

Crimson's palms burned from how tightly he was holding onto the leash. After the third reminder of how he should ease up on his grip from Alessio, the shark realized that there was no helping him; his internal tug-of-war of tantalizing excitement versus deepening shame was too strong for him to do anything but go on with the deal, left festering in his worsening temper.

"Did you make sure that no one was following us?" Crim kept looking out the window. The thought of someone stalking him to get blackmail haunted his mind. Every car driving in the same direction as them was a source of stress, forcing the imp to stay on the lookout at all times.

"No, sir. We have our men tailing us in undercover vehicles. Orders are to run any possible witnesses off the road at the sight of a phone or camera."

"Good. I don't want no weasels trying to squeeze any money out of me." Having said it, his eyes wandered to Chaz, waiting to see if he would get the hint. Of course, the idiot didn't even realize he was being talked to—gaze focused on the club ahead instead. "And what the fuck are you so excited about, huh?"

"Are you kidding? I finally get to go to Ozzie's!" Chaz cheered, smiling ear to ear, showing off his dentures.

After a few weeks of continuous testing by Crimson—a process that he *happily* welcomed once he got into the groove of his new life as a personal prostitute to the Greed Ring mafia—he ended up rewarded with a pair of dentures. They weren't as sharp as his original set of teeth—Crimson didn't want him getting *too* comfortable—but finally being able to speak normally left the shark brimming with excitement, which meant that he talked *incessantly*. "Plus, with a body like mine? I *know* I'll make a good impression~"

Crimson's eyes scanned the shark's torso, grateful for his sunglasses hiding his greedy gaze. Despite how many insults he constantly threw Chaz's way for even *daring* to speak, the imp had always found himself unable to stop fawning over him. The shark's body was the perfect mix of built yet slim that he liked on his men—quick, but so easily bruised. Bite scars from his impish fangs were scattered all over Chaz's neck and shoulders—imprints that Chaz never hid, instead showing them off. Crimson never asked, but with how the shark acted around his Moxxie, it was an easy assumption that the bastard thought garnering so much attention from a demon whose influence was seconded only by Mammon was an accomplishment to him—his position as a sex slave was not an issue.

Things meant to demean Chaz only seemed to further inflate his sexually potent ego: stripping him down to nothing but a pair of latex shorts, a chained collar secured tightly across his neck, the words 'PROPERTY OF CRIMSON KNOLASTNAME' permanently marked on a tramp stamp—Everything he did only made Chaz even more eager to show himself off.

Was Chaz incredibly easy to break, or was it that nothing could ever break him, and he just loved the attention? The imp didn't know, and *fuck* did that piss him off.

“Just make sure you keep your mouth shut, you idiot,” Crimson grumbled, hand over his mouth. “The last thing I need is you embarrassing me.”

“Aw, boss! You know I’m a good *boy*~” Chaz whispered as he leaned forward, tenderly placing his hand on Crimson’s thighs. “I’ll behave just like you told me to~”

Crimson immediately felt a lump form in his throat. He hated being reminded of his petite stature and size, and having Chaz’s entire hand covering his leg only caused more shame and embarrassment to seep into him. His cocky, raspy laugh *certainly* didn’t help either. Those long, slender fingers squeezed down on his thigh—clenching the slight amount of fat surrounding them. Crimson bit his lip, feeling the air leave his lungs.

“G-get your goddamn queer hands off me!” He screeched, pushing Chaz away hard enough that he slammed against the car door. “*That* is the kind of shit I don’t want you doing! Be normal for a second, will you!?”

“W-woah! No need to get so embarrassed, boss.” Chaz laughed, but his chortling was strained—*forced*. “Alright, alright...If you only want my voice to be *yours* alone, who am I to complain?”

Crimson groaned loudly, furiously pinching the bridge of his nose. “For the love of Satan, keep your mouth shut...”

Alessio finally stopped the car, Ozzie’s sign showering them in neon colors. “We’re here, boss!”

“About time.” Crimson kicked the car door open, yanking on Chaz’s chain to get him up and moving. “There’s one of those crossword books you love so much on the glove compartment. Better grab it. We’re gonna be here a *long* time.”

