

The Replacement

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Gravel crunched underhoof outside the door. Cristian's ears perked up on hearing it, and the husky's eyes darted to his Dom, Anton.

"Such a typical dog," the rat scoffed. "The faintest hint of a sound, and you start baying at it like it's a monster." He scowled, looking hard at his submissive. "If you were a proper *soldier*, you'd have a better feel for what's worth worrying about and what's not. Take me, for instance: I was the weakest of the rats, but I fought myself up to the top, and look at me now!" He spread his arms in a grand gesture. When Cristian didn't immediately start fawning on him, he scowled even harder. "It's *pathetic* that a husky like you needs a big, strong *rat* to take care of you. And yet, what *else* are you gonna do? A submissive husky like you doesn't stand a chance out in the woods. Thank *goodness* you've got someone like *me* to protect you."

The gravel crunched louder, just outside the door, and then it stopped. The husky's ears swiveled from his Dom to the door and back several times.

"Not anymore," Cristian said, doing his best to sound brave. "I—I've found someone new."

"Psh!" The incredulous scoff exploded from Anton's lips. "*You* found someone else? Who in the *world* would deign to *have* a weak sub like you, much less have the ability to protect you the way I can? What did you find?" he asked, his tone mocking and babyish, "Did you find a nice, strong *squirrel* to protect you? Ooh! No, maybe a mouse? Or a *cockroach*?"

Cristian's attempt at bravery withered beneath the powerful rays of his Dom's mockery. His ears laid flat, and his tail instinctively began to tuck.

Knock. Knock. Knock.

The husky's ears perked up again. There was something solid about that knock, something confident. Cristian's mind's eye pictured the owner of that knock, and the memory alone filled him with pride. His chest puffed out.

"Not anymore," he said again, his voice stronger as he went to the door, moved aside the latch, and pulled it open.

An elk with the thick chest and bulging biceps of a lumberjack stood framed in the doorway. Not counting his antlers, which rose even higher than that doorway would allow, he was seven feet tall.

"C—Constantin," Cristian said breathlessly, bowing his head low and opening the door.

"You're overdressed, Cristian," the elk said, stepping in onto the dirt floor and carefully positioning his antlers between the rafters. "See to it that's fixed right away."

"Yes, sir," Cristian said softly, venturing a furtive glance at Anton, who had risen from his chair and put his hands on his hips.

"Who the *hell* are you?" the pot-bellied rat demanded, his fists looping into the rope he used as a belt to keep his tunic in place. "Never mind that," he said, seeing the elk about to speak. "I don't care! Get the hell out of my house!"

"Um, actually, Anton, Sir, it's—"

"Shut up, slag; nobody's talking to you. And for gosh sakes, put some clothes on! What, do you think I want to see your naked sheath out and about? It's disgusting!"

"Stay as you are," Constantin said, his voice deep and resonant on the wooden walls of the simple hut.

"And you! Didn't I tell you—"

"I believe," the elk continued, addressing the rat and giving him a withering look, "That this house belongs to Cristian, not to you."

"Well—"

"And, I believe that you have been informed that I will be relieving you of your duty. Your services are no longer required. Therefore, it is *you* who should leave."

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"Strange villain," Anton sneered, his face turning purple as he lifted his fist over his head and thrust his finger into the elk's chest, "I don't know where you come from or what lies this scoundrel has told you, but do you have *any* idea who I am? If you think to despoil me of my own house, then you are either mad or an idiot!"

"Alas, I do not," Constantin replied as the rat's percussive finger-points bounced harmlessly off his extremely muscular chest. "Pray, enlighten me."

The rat's chest puffed out. "I am Anton Voros, de facto leader of the rat clan, and *you*, my"—his voice faltered a bit—"uh, very *tall*, very *unwelcome* guest, are in grave danger of having your throat cut! How *dare* you speak to me with such insolence anyway? Why, with all the wars and neighboring armies, you should be thanking me for protecting you!"

Constantin's face lit up. "Oh! You're a soldier? Which company did you fight for?"

Anton froze. His mouth moved, but no words came out.

