshells about the matter since puberty. They'd been friends growing up, but Stephen wasn't horny for males, and Clarence... well, he had never said he WAS gay, but he desperately seemed to crave the bigger ungulate's attention. On one hoof, the big stallion worried he was teasing and tormenting his childhood friend with how much he strutted and posed. On the other hoof, Stephen couldn't imagine a world where he didn't flex and show off for his admiring public. It was why he wanted to be in a band in the first place.

So the horse found himself tolerating the agent as Paulie Leon walked forward and put a fuzzy paw on his shoulder. A faint little charge of energy rushed through the stallion at the contact. "I'm glad you asked, Mr. Lead Singer!" The wolf squinted, tilting his head and looking Stephen

up and down. The big horse couldn't resist the urge to flex his pecs a bit as he posed and let the man drink him up like a cup of coffee. Paulie Leon held his front paws up, making a square with his thumbs and pointer fingers. "I'm thinking... an unbuttoned black denim jacket, the sleeves torn off at the shoulders. Nothing underneath. Let the guys and girlies drool a bit over all that meat, but don't give 'em the full package, you know what I'm saying?" He chuckled. "Tight black pants, torn in a few places. We add a metal chain going down one leg, and dye some streaks of that black mane of yours a deep crimson." Pausing for a moment, Paulie Leon surprised the stallion with a sudden question. "You got a collar?"

Stephen blinked, his eyes widening. "Y-yeah, a metal studded one I wear for our performances."

The wolf rubbed his chin. "Perfect, perfect. Really will pull the ensemble together. You're the big tough one. You need to look as rough as possible."

He turned to wave a paw. "Come on, Cradle Robberz. Follow me, let's start at Hot Mawpick and work our way out." He lumbered on into the mall, leading them past a costume store nearby called "Himboutique", for some reason. "Don't worry about the cost. You're my new project, so I'll be buying what you'll be wearing for a little while. Hey Buck-boi. Over here." He waved for Clarence to come walk next to him, as Stephen followed the rest of the group, looking at costumes on display in the window. Paulie Leon droned on ahead of them. "Now for you, we want to accentuate some of that feminine energy you put off, go full girly-boy-"

Stephen wasn't listening anymore.

*His gaze was locked on the "Baby New Year" costume in the display window.*

*It wasn't very elaborate.*

*Just a large, white diaper with the words "Baby boy!" printed on the front.*

*Like wetness indicators.*

*Stephen imagined the letters vanishing as he trotted through the mall, his bladder slipping.*

*As he pissed himself into the diaper like a baby foal.*

*Everyone staring at him as he soiled himself like a little toddler.*

*Unable to stop, not even wanting to stop.*

*As he showed everyone how a horse wets their diaper.*

*The padding swelling around his cock like a sponge, engulfing it on every end.*

*All eyes on him as he humiliated himself, shamed himself, the big hunk of a man unable to hold his bladder any better than a little baby.*

*The humiliation mingling with the pleasure of his wet diaper rubbing against his growing cock, both uniting to fill his mind with brainless bliss.*

*The sensation driving him to whinney and moan, his thumb slipping into his long muzzle as he waited for people to shout out ideas.*

*Tell him how to debase himself and keep their eyes on him.*

*He wanted their attention.*

*Wanted their recognition.*

*Wanted them to know and love the baby colt he'd becom-*

*"-coming, Stephen?"*

The stallion blinked a few times as he snapped out of the daydream. Maximilian was staring at him. "You just stopped and started staring off into space there, man. You feeling ok? Got enough sleep?" The lion raised a fuzzy eyebrow at him. "What's what that pose?"

Coughing, Stephen moved his hand away from his cheek, feeling his thumb trailing along his lips. "Er, nothing." He didn't know why he'd been thinking all those weird thoughts. Or why they had gotten him rock hard all of a sudden. The stallion felt like he'd almost slipped into some kind of mindless equine rut while thinking about showing off DIAPERS of all things. "Just posing for the audience, is all." The stallion felt a bit dizzy, shaking his head to try and clear the bizarre thoughts out of his skull. As Maximilian walked off, he lingered in front of the costume store for a moment. "F-fucking hell. I'm not some weird fetishist, I'm not some weird fetishist, I'm not some weird fetishist..." He muttered it to himself, trying to will his cock to go down as he trotted on.