“Because Papa Crimson has a *lot* of stamina—” Chaz suddenly coughed, Crimson pulling on his collar hard enough for the shark to choke.

“Shut. Your. Mouth.” Crimson hissed.

Grinding his teeth, Crimson stormed towards the entrance, dragging a helpless Chaz behind him. Not in the mood for polite conversation, he shoved Ozzie’s crumpled memo onto the bouncer’s chest as he stomped into the club, not even bothering to look at him.

The imp boss tried his best to ignore the ear-bursting music incessantly blasting from the speakers on stage, and the couples doing *Satan-knows-what* on the tables. He swore that if even one of the perverts tried asking if he and Chaz were up for a threesome, he would raze the entire fucking venue. Luckily enough, he made it to the backstage entrance without anyone disturbing him or his speedwalk. The pungent scent of sweat and semen was like a toxic gas in his nose as he pushed the door in. He was certain that every single one of the degenerates in the room—the leashed idiot behind him included—was *loving* it. He wasn’t, of course. He had the self-respect to engage in such debauchery for business-related purposes only.

“Fuuuck, I can’t wait to meet the big O’ himself. Do you think he has a huge cock? I bet he has a huge cock~” Chaz said in a whisper, bending down to blow hot breath directly into Crimson’s mouth. “Or maybe he can make it change size! That’d be a good superpower to have, dontcha think?”

Crimson moved past the already informed guards, his scowl intensifying with each word that came out of Chaz’s mouth. Even in the building’s more secluded staff-only areas, the wet sounds of sex and high-pitched pleased moans were inescapable. It was like an earworm that would never leave, digging into his skull. Crim had never been more relieved in his life to have learned how to tuck because if it hadn’t, Chaz would’ve made a thousand comments about how ‘pent up’ he seemed and other such nonsense. *It’s not my fault*, he thought. *It’d be impossible to not get bricked up with a bunch of degenerates moaning into your ear. Doesn’t help that he’s here either...*

Against his better judgment, Crim turned his head around very slightly to ensure that Chaz wouldn’t notice. Just as he thought, the shark was absolutely stiff. His two shafts pulsed with arousal, a little river of pre running down his leg, produced at such a volume that it managed to leak out from the shorts. Seemingly unaware that he was being watched, the shark gently poked at his cocks, biting down with his dentures as he unsuccessfully hid a moan.

Fucking queer... I don’t even know why I kept him around...

One of Ozzie’s butlers—clad in nothing but a pair of similar latex shorts from the waist down—opened the heart-shaped door for them. Inside, the Sin of Lust whistled a jazzy tune as he relaxed: legs on the desk, arms behind his head, and a stack of papers that he was over with. A cigar hung from his beak, strong enough that the mafia boss could smell the mellow scent all the way from the entrance.

Of course the fruitcake is into fruit-scented cigars. Can’t even smoke like a real man.

“Ahhh! CrimmyCrimmyCah-*rimmy!*~” Ozzie sprung up, waltzing up to the pair while laughing jovially to himself. “So glad you came! I was a little worried that you wouldn’t come with all the distance from Greed to Lust. How have you been? Sorry for the delay. My *business* partner left in a hurry.” The titanic Sin bent down to Crimson’s eye level, stretching his finger out—an invitation for a handshake, despite the size difference between him and the imp.

“Asmodeous.” The appeal to his height didn’t do anything to humor Crimson, gripping down on Ozzie’s finger with as much force as he could muster. “You can make it up to me by paying the gas I had to waste getting here. As for your little jester boytoy, I don’t care about him or what he’s doing.” He then turned to Chaz, whose eyes expectantly were on the Sin’s crotch. “You. Whore.”

“Me?” He said, eyes unmoving.

“Greet your new owner, you goddamn *idiot*.” He hissed, fangs clamping down against each other.

