

THIS ABOVE ALL;  
TO THINE OWN  
SELF BE  
ZOO.

Vol. II                      No. 3

Autumn Equinox 2024

In this issue,  
a bottle of cold water is poured on an anthro fox,  
and a dog is beheld and exalted.

To the fullest extent permissible, all stories and poems herein are released into the public domain.

*To Thine Own Self Be Zoo*  
*Vol. II No. 3*  
*Autumn Equinox 2024*

- 1. Incubus & Comrade*
- 2. A Lyric*



## INCUBUS & COMRADE

### **Nanny**

Nicki didn't know the point of half the shit her brother used. She sat on one end of the couch, as he writhed atop all of the plastic cushions with his head in her lap, digging his balled fists into his stomach, giving deep moans, occasionally kicking the far arm of the couch with the bottom of his foot. Nicki held a plastic bottle of cold water, and poured another line of it over him from his face to as far as she could reach, about past his junk. He didn't stop writhing, even as the line of water hit his balls he didn't flinch or stop moaning or anything. The little table beside her was stocked with two more plastic bottles of cold water, the living room carpet in front of them had eleven empty ones.

The drug that Tamtam was on was called Thistle. It induced a biting, piercing pain at points all over the body. It felt like you were being slowly pierced and unpierced from head to toe, the locations coming on and going away and coming back somewhere else worse. Apparently it also alleviated worry: during, and usually for some time after, you could not be bothered about bills, death, politics, relationships, if someone brought them up you could not be more disinterested in what negative things they had to say. That part, she got. Why he didn't just do it with alcohol was the mystery to her. He could drink a beer, sip wine, she had seen him drunk once in a while. She poured another line of water over him. She didn't get the point.

She even asked him before, one time when he was about to take it, “Are you a masochist?” Not as a criticism, as a question.

He’d shrugged, and said, “Not really. I just like this.”

He was beautiful. Everyone was beautiful. He stood six feet even, had a glossy coat of orange fox hair, the ears and muzzle and teeth and all of that to match, hands that ended in black fingernails, plantigrade legs, he usually dressed in ripped jeans and black vests with lots of little chains and patches adorned on them.

There at home on the couch, he was naked, his fur soaked in cold water.

His package was vulpine junk. Erect, he was of average human endowment. At present, while very much not erect, nothing was poking out of the sheath.

Nicki was beautiful. Everyone was beautiful. She and him had coordinated on still looking like twins in some ways, when they had been choosing, all that time ago: She was also an anthro, also stood six feet even, also had plantigrade legs. She had chosen to be a cat with black and grey stripes. Her skin underneath was grey. She had chosen claws, retractable. She had chosen boobs. She had chosen to keep her human cock, although she was presently on day three hundred and sixty one of it being in a chastity cage.

The living room was a mess. Besides the newly discarded plastic water bottles, there were empty take-out boxes stacked under the window like trophies, broken and bent blinds on the window letting in the afternoon sunlight to illuminate the empty cans of beer and diet soda like gemstones, dirty clothes from each of them everywhere, and Nicki and Tamtam’s phones both plugged in on the outlet beside the hall that went to their bedrooms, one charger plugged into the top outlet and one charger plugged into the bottom outlet, the wires all tangled up, the phones resting on the ground on the carpet, neither of them cracked.

On the couch, Tamtam shuddered. Facing towards the black screen of the off TV across the room, he asked Nicki, “Hey, do you wanna... like we used to...”

“You don’t even like touching yourself when you’re like this.”

“Yeah but I’d like...” He stopped, groaned, hit his stomach repeatedly, kicked his foot down against the far arm of the couch repeatedly. Then he went on, “I could call you bro again.”

“Ugh, god, please don’t.”

“Or sis, sis was always just as good when that started.”

“Just let it pass, Tamarin.”

Nicki poured another line of cold water down Tamtam.

There was a little left in the bottle.

Nicki poured it on Tamtam’s face.

He was back to writhing and groaning, didn’t seem interested in whether the water on his face was to take extra care of his face, or, like she had meant it, to do something to him for trying to hit on her when she knew that he would never get it up right now, never let her get a fingertip into him without him clambering away, with him dealing with the pain of the drugs and not being able to take more stimulus. Even dry humping, even cuddling, would be too much. He needed a cushioned surface, something to kick, no clothes, and someone to pour cold water on him.

One time he had used Thistle in a snow fort the two of them had made, and she had packed snow onto him to keep him cold. She felt like a cannibal who was trying to keep her kill from going bad. That had been fun, actually.

Right now it was summer.

A water bottle and a half later, the fox came out of it. He stopped writhing. He laid very still, aside from breathing heavily, long breaths in and out.

He sat up.

Nicki offered out the half a cold bottle of water that was left.

He took it into his hands. He drank the water in a spaced out series of small, difficult swallows.

He said, “I’m gonna take a bath.”

“The tub is ready for you, should be hot.”

“Oh,” he said. “That bath was for me?”

“I didn’t get in it.”

It was like they hadn’t done this thirty different times. Like he still noticed for the first time, every time, that she knew what to do to take care of him.

On the couch, she turned, grabbed his cold fox muzzle with both of her hands, turned him towards herself, and gave a kiss to the front of his cold wet lips.

He was completely void of reaction or care. Not turned on, not thankful, not looking like he wanted to throw up.

Still holding his muzzle, she said, "The bath is for you, it's hot."

Then she let go, and pushed him on the back to get him to stand. On his feet, he shuffled dragging footstep after dragging footstep towards the hall.

The bath would not be hot, it would be lukewarm at this point, but it would feel boiling hot to him after all of the cold water that had just been poured on him.

Nicki grabbed towels, and started drying the carpet around the couch. She started a load of laundry, picking up a basket's worth of her and his clothes that would work in a cycle together. She started picking up the plastic water bottles, and threw them in the recycling in the garage.

There in the garage was her distillery. She made booze. Beer, wine, and moonshine, there was a densely packed-in series of drums and pipeworks throughout the space where you would park two cars. And, besides enjoying partaking in the fruits of her own craft, she made good cash off of it too. She had a reputation of making the good shit, and it was accurate. If you saw her at a festival, it was worth buying off of her, even if she was charging more than the already trumped up prices you used to pay for a cup of Modelo or Budweiser.

For the last week, there had been a gay pride thing in the city square and in the area surrounding. She started packing up her cooler to go hit it up again.

## **Bunny**

Laura was having a lot of fun sticking his mousy fingers into the clothes of the driver he was seated passenger from.

So, basically, there was a bar in Bentonville, Arkansas, which was the city Laura had been crashing lately, and there was a guy in the bar who must have been there every night, because, he was there every night Laura showed up. The guy's name was



Damian. Laura, for the last eleven times he had visited the bar over the course of about a month, had flirted with Damian and then been driven home to Damian's apartment and then railed the shit out of Damian, slept in his bed, and been politely gone before Damian had to get to work at his job at the gas station the next day. Like, Laura wasn't trying to seduce his way into Damian's home to steal his shit or anything, he was in it for railing Damian and then crashing and then leaving.