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A few months had passed since the day they'd worked on their image. Cradle Robberz' first single, "Living Large and Rocking the Cradle", was far more successful than even their agent had expected. But no one could argue that Paulie Leon hadn't been as good as his word. With the money coming in, Clarence and his friends had all quit their day jobs and gone full time into music. Their lupine agent had even lined up work for them with a record label. And even before that, they'd played three concerts and watched their audiences begin to swell. And in the middle of it all, Paulie Leon had been calling the shots and telling them where to play. He'd helped smooth over arguments, kept them on track writing and practicing songs, and handled the money side of things so they only had to worry about the music. Siber had commented that it felt like some kind of crazy dream, one that got better the longer they kept dreaming.

But for Clarence, it was starting to feel a bit more like a nightmare.

Falling in love with Stephen had been stupidly easy. The young buck and the stallion had been friends since preschool. Stephen had always been a bit self-centered, but he was always willing to hang out, and most of the friends the young buck had made had been people Stephen had introduced him to first. Stephen was a social lightning rod, something that Clarence appreciated. While the stallion might not have always been the nicest guy, he'd stuck up for the soft-spoken stag during the hell that had been middle school and beyond, keeping bullies off of him. The fact that he liked to go around showing off bits of his body had helped the stag realize he wasn't exactly straight, too, as puberty had set in. Stephen smelled like sweat and muscle and just a hint of musk, and Clarence liked that. He knew that Stephen had a strong attraction to feminine things, so Clarence had started wearing earrings. Girly perfume. Even women's panties, which the stallion admittedly never saw.

At least, he'd **started** wearing panties because of Stephen. But the more he wore them, the more he liked them. They were soft and made him feel pretty. These days, Clarence didn't even own any boyish underwear.

Falling OUT of love with Stephen was starting to feel just as stupidly easy, if not considerably more painful. Once they started getting popular, the stallion had spent nearly all his time flirting with his Facebook followers and taking girls home. Clarence had been in the band to keep close to his best friends. Stephen had been in it for the attention and the pussy. It was heartbreaking, seeing the stallion lead a new woman every night away through their shared apartment to his bedroom. It was agonizing, hearing the sounds they'd make almost every night. Not only were they loud enough to disrupt his sleep, but the buck also found himself wishing he was sharing Stephen's bed instead of a parade of different girls each evening. Between what felt like one-sided sexual longing and the loud noise he never quite found the words to voice his discontent with, Clarence found himself yawning during the day a lot more, and sleeping through the night a lot less. The appeal of the big brawny stallion who was just painfully straight was starting to wear thin. Clarence had decided to make a move, if only because he just wanted to know if he should get over infatuation or not.

The night they'd gotten the news of their first hit single, it felt like he might get his opportunity. Clarence and the band, plus their agent Paulie, went out for a night on the town in celebration. Paulie had insisted they take his tiny little convertible car, so the five of them crammed into it. Clarence still remembered being squished up against Stephen, the stallion sharing the back seat of the car with Siber and himself, packed as tight as sardines. It had been one of the few times Clarence had possessed an excuse to rub his hands along the hunky horse's body, and he'd tried not to show how excited he was to be cuddling up to his crush.

Now he found himself sitting at the bar, between Stephen and Paulie, sipping on a wine cooler and trying to think up how to confess his feelings.

Looking up, he coughed. "U-um, Stephen, can we ta-"

A pair of black fuzzy paws gripped the stallion's shoulders. "Heeeeeeeeeeeey!" A bright golden furred cat purred. "You're that singer from Cradle Robberz, right?" She purred, running a hand up his shoulder.

Stephen grinned. "Yeah, I am-"

His ears flattening, Clarence tugged on the stallion's shoulder. "Stephen, c-come on, she smells like a distillery-"

Laughing, the golden furred cat giggled. "Come on! I'm horn and drunk, and I wanna do Karry-okeee! You gotta sing with me!"

The horse stood up. "Hey, Clarence, can we talk later?" He gave a goofy smile to the cat before looking back at his buddy. "You know how fans are. If I don't give her what she wants, she'll never leave us alone."