“Oh, yeah! Sorry, Mister Ozzie.” Chaz loudly coughed. “The name’s Chazwick Thurman! Haver of two massive dicks, partier with men, women, and *everything* else. I’m sure my pal Crimson told ya everything you need to know about me!~”

Crimson cringed, his face contorting into an expression of unadulterated rage. *I should’ve killed him. I KNEW I should’ve FUCKING KILLED HIM-*

“Oh, he has told me *many* things. It’s why I was so curious about you. Apparently, you can take someone reaaaal well~” Ozzie hummed melodically before cocking his head to Crimson. “And I’m more than happy to welcome him to my *humble* abode. It still won’t be enough to pay off *all* your debt, but it will *certainly* get you close~”

Crimson crossed his arms, looking down to the floor. How many times did he mull over his regret for making a deal with a *Sin* of all people? Yes, all the loaned money helped him build up his presence in the Greed Ring early on. Still, it didn’t take long for the growing interest rate to climb out of control—an ever-tightening noose around his neck. “He’s a better asset to you than he is to me.” He snarled, able to find no other words.

“Indeed! I’m sure he’s very...” Ozzie leaned closer to Chaz, pushing Crimson to the side with his fluttering mane. “...eager to get into my business. I can already smell his excitement~”

Chaz couldn’t help but break out into a giggling fit. A blue tint spread across his cheeks, his toothy grin on full display. “Well, you sure know how to charm a fellah~ By the way, how big is your—”

Chaz’s question died in his throat as Crimson’s hand *slammed* into the small of his back. The impact sent the shark tumbling forward, the sudden momentum causing his dentures to fly out of his mouth with a wet *sheelck*. Several plastic teeth bounced on the ground slightly, coated in saliva. “You can’t fucking ask that! Keep quiet!”

The large Sin laughed. “Come on, Crimmy. Don’t be such a prude.” Ozzie pushed the imp aside—the latter grunting in frustration. As he did so, he looked at the dentures with a mix of disgust and curiosity. “Woah, what is *this*?” He held the dentures between his fingers, looking at them as if they were some sort of toy. “Don’t tell me that this pretty little fishy lost his teeth? How else is he supposed to sing out all those *wonderful* flirts?”

“Glahh to heeah thah I yahveh a han...” Chaz wistfully said, posing seductively—much to Ozzie’s amusement.

“Indeed I am.” He handed the dentures back to Chaz. “And while I trust you and Crimson’s words about your...” The blue mane around his head suddenly began to glow brighter, an almost blinding cyan light emanating from it. Focusing his glowing, otherworldly-looking eyes on the shark, he poked his finger against his throbbing shafts. “...*Performance*, it is my duty as a businessman to *try* the merchandise before I *sell the product*~”

Crimson sighed angrily. “Let’s get this over with...Whore!” He snapped his fingers at Chaz. “Get those shorts off. I want to get this over with as fast as I can.”

Clicking his tongue and moving his lips around to check if the dentures were put back in okay, Chaz nodded. He almost ripped off his shorts with how fiercely he pulled them down, revealing his twin throbbing dicks to Asmodeus. "I know, I know. They're *amazing*. Anyone who takes *these* two babies?" He gripped the two between his hand, playing up how supposedly impressive the size would be if it was a singular penis. "...They come out limp!"

"I can see that, little fish." Ozzie chuckled, only for his laughter to abruptly stop. His gaze slowly shifted towards Crimson—far less amicably. His mane burnt slightly, the two strands of multicolored hair that burst upward from beneath his hat lighting up in unison with his mane. "You do both know I'm Lust incarnate, right? Like, it's *my* thing?"

"Unfortunately." Crim bitterly replied. "Your entire establishment reeks of semen."

"Oh, but if there's one thing that I can't handle... is someone *denying* themselves." Ozzie continued, clenching his fists, flames bursting from within his closed palms. "Did you *really* think that tucking could be enough to hide your *lust* from me?"

Crimson froze. "What the *fuck* are you talking about?"

"I can sense that *wonderful* pressure down in your pants. I could sense even before you entered my room." Ozzie twirled his ginger hair around, a trail made out of pale blue flames forming around it. "Unless you want to tell me I'm wrong."

"I'm sure you blue bloods are used to no one fucking with you and telling you 'no,' but I'm not attracted to that piece of *shit*." He said while pointing at Chaz.

"Harsh, buuuuut... I've been called *much* worse," Chaz shrugged. "But I mean, boooooossss... are you *sure* about that? There's nothing to be ashamed of being attracted to the Chaaaaaaaz~" He gestured towards his cocks, giggling to himself.