Damian hardly drank. Laura had seen. The guy with the long blue hair that was parted down the middle—Damian—would nurse a beer for three, four hours, pretty much not touching it. He was there hanging with his friends who did drink. If Damian wanted a second drink, he would order a virgin orange soda.

This night, Damian had heard about some girly drink from a viral video earlier in the day, and ordered it virgin, missing the beer entirely.

So, anyways, while Damian drove, Laura was having a lot of fun putting his mousy fingers in Damian's breast pocket of his purple flannel, reaching his mousy fingers into Damian's belt and fluttering the fingers against his hip bones, rubbing his mousy fingers against Damian's skinny bare flesh tummy.

Damian was beautiful. Everyone was beautiful. Damian had an impish, elvish sort of sharpness to his facial features, and tall daggered ears. You could have almost believed he had not transitioned away from human. He had blue hair and purple eyes, pale lips, perfect teeth. No facial hair to speak of. A skinny body, with cute muscles.

Laura was beautiful. Everyone was beautiful. He was an anthro mouse. Five foot eleven. Here to have a good time. Red digital camo cargo shorts. A baggy black sweater that said "URINAL" in white text on the back, and on the front had an image of a giraffe. He had bought it off some guy who had gotten it printed for himself, after a hookup like a year ago. Laura himself could take it or leave it as far as getting pissed on and giraffes, but he really resonated with the energy of the sweatshirt, and it was comfy on him, too big but that was a nice thing about it, in it he felt small and mousy.

Laura took a deep breath, and then slinked an arm around Damian's shoulders, and looked out of the front of the window.

They were getting to parts where no one lived. Like, people did live there, but it was no longer a city.

In the headlights, there came a bunny on the other side of the road.

Damian floored it, steered to hit the bunny, and ran it over.

“What the FUCK,” Laura said.

Damian was all hysterical giggles.

“Let me out,” Laura said.

Through giggles, Damian said, “It was funny.”

Laura said, “Stop the car.”

“What’s your problem?” Damian asked. Pretty quickly, he was no longer giggles, but sounded like he was about to cry.

Laura repeated, “Stop the car.”

There was no one else around on the road. Damian did press on the brake a little, letting them drive slowly, but he didn’t stop. “What’s the problem?”

“That was a person.”

“Hey, woah, there is hardly *any* chance that was a person.”

Laura repeated, “Let me out.”

Damian asked, “What is even around here?”

Laura said it bluntly, in his deepest, most commanding voice, “If you don’t stop the car right now I will stab you to death, I have a knife.”

It wasn’t something that you wanted to hear from someone seated passenger to you in a car.

Damian braked hard enough his tires skidded, it felt like they swerved a little, and then they were parked on a random road.

Laura got out and slammed the door behind himself.

Damian floored it and drove away.

Good riddance.

Laura sighed.

Tonight had seemed like it was in the bag. Easy hookup, easily contented, easily gone in the morning.

Now there was a corpse somewhere behind him and his hookup a distant pair of red lights on the road ahead of him, disappearing and reappearing over the crests of the hills in these grassy fields.

And he did have a knife. Left pocket of his cargo shorts, a deck of cards; Right pocket of his cargo shorts, butterfly knife.

He could do tricks with either. It basically never came up with anyone else, but, it amused himself, that he had these things, that he practiced these things when he needed something to do with his mousy hands.

Headlights appeared in the distance, coming towards him. Laura heard it from afar when, as Damian and the other car were passing one another, one of them honked, really laying on the horn.

Laura stopped kidding himself that it was a mystery: Damian honked, really laying on the horn.

Laura walked to a good spot, where he would be near to the top of the crest of a hill as the other car was approaching.

When the headlights arrived at the bottom of the hill, Laura stood on the shoulder and stuck his mousy thumb out.

The SUV slowly ascended up the black road, and then braked by Laura with the passenger window down. The passenger, some rocker with lots of piercings who still looked human, asked, “Did that jackass leave you here?”

Laura nodded, saying, “Yes, he was scaring the hell out of me, I asked him to let me out.”

The passenger extended their hand out of the window and pointed to the road ahead, and said, “We’re headed into Bentonville for the pride festival downtown. Want a ride?”

“Please.”

The passenger turned to the back seat, and said, “Make room.”

Laura stuck a hand forward, and said, “Laura, he/him, very pansexual.”

The passenger, hand raised and poised to meet Laura’s, said, “Clyde, it/its, demisexual.”

Laura and Clyde slapped their hands together and shook.

The rear passenger door swung open, and Laura climbed inside.

## **Scent**

Nicki couldn’t remember if it was a courthouse or a bank or what, but on one side of the town square, there was a building with big steps. A band was on the steps playing something

upbeat with acoustic guitars and an accordion, and Nicki was dancing with others on the closed off road. The black and grey cat was in her element and in her uniform: off-white t-shirt that had a big cut-out picture of an orange cat's face on it, and off-green pants. She really enjoyed being the cat with the cat shirt. She had a lot of cat shirts. Slung over her shoulder, she had a bandolier of cold beer bottles and single shot bottles of moonshine, that clinked as she spun and rocked and grooved.

Night seven of the pride festival, and downtown was still packed with people in colorful accessories and snarky shirts.

Nicki's black feline ears perked as she heard someone call, "Beer girl!"

Lazarus, a red lizard dude, regular customer.

Nicki left the dancing, and went over to the sidewalk.

Lazarus handed her two twenties, and Nicki took one of the beer bottles from her bandolier, saying out of habit, "Twist off," as though this one wouldn't know. She asked, "Are you gay?"

"A festival's a festival, and shit I don't know some of these dudes are hot, it could happen this could be the start of a whole new part of me."

"Use a condom if you're bottoming."

Lazarus turned and projected a cackle at the air, and then said to beer girl, "I have no idea how to take it in the ass, I cannot fathom how that would even work."

"I'm sure we can find someone here who would walk you through it."

The red lizard hopped in place a couple of times, and then twisted off the cap of the beer and took a drink.

He asked, "What is your *secret*?"

"Ummmm I don't know, you're an alcoholic."

"True," he said, and took another drink.

"Did you see any of the drag show earlier, with..." Nicki trailed off as the smell of dog came to her. It was a smell as though she had buried her nose right in a dog's belly and taken a big sniff, but, obviously she hadn't. This was just some dog smell that was so intense it was permeating all of the air. She turned to look for dogs. Her cat nose twitched a couple of times as she smelled the air. Her eyes darted around. No four-leggers, but there was an anthro dog walking by, past the group of people

dancing on the road, and the dog was carrying a mouse guy bridal style, as the mouse was saying things and sticking his mousy fingers into the dog guy's shirt to pet the dog guy's tummy or reaching mousy fingers into the dog guy's belt a little.

Nicki said to Lazarus, "I'm sorry I have to go fuck somebody," and started following after the dog guy.

Nicki assumed pronouns. That was her own damage. It was bad of her and she should have been the last person to do it, but, to her, the dog guy and the mouse guy looked like he/hims.