"B-b-but-" Clarence started, as he saw the big burly stallion trotting off, his heart sinking into his stomach. He found himself staring at the big males' ass for a moment, before giving up. With a sigh, he slumped forward onto the bar, draining his half-finished wine cooler.

Next to him, Paulie Leon chuckled. "Sucks when the guy you like doesn't like you back, huh?"

His ears perking up, Clarence coughed. "Oh, I'm not-"

"Come on, I can smell another gay guy. I don't have to see your panties poking out of the back of your pants or see the glitter you rubbed into your hair to think you're a bit fancy." The wolf rolled his eyes. It was annoying Clarence how much everyone was interrupting him tonight. Paulie Leon reached down to pat the buck on the back. With each pat, there was a little rush of energy. Clarence found himself feeling a bit less miserable. "You don't have to pretend you haven't been pining for that oversexed overgrown colt since we first met, kiddo, not around me. You like 'em big and brawny, don'tcha?"

Clarence found himself relaxing a bit. *Around the wolf he didn't have to keep up the pretense*, or at least that's how he suddenly felt. "Y-yeah." He sat back up. "I guess I just thought eventually, he'd look my way if I kept close to him, and-"

"That's not how it works." Paulie Leon grinned, a gold tooth gleaming in the dim light of the bar. Behind them, Stephen and that feline tart were singing "Dancing Queen". Badly. "He's a bit self centered, THAT one." Paulie shot a glance back over to Stephen, before turning his gaze back to Clarence. "He needs someone with a firm hand to keep him under control. You, you've got she-softness. Come on, let me buy you a drink or four."

"I-I-I-" Clarence wanted to protest, but *the wolf already knew he was wearing panties, why fight it?* As the bartender slid him a new wine cooler, the buck took a slight sip of it. "You t-think so?"

With a smirk, their agent wagged his tail. "Hah! Why do you think I had you grow your hair out and trim your horns off early?" He laughed, reaching up to rub one of the little horn nubs hidden under Clarence's mane of luxurious creamy brown hair. "You look better as a doe than a buck. That androgyny is enough to push the buttons of many fans. And it helps you stand out, you know?"

Clarence found himself blushing. "S-so, you think I look like-"

"A cute little doe, yup." The wolf took a swig of his beer before continuing. "Nah, not even a doe! You're like some fawn wearing their parents clothes, a little girly bit of jail bait. If I had to age you, I'd say you were sixteen, not twenty three."

Clarence didn't know why, but he felt like he was being complimented. Crossing his legs and letting his hooves clack against the barstool, he leaned up against the big bad wolf. Paulie Leon smelled a bit like baby powder and brimstone for some reason. He felt very warm as well. "S-so, you're gay t-too?"

The wolf nodded. "Yeah, but don't take it the wrong way, I'm not flirting with you." He shrugged. "We both have similar tastes... but I ain't what you need, anyway. I'm too busy with my career. A cute little thing like you?" You need a helicopter daddy. A big strong older man who can make you his sole obsession. Someone you keep the attention of with a swish of your hips and a pair of lips wrapped around his cock." The wolf patted Clarence's back. "You want someone to take care of you, to handle all the big adult worries, don't you?"

*You want someone to take care of you, to handle all the big adult worries, don't you?*

The words echoed in Clarence's head. For a moment, they were all he could think about. He felt his panties getting a bit damp as he felt his balls churn. The idea of someone like that was... enticing. "I don't- um-" His face got hot as Clarence considered the idea. "G-gosh, if I could meet someone like that..." He'd never thought about an older man in his life. But all of a sudden it felt like the only thing he could even consider. His whole body got hot as he considered some big strong man treating him like their own little girl. Like some kind of trophy wife to be pawed up and taken care of. He found himself drooling at the idea.

"Thought so." Paulie Leon's smirk was oddly comforting. "You've never really wanted to be the most masculine, have you?" He turned to lock eyes with Clarence, before moving to put a hand on his thigh. "Just forget about Stephen. You want a Daddy to take care of you. You want to be someone's pretty little princess, don't you?"