"Shut your mouth unless you want me to take back them dentures, and leave you a walking cocksleeve, **you hear me?!**"

"Tsk Tsk Tsk. So *pent up*! No wonder you're so stressed~" A large concentration of embers suddenly began to encompass Ozzie's entire hand. The loud, intense crackling was heard across the room—growing louder and louder... until he snapped his fingers.

The flames extinguished. Crimson immediately felt his dick suddenly push forward, tenting against his pants. He erratically patted his crotch to see where his padding had gone—vanished. Nowhere to be found. His entire body *boiled* with rage and embarrassment. All the pent-up arousal from having to gawk at Chaz's body and penises burst forward, barely a second passing before a small damp point appeared in his trousers, leaking pre like a sieve.

"See? The second that I took away your little—"

"Bull-*shit*! You just used your magic to try and make a fool out of me. You're lucky that I value our partnership, because if I would've—"

“You *really* gonna deny Lust himself in his own domain? Because... I *love it*. So *bold*, and so **daring!** You are a *feisty* little thing, aren’t you?” He bumped his finger against Crim’s nose, earning a hiss from the imp. “I don’t mind a little dare. If you show me that your little *situation* is just my magic workin’, I’ll cancel your debt. *All* of it.”

“R-Really?” Crimson hugged himself, looking down at his erection. He could feel the sweat pouring down his sides, the eyes of both Chaz and Ozzie looking at him expectantly, *tempting* him. Memories of how he’d eagerly jump onto the shark’s penises to ‘punish’ him, greedily taking both inside himself—how he’d force out pathetic, desperate moans from Chaz and how good it felt to put him in his place after so *much* boasting about his sexual prowess—the way that the dumb idiot would squeeze his ass after he’d ridden him until numbness spread all around his own legs; all those memories came in flooding as he slowly stumbled back, away from the pair, shallow breaths parting his mouth. “And w-what are you gonna do, huh? Make me... pu-put on a show with tha-ah-aht freak? You some kind of peeping tom or something?”

“Oh, I would never *force* anything. Unnatural passion doesn’t have that *wonderful* aroma, you see. Since you’re so *clearly* removed from any passion towards little finny over here, how about you just... watch.” He pushed Crimson to a chair with his magic, trails of fire appearing over his legs and binding him to the seat as if they were chains.

“What the fuck?! Get me outta this!” His arms were bound to the armrest, legs and thighs glued to the chair.

“You’ll just watch as I test out the merchandise, Crimmy. All parties must be involved, you see. And as for you...” He said, looking at Chaz. “Let’s get you all set up, shall we?” With a clap, Ozzie conjured up an opulent-looking bed in the middle of the room. It emerged from a series of glowing diamond-shaped lights that formed a portal underneath. He clapped again, and the portal closed. “Lay on the bed, Chaz-man.”

“Don’t need to tell me twice!”

He jumped onto the bed, giggling at himself as he locked eyes with Crimson. “Shame that you’re not gonna be bouncing that cute bubble butt of yours on my dicks. I’m gonna miiissssss iiiit~”

Crimson couldn’t even come up with a response. He just looked away from Chaz, his pouting mouth quivering constantly.

“And now, let’s call for some entertainment, shall we?” Ozzie typed something on his phone, and almost immediately, another portal formed in the room. A tall, muscular imp without a shirt on strolled out of the gate. “I think you two got to know each other at the entrance. Right, Jesse?”

The bouncer adjusted the bowtie attached to his collar. “Yeah. He’s the imp that shoved your memo onto my chest.” His eyes immediately widened as he saw Chaz sprawled on the bed, fist pushing against his cheek and eyebrows wiggling nonstop. “So you called me for *this*? Thought that I was more valuable as a bouncer than a worker.”

“Yes, yes. Your might is unrivaled, but at the same time, I want the *best* to handle the little fishy. Now, chop chop. Our *guest* is very eager to demonstrate his professionalism.”

“On it, boss.”

