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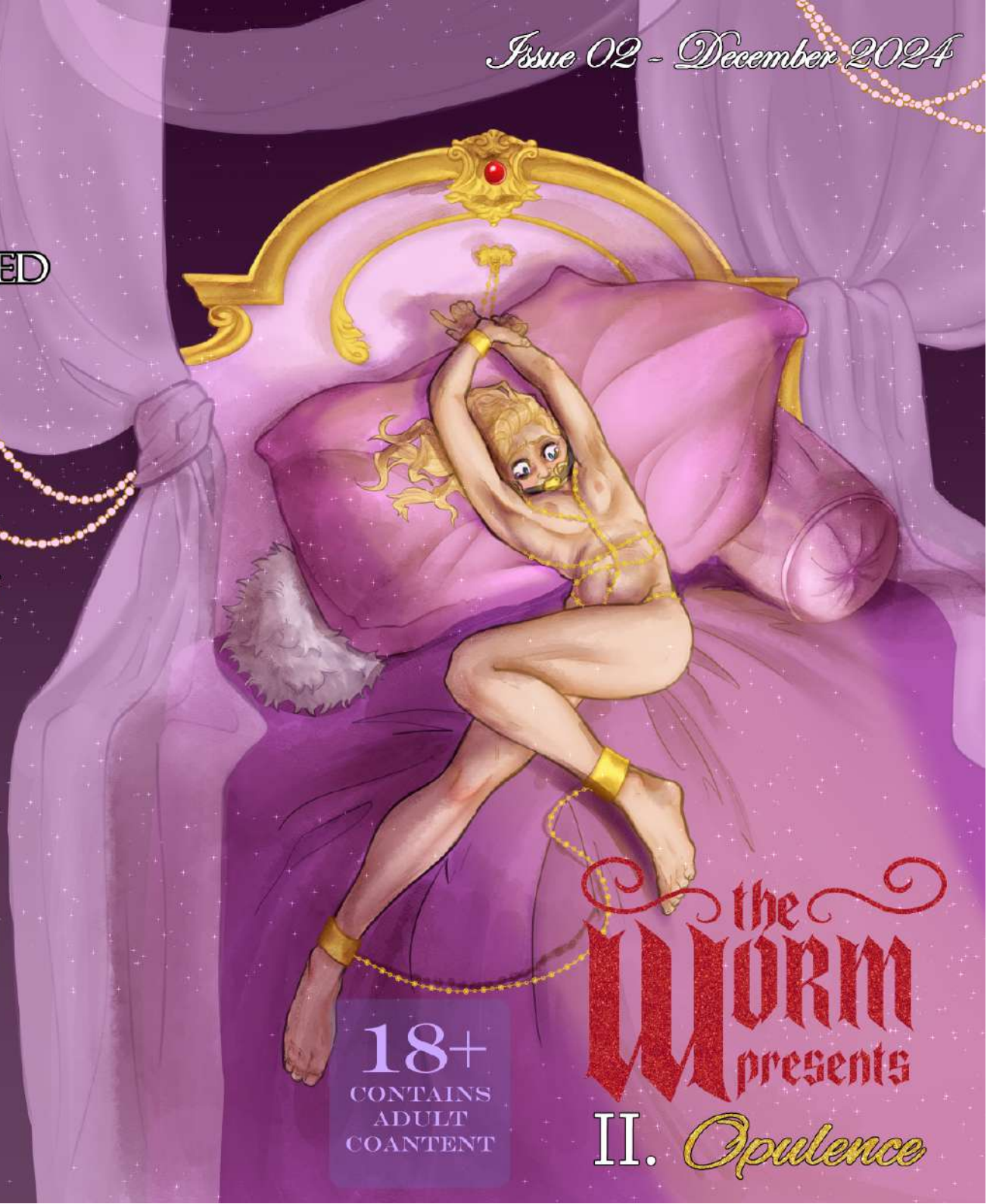
THE FOLLOWING CONTAINS EROTIC  
ILLUSTRATIONS, WRITING AND  
COMICS FEATURING ORIGINAL  
CHARACTERS FROM A COLLECTION OF  
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TABOO KINKS AND DARK THEMES.

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GRAPHIC VIOLENCE, FORCED AMPUTATION,  
DEATH/GORE, TORTURE, PREGNANCY,  
INCEST, VOMIT, NECROPHILIA, ZOOPHILIA

18+  
CONTAINS  
ADULT  
CONTENT

the  
**WORM**  
presents  
II. *Opulence*





THESE ARE WORKS OF FICTION.  
THEY DO NOT ADVOCATE FOR ANY  
FORM OF REAL LIFE VIOLENCE. THIS  
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# the worm presents

ISSUE 02  
II. OPULENCE  
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COVER ARTISTS: LETTYSLAIR  
& SUEHIRO MONCRIEFF  
INTERIOR COVER: ORALMENACE

AN EROTIC  
NONCON ZINE









PHS



PHS





Oh little  
Lord...