*Just forget about Stephen. You want a Daddy to take care of you. You want to be someone's pretty little princess, don't you?*

Clarence could see a dark spot forming on his khaki booty shorts. He whimpered, imagining wearing a dress for a bigger man. Some huge hulking brute taking him, claiming him, keeping him in pretty girl outfits and doing all the thinking for him. A head of the house making all the decisions while *Clara* just giggled and swished her hips. A pretty little stepford fantasy, where he could just indulge in being someone's *pretty little princess*... His head was spinning. He felt so very horny, and yet at the same time thinking of anything other than being *some daddy's pretty sissy princess* felt so hard. He felt a few fingers sliding down, feeling at the slender little bulge between his thighs. "I- I- I-"

Pushing himself up to his hooves, wobbling a bit as he tried to stand, Clarence shook his head. "I just- sorry, I'm n-not-" He stammered. "Not feeling well. Gonna go home early. Call a c-cab." He mumbled, as Paulie Leon stared up at him. "T-thanks. You're... ooo... good friend." Clarence felt like he was a few naughty thoughts away from humping the first guy who showed any interest in the bar. He didn't want that, though.

*You want a Daddy to take care of you.*

He wanted a Daddy. He wasn't going to find one here.

Paulie Leon raised one eyebrow. "You sure you should be going alone? I can drive you-"

Taking a few steps back, the *little sissy* buck blinked and shook his head. "N-no!" He didn't want to try and come onto their agent in the car, but he was so horny for some reason. "You needta drive t-the rest of us home." He mumbled. All he could think of were *big strong daddies to turn him into their little sissy princess fawn* and it was making it impossible for him to think clearly over the haze of horniness. "I'll- I'm fine." He mumbled, before racing out of the bar. It felt like someone had cut open his skull and mixed every bit of his brain up. He didn't feel right anymore. The *little sissy foal* buck felt like he wasn't even doing his own thinking anymore, but thinking someone else's thoughts.

The cab ride home was awkward. Clarence had sat in the back seat ground into his man-purse, moaning every so often as he thought of a big strong man taking him and claiming him as some kind of slutty little trophy wife. The cab driver gave him the most judgemental expression as he got out, too, before the slender little buck scurried up to his bedroom to fling himself onto his bed and tear off his shorts and panties.

Half awake and stuck in a horny fever, Clarence tried to imagine his ideal daddy. *Someone big and black, with an enormous cock. He could almost feel the fleshy, firm thing rubbing along his thigh. In his imagination, a big strong massive man with onyx fur and deep red eyes mounted him, reaching up and rubbing his nipples in gentle half circles. A deep rumble escaped his ideal daddy's lips, turning into a feral yowl. The man with slitted red eyes bent down to kiss his neck, before tearing his top away. "Who would dress my little princess in such manly rags?" The big black feline growled, rubbing his imaginary cock against the slender, twinkish buck's thighs.*

*Clarence could practically feel the precum sinking into his fur. He squeaked, feeling phantom fingers rubbing and pinching at his swollen, sensitive nipples. "A-aaah!" He gasped, arching upward. "M-me, daddy." He said, blushing as he admitted he'd committed the fatal sin of dressing like a boy.*

*The big black feline responded by rearing up with a growl. "Naughty little doe, playing dress-up without permission." Clarence imagined himself being flipped over on his stomach by two big, strong paws. His soft little tail twitched as he imagined two fingers spreading his cheeks. "You aren't meant for boy clothes." A fat illusory dick pushed between his cheeks. This dream was the most vivid fantasy Clarence had ever had. He could swear he felt the hot breath of that fierce feline mounting him, the phantasmal cockhead kissing his tailhole. His own tiny shaft was smearing precum into his sheets.*

*While his big strong daddy slapped his right cheek once. "You never wear boy's outfits, Princess!" He growled. "I think some re-training is in order. Gonna stretch you out so far you'll be walking funny for a week." With a growl, the feline daddy humped into him. Though it was only an erotic daydream, Clarence whimpered and moaned, his mind flashing in pleasure. "Deep down, you know a sissy like you needs to be kept in pretty things... dresses..."*

*Clarence imagined himself wearing a pretty red dress.*

*"...pink stockings..."*

*And then he imagined himself wearing pretty little pink and white socks over his legs.*

*"And a nice thick frilly diaper-"*

*Clarence's eyes went wide. "W-whaaaaaat?!?"*

*He felt a rush of heat as the slender girly little buck came, painting his bedsheets with his own sissy spunk.*