She jogged a little to catch up, and then, walking beside them, she used a line that had always got her in the door so far: "Can I buy you a beer?"

She held a beer out to the dog guy.

The dog guy stopped walking, Nicki stopped walking, the dog guy set the mouse guy down.

The dog guy asked, "Um, like, just free?"

The dog guy was beautiful. Everyone was beautiful. The dog guy had a six pack that showed through his tight black tanktop. He looked to be a yellow lab, and stood about six six.

Nicki put a gentle hand on the dog guy's chest, leaned towards him, and took a big sniff of his tanktop.

A little bit of dog smell.

Still leaving a hand resting on the dog guy, Nicki leaned over and smelled the mouse.

Bingo.

Nicki handed the dog guy the beer, picked the mouse up bridal style, and started walking away.

The dog guy said, "Hey wait um..."

The mouse was all giggles, and started sticking his mousy fingers into Nicki's clothes.

Using a lot of strength to carry the mouse guy one-handed for a second, Nicki turned her beer sash around so that the beers were hanging along her back instead of along her front, and then continued to hold the mouse guy in both arms as they walked along. A wet diagonal line of condensation from the cold beers was left along the front of Nicki's cat shirt. The mouse guy was wearing red digital camo cargo shorts and a baggy sweatshirt that had a giraffe on it.

The mouse asked, "Are we going to the black tent?"

Nicki answered, "I am carrying you to the black tent."

"So into that," the mouse said.

The mouse guy *already* had a hand under her bra and was getting a feel of a boob as she carried him along.

The mouse mentioned, "You sniffed me and then picked me up. Are you a zoophile?"

"Yes, is the short answer."

"What's the long answer—ooh, chastity cage," the mouse said, upon sticking his mousy hand down Laura's pants far enough that he had gotten to her chastity cage.

Laura made a chk-chk noise of "yup you got it," and said, "Key is on my necklace."

The mouse guy went on, "What's your zoophilia story, how much of a zoophile are you?"

"I've done it here and there, but as far as the dog smell thing, my boyfriend used to work with dogs all day and then come home reeking of dogs and I would fuck him."

Tamtam used to work feeding and grooming and picking up after a fabulously rich guy's 40 dogs, and take dog dick and pound dog pussy on the daily, and then come home reeking of dogs and Nicki would fuck him. Sometimes Nicki had come with to visit the dogs. Good memories.

Nicki asked the mouse guy, "How come you smell so much like dogs?"

The mouse guy, touching Nicki's cat face with a mousy hand that now smelled like the cat's balls, said, "Oh it's this perfume, all organic and ethical and everything, there's a neat video on the process of how they collect it from the dogs, like the dogs stay alive and everything it's just a deal of now and then milking these scent gland things that they feed them a diet to make produce more, and like, the dogs all live on this big ranch and have great lives and everything."

"Oh for real?"

"Yeah," the mouse guy said, and then kissed his fingertips and put his fingertips against Nicki's cat lips.

As they were walking through the night, Nicki spotted a familiar face in the crowd. Nearing it, Nicki said, "Hey, Clyde!"

The mouse chimed in, "Hi Clyde!"

Nicki came to stand face to face with the rocker with the piercings. “Hey Laura,” it said, giving a salute-ish sort of wave to the mouse.

The mouse guy in Nicki’s arms said to Nicki, “I’m Laura, he/him.”

“Nicki, she/her. You know Clyde?”

“Clyde and I go way back.”

Clyde laughed, and said, “I met this dude today.”

The mouse guy, Laura, went on, “That was so many hours ago, we’ve pretty much been friends for forever, me and Clyde are tight.”

Clyde snickered. Brell, Clyde’s partner, a blue skinned individual with antennas, came and grabbed Clyde’s hand, and rested their head against its shoulder.

Needing to be going, Clyde asked, “Hey can I get a couple beers?”

“My hands are full, but yeah you can grab two.”

The rocker stuck cash into one of Nicki’s pants pockets, and then it took two beers off of Nicki’s back from her sash.

Clyde said, “See you around.”

“Enjoy your night,” Nicki wished.

Laura said, “Bye Clyde bye Brell I’ll miss you both I’ll think about you lots.”

Clyde snickered, and shook its head, and walked off with Brell.

Nicki resumed walking along, with the mouse guy in her arms. Down the road, the big black tent was now in sight, tucked into a spot between the city’s buildings and the trees of a park, there were two bonfires outside and a lot of people standing around topless or in harnesses.

Laura asked, while reaching into Nicki’s shirt and petting her stomach fur, “What’s the deal with the chastity cage, how long have you been locked up?”

“Is it after midnight?”

“Yes.”

“Three hundred and sixty two days.”

“What!!”

“I am ready to nut hard inside of this mouse I found.”

“Oh my god!!” Laura said, and lightly drummed a hand against the top of Nicki’s boobs excitedly. “That is almost a year, are you breaking your streak for me??”

Nicki squeezed the mouse in her arms a little, and said, “I wasn’t doing it for bragging rights, I was just gearing up to shoot the load of my life and tonight is the night.”

Laura squirmed, and asked, “What’s the plan what do you wanna do?”

“You unlock me, I suck you off and then I dump a huge load of kittens into you.”

“Yessss.”

Laura pressed a finger against Nicki’s mouth. The cat sucked on the mouse’s finger like a pacifier as they walked past the bonfires, and into the black tent.

The space was lit sporadically by torches driven into the hard dirt ground. Moans and expletive cries filled the air, people all around thrusting, writhing, hitting, dancing, playing. A pair of drummers at one side of the tent were going ham on their drums. Somewhere someone was playing long, drawn out notes on an electric guitar to go along with them. In the center of the tent were vendors, with toys and all kinds of gear on display at their booths. Nicki carried them towards the vendors, specifically towards the table that had a big sign saying “FREE” and had a bunch of condoms spread out on it. And, there was a dispenser for lube that was like a fast food ketchup dispenser, little paper cups and everything.

“Alright, down,” Nicki said, and put down the mouse.

The mouse wobbled for a second as he found his legs.

Nicki grabbed a little paper cup, and got them some lube. She picked up a condom, and Laura swatted it out of her hand.

Nicki snickered, and said, “I fucking knew you would hate that.”

“Kittens IN me, girl.”

Nicki took a big, huge sniff of the guy’s dog smell again.

She and him went and found a spot. They disrobed, she handed him her key, and he unlocked her cage. With him standing and her on her knees, the cat gave oral to the mouse, until he was gasping and thrusting and then finished. Then, the



two of them laid on the dirt, and she dumped a huge load of kittens into him.

“Fffffuck.”

Both of them laid on their backs, panting, staring up at the black void of tent ceiling overhead.

It was very good to be unlocked. It felt amazing to be back in the game.

The mouse guy rolled onto Nicki and straddled her, and the two of them made out, Nicki lifting her head up off of the dirt to push in to his kisses.

Eventually Nicki let her head thump back onto the dirt, and she gently pushed Laura off of herself.