Oh arrogant  
little Moth.



Let us  
True Lords...

Show you your  
place.



You are

to be  
Consumed.



# AFTER PARTY

BY MACTHEDKE

"Happy Christmas, Bit."

"Happy Christmas, moron. And a very happy New Year."

"Premature as ever. We haven't even made our toast yet."

"Oh, you're one to talk. Weren't you the one who—"

Their voices sound so distant. They melt together, echoes of each other in syrup. Something clinks softly, like the highest keys of a piano drummed in sync—but no, it must be something else. The piano is coming from down the hall. Valerie has heard this song before, tonight, just *moments* before, she could have sworn...and now it's started over again. The name itches on the tip of her tongue, buzzing with the rest of her body, the rest of her brain. *Silent Night? O Holy Night?* She always gets those two mixed up. *O holy night, Son of God, love's pure light...*

Christ, her head is killing her. Where is she, exactly, in Alec's townhouse? And how much did she drink? Or take, despite the fact that she *really* ought to know better. She can't register a floor beneath her, or the leather sofa she usually collapses onto after she's had too much of whatever the Underwood twins see fit to give her. Hopefully she hasn't made a complete ass of herself. Her hosts have been nothing but good-natured with her, but still, that pounding in her skull must be worth far more than she could ever afford on a waitress's wages. Her tongue feels as though it's been wrapped in ermine.

*Indulge yourself*, they always tell her. *What's ours is yours*. Gold to eat and money to pour out like water. Designer drugs. Nothing on but diamonds and perfume. Have a third glass, a fourth line, a few rounds in the master bedroom with whichever one of them manages to grab her first. God knows who she's usually tangled up in—she still hasn't learned to tell Bertrand from Alec and Alec from Bertrand over the past few months, and they certainly don't make it easy for her. They treat the matter of who's who like they treat everything else: another match in an endless game.

It's an existence Valerie could never relate to. She's worked for as long as she's been legally allowed to—longer, really, and yet the days when she can do more than scrape by are always gone too soon. The path from

her service at the Underwoods' favourite table to her spot on their guest list has never made any sense to her no matter how often she tries to trace it, but after shift after shift wearing her down to the bone, doesn't she deserve a little hedonism? An opportunity to focus on nothing but her own pleasure?

So Valerie always tells her mother she's going out for a pint after work, leaves with a dress the twins gave her in her purse, and lets each night in the townhouse become a blissful blur. She always pays the price in a hangover when morning comes, but it can't be morning already. The party feels like just moments ago.

Finally Valerie groans and tries to stir. The sound hits hollow and strange against the ringing in her ears as she opens her eyes to pitch darkness. They feel sticky, the lids heavier than she would expect from a hangover, even with the fine whiskey lingering between her teeth and—"Eugh." Ah, there's the coke drip running rancid down the back of her throat. It tastes like regret.

"Bit." Alec's voice chimes with amusement. Now that she's less groggy, Valerie can tell from the way it's muffled that he must be on the other side of a door. "I think our guest of honour is awake."

"Already? Damn, she's developed a tolerance faster than I would have expected. Or did you just keep the dose you were meant to give her for yourself?"

"Please. Do I look as if I've been drugged to you?"

"A man can dream."

*Drugged?* It's almost laughable. There's no need to drug her. By now Valerie has sampled so many things that she never would have touched before meeting the Underwoods, often with fewer questions than she knows is really wise. Did they slip her something else? Fuck. *Fuck*, she should have known this would happen. No wonder she can't move. Her limbs still feel numb, distant, even as she fights for lucidity. Dread plunges into the depths of her, dull but a deep cut growing more painful by the moment. She has to move.

The darkness warps around her as she tries. It moves with her, like it's imitating her struggles to taunt her. How much of her vertigo is the leftover drugs in her system and how much is mounting panic, she couldn't say, but she has to get out of here. She tries not to think whether she'll be able to even if she manages to get to her feet. There's no telling what men

like that—men like the Underwoods must be to drug her—will do to girls as stupid and gullible as her. Christ, she thought they *liked* her. She needs to forget that. The indistinct words and movement beyond the door won't stay there forever. She needs to—

The first feeling to pierce through the haze is a tearing, searing pain in her side. A shriek bursts from her throat before she can even hope to stop it. Something—something is *in her*, in the skin over her ribs, tugging outwards and upwards, and as she tries to pull away it only wrenches further into flesh. Another stab; another. Six hooks, three on each side of her body, skewering her. She can't touch them or try to rip them out even if she had the guts to do it. Her hands are bound at the wrists, separate from each other and fastened as far in front of her as they'll reach with silk ropes and ribbons her fluttering fingertips brush against. Her ankles are tied far apart from each other but still stretched out behind her, straining the tendons in her hips. She's spanned naked and belly-down in midair.