"Oh, come, now," Constantin implored, "Surely you must have spent considerable time with them; which lord did you fight under?"

"Who *is* this insufferable person you have brought into my house?" Anton snapped, turning his attention—and wrath—on Cristian, who had been watching the exchange in spellbound silence. "And did I *not* tell you to put some clothes on? Cripe, your penis is coming out of your sheath! It's *abhorrent* to look at! Take it away *this* instant!"

"That's a bit much, isn't it?" Constantin interjected. "He has a *fine* sheath."

"And *you*! If you don't get out of here this *second*, I'm going to—"

"Is this what you were talking about, Cristian?" Constantin asked, ignoring the rat's tirade.

Cristian swallowed and nodded.

"Is *what* what you were talking about?" Anton demanded. "Damn it, this is *my* house, and you will *answer* me when I—"

Constantin's fist caught him square in the nose and knocked him to the ground.

"I believe I've heard enough," the elk said.

Anton's jaw dropped as he brought his hand to his bleeding nose.

"You—you *struck* me!" he cried in disbelief. For a moment, fear widened his eyes, but in a second, it was gone, replaced by rage. "All right," he snarled, baring his teeth, bunching his fists, and squaring off with the intruder, "You wanna fight? Well, come on, then! Let's go, right here! And when I take you down, I'm gonna use you as a floor rug!"

He began circling the elk, who was trapped and unable to turn to face him due to the short height of the rafters.

"You picked a fight with the wrong rat," Anton snarled. "I can assure you that my rise to the top of the rats didn't come from me being nice!"

"Is that so?" Constantin asked.

In a lightning move, his arm struck sideways, catching Anton in the solar plexus. The rat crumpled to the floor, and Constantin knelt, then turned to face him.

"The top of the rats," he said, grabbing Anton by the tunic, "Is still a rat."

With a deft yank, he pulled the tunic clean off Anton's body. Still gasping for air where the wind had been knocked out of him, the rodent threw his hands up defensively and tried to fight the elk off, but in vain. In no time at all, the elk had ripped the rat's breeches down, then torn them off completely.

"Ah, I *see* it now," the elk said, thrusting his palm down and pinning the rat's chest under it. "You suffer from tiny male syndrome."

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For a moment, Anton stopped struggling and looked up at him with such incredulity that the elk might as well have said he was an eggplant.

"See? Here, look," Constantin said, reaching down and squeezing the rat's diminutive genitals in his hand, using his thumb and forefinger to retract the sheath and expose the rodent's malehood.

Now it was the elk's turn to scoff. "No *wonder* you run your mouth so much," he said. "If I were as small as you and had such little to work with, I would run my mouth, too."

A rat-sized fist into the elk's nose was Anton's response.

Constantin grimaced but shook off the blow. The premature look of triumph on Anton's face melted when he realized his signature right hook had practically bounced off the elk's face.

For a moment, the elk said nothing, instead seeming to weigh something in his mind. His lack of response made the still-pinned rodent increasingly nervous, and the latter began to struggle more and more.

At last, Constantin nodded to himself. "Come, Cristian. We are going to the woods," he said.

Fear, excitement, worry, and anticipation flickered over the husky's face in the blink of an eye. Swallowing hard, he bowed to the elk and glanced nervously at Anton.

"Don't cover yourself, Cristian" the elk said over his shoulder as he grabbed the rat by the wrist and dragged him outside. "I like seeing your arousal on full display."

The husky blushed, then glanced down at his penis, which *was* embarrassingly erect. But, as the door banged in front of him, he hurried after the others, opening the door just in time to see Constantin throw Anton over his broad shoulder as effortlessly as an axe, while the rat beat ineffectually on his back and yelled obscenities.

It wasn't far into the woods before they found what Constantin was looking for: a stout tree, recently fallen.

Shrugging Anton off his shoulder, he let the rat fall to the ground and then immediately descended on him, kicking his chest, sides, and groin with sharp, cloven hooves, driven by muscular haunches that the elk's breeches did little to conceal.

"You don't seem nearly as tough as you claim," the elk said as he kicked. "A proper *soldier* would get up and fight me like a male."