With cold professionalism, Jesse began to undress; his suit cuffs were delicately placed on Ozzie’s desk, then his bowtie. By the time he started to unbutton his pants, Crimson felt himself swallow harshly. Whenever one of his shark underlings undressed, Crimson could remain stalwart with the knowledge that he owed the naked body in front of him. That control was the key to his confidence in bed—a realization that was hitting him with the impact of a sledgehammer to the face now that he was nothing but a helpless bystander.

The sight of Jesse’s tight, sculpted bottom half slowly approaching Chaz made his blood boil. To have someone approach *his* property—even with how irritating he could be—was like spitting directly in his face. Ozzie had pushed him into a losing position—his pride doomed regardless of what he did. Shuddering, he desperately wanted to tend to his throbbing shaft. He could feel it leaking more and more, his thousand-dollar-trousers becoming no different than a cum-stained rag.

This is fucking ridiculous.

“Jesse is one of my *best* workers. If he wasn’t so good at beating the *crrrraap* out of anyone that tries to enter without permission, I would have him pumping every poor sucker that waltzes in!”

The muscled imp dropped his pants to the floor, the only hint of a response being a faint smile on his face. “I don’t often see folks from Greed, especially sharks. I always wanted to know how it feels to have two cocks in at the same time~”

“Lucky you~” Chaz spread his legs in anticipation as Jesse threw his underwear to where he discarded his pants. “Don’t worry. I’ll put on a good show.”

“Trusting you on this, then...” Jesse crawled across the bed, slowly approaching the shark. His Forked tongue swirled around his lips, a deep growl reverberating through the room. His hands pushed against Chaz’s chest, using his thumb to gently flick the shark’s nipples. Almost immediately, he felt Chaz tremble underneath him—cocking his head back and biting down on his lips. “Sensitive?”

“Never bad to enjoy something good...” He struggled to maintain his suave, smooth voice—an almost squeaky, shaky pitch breaking in. “Fuck, you’re so heavy.”

“And you’re way lighter than I expected. I don’t mind having a lighter fellow underneath me, though.” Jesse inched his head forward, breathing down on Chaz’s neck before gently nibbling down. It couldn’t even be described as a bite with how gentle he was being. Feeling Chaz writhing under him like a wild, struggling animal, he could tell the shark had waited long enough. He pushed his hips upward, guiding his waiting entrance just above Chaz’s cocks. He was slightly shocked at how far up he had to drive up his waist. “Damn, you got a one-for-two, and you’re above average? No wonder boss wanted ya so bad~”

Crimson could feel himself *brimming* with poisonous jealousy. The stupid shark belonged to *him*—no one else. He was the one that tamed him and broke him. The *gall* to try and steal him in front of his eyes and make him admit to something so *foul* and *gaudy* was downright sickening. His mouth ached as he clenched his fangs in indignant fury. The sound of his golden tooth scraping against the rest was like two metal surfaces grinding against each other, so viciously that it was a shock that sparks weren't flying.

He looked down at his erection, heaving as he desperately tried to break the fiery chains binding him to the chair. His hands balled up into fists as he saw Jesse slathering the cocks underneath him in lube. That was *his* shark to take, *not* theirs. *He's being treated as if he's a fucking princess! This... this is not how you're supposed to treat that stupid piece of shit!* Chaz moaned as Jesse slowly went down on him, the sound was both music to Crimson's ears and like nails scraping against a chalkboard. *Mine. Mine. Mine. That's FUCKING mine! Not his!* He desperately struggled, the chair hopping ever so slightly left and right. *That's MY fucking whore! MINE!*

"Hooooly... You're *really* fucking big." His hole slowly stretched itself as Chaz's cocks pushed deeper inside. Chaz was slowly thrusting as Jesse pushed down, their bodies slowly approaching closer and closer. Their moans formed a discordant cacophony of pure lust, the confidence of both men wavering in the face of such extreme pleasure. The imp's legs shook vigorously as he slowly bucked further downwards. "Ohohohoh... oh my god."