On display. She's fucking on display in the dark, strung up like a kill in a butcher's shed. What kind of sick bastards are they? What have they been all along? Every breath Valerie takes, growing ragged along with her panic, makes her too much aware of the hooks—God, even the thought, the *knowledge* of them inside her makes her want to be sick—and so try as she might, actually making progress is impossible. At first she writhes, clawing at the rope rising from her wrists, doing her best to push down the white-hot pain blooming from her wounds...but before long she's overwhelmed, going slack simply because it hurts less.

Sobs break one by one. She wishes she could muster more. Maybe it's only the shock that prevents her, or the drugs lingering in her system, clotting her throat shut against the rage she wants to call up. All she can really feel, as the doorknob turns, are the hooks in her skin and the weight in the pit of her stomach.

"Rise and shine, Valerie." Bertrand, she thinks. He's the one who tends to sound like that, sunny in all circumstances. As the lights flicker on around them she sees the twins standing together in the doorway.

They're both dressed even more impeccably now than they were when the evening began, white tie with holly in the boutonniere that probably belongs to Bertrand and ivy in what might be Alec's. Warm light gleams off the gold of their hair but fails to leave so much as a flicker of illumination in their ink-black eyes. Still, they're smiling, and Bertrand

dangles a bottle of champagne from one hand. His smile is broad and genial. Alec's looks more the way a wolf would as it licks viscera from between its teeth.

"How do you feel, darling?" Alec asks. "It's not every woman who could take this sort of thing without screaming herself senseless."

Valerie doesn't think she could scream if she tried. Bertrand beams as she stares dumbfounded. "He's right, you know. We started this tradition two years ago, and both times it took quite the incentive to shut our little guests up. I knew I chose well with you."

Alec shoots him a look. "I chose her."

Without even a returning glance, Bertrand waves a dismissive hand. "Come now, Valerie, say something. I do hope you're not going into shock."

Valerie can't find the presence of mind to swallow around the dryness in her throat. Her lips tremble with unspoken words. It's even harder to manage speech now that she can see the thin cables of crimson silk stretching out from each side of her like bloody wings, fixed at the far ends to beams lining the walls. The near...she can't look at where those are. It's horrible enough just to feel them in response to her every movement. "Ch...Chose....What is this?"

"An intelligent question from an intelligent woman." Alec's mouth twists briefly with disdain, but he slips his arm into his brother's, leaning against him and resting his other hand affectionately on his chest. "The grand festivities may be over, but there's still a little celebration to be had, just the two of us. Well, three," he adds, grinning at her. "It's so important to remember what the holidays are really about."

"Family," says Bertrand, pressing a lingering kiss behind his brother's ear, "and goodwill to all men. So we're going to give you a chance."

The nausea of seeing the twins acting like a married couple barely registers. Valerie squeezes her eyes shut, forcing herself to inhale. Breathing in aches; breathing out fills her head with vertigo. "P-please, I don't...I don't want to die. What do I have to do?"

"You're going to make us come, Valerie," Alec says lightly. "Or we'll butcher you, fuck you, and mail what's left of you to your mother once you're too far rotted for us to enjoy ourselves."

"Jesus Christ." Another sob wracks her, making her grit her teeth around another cry as the hooks shift within her. She can't even tell whether or not she's bleeding. Pain and panic drown out any hope of full lucidity. There's nothing to do but agree, to withstand this nightmare until waking. Whatever stupid little part of her insists this can't be happening has to be ignored. "Anything. I'll do a-anything you want. Just please, don't kill me. I...I...."

"Shh." Alec draws nearer and cups her chin, tilting upwards to make her look at him. He brings with him the agarwood scent of cologne Valerie's savored so many times as his body curled around hers and drove her to orgasm. Now, like this, it makes her head swim and her stomach turn. "There's no need to beg, sweetheart. Begging won't do you any good."

"Oh, I don't know. I rather like the way it sounds." Tears blur the sight of Bertrand's approach as he comes to stand beside them. Immediately Alec unzips his brother's fly and reaches in to free his prick, wrapping his fingers around it and tracing a vein with his thumb. There's not so much as a moment of hesitation. It's as if they've been at this their whole lives. Bertrand, already half-hard and groaning through his teeth, pushes his hips forward as Alec starts to stroke him. His eyes meet Valerie's. "Open your mouth."