Anton tried to retort, but a hoof to the gut silenced him. He tried to get up, but a hoof to the ass sent him sprawling again. He tried to make a sign for mercy, but a kick to the chest laid him out on his back.

"Come now," Constantin chided him, reaching under his own tunic, spreading the opening in his pantaloons, and pulling out his own, much larger sheath. "A soldier would certainly *not* let me urinate on him."

Standing over the rat, he held his tool—an impressive, light pink, tapered thing two feet long, a couple of inches at the base and pointed to a sharp prick at the tip—and began to do precisely that. Every time the rat struggled, the elk kicked him in the side.

"Come on!" he barked. "Get up and *fight* me, Anton Voros, King of the Rats! Where is that legendary anger? Better pissed off than pissed on!"

An infuriated look curled the rat's lip, so Constantin urinated on his face. The rat spluttered, and the elk kicked him hard in the arm, knocking him over onto his side. Bested but not defeated, Anton curled up in fetal position, weathering the storm as the elk rained down kicks and stomps on his ribs, back, and even the side of his face.

Suddenly, the blows stopped. Anton wheezed and glared through swollen eyelids at his attacker, whose attention seemed to be elsewhere.

"Cristian!" the elk said incredulously, "Stop touching yourself this minute! You *know* you're not to fondle yourself without my say-so!"

The husky gasped and looked up, reddening. "I—I'm sorry, Sir," he stammered. "I—I don't know what came over me! I was just watching you, and..."

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He trailed off, his tail tucking as he looked away.

Constantin pursed his lips, again seeming to weigh something in his mind. "I'll allow it," he said at last. "But, you will owe me for the privilege."

The husky brightened and nodded, his tail wagging.

"Psh," Anton scoffed, spitting blood from a busted lip, "You come into my house claiming to take the high road, and yet here you are, making demands of the wimp the same as I do. You're not *better* than me," he sneered, "You're just bigger—a bigger bully. Cristian!" he snapped, "Get rid of this stranger, or I am going to tear you limb from limb when we get—"

His threat was cut short as Constantin grabbed him by the throat and lifted him into the air.

"For once, you are right," the elk replied.

With a deft flick of the wrist, he flung Anton at the downed tree. The rat landed hard against the solid wood, his body wrapping around the side of the trunk. Before he could fall, he felt Constantin's hand in the small of his back, pinning him in place.

"You never told me which company you fought with," the elk's voice said behind him.

Anton thrashed, trying to free himself from the elk's grasp.

"Shall I tell you whom I fought under?" the elk persisted.

Anton suddenly felt the elk's hot breath on his ear.

"Lord Cizmaneagra," the elk whispered.

Anton gasped, his eyes flashing with recognition. A gray pall washed over his face. He began to tremble.

The rat suddenly saw stars as pain erupted in his ass. Unbeknownst to him, Constantin had lined himself up while talking and thrust his sharp prick into him without any warning. The elk's rod was nearly as long as the rat's torso.

"A—*ahh!*" the rodent shrieked as soon as his lungs were able to make sound.

"Oh, come now," Constantin scolded him. "I have done that *many* times to—what was it you called him, 'the wimp'?—and he has never once cried out."

He jerked his hips, digging his penis roughly into the lining of the rat's bowels for emphasis and eliciting a strangled cry.

"A soldier," he continued as he pulled back and thrust in again, deliberately striking the rat's intestines hard enough to inflict excruciating pain but no permanent damage, "Always fights. As long as his limbs are mobile, he fights until there is no breath left in his body. But *you*—you do not fight me. You lie there passively and gasp like a fish. There is precedent for this behavior."

He grabbed the rat's scrotum in his palm and squeezed it as he thrust again, the force yanking the rodent's nuts against the elk's iron grip.

Tears sprang from Anton's eyes as he lay over the log in too much pain to speak.

"You know what *else* lies passively and gasps like a fish?" Constantin hissed in his ear. "A prostitute. A *cheap* whore whose only purpose is to be used by soldiers—*real* males."

He thrust again, this time striking the rat in the bladder.

"I was wrong," he snorted derisively. "Even *whores* have the dignity not to wet themselves as their cherries are plucked."