The chiming of an alarm made Clarence jerk up. It was eight am. Had he been asleep all night? Wincing, the buck looked around. A throbbing headache kicked in a few minutes later. "Owww... d-did I drink too much last night?" His memory of the night at the bar was a blur. Rubbing his forehead, he shook his head. "The last thing I remember is... wanting my daddy..." As he started waking up, he sniffed the air. Something salty and bitter filled his nostrils. "Wait, what's that smell-" He realized his thighs felt wet. As he looked down and tore off his sheets, Clarence saw a huge dark spot round his lower body. His face got hot, as he thought back to his dream.

Moving down, he put a paw to the erection pressing up against his soggy panties, and huffed, rubbing at it.

“D-Daddy, I peepeed my sissy bed...” He mumbled in his sleepy stupor, stroking his wet cock for a moment, still in the throes of lust after that wet dream. It took him a few minutes for the ramifications of that dream to catch up to him as he awoke more and more. When reality finally set in, it wasn't long before he turned down to stare at the spot again, centered around his crotch. “Wait...”

“I W-WET MY BED?!?”

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Paulie Leon just sighed, watching the scrawny buck retreat from the bar. “Of all of them, he's gonna be the easiest one, I suspect...” He muttered under his breath, before going back to his drink.

“The easiest how, exactly?”

The voice of Siber, the guitar-playing husky of the band, made Paulie just jump. “W-what the-” The husky was literally right next to him. “When did you sit down next to me?!? I didn't sense you at all-”

Siber just shrugged. “You're some kind of eldritch sex monster who is trying to corrupt me and my friends into sexualizing your specific fetish, aren't you?”

Paulie Leon blinked. “That's-” He chuckled, tugging on the collar of his shirt. “That's, ah, quite the leap in logic there, pup.”

The wolf watched as the husky took another sip from his beer and shrugged. “Eh, you had us all piss ourselves when we first met, which felt like a really specifically weird request. And Clarence was acting like someone just dropped a roofie in his drink just now after you touched him. And you insisted on shaking Maximilian's paw to form a deal. How Faustian can you get? Not to mention the muttering just now. It honestly doesn't seem so far-fetched to me to think you're some kind of devil figure we sold our souls away to or something.”

At that, Paulie Leon just gave the husky a deadpan stare.

To which Siber just shrugged and raised his right eyebrow. “What? I get up to some weird shit on my own time.”

The wolf felt the slightest amount of panic creeping into his mind, as he jerked his left paw over to Siber's thigh, pushing a wave of his power through into the Husky.

Siber's body spasmed. His eyes started to roll back in his head, as he moaned like a woman having her first orgasm. “F-for the record this only confirms-oooooOOOOoooooh.” He shuddered, as his eyes glazed over and a dark spot started to form on his pants. Paulie Leon

lifted his paw off, feeling that brief moment of panic he'd been experiencing washing away. "G-good." He lifted his head up to the dazed husky's right ear. "Good boy. You love being called that, don't you? Like a feral puppy. Like someone's pet. That's right." Each whispered word was carefully curated. To anyone watching, it just looked like a lover sharing a dirty little secret. "Every moment you pee yourself feels like the strongest orgasm you've ever had, doesn't it?" He wanted to make sure that Siber made that connection. "You're going to lose yourself in that pleasure, puppy. Forget all about what you were doing, what you were thinking... let any suspicions you get of the big bad wolf just leak away again and again, each time you have them. That's right. Each time you start to get suspicious you'll just leak those concerns out your crotch... show me how right now, as you have the greatest, longest orgasm of your life..."

"...by marking your territory all over that leather barstool."

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Five years passed.

All the Band's needs were met.

The Cradle Robberz performed across the country. With Paulie Leon as their manager, they found their reputation and fame skyrocketing. They gained followers on Facebook and Yapper in the hundreds of thousands. Money flowed into their coffers like water flowing down a river. Their first Album, "Phallic Tendencies" went diamond, and their next two albums got closer and closer as time passed and sales numbers shot up. Maximillian went through twelve different mane styles and colors to "reinvent" himself more than once a year. Stephen developed a reputation as the band's Face, and seemed to have a different girlfriend every performance. Clarence caused a media splash when he came out as gay during the band's third year, prompting him to spend a month recusing himself from the media after they swarmed a performance. Siber got into an ugly back-and-forth shouting match with another celebrity, Vorean Vilris, over creative differences that ended with the husky, being caught on Mewtube stone drunk accusing his nemesis of lip syncing his songs and "only being in it for the pussy".