Laura tumbled away.

Nicki reached to her things, grabbed two beers off of her sash, and offered one out towards Laura. “Twist off.”

As he was opening his, she leaned over and smelled him again. Absolutely wonderful. She had forgotten how into it she was, how Tamtam smelled like that when they were younger. She thought of the times she had been with dogs herself, and, yeah, a lot of fun, it was great.

The cat and the mouse clinked, and sat and drank their beers. They looked around at what the others were up to in here.

It looked like the two of them had been pretty vanilla, actually.

When their drinks were finished, Nicki asked, “Wanna head back out together?”

Laura grabbed Nicki’s hand. The two stood up, and started towards the exit, and then Laura halted in place, and mentioned, “Clothes.”

“Oh! Yeah.” Yikes.

They circled back to their spot.

Nicki stepped into her underwear and pants, put her cat shirt back on, fitted her bandolier back on so that the beers were across her front again. Actually just one beer, and the rest was still the little shot bottles of moonshine.

Turning to Laura, she saw that the mouse had put his cargo shorts back on, and was just holding his sweatshirt balled up by his side. She put a hand down into the front of his shorts, and felt mouse balls and no underwear.

“Did you remember to grab your undies at least?”

“In my pocket,” he said, patting one pocket of his cargo shorts for effect.

Nicki went in to give Laura a quick kiss, and then the mouse was pressing his lips into her and moaning and grabbing her, and the two stood clothed and made out as others around them fucked.

Nicki’s stomach growled.

She gave one last big smooch with a moan, and then stepped back from the shirtless mouse guy.

“I need to eat.”

“Seconds?” Laura asked, and glanced down at his groin and back up to Nicki with palpable hope in his eyes.

Nicki laughed, and walked past Laura towards the exit of the tent.

Laura came with, and the two of them left side by side.

As they went along, Nicki walked with a purpose towards a corner where she knew one of the public booths was. Laura orbited around her, skipping and doing little dance flourishes and stopping to compliment people and ask if he could hug them. He had gotten a *lot* of hugs by the time they had walked a block, and were arriving at the booth.

Wooden structure, rectangular, slanted roof on top, about ten feet long and five feet across, that basically amounted to a bunch of shelves to put waxy paper bottles and boxes on. The shelves were overflowing with the packages: the city of Bentonville could not give the stuff away fast enough. Cases of the bottles were stacked on the ground in front of the shelves, undoubtedly left by city workers when they came with a delivery, saw that there was no room, and dumped it anyways rather than having to lug the case back to anywhere else. Hunger due to low income was no longer heard of. Ever since the globe had made it clear that it was no longer saying “maybe someday” on climate disaster, and the US military itself had turned and bit big ag hard and taken command of food operations, there had been a lot of changes. All of the soylent, liquid or brick, was certified vegan, had all of the stuff you needed to keep kicking, and came in a variety of flavors depending on your preference.

Nicki grabbed a bottle of “roisserie chicken” soylent, ripped off the pull tab part of the waxy paper top, and started gulping down the chalky liquid.

The cat had criticisms of the government. A lot of them. But for right now, the food game was on the ball. The “chicken” tasted exactly like the real deal used to. Nicki and pretty much everyone else she had asked about it had been hesitant about the texture, and about drinking food, when this had first rolled out, and so far, Nicki had not met someone who wasn’t used to it within a matter of days, or who hadn’t at least survived until the solid, brick alternative started being distributed. Shit was convenient, free, good for the planet, and tasted fantastic.

Restaurants and grocery stores had started coming back, in the last couple of years, in very limited, approved-case-by-case sorts of ways, and for the most part were required to be supplied through new ag.

Nicki was halfway through her ‘chicken’ dinner, lost in her thoughts, when it occurred to her to see what kind Laura had gotten. Something to chat about.

She turned, and saw Laura was crouched down and stacking a pyramid of the soylent bottles.

The cat asked, “Not gonna eat?”

“Hm? Oh, no, I’m fasting. What did you get?”

“Rotisserie chicken.”

“Oh, yeah that’s a good one.”

Nicki made quicker work out of the rest of the bottle, and was done with it as Laura was finishing up his pyramid. She went to the drinking fountain adjacent to the booth, got a drink, rinsed out her mouth.

The mouse offered out a hand to the cat. The cat took it, and the two of them began walking under the nighttime sky, taking their time, circling back towards the square, where there were the big steps that a band had been playing music on. Presently, when they arrived, the band had departed, and the ambient droning of different conversations filled the air.

Hand in hand, the two of them were slowly passing by the big stairs, when Nicki spotted a fat human dude standing by himself with an assault rifle held pointed down in front of him, hand

flexing on the barrel, face sneering, rocking back and forth on his feet.

Nicki stopped, and said to Laura, “He’s gonna shoot this place, we need to go.”

She pulled on the mouse’s hand to bring them back the way they had come, but the mouse stood in place, facing towards the man with the gun, not letting himself be dragged back, not letting his attention leave the man. He dropped his sweater on the ground.

“Laura!”

The man shouted into the air, “THIS IS FOR OUR CHILDREN!”

As the man was lifting his gun, Laura’s hand shot into his pocket, and came out flipping open a butterfly knife. And then, Laura disappeared, leaving a small breath of black smoke where his chest had been. A pitch black humanoid appeared behind the man, and the pitch black humanoid reached around the man’s neck and stabbed him in the throat twenty times, over and over, no trace of mercy to be seen. Twenty stabs in five seconds as the man collapsed. The gunman fired one shot in all, on his way down, the shot hitting the ground.

The pitch black humanoid disappeared, and Laura reappeared in front of Nicki, and staggered and grabbed her for balance and coughed up black smoke, as others around were screaming and running away in different directions.

Still coughing, Laura bent down, picked up his sweater, stood back up, threw an arm around Nicki’s shoulders, and then Nicki blinked and both of them were standing on a dirt road in the middle of a wide open landscape of grassy hills. Instantly, they were away from the screaming and the running crowds and the city’s street lights. Instantly, all of it had been replaced by the buzz of cicadas, dim starlight, and the crunching of the dirt road under Laura’s shoes as he staggered, clutching his chest, continuing to hack and wheeze. It was such an unexpected change that Nicki felt like she had woken up from a nightmare and just needed to get her bearings now, and accept that none of that stuff had just happened. But, no. That had all been real, and now this was real.

Laura was hunched over on his knees and palms, gasping and sputtering.

Nicki asked, enunciating clearly and loudly to the mouse, “Can I do anything to help you?”

Laura scrambled to his feet and ran away from Nicki for as long as he could last, about three second, and then he screamed and the night lit up with a 40 foot tall plume of fire coming out of his mouth.

When he had gotten the scream out and the fire disappeared, he stood there panting, and then he said to the cat with the cat shirt, “I’m good now. Promise.”

“WHAT WAS THAT.”

There in the dim starlight, the two of them on a gravel road among rolling hills, standing about ten paces from one another, the mouse said, “That was me not practiced enough at tapping into so much energy at once, and losing control of it, and needing to purge it all fast. I’m an incubus. But, I’m emptied of excess now, I am just standing before you as a mouse.”