*That's not YOURS! YOU HAVEN'T **BROKEN** HIM IN! HE DOESN'T **RESPECT** YOU!*

Then, Jesse began to move up and down. His hole twitched, continuously retracting and expanding as he took Chaz's cocks. He had to realign himself to take both at the same time. Almost immediately, the shark launched into a cacophony of mindless moaning and panting. The sound of his 'customer' wailing endlessly—drowning in a sea of pleasure as he pushed deeper inside of him—pushed him forward. He was out of practice, but he still had the fundamentals. His muscles tensed up as he tried to go further down each time. He got closer and closer, mere centimeters away from the base.

NO! NOOOO!!

Crimson screamed out in pain as he pushed through the fiery chains. He could smell his skin sizzling, body burned by the magical embers, but he didn't care. He didn't dare to look at Ozzie's reaction before he suddenly sprinted towards the bed and lunged at Jesse. He shoved the imp out of the way, his hole making a wet pop sound as the shark dicks exited his body.

"Fuck!" Jesse struggled to get up, legs quivering beneath him. "What the *hell* is wrong with you?!"

Crimson's breathing turned labored and raspy. Clenching his fists, he glared at Chaz with bloodthirsty rage. His chest rapidly rose up and down as he glared down at what he owed. "You." He seethed with righteous fury.

"W-what's up, Bossman?" Chaz nervously asked.

“Shut your goddamn mouth. I’m not letting an *amateur* test my product.”

“Rude,” Jesse whispered, some pre leaking out of him as he slowly got up with Ozzie’s help—the latter looking inquisitively at the situation at hand.

“I oughta show you all how I treat discarded goods.” Fiercely, he propped Chaz’s tail over his shoulder. With might that took the shark off guard, he pulled him closer, their shafts rubbing against each other. “You think you can act all *high and mighty*? Think you deserve to make love!? You are *nothing* but a glorified cocksleeve.” Every word that came out of his mouth was coated with deathly venom. The fear in the shark’s eyes was *delectable*—so potent that Crimson couldn’t resist, rapidly pushing down his pants and briefs. His throbbing shaft was stout but thick, dripping with pre as the building pressure in his body was ready to explode in a crescendo of lust.

“Now let me show you what happens when you *cross me*.”

Still holding onto Chaz’s tail, Crimson motioned for the lube. Jesse threw it at him reluctantly, and as soon as he had it in his hands, the imp squeezed down the bottle, a thick stream shooting out over his dick. Large glops of it splashed on the bed and on Chaz’s groin, a total mess that Crimson didn’t even register. In his mind, the only thing that mattered was ensuring everyone knew that he owed the bastard below him. He didn’t waste a second before slamming his hips against the shark’s body, pushing deep inside him.

“H-holy shit! Agh, mgh!” Chaz gripped the pillows behind him fiercely, the squeaky and juvenile pitch from earlier now devolving into panicked, lustful gasps. It was like riding a rollercoaster for the very first time—an acidic, fiery mix of fear and thrill that made him feel alive. “Holy FUCK! Oh, what is—”

“Not so confident when you’re the one getting *fucked*, huh!?” Crimson could feel his muscles burning each time he thrust into the shark, his entire body *rippling* with arousal and exhaustion. Chaz was obviously far heavier than him, but the imp never imagined that holding onto his chunky tail would take so much out of him. Still, he was here for a reason. He’d rather die than let exhaustion and age get the best of him. He pushed through his strained muscles as his balls slapped against Chaz’s, the splurge of pre and lube causing each *plap* to sound particularly wet. “Goddamn, my little Moxxie never tried you out, huh? No wonder. He wasn’t enough of a man to see how pathetic you were.”

“Mgh, o-old man...!”

Crimson couldn’t tell if Chaz’s words slipped out as a compliment or an insult. It *better* have been a compliment, because he would’ve slapped him until his entire face was a red pulp otherwise.

The further he pushed in, the more of a rhythm he managed to build up. He could feel his ass jiggling from how hard he was thrusting, but he was trying his hardest not to think about the two witnesses by his side. He couldn’t falter, not for even a second. He dug his claws into Chaz’s tail, trying to go even faster. No matter how fiercely he thrust, Chaz remained tight around his penis. The pressure building up in his cock was unbearable. Each time it went deep

inside the shark, it was Heaven itself. Composure was fleeting, trying to hold onto it growing harder the more his penis throbbed. “Thaaat’s it, y-you fhuucking... whore...”