But that only made the band's popularity GROW.

They could do no wrong. There was no scandal that seemed to seriously jeopardize them. And days turned into weeks, months turned into years.

Five years passed.

And then, one fateful day, all four members of the band met back up at Stephen's luxurious flat in the nicer side of town at Vixen's Run, to have some drinks at the stallion's private bar and chat a bit.

"So what's this all about, Stephen?" Maximilian's glorious brown mane had been dyed a deep

black, with white stripes along the lower half of it, sipping a mai tai as he relaxed in the hot tub in a pair of bright red swim trunks. He'd lost weight and built up muscle, and every time he looked down at the tight six pack under his fur, it made him smile.

The stallion trotted back and forth along his tile floor, tail whipping in what came off as irritation to the lion. "It's just- Well, I'm not entirely sure how to put this, but-" Today, Stephen was clad in little more than a blue bathrobe that rustled and crinkled for some reason as he paced. Maximilian found himself hoping there was a swimsuit under it.

Though he supposed Clarence wouldn't mind. The buck had stained his antlers a pale pink, with a few rainbow rings fitted onto them. It was a bit showy for the shy stag Maximilian knew, but he supposed everyone had grown a bit in the past few years since they hit it big. "Aw, spit it out, Stephen!" Clarence said, reclining on a chair near the jacuzzi, still fully dressed in a pair of blue jeans and a baby blue shirt with ruffles along the neckline.

The horse just grit his teeth and shut his eyes. "Have any of the rest of you had, uh, 'potty problems' lately?"

A loud hush fell down over the room, the only noise being the bubbling of the jacuzzi water. Siber, sitting up so his bare gray fuzzy shoulders peaked out of the waters, tilted his head. "Elaborate?"

At the request, Stephen groaned. "So I was with a girl last night, right? After the concert. Things were hot and heavy, and she was straddling me on my bed-"

"We don't need a play-by-play!" Maximilian growled, rolling his eyes. "Just tell us what happened!" His voice was tense. More tense than he had expected it to be. Did this mean Stephen was having-

"And my bladder slipped in the middle of sex, alright?!?" The horse threw his hands up in the air. "I peed myself helplessly, unable to stop it. The girl was so annoyed she walked right out on me. I ruined a good set of bedsheets!" Maximilian, if he looked up at his bandmate, thought he could see a bit of a blush forming under Stephen's white fuzzy cheeks. "And it's, um, not the first time." He lowered his head, poking his thumbs together. "It started happening a few months ago. Sometimes, when I start to get turned on, I just kinda... pee myself. I've wet my pants, I've wet during sex, I even almost peed on stage a few weeks back."

At that, Siber nodded. "I wondered why you shouted 'Intermission!' and ran off in the middle of a song." Raising a fuzzy eyebrow at his fellow bandmate, the fuzzy husky leaned forward in front of Maximilian to stare at the stallion.

"And it won't happen again!" The horse held his hands up defensively in front of his chest. "But I feel like something strange is happening to me!"

Maximilian gave the man a blank stare. "...because you keep wetting your pants." The lion looked up at Clarence, recalling that the deer had had the biggest crush on Stephen before. How was he handling this news?

With his slender muzzle contorted into a frown, apparently.. "Mmm..." The slender stag folded his arms, staring off and up as if into the void of space.

"Hey! It's not like that!" Stephen shook his head. "It's because whenever it happens, I feel- well, it's hard to put into words, but I feel so- so little! Like I'm a little colt again. And- I-" He blushed. "I feel so good doing it, it's weird."

Maximilian had heard enough. Pushing himself up out of the jacuzzi, droplets of water cascading down his fuzzy golden chest, he shook his mane dry, causing Siber to raise a paw up to block the spatter. "Ok, I can't believe what I'm hearing."

The once-vain stallion sputtered. "I- I'm not trying to make this weird! It's just weird by default! Don't leave, Max! It's just weird by default!"