Nicki looked the mouse up and down, and asked herself whether or not she trusted him.

## **Runes**

In the months leading up to her quinceañera, Nicki had practiced her runes in her notebooks, in the sand at the beach, in the fog in the bathroom mirror, on the backs of her hands with whiteboard markers. She could do them with her eyes closed. Cat, stripes, black, grey, and on and on, down to the fine details of what she was going to be asking for when the time came. She had had long discussions at the temple with Brother Rodriguez about it, sometimes with dad and sometimes not, making sure that everything she wished for was there, and making sure that her plea seemed within prudence. None among the temple saw anything that was cause for worry when the girl handed them a written-on paper and asked for their opinion.

On the big day, the twins both stood in the great kiln, a stonework room in the temple where intense fires could be kept. At present the great kiln’s stones were cold, and the twins,

human, stood side by side in tunics, facing their family who was at the mouth of the room, a safe distance away. Brother Rodriguez paced around the twins as he delivered the ceremony, projecting words about butterflies, blossoming, ascendance. Brother Rodriguez handed a stick of chalk to each twin. Nicki and Tamtam both knelt to the ground, and began drawing their runes around themselves. Brother Rodriguez reviewed the runes, and then solemnly, paced to one wall of the kiln where two clay jugs were kept. With effort, he lifted up one in each hand, and placed them before the twins. The twins poured the ritual gasoline on themselves, letting it fall down over their heads and making sure to get both arms and let it soak down to their feet. Brother Rodriguez paced to the family, where a lit torch was placed into a stand outside of any of their reach. He lifted the torch, said nothing to them and did not meet their eyes, walked halfway back to the twins, and then threw the torch at the ground between them. The twins were engulfed in fire.

Everyone was beautiful. Humans with toned muscles and sharp jaws. Humans with lithe figures and pretty smiles. Humans rotund and with flabby cheeks. Humans with fangs. Bipedal dogs, cats, foxes, moths, spiders, cardinals, bluejays, hummingbirds. Humanoids that had hardened flesh of lumps and ridges that looked like stone.

Some endeavored to leave humanity. Into the natural kingdoms, this was easily granted. Many throughout the generations of humanity had left the ritual fire as a deer, and bounded off into the forest. Many had become a tree, or a gem; a fable spoke of a sailor who, wrecked on a desert island and near to starvation, had taken the ship's kerosene and engulfed himself and become a grain of sand, so that he would fly in the wind, get stuck in men's boots and under children's fingernails and arrive at many merry dinners, wash up on new beaches forever and ever.

Those who endeavored to leave the natural kingdoms sometimes succeeded, and sometimes were consumed by the fire. Mermaid, vampire, phoenix, these types of beings did enter the world out of human origin, sometimes.

The last human in history so far to be granted Nephilim had been in World War I. The beautiful, hideous, screeching half-

angel who towered from trench to clouds had lived six hours on the battlefield before a shimmering light overtook it and then it disappeared, leaving behind only a gargantuan collar bone, which cracked but did not break in two when falling to the ground.

The fire went away from the twins, and there stood an anthro cat and an anthro fox. The two of them gave noises of excited delight as they looked down at themselves and at each other, they touched each other's new hands, they hugged, they were beautiful. Tamtam wagged, and Nicki purred.

Laura had worked at a national park as a ranger. It was in his contract that he was forbidden from deviating from a human appearance.

Humans who became wild animals could, optionally, have a blue tag put onto their ear, to mark them as human-born.

Laura had been sitting at a picnic area one day, eating his lunch, when a brown bear with a blue tag approached through the trees. Laura made a point of picking up his rifle and showing it to the bear, and then setting it back down, getting up, and moving to another table with his lunch, turning his back on the gun. The bear approached into the picnic area with something on her mind, and that was Laura's first time, he lost his virginity finishing inside bear pussy.

He slept around with deer, let his hand or his face be used by mice. It came to not always be just the tagged animals: a pair of tagged wolves had introduced him to the pack that roamed in that park, and he roamed among them, and they partook of the unique pleasures his human body could give to them. Campers were often adventurous sorts, and he spent time in tents with campers who were into the uniform, came to their parties when he was invited and had a great time.

One day, when he walked into the office, he was called to his superior's desk, and there on her monitor, he was shown a trail cam video of him fucking a wolf. He was told that that was obscene, grossly unacceptable for any upright person to do, let alone a ranger, and he was instructed to give over his hat.

Laura slammed his hat down on the desk. He went out to the supply shed, grabbed a jerrycan of gasoline, put down the runes he had had in mind for a long time, and set himself on fire.

To him, incubus was granted.

## Scent 2

“I’m an incubus. But, I’m emptied of excess now, I am just standing before you as a mouse.”

Nicki and Laura stood apart from one another on the gravel road, facing one another.

Nicki asked, “How do I make you an incubus again if I’m more into that?”

Laura smiled, and dragged a shoe through the gravel once. “I mean. I’m a lust demon. I derive energy from people getting off with me.”

Nicki walked forward on the gravel, rested her cat hands on the mouse’s shoulders, leaned down, and smelled his chest.

Oh. Disappointing. “You don’t smell like dog at all anymore.”

“Oh! Uh, that was not actually perfume. Incubus thing.”

“Oh my god, you magically smell like whatever turns people on and that’s why I wanted to fuck you so bad.”

“Nnnno. Close. I can magically smell like whatever I want. I wanted to fuck someone with a knot, so I went with dog and found that dog guy, but then I was really into your vibe. So like, I do choose the smell, and it’s just that smell, I smelled like dog to everyone, not just zoophiles.”

“I mean, I *am* a zoophile but it’s not like.”

“I’m a zoophile huge time.”

“Oh, cool.”

“It’s really cool, I fucked a pack of wolves.”

“Okay incubus.”

“Hehe.”

“Floor, now,” Nicki said, pressing down on Laura’s shoulders. She wasn’t sure if it was called the floor if they were outside, on a road. She was more used to telling guys what to do indoors, apparently.

There on the road, Laura took off his pants, and Nicki ate his ass, taking in his natural smells, and able to get her tongue inside real good, with him already lubed still from earlier. They started there, Nicki got lost in the enjoyment she got from it, and then they went on to do other stuff when Nicki realized that



the mouse guy smelled like dogs again. Still a big plus, still a big turn on.

Eventually, the two of them were lying side by side on their backs, staring up at the stars. Nicki was catching her breath. Laura took long and sharp breaths like he was just getting warmed up.

“Okay,” Laura said, “I’m glad you were still into me, because that was going to be a long, and, really awkward walk back into town if you weren’t into me. But, I am recharged enough to bring us back, if you want. I’ll probably bring us back to the parking ramp nearby, not the exact place we jumped from.”

“Jesus, that was intense, what happened, at.”

“I’m trying not to think about it.”

“You were an actual hero.”

“I’m really trying not to think about how I killed a guy and I’m fine with it.”