Cristian watched all of this with increasing arousal. Seeing Anton put in his place after all of the cruel things he had said and done was satisfying in itself, but the way that Constantin, his new Dom—a *real* soldier who had actually fought in battles—chose to do it was... Cristian shuddered as his cock quivered in his paws.

"Cristian," Constantin warned over his shoulder, "I had better not find a speck of your cum anywhere."

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There was no "or else", no trailing-off ellipsis that left the punishment to Cristian's imagination. Unlike Anton, who felt compelled to punctuate everything he said with the threat of violence, Constantin simply said what he expected; there *was* no alternative.

Gosh, that confidence was hot. Cristian's toes curled as he gritted his teeth and yanked his paw from his twitching knot. Biting his lip and putting his paws behind his back, he watched breathlessly as the elk returned his attention back to the rat.

"I don't care *who* you served under," Anton spat, having gotten his voice back in the time it took his abuser to scold his submissive. "Lord Cizmaneagra and his company are war-criminals! Torturers, abusers, rapists! You have *no* right!"

"And what are you, then?" Constantin demanded, abruptly letting go of the rat and letting him slip off the log.

Anton fell to the ground in a heap.

"Look at yourself: bleeding and bruised, covered in not only the urine of your enemies but also your own, and"—the elk squatted beside him and hissed—"raped by a war-criminal. And," he added, rising, "Let's not forget that *your* record is not clean, either. You took advantage of his husky's inexperience, claiming to take him under your wing so that you could protect him. And then, just like the predator you are, you heaped aspersions on him until he doubted his own self-worth and threatened him constantly with the threat of... what is it you're protecting him from, again?"

"The wimp *needs* me!" Anton spat, glaring up defiantly at the elk towering over him. "Who's gonna protect him from a roving army? Huh?"

Constantin fixed him with the most infuriating smirk.

"That would be... *me*," the elk said evenly. "And, to be more precise, there *are* no roving armies here anymore. Why?"

He knelt again.

"Because we *war criminals* take self-important cucks like you, shove spikes up their asses, and don't stop shoving until the spikes come out of their mouths. And then, we leave them there—whole forests of our enemies, impaled for all to see. Tell me," he said, leaning in to whisper, "How many of your kind, treated that way, would it take for you to decide to march an army somewhere—*anywhere*—else?"

"You have no right!" Anton yelled, ignoring the question. "You're no *better* than me! Cristian! You see what this guy is doing? He's *bad* for you!"

"Oh, the worst!" Constantin agreed, catching the rat off guard. "You see, Lord Cizmaneagra's company did *indeed* do some terrible things, *unspeakable* horrors. But, we can only do those things if we win the battle. How do you think we won every battle we fought?"

Anton felt a knot forming in his stomach, and it wasn't from being kicked one too many times.

"Torture, Mister Voros. Torture."

The knot intensified.

"Have a guess who Lord Cizmaneagra's chief torturer is?"

Terror struck. Anton leapt to his feet and sprinted away.

But before he could make it three paces, Constantin's hoof came up between his legs, catching him in the crotch. The rat sprawled on the ground, doubled over, and grasped his groin.

"Now, now," Constantin chided. "Can't have you running away. Here: let's fix that."

Over Anton's shrieked protests, the elk picked him up, carried him overhead back to the log, and then threw him down on the ground beside it.

CRACK!

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The elk's hoof came down in the middle of the rat's shin. Anton screamed as his tibia and fibula shattered.

"You see, there is *no* bigger bully than I am," the elk growled, kicking the rat's shattered leg and bending it backwards. "As for what gives me the right—well, you aren't going to like this."

Grabbing the rat and pulling him up in a one-armed hug, he used his free arm to point at Cristian, who looked startled at suddenly being the center of attention.

"*He* gives me the right. A Dom's power is derived from his submissive, *not* the other way around. When he told me the things you had said, the things you had done, I could not believe my ears. Such vile treatment should be consigned for—as you succinctly put it—'war criminals', not kind, eager submissives who go above and beyond to please their Doms in all ways. He has *certainly* exceeded *my* expectations!"