The lion just growled. "No, I mean I can't believe we've both been having problems keeping dry and I didn't see it." He shook his head, the big lion putting a paw to his forehead to knead his temples. "I've been having problems keeping dry at night. Usually I can hold it, but there were a few, erm, wet beds every once in a while." *Maximilian told them half the truth, but he didn't tell his bandmates how often he'd woken up painfully horny in a wet bed, his erection throbbing against the soaked sheets.* "And... um..." his face got hot as he thought back to those times he was afraid of being caught. "I started sucking my thumb in my sleep." The lion closed his eyes, unable to meet his friends' collective gazes. "I've been charting how often I almost or actually did wet at night, and it's been nearly three days a week for the past few weeks."

This actually provoked a titter from Siber. "You keep a POTTY TRAINING CHART?!?" The husky's tail wagged in the waters of the jacuzzi, spattering droplets of warm water everywhere.

Wincing, Maximilian shook his head. "It's a chart of how much I've wet the bed! Not a-" He paused when he realized what he was saying wasn't much better. Folding his arms and scowling, the lion grumbled. "It's just keeping track of things, is all."

The sound of a zipper being undone caused everyone to turn to Clarence. "I- um- I thought I was the only one." His voice was almost a whisper, but it caused everyone to look towards him. The buck had tugged down his jeans, revealing a pair of pale pink pharmacy training pants. A rosy red color was painted along his cheeks as he kept his head pointed down, avoiding Maximilian's eye contact.

Three of them were all having problems keeping themselves dry? It was starting to seem worrying to Maximilian. "This is- it can't be a coincidence." He rubbed his forehead, then turned to Siber. "What about you?"

The husky just shrugged. "I just assumed it was just another blood curse or something."

Maximilian stared at the husky in stunned silence. "A-ANOTHER blood curse?!?" Yet the lion still had enough presence of mind to notice Stephen and Clarence were doing the same.

And at their gazes, Siber rolled his eyes and flopped back into the water of the hot tub. "Well, you guys never ask me what I do in my spare time." Folding his arms, the husky tilted his head. "Besides, the bladder issue came around the same time the mark did, so, you know, two and two together."

Maximilian blinked. "The... mark?"

Siber's annoyed tone vanished as he arched an eyebrow. "Yeah! I found it right here." He lifted his left arm, turning to let one side of his body face his friends. With a free paw, he parted his fur, revealing what looked like a pale red symbol printed on his bare skin. A circle, drawn in red, with a thicker red line along the bottom-left. A narrow sector rose out of the top right of the circle, the pointed tip near its center, with the rounded bulge of the sector rising out of the circle. "Did any of you get the mark too?"

The lion stared blankly at his friend. At the gaze, Siber squirmed and then shrugged. "What? Am I really the only person who goes over his body for strange marks or tattoos I don't remember getting every week or so?" Throwing his arms up in the air, the dripping husky scowled. "Come on, you can't tell me THAT'S strange." Maximilian wasn't listening to him at that point, however.

He, like Stephen and Clarence, were busy looking all over themselves searching for if they had a similar mark. Eventually, the lion found it: Hidden by some of the fur under his right shoulder, printed in the same crimson ink, was a similar symbol. "What the-" Maximilian sputtered. "What-what actually is this?"

A voice, deep and bassy, filled the air behind the four of them. "It is my brand, of course." Standing in the entryway, a single cloven hoof tapping at the tile floor, was a man they'd seen before.

Only now he looked quite different.

Paulie Leon had no footpaws. Instead, he had hooves, small and cloven, a bit like Clarence's own set. Ashen, blackened fur rose up his bare legs, fading to a pale smokey color by the time it reached his waistline. Entirely naked, partially erect cock jutted up between his thighs, a pale droplet of silvery precum beaded on it. Further up, his gray body fur took on a reddish tint, ending in deep red horns that protruded from his lupine skull, between his two ears. A faint aura of smoke rose up around him, wisps of the substance trailing behind him as he strode forward into the room. "You know me as your agent, Paulie Leon." He said, with a grin. "But to give a proper introduction, my name is Apollyon." The demon wolf's eyes faded away, replaced with

smouldering motes of smokey red energy. "I am a being of fetish and sexual lust." Maximilian stared at him, unable to reply. Unable to even think of replying. It was as if all he had the presence of mind to do was to listen. "And, as five years have passed, so now I come to claim my prize." Outstretching his arms wide, the wolf smirked. "Four whose souls have become household names. You'll each fare quite well in auction, yes you will."