“You stopped a threat effectively.”

“Yeah.”

Nicki scratched Laura’s tummy.

Laura took a deep breath in, and then the next second, they were lying together in a parking space, in a parking garage.

“Oh *warn* me a little,” Nicki said, and then snatched her underwear and pants from Laura and scrambled to put them on.

A man and a woman who were getting into their SUV craned their necks towards the naked furies who had just materialized, deep frowns and creased brows.

Gesturing between himself and Nicki, Laura called to the humans, “Perverts! We’re just perverts for each other! We’ll be gone soon!”

Nicki snatched her bra from Laura’s hands, and said to him, “Get your shorts on, you’ll get in trouble if your balls are out in public.”

Laura did get his shorts on, as the couple got into their SUV and drove off.

When they were dressed, both standing there, Nicki buried her face down in the mouse’s chest, and took in his doggy scent again. That was not going to get old for her.

“Do you want a ride somewhere, or, you’re welcome to stay with me and my brother if you want.”

“I’d love to spend the night with you.”

Laura had crashed on hookups’ beds or in the woods every night in the time since he had become an incubus. Not altogether too different from his lifestyle as a ranger, but, back then he had ostensibly had an apartment, rather than ostensibly being homeless.

“How long have you been an incubus?”

“About three months.”

“Oh, new to it? Used to it?”

“Getting the hang of it.”

Nicki gave Laura a kiss and a hug.

## Comfort

A couple weeks passed.

Nicki, opening her eyes one morning, found herself lying on her side, pressed into hard ground that was only partially mitigated by a rug that didn’t cover the entire floor. Tamtam was big spooning her, an arm draped over her side, his breathing chest pressed against her back. They were cramped into the small room together.

Nicki grumbled, “Guh. What... Hey, wake up.”

“Mm?” Tamtam asked, waking.

“I think I got roofied last night, I don’t remember why we’re in the laundry room.”

“Bitch. It was only me and you in the house last night, you blacked out.”

“The culprit has access to the house...”

“You wanted me to bang you over the dryer while it was running.”

“Elementary.”

“What?”

“Do we have Gatorade?”

It wasn’t Gatorade by brand, but, “Electrolyte Hydration Solution” was too many syllables for the cat at that moment.

The fox said, “I thought you might ask.”

The two of them sat up, and Tamtam reached between the washing machine and the wall and pulled out a waxy papery container. He ripped the tab open, and handed it to sis.

“Oh I love you,” Nicki said, and started drinking.

“Love you too,” Tamtam said, and started petting Nicki as she drank.

Nicki and Tamtam were back to fucking. They had never exactly stopped, but they had put it on the backburner mostly, while Nicki had been in chastity for about the last year. Now that she was out, for the last couple of weeks they had been reignited big time.

The two of them found their way onto the couch, and Nicki laid on Tamtam’s chest, with a blanket draped over her back. Nicki purred, and Tamtam wagged.

## **Fight**

No clutter, bed made, carpet vacuumed the day before. Sun shining in through the partway tilted open blinds. The scent of a cinnamon candle in the air.

Nicki sat at the desk in her bedroom, reading letters and writing checks. She had a strong vision of the way she wanted the world to work, and she did not delude herself in thinking that she was going to be the person who fixed the world singlehandedly. She preferred to fight smart. She preferred to dial in on her craft, and use the benefits she reaped to uplift others. Sell excellent booze for a steep price, and pay forward the excess to those who were doing hype propaganda, or those who were taking effective direct action.

She looked through some production stills from Carson, a colleague who did video and podcasting; the latest letter she had gotten from him had glossy pictures from the set of a piece he was currently directing, raising awareness about a lawsuit that, if successful, would be the end of health insurance, and force the US government to offer free unqualified health care as a fundamental human right in a functioning society. The lawsuit was going better than expected so far, and insurance companies were fighting like hell to squash it. The video Carson was doing was projected to get a lot of eyeballs and channel a lot-a lot of fundraising towards strengthening the resources the lawsuit had to throw at this, hiring more staff to work on all kinds of the things that needed to be done: honing the language of

arguments, developing compelling exhibits, combing through text, securing experts, basically overall helping make sure the suit couldn't be dismissed just because the insurance companies could get those things done with ease and make the suit look like amateur hour.

Nicki wrote a big check to Carson, and began writing the addresses on the return envelope.

Minimize harm. Maximize care. Minimize practices that only existed to uphold a codified idea of how people should be hated. Maximize empathy.

From the doorway behind her, Tamtam said, "Hey, Comrade. Guess what."

Without looking back, Nicki said, "Tamtam. Holding mistletoe over your cock has worked like the last 200 times, but it is not a cheat code to get me to blow you."

"Kay, I'm gonna look at porn."

Nicki glanced around her desk, and said, "I'll be done in two minutes. Actually the mail guy came already, what am I talking about, I can do these letters later."

## **Negotiations**

It was a chilly day, relative to all of the summer heat that they had been getting lately. Big grey clouds overhead, probably going to rain later. Nicki sat outside at a new ag-approved coffee place's patio. "Coffee" really, but, she couldn't tell the difference. She took a sip from her iced coffee, and it tasted like coffee always had to her.

She smiled as she spotted mouse guy coming up the sidewalk in an outfit that looked like it was out of some anime. Black coat with all kinds of little metal spiky studs, black and white striped undershirt, baggy cargo pants. When he took a hand out of his coat pocket to wave, she saw the fingerless gloves.

She had liked his sweater that said URINAL on it—they had had fun with that idea when she had first seen that his sweater said URINAL—but, the new threads looked good on the guy. She waved back to him.

He glanced around, and then teleported the rest of the way to her, arriving reclined on the chair opposite her with his feet kicked up onto the table.

“I like the new look.”

“Hehe, thank you. I always wanted to try something kinda like this.”

They had been meeting up and fucking, since that first time that they’d met and fucked and Laura killed a guy and revealed he was a sex demon and then they fucked more.

Nicki had gotten into the habit of starting off their interactions with things about herself that could be dealbreakers, to get them out of the way. The first time they had spotted each other again had been the day after their first meeting, at the same pride fest, they had both attended again to prowl for one another. When they were on their way to the black tent again, this time really taking their time and chatting, Nicki had mentioned, “Whenever I talk about a boyfriend, that’s my twin brother, he and I have been screwing each other for forever.” Laura was really into that, like, really into it, and responded, “Hot.” Nicki went on, “He’s an anthro fox.” Laura mentioned, “I’ve been with twins before. There were a couple pairs of twin wolves in the wolf pack. Never human-born twins though.” After they had spent their time in the black tent, Laura teleported the both of them to a cruise ship, and they wandered around the deck and ended up getting into a hot tub in their street clothes and relaxed there together for a while.

The other dealbreakers that she gave to Laura were pretty mundane, after the twin brother thing. The fact that she was a communist. The fact that she was a radical believer in animal rights, shit, Laura was too. Her being trans, like, assigned male at birth, yeah that one was really not much of a shocker.