Cristian reddened visibly, embarrassed at the praise. While his first instinct was to defensively wrap his tail around his waist, he eventually ventured a cautious wag.

"So, when Cristian invited me over, I decided to see for myself."

"Why, you little—" Anton raged at Cristian.

"And I *have* seen," Constantin boomed, making the rat jerk. "You do not deserve him; what you *deserve* is punishment."

"That ungrateful runt doesn't grant you authority over me; *I* do," Anton spat.

Constantin pursed his lips. The knot reappeared in Anton's stomach.

"As you wish," the elk said.

Before Anton could protest, the elk threw him down, kicked his good leg out of the way, and rested his hoof on his scrotum.

Anton froze.

"Are you ready to cede authority to me *now*?" Constantin asked.

The rat's eyes were wide, fixated on the elk's hoof; his breathing was labored and fast.

"F—fuck you," he muttered.

Dull, aching pain exploded into being, radiating from the rat's groin. He squeezed his eyes closed as sweat broke out on his forehead.

"Of the two of us, *you* are the only one who has been fucked," Constantin replied evenly. Cocking his head, he twisted his foot slightly, eliciting a hiss from his captive. "How about *now*?" he asked.

"You're fucking *cheating*!" Anton snapped through gritted teeth. "If this were a fair fight, I'd—"

"Oh. So, I drugged you before you started hurling insults?"

"No, you punched me out of nowhere!"

"*Soldiers* expect that. But, then, I must have tied you up, must have done *something* to make this fight less than fair."

"And then you did it again!"

"Shame on *you* for letting me do it again. Tell me: exactly *how* do you think this fight was less than fair? Come on, now, answer the question," he pressed, squeezing the rat's nuts harder.

"P—please, th—that hurts!" Anton gasped.

"Oh, it does? Then answer the question. That's all you have to do: tell me why this wasn't a fair fight."

"Fine!" Anton cried, "It was a fair fight!"

"Good, that's settled," Constantin said. He paused a moment, then lowered more of his weight onto his hoof. "Now, back to the original topic: are you ready to concede, yet?"

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"*Augh! F—fine! Y—you're stronger!*"

"That's not what I asked."

The rat flailed in agony under the elk's hoof, panic overtaking him as he began to babble incoherently.

"Say it, Anton. Do you grant me authority over you, yet?"

The rat's eyes streamed tears. "Y—YES!" he wailed.

"Good."

Anton's eyes bulged as Constantin removed his hoof. His jaw moved rapidly, but no sound would come out as he tried to reach for his bruised testicles. Constantin kicked his hands away.

"Now that we've got the authority settled, it's time for your hearing. Do you admit that you cannot protect yourself—much less anyone else?"

"Y—yes," Anton gasped through gritted teeth.

"I see. So, telling Cristian that you would protect him was... false. Do you confess to misleading him?"

"Fine, just get this sham trial over with," Anton spat, refusing to look at either of them. He knew where this was going. He didn't like it, but he wasn't about to have the elk standing on his nuts again.

"Not without a confession. *Did* you mislead Cristian?"

Anton huffed. "Yeah."

"And, lastly, do you confess that Cristian—having overcome his fear of you to seek help for himself—is stronger than you are?"

Anton did a double-take. His eyes blazed with hatred, but with the elk's foot mere inches away, he dared not speak out.

"Y—yes," he muttered, looking away.

"Very well," Constantin said with an air of finality. "Your confession is hereby accepted. Your sentence will commence immediately."

Anton gasped. "Wait, sentence, what—"

The elk raised his hoof.

"No!" Anton cried, "No, not that! Not my—!"

SPLAT!

Blood erupted from his groin as Constantin's hoof came down, then slowly came up and away.

"*AUGH!*" Anton screeched.

Doubling over, he clutched frantically at his flattened scrotum. The impact had torn a hole in the side of it, and bits of mangled tubules, fascia, and severed spermatic cords poked out of the hole.

Whether due to the sight of them or the pain, Anton's stomach suddenly churned, and he didn't even have time to turn aside before vomiting all over himself.