“God, why the fuck does Moxxie have such a little dicklet, when you-MPGH!” Chaz moved up and down the bed, sweat marring his scales and hair. The neon lights above reflected against his glossy frame. He had never been more run down and horny before. Instead of feeling atop the world, it was as if he was being dragged across the floor by Crimson. “Fuck! It feels like a giant-ass buttplug!”

“Y-you better get used to it, you fucking slut! ‘Cause you’re gonna get used day in and out over here!” He panted, his own leg beginning to shake. “You really... oughta learn how to be used! Yeah, like the stupid queer you are. Just get a bunch of cocks shoved up you nonstop. I bet you’d love that, wouldn’t—” Crimson’s tirade abruptly stopped as he felt a hand smack his ass, ripples sent through the muscle that forced a painful yet lustful moan out of him. “W-what the fuck?!”

“It’s rude to leave someone third-wheeling, pops,” Jesse whispered to his ear, suddenly gripping the imp’s chin. “Plus, didn’t know someone so bossy could carry that much down there.”

Crimson felt himself turn even warmer. His shoulders rose, every strand of white hair frazzled up, but looking at Ozzie, the Sin was happily laying back with an approving smile on his face. With a frustrated sigh, he turned to the bouncer. “Are you gonna keep yapping, or are you gonna do something, boy?”

“I think you already know the answer~”

Grabbing yet another bottle of lube—tossed from Ozzie, snatched in midair—and lubricating himself once again, Jesse lined himself up. “I’m still a little shaky from trying to take finny over here, so sorry if I disappoint.”

“Hmph. Of course, someone from this shithole would approve mediocre work perfor-?!” Crimson immediately swallowed his words and a swab of saliva as he felt Jesse push inside him. While the girth wasn’t even close to matching the combined width of Chaz’s cocks, the length *certainly* left the imp breathless. His mouth hung open, a stuttering grunt slowly forced out. It was as if the single push had turned his brain off, every part of him slowly rebooting as the arousal lingered. “G-gooough...”

“Atta boy. Keep pushing forward, and I’ll make ya feel better.” Jesse’s hips buckled, his dick slapping against Crimson’s ass. He couldn’t resist grabbing a handful of the imp’s voluptuous rear. He sunk his hand into the soft, doughy flesh as if it were a pillow. “God, you got one hell of an ass.”

Crimson drove his ass backward, hitting Jesse and indirectly getting all of the bouncer’s dick inside of him. “K-keep your mouth shut. You’re just a whore here, don’t you dare-NGH!” His back talk was again quickly shut down. Jesse driving his dick into him like a train ramming through a garage. The sensation left him speechless, tongue rolling out of his mouth—“thaaaalk to mhee like... mghh...”

The sound of wet, continuous slapping filled the room. Chaz was barely lucid, the feeling of being ravaged so thoroughly with insults descending upon him like a surge of electricity through his body. His eyes rolled upwards, words having left him completely. Crimson pistoned balls deep into him, his weight now combined with Jess'. He was utterly smothered—helpless in the face of two men above him. The feeling was *intoxicating*. Chaz bit his lip as he imagined Moxxie or Millie—either worked, in all honesty—slamming their little hips against his ass. The feeling of his ass being fucked had become as addictive as heroin in a matter of seconds.

Crimson constantly shifted and readjusted, finding himself unable to get himself in a comfortable position to take Jesse's dick. Every time that the bouncer pulled his dick nearly fully out of him—he would slam it back in even harder— “Fuck... Fhuck, how are you so...”

“Big?” He said, audibly grinning while ramming in, feeling Crimson quiver from the pleasure. “You really are a pillow princess. A little bit of dick, and you're already losing yourself.” He moved his hand over Crimson's mouth, shoving his fingers inside, much to the imp's surprise. However, he quickly felt the boss adjust to it—his tongue swirling around the red digits, lips puckering. “Hell yeah, I'm big.”