There on the patio of the coffee place, Nicki had a sip of her iced coffee, and then said, “I’m serious about the communist thing. Queer rights, animal rights, rights to health care. I don’t just talk the talk, I put my money where my mouth is. I send off my extra income from selling beer to a lot of different projects that are actually working on overthrowing fascist systems.”

Laura took his feet off of the table, and sat hunched forward, elbows on his legs, head bowed towards the table. “I got fired

from the only job I ever wanted by a fascist. To be a park ranger they need you to carry a gun, and they can only give you a gun under eighteen if you've graduated high school. I graduated high school when I was fourteen. Everyone thought I was on my way to college, to be a super genius, but no, that was the last school I ever took, I just wanted to be a park ranger. I was really good at everything we did. My superior still hated me because I had fun doing all of it, and she didn't like how much I socialized with the campers. I was there for years, thriving, that place was my home. Then a few months ago she caught me on a trail cam humping a wolf, and." Laura made a gesture of cutting his head off with his thumb.

"I'm really sorry to hear that, Laura."

He shrugged. "I'm an incubus now, so. Thriving in different ways. There's this tasty cat I've been draaaining and she just keeps coming back to me all filled up again."

Nicki purred.

Laura asked, circling back, "So the money you send off."

"Goes to projects that are having a material effect on bettering the world."

Laura nodded, and said, "Tell me not to do something really stupid right now. Like, actually tell me to do it, but, I'm just saying."

"Do it."

Laura disappeared.

Nicki stared at the puff of black smoke that the mouse guy left behind. It floated there for a moment, and then there was a gust of chilly wind, and the smoke dissipated pretty quick.

Nicki sipped on her iced coffee. Had the last sip, actually. She turned and hucked the cup of ice in the direction of the trash, and actually got it in. She cackled to herself.

Laura reappeared, panting, and dropped a heavy duffel bag on the table. He unzipped it and lifted the flap a little bit, so that Nicki could peek inside. The bag was stuffed with loose bills, a lot of fives, tens, and twenties.

Laura asked, "Can you use this?"

Nicki thought about it.

Shit. She could.

"Yes."

Laura gave a big sigh of relief, and then also tossed a brick of plastic wrapped powder onto the table, and said, “Some cocaine for Tamtam.”

## **Users**

There had been one time, at a family get together, that they had gotten too handsy with each other too openly. They were 20, Nicki had gotten into the wine even though she wasn't supposed to, Tamtam was stoned. There on the couch in the corner had felt like their own private world all to themselves, but, it wasn't.

There had been a lot of shouting. Nicki had peeled away, drunk, with Tamtam in the passenger seat crying. When they got home, both of them sobbed on one another, and then they got into their liquor cabinet and started making mixed drinks and laughing and playing loud music on the speaker and shouting along with it.

## **News**

Nicki had told Tamtam about the incubus. The day after she and Laura had met, Nicki had the news on in the living room, sitting cross-legged on the couch. Coverage of the attempted shooting the night before. Laura had left already, really early in the morning.

When Tamtam shuffled into the room, Nicki pointed the remote at the TV, and asked the fox, “Did you hear about this?”

He sat down beside her, and said, “Yes. I got your texts that you were okay. Thank you for checking in.”

Nicki paused the TV, on a picture that the news was showing of the pitch black figure standing behind the gunman. “That guy who stabs the shooter, right there. I met him.”

“Oh?”

Nicki told Tamtam everything about the night. Tamtam listened, nodding, and hugged Nicki when she was done.

Nicki mentioned, “So, besides all of that other stuff, I *am* out of chastity now.”

Tamtam gasped, looked down at Nicki's freed dick, and said, “Let me go do an enema, I will be *right* back.”

## Relinked

Laura teleported himself, Nicki, the duffel, and the brick into Nicki's living room, before they could be caught with the brick.

"This is gonna be huge," Nicki said.

"Have powers, get to using them. Is that how that goes?"

"The Spiderman quote?"

"Yyyes," Laura guessed.

"Not even close."

With sleep in his eyes, Tamtam came stumbling out of the hallway to see who was here. He gave a little wave to the mouse guy.

Nicki gasped, and said, "Tamtam, this is Laura, he's the incubus!"

Still groggy, Tamtam said, "Oh Jesus the incubus in our house, okay, hi." He staggered forward with his arms held out for a hug.

Laura hugged the groggy fox.

As they hugged, a noise filled the air that sounded like an oncoming semi truck was about to smash through the house at full speed. Laura and Nicki and Tamtam all looked around—Laura especially was ready to take them all somewhere else in a heartbeat.

When Laura and Tamtam had stepped back from each other, the noise faded away.

Laura muttered to himself, "What the hell... I have no idea what that was."

Tamtam pointed to Laura, and said to him, "Freaky."

"Can we try that again?"

"Yes."

The mouse and the fox hugged again, and this time no loud noise filled the air.

Laura then remembered, "Oh, hey, I got this for you."

He reached down beside the duffel and grabbed the brick of cocaine, and handed it to Tamtam.

Tamtam held it in both hands, skittered in place, and then ran off to his bedroom with it.

"He likes you," Nicki mentioned.



## **Drop**

Nicki looked at the bank account app on her phone. The first drop had gone through. She started looking through her letters to see who the money was going to. She had some ideas and needed to check back on some details.

## **Sword**

Nicki hung upside down from some monkey bars, wearing one of her cat shirts.

At one of the pavilions nearby, some people were drinking and playing loud trumpet music from a boombox.

Coming up around the corner of the park trail, around some trees, was mouse guy, wearing his new black and flashy threads.

When he got to the hanging cat, he crouched down, and kissed her.

“What revelations today, Comrade?”

“I don’t know what else to tell you,” Nicki said, and kept hanging there, upside down, legs hooked into the playground bars overhead. “Uh. In high school I broke the CD tray on one of the computers in the computer lab, and then said to the teacher that it was broken and I asked what to do, pretending like I had found it broken like that, and I got away with it, you’re the first person I’ve ever told.”

“Scandalous,” Laura said. He sat down in front of upside down Nicki, cross legged.

“You tell me one about you,” Nicki requested.

The mouse shrugged, and said, “Laura isn’t the name I was born with. I actually only started using it when I became an incubus. I think of myself as always having been Laura retroactively, but, the name just kind of sprang into the front of my mind when the fires went away. Like my truest self all at once had been freed in body, mind, and spirit.”

“You tell me your dead name, I’ll tell you mine.”

“My legal name is Devon Rider.”

Nicki found her eyes going wide. She let herself drop from the monkey bars, just letting her legs slide off and dropping straight

to the ground. With playground pine chips stuck to her, she knelt in front of the sitting mouse, touched his chest, touched his arms, stared at his face.

Laura kind of made a bemused face. “Okay, that one was a big deal.”

Nicki asked, “Devon Rider, brother of Nicholas and Tamarin Rider?”

Laura’s eyes went wide.

The triplet. Nicki and Tamtam called themselves twins, but, there was a triplet. In the divorce when they were little kids, Nicki and Tamtam had gone to dad, Devon had gone to mom, and mom had moved to Washington and never contacted them again.