"Some soldier," Constantin scoffed, grabbing him by the scruff of the neck and hauling him up. "I've done that to countless soldiers, all of whom kept their composure better than you did."

"Th—they're gone..." was all the rat could muster.

"That's right. Without balls, you are not male. If you are not male, then your body's purpose is to bring pleasure to a male."

"P—please... don't..." Anton pleaded, but to no avail.

Constantin threw him over the log again and began fucking him roughly. Jab after jab of excruciating pain took the rat's breath away over and over.

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"Cristian," Constantin said as he thrust, "You have continued to stroke yourself this whole time. I trust you like what you see?"

The husky gasped, startled one more at being called on, then nodded vigorously.

"And yet, you can see that I am not giving him everything I have," the elk pressed, gesturing to his half-thrusts.

Cristian's eyes widened. His stomach fluttered, knowing what was about to be asked.

"C—Cristian," Anton whimpered—he knew the question, too—"P—please, spare me... Agh!"

A sharp jab from Constantin's penis silenced him.

"You have had my full thrust, Cristian," Constantin said, his voice carefully neutral. "Should Anton receive it, too?"

The husky's eyes darted from new Dom to old and back, from Anton's pleading face, to the resolution on Constantin's, to the pulsing, rigid rod rhythmically ramming itself into Anton's ass. It was true, he *had* had that penis in him—many times now—and he had never experienced even the mildest pain from it. Was it possible he really *was* tougher than Anton? And now, with his new Dom looking at *him* for a decision and his former Dom *begging* him, he suddenly felt a strange sense of power he'd never experienced before. And all the while, there was his Dom's penis—it was so... *powerful!* Could he... see that power put to a most just use?

His jaw trembled as he bit his lip, but his head's movement was clear.

"Are you sure?" Constantin asked gravely.

Cristian continued to nod.

"C—Cristian?!" Anton pleaded.

"Goodbye, Anton Voros, King of the Rats," Constantin said coolly, grabbing the rodent firmly by the shoulders.

"N—no, w—wait, please! Ow! I—*ah—AUGH!*"

Using Anton's ass already wrapped around his penis as a guide, Constantin thrust hard once, but glanced off the inner surface of the rodent's bowel. Twice, and deliberately struck but did not puncture the lining. The third time, his tapered cock met the rat's intestinal wall and pierced through it. As he pulled back, a trickle of blood ran out of the rat's ass and trailed down the elk's shaft. Blinding pain shot through Anton's body. Alarm bells rang in his head, and he began writhing helplessly, impaled on the elk's cock.

The elk shoved again, deliberately piercing a new hole. Blood streamed out of Anton's ass this time, staining the elk's tunic and white belly fur rust-colored. The rat's body went rigid and began shaking as pain-induced adrenaline flooded into his veins.

Constantin set his jaw and thrust again, tearing a new hole into Anton's rectum. A continual stream of blood flowed down both sides of his shaft as he thrust again and again and again.

Shock set in. Anton's body grew cold and clammy in Constantin's hands, yet the elk continued to thrust, ripping countless holes in his intestinal wall.

The rat went limp. Constantin gave him a final thrust for good measure, then dropped his lifeless body on the ground between his hooves. Stained red with blood and curving upward wickedly, the elk's penis looked like a dagger that had just been used in a murder.

"Sir!"

Constantin started, seeing Cristian rushing to him.

"Yes," he said, wrapping his arm protectively around his submissive. "I forget that you are not used to battle. I am sorry you had to see such carnage."

Cristian looked up at him, startled.

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"W—well, Sir, I'm not!" he protested.

Biting his lip, he tentatively reached out and touched Constantin's penis, feeling of his former Dom's blood that still ran down its shaft. He glanced back at the elk, who was watching him curiously. Their eyes met. Without a word, Constantin smiled faintly and lifted Cristian up onto his lap.

They fucked to completion, using the late rodent's blood as lube. As Cristian felt Constantin's penis erupt inside of him, the knowledge that he'd just survived his encounter with a deadly weapon sent him over the edge. Constantin grasped the husky's knot tightly and aimed it downward.

Cristian's cum rained down on the mangled corpse of his former Dom.