Fuck... his fingers are so big. They taste like cum, mghhh... fucking disgusting whore... Air constantly huffed out his nose. The constant movement was slowly becoming a blur. He pushed inside and took Jesse's dick, mindlessly moving back and forth—sandwiched between them. *Gotta... Fuck... Can't even think...* He mindlessly approached the edge, moaning so loud that it was practically screaming. He knew the same people he heard through the walls on his way through the office were hearing him. He was just a horny whore—a filthy degenerate, just like everyone else in this *accursed* place.

...So why, even if just in that second, did it feel so *right*?

“Mghhugh... Criiii...!!!” Chaz raised his head only to be slammed back onto the pillow. His balls churned as a *massive* load shot out of his dicks. The two shafts shot out a fountain of seed in opposite directions, spraying all over both of Crim's thighs.

Hearing Chaz moan so fiercely drove Crimson to his limit, pushing him far past the edge. He clenched the shark's tail viciously as he unloaded into Chaz. A giant burst of white filled the shark to the rim, some leaking out underneath the bed. “Fhuuuuck...”

“Hah, you two barely lasted. How cute.” Jess slowed down, letting the pair catch their breath. “A bit of a shame the party ended so soon, but...oh well... I can just rub one out later.” Very slowly, he pulled his dick out of Crimson—pre and lube cascading out of the imp. “I think both of them did very good, boss.” He said, flashing a quick thumbs-up to Ozzie.

“Oh, they did WONDERFULLY!! Chazwick will make for a *perfect* intern. I'm sure that the boys from Gluttony and Wrath are gonna LOVE him!” Ozzie said, clapping like an excited high school girl. “Oh, you did great... but as for Crimson...”

Almost instantly, the ambiance of the room changed. Ozzie burned intensely, flames protruding from his mane and fist. “I *knew* that you'd give out under the pressure! You really made a fool of yourself, don't you know?” he menaced, grinning.

Exhausted and sweaty, the imp simply flipped Ozzie off, panting as he barely managed to avoid collapsing on the bed beside Chaz.

“Playing hard to get? I’m usually into that...but not today.” He turned to the bouncer, nodding at him. “The fool fell for it. Throw him back out where he came from.”

“W-why?” Crimson couldn’t understand what was happening before Jesse grabbed him by the back of his neck. The sound of something like a mirror shattering reverberated through the room as the imp desperately tried to claw his way out of the bouncer’s grip. “Hey, what the hell?! I-I thought we were just doing some of your horny bullshit! *Asmodeus!*!”

“If there’s one thing I hate, it’s people playing coy with me. I know that you’re not going to ever pay me back. Your debt is too big, and your pathetic mob too small. You’ll be ashes in a vase by the time I start getting my money back. So—” He snapped his fingers coldly, causing wires to burst from behind the table. The owner rose up with a mad cackle, a colorful jester with extended limbs retracting, a camera in hand. “I think that some *incentive* to get my money faster is in order~”

“That was an AWESOME porno!” Fizarrolli laughed, giggling to himself. “We really oughta have a threesome someday, Ozzie!”

“W-what...?” Crimson felt *fear*. “You were...”

Ozzie smiled. “You have five months. Chop chop!”

With that, Jesse launched him backward. He soared through the air, the purple ceiling covered with fractal-like crystals covering his view. The reflective and overly bright sight made him clench his eyes shut, only to land harshly not against the carpeted floor of Ozzie’s office but instead, the wooden planks of his office.

“O-ooough...” Slowly opening his eyes, the sight of the dim ceiling light from his newly installed base of operations in Greed for more lowkey operations met him—the gentle buzz of a barely functioning bulb welcoming him back.

“That fucker... That fucker got me... That fucker FUCKED ME IN THE ASS!” He clenched his fist, heartbeat echoing through his ears. The entire world was red with ire, and without even processing it, he imp began to throw anything within reach across the room: a stapler, paperwork, wine bottles, souvenirs from other rings. He chucked them all as he let out a continuous, furious scream. “I’M GONNA KILL HIM! I’M GONNA **FUCKING KILL HIM!**”

On the street outside, a small group of Greed pedestrians looked through the window of his offices, all fascinated by the sound of animalistic, carnal rage.

“IF I EVER SEE HIM OR THAT STUPID FUCKING CLOWN, I’LL RUIN THEM! I’LL TAKE EVERYTHING HE HAS AND **BURN IT!**”