The speech was interrupted by a loud snarl. Turning his head, Maximilian gazed at Stephen, the stallion thrusting his pointer finger at the invading demon. "Look, I don't know what the fuck you're talking about, but I want you out of my-"

The wolf held a paw up towards the stallion. Maximilian watched as his friend's mouth fell shut, the horse's eyes going wide in surprise. "Stephen. For the next fifteen minutes, you are entirely gay." Paulie Leon slid his paw around to gesture towards Clarence. "And lusting for the formerly love starved buck over here." A quiet chuckle escaped his lips. "Make out with him instead of trying to resist me."

With the speed of a shotgun blast, Stephen lunged forward, wrapping his arms around Clarence. The slender stag had just enough time to squeak out in surprise before his lips were pressed against the stallion's. The two males began to make out, the loud noises of their efforts filling the air as Paulie Leon took a moment to stroke his cock while taking in the sight. After a few moments of the stimulation, he turned his attention over towards Maximilian and Siber. "Just to clarify, you can't resist me. Your bodies and souls, all four of you, belong to me now." He walked forward towards Maximilian. "With less effort than it'd take to pick my nose, I could make you all worship the ground my hooves tread upon, or devote yourselves to indiscriminate murder until your cute mortal law enforcement agents finally brought your stories to an end." With a slight cackle in his voice, the creature took a step forward, waving his arms around to indicate each of them. "Five years of fame was the cost for the four of you. You all agreed to it. Now, the devil takes his due."

Maximilian turned to gaze over at Stephen and Clarence as the slender buck and beefy stallion rolled on the floor, grinding against each other and making out. Then, he tilted his gaze back up at Paulie Leon. "So what... you just snap your fingers and turn us into something like them?"

"Oh, hells no. I have a much more *appetizing* plan in mind than simply making mindless drones." The wolf demon snapped back, the motes of energy he had for eyes spinning in what seemed vaguely like the rolling of eyes. "Incubi such as myself are attuned to specific lusts, specific tastes, specific fetishes..." He held up a paw towards the lion. "We feed off of such appetites being indulged into truly hedonistic excesses. I've been working on a specific project of sorts since long before I got popular managing Devil's Cucumbers... you boys will be perfect for it." Walking over towards a wall, the lupine incubus reached down to smear some precum from his cock onto one finger. Watching, still unable to consider moving his body, Maximilian watched the wolf draw a half-circle in the wall, using nothing but his own sex fluids. With the clap of his hands, the half-circle erupted into a flare of red light, momentarily blinding Maximilian. When his eyes adjusted, the lion found he was staring at a bright red doorway of

burning flame. Maximilian watched as the wolf turned back to gaze at the four of them. "Come along, boys." With a jerky gait and a glazed-over expression in their eyes, Stephen and Clarence got up to walk into the portal of flames, followed by Paulie Leon himself.

Maximilian felt his body wanting to follow them. It was all he could do to resist what felt like a pull on every limb. Shifting his peripheral vision to include Siber, he looked at his canine friend. "So, uh, sold our souls to a demon. That happened. You get into weird stuff... apparently... Anything we can do to fight it?" The lion hated how tense his voice sounded.

With a sigh, the husky tilted his head back. "You happen to have any powdered silver and a blessed knife?"

The lion felt his body taking a jerky step forward towards the portal. And then another. "Not on me." He didn't even know how you got a blessing performed on a knife. Not that it mattered, while he was inches away from what looked like damnation.

Siber shrugged, as he walked towards the portal to follow the rest of the band. "Then we're screwed, man. Sorry." He was just behind Maximilian now, close enough that the big cat could feel his breath against the back of his neck as they marched single-file towards their doom.

The lion just groaned in return. "This is all my fault..." He was going to apologize, but by the time the words entered his mouth, his body had plunged through the portal.

Into, Maximilian supposed, Hell itself.

**TO BE CONTINUED!**