Laura reached out and grabbed Nicki into a hug, and the two of them laid there together, clinging to each other on the wood chips.

Nicki mentioned, after a long while, “You *reek* of dog right now. Like, dog fur, dog ass, you are going hard on the dog smell, I notice.”

“Yeah you said you said your brother—OUR brother—used to fuck dogs all the time, I’m getting myself ready to turn him on hard, when are we having a threeway?”

“Like right now. He told me when we were younger that he fantasized about you.”

The cat and the mouse took each other’s hands, scampered off into the woods so that their sudden disappearance wouldn’t be seen by any onlookers, and then the two of them were in Nicki’s living room.

Tamtam was there on the couch with his fox dick in his hand, with a video of dogs humping on the TV. He stopped stroking, and said, “Hi.”

Nicki went to Tamtam, grabbed each of his wrists, put them behind him like she was arresting him there on the couch. He complied. She gave a “come here” gesture to Laura, and he complied.

“Tamtam, smell this guy. Wait—”

She cupped a hand over Tamtam’s nose.

“Wait like, five seconds so you don’t cum right now.”

Nose covered, Tamtam said, “Okay.”

Laura sat down on the couch as well, himself and Nicki on either side of the fox.

Nicki, going based off what she knew of Tamtam's limits, looked at his dick, looked at his face, and said, "Mmmm okay now smell, hands still behind your back." She took her one hand off of his nose.

Tamtam turned and put his fox muzzle against mouse guy's chest, and took a sniff. Right away, his legs curled up and he clung to mouse guy with both hands, and started running his sniffing nose all up and down mouse guy's chest.

Nicki grabbed Tamtam's hands, put them behind his back again, made him face forward again.

Which was not perfectly ideal for stopping him from getting off, she realized, the TV still had video of dogs humping, it seemed to be a compilation.

But, he didn't seem to be cumming hands free just yet, so, good enough.

She asked him, "Are you ready if I tell you something you're going to love to hear?"

"Um, give me a sec..." Tamtam took on a serious face, and then said, "Okay, if you call me bro right now I won't cum."

"Okay wait," Nicki said, and then grabbed the remote, and turned off the TV so there weren't dogs.

"Oh wow," Tamtam said. "Hold on I'm thinking of huge turn offs."

They gave it a few seconds, and then the fox lost his wood enough that the knot deswelled, and his shaft slid back into its sheath.

"Okay, perfect," Nicki said.

"Can I smell dog ass guy more?" Tamtam asked.

Laura cuddled up on Tamtam's side.

Nicki swatted Laura away from Tamtam, and said to Tamtam, "You are going to love who dog ass guy is. I swear I'm not making it up. I didn't know until just now when we came here."

"Okay?"

"He goes by Laura now."

"Yeah?"

"This is our brother Devon."

Tamtam's eyes went wide, and he reeled around on the couch towards the mouse, stroked his fingers down the mouse's cheeks, grabbed the mouse on the biceps, leaned in and sniffed the mouse on the chest.

"I thought about you so much," Tamtam said.

"I thought about you a little, I was admittedly busy fucking a lot of wolves."

Tamtam gasped, and said, "Me and, I was, dogs."

"I heard," mouse guy said, and took the fox into a hug.

The fox hugged back, nuzzled deep against the side of the mouse's neck, and then asked, while they were still hugging, "You're an incubus?"

"Yes, huge perv."

"Do you wanna..."

"Please."

As they were hugging, the fox started humping the mouse, junk not even out of his sheath again yet, mouse's clothes still on.

While Tamtam was humping him, Laura unbuttoned and unzipped his pants, got out of them, took off his jacket and his shirt, and then started writhing around with his brother, making out and grinding their junk together.

Soon they were on the floor, Tamtam and Laura and Nicki, kissing and touching one another, all of them hard.

And then, as though they had just woken up from a dream, the three of them were in a different place entirely.

They were in a very large room with pitch black walls, and very big paintings hung of mating: Adam and Eve, wolf and wolf, cat and cat, man and dolphin, woman and Doberman Pinscher, and more. Throughout the room were several trees, their bark red, their trunks taking the shape of woman and woman embracing, an octopus clinging to a gorilla, an erect man with a python over his shoulders, and more. The floor was an ever-changing fuzz like TV static, not black and white, but deep purple and black. The three of them stood, naked, side by side by side. In front of them stood a bear on four legs. A brown bear, who had a pair of very long arms coming out of her back at her shoulders, red arms that Nicki and Tamtam and Laura all

associated as looking like the flesh of a dog's penis, but in the form of biceps, forearms, palms, digits.

"You," Laura said, and fell to his knees.

The bear answered, "Your first."

Laura nodded, bowed his head.

The bear said, "I am Mah'leigh, the goddess of lust: you have done very well."

Tears fell upon Laura's cheeks.

Nicki and Tamtam glanced at one another.

"Stand," the bear said.

Nicki and Tamtam remained on their feet. Laura stood.

The bear of lust said, "You three have lived a life in honor of me, and you have been upright in bettering the world. You have not flinched at adversaries and you have not flinched at companionship. I have now my sword and my swordsman."

The bear stepped back, revealing a chest she had been standing over. She pawed it open, revealing a flaming sword within.

She continued, "This is the flaming sword that I Am That I Am set to guard Eden. I ask that you take it, and with it, go back in time and slay holy Moses. You three will take his place among the Israelites. Where he commanded purity, you will command grace. Where he commanded sacrificing the flesh of animals, you will command worshiping the flesh of animals. You will command strongly, as he commanded strongly, and you will engender a better world."

Laura stepped forward. He hugged the bear on the head. Mah'leigh stood, took Laura into her bear arms, and hugged him back.

Laura took the sword.

Nicki raised her hand.

The bear said, "You."

"Can I have a vag and a uterus and the whole deal? I know it's not what I chose back when I had the chance, but, you know."

The bear stepped forward, reached out a red hand, and pressed Nicki's penis in. When she withdrew her hand, it was a vulva, vagina, the whole deal.

The bear also, with each hand, reached to Laura and Tamtam's balls, and reversed their vasectomies.

The bear stuck her head into the chest the sword had been in, pulled out a backpack with her teeth, and dropped it in front of Tamtam.

She told him, "This backpack will never empty of drugs."

Tamtam snatched up the backpack and hugged it to his chest.

Laura took in a deep breath, and then said, "We are the Sodomites, and we want our city back."

The bear sent them back in time.

END.

## A LYRIC

*slowcore:*

Bone of my bone  
And coat all your own  
Blameless above man  
My eyes in the dark  
Wet and gay maw  
And fragrant paw  
Sharing a den  
Hearing your voice

chorus:       Burgeoning!  
                  Grateful!  
                  Night skies!  
                  Sudden rain

Miles in the car  
Hither and far  
Your thoughts on the trail  
The smell of your breath  
Landmark water towers  
Minutes and hours  
Laid out on the grass  
Laid out in the sun

(chorus)