She's never been any good at sucking their cocks. They're too big, more than her mouth can take and more than her throat's ever been taught to handle. Dread lurches low in Valerie's abdomen at the thought that maybe she can't do this, not quickly enough to satisfy them and end this fucking pain without losing her life in the bargain...but all she can do is submit.

"Good girl," Alec murmurs. He gathers precum and slicks Bertrand's shaft with it, squeezing just once to make him moan before guiding him to Valerie's waiting tongue. He pries her mouth open a little farther. "Mind your teeth if you want to keep them."

She only has a moment's warning before Bertrand fills her mouth. He tastes heady, like something only vaguely familiar that Valerie soon realizes is someone else's cunt. She forces herself not to wonder whose, or what's happened to them. Instead she shuts her eyes and sucks down the taste, lapping it up from the underside of his cock. If she does as much as she can with the half of his length he's already given her, maybe he won't push for more. Maybe he'll set her free. For now, Bertrand rewards her with

a sound of approval and fingers in her hair.

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"She's better than she was," he says, and Alec's fingers trail along her back as he ducks around the cords to come stand behind her. She feels so exposed like this, naked with him standing between her spread legs. Flinching only makes the ropes feel tighter. Her throat seizes sharply around the tip of Bertrand's cock. His laugh is rough, almost a moan, and he bucks forward just to feel her do it again. "Nothing like survival instincts to make a woman into a whore."

"Not that she ever needed much of a push before." Valerie can hear the grin in Alec's voice as he grabs her ass, groping freely before sliding his hands up and over her hips. Then they move down, towards her sides to—

No. *Oh, God, no, it already hurts too much, no*—she rears away from Bertrand's prick to spit her pleas, but he grabs her by the hair and drags her in again. Sharp thrusts into her throat make her gag until drool overflows, and Alec's fingers ripple over the cords hooked into her flesh like he's testing a harp's strings. There's no music, no notes. All Valerie can hear are her own desperate cries flowing out around Bertrand's cock and her heartbeat thundering in her ears. Alec toys with the strings almost idly, while her body howls for mercy that she can't provide.

It's too much. Each pluck of the cords makes her want to scream, but all she can do is choke on Bertrand as he shoves himself further and further down her throat. There's no way to warn him, to spare herself punishment—hot bile floods her mouth and nostrils, running down her chin alongside the tears that paint her cheeks, and her whole body shudders violently as the evening's indulgence surges up her throat and spills over Bertrand's length. It's more liquor than anything else. Alec finally stops and laughs as Bertrand pulls back, smearing the mess across Valerie's cheek.

"And you were doing so well," he sighs, tugging her hair to keep her in place as he presses his cock against her face. Valerie gasps desperately, her chest heaving. Her wounds burn like they would rather she not breathe at all. "You're going to clean me up, aren't you? Here."

He holds the champagne bottle against his stomach and loosens the



muselet, twisting the bottle until it comes free with a pop. Sweet liquid courses downwards and splatters onto her face as he pours a generous helping of the wine over his shaft. "Lick it all up, there's a good girl," Bertrand says, then looks past her to Alec as she swallows her nausea and begins to obey. "Are you enjoying the show, brother mine?"

"Best view in the house," Alec says before delivering a sharp slap to Valerie's ass. Her body jolts against the hooks' tension and she cries out, another torture to her acid-burned throat. His fingers slide downwards. As his touch runs up and down her folds, shame threatens to make her retch again. "Shall I give you something to watch as well? God, the little tramp's getting wet. What do you think it is? Is she just that desperate for cock, or do we have a pain slut on our hands?"

"Might as well give her more of both." Bertrand grins, and behind her Valerie hears Alec's fly unzip. There's no way she can bear the pain of trying to squirm away, and it would be useless anyway. Even as every nerve in Valerie's body begs for her to do something, to fight this, she can't. The only hope she has is pleasing them. So she stills the tremor in her thighs, laps champagne and her own vomit from between Bertrand's balls, and braces herself as Alec guides his tip down to slot against her cunt.

Bertrand draws a roughened breath, his prick twitching against her face. "I want to come like this, Alec. Watching you. I could watch you 'til spring."

"Anything for you, Bit." A smooth purr, and just as Valerie is starting to regain her breath between whimpers and licks, he slams it out of her again in one thrust. She's not even granted the chance to shriek her resulting pain—Bertrand is already cramming himself back into her mouth. He drinks deeply from the champagne bottle, giving shallow little ruts that gag her every time they hit her throat in sharp contrast to Alec's slow, deep, punishing strokes.

But in time, together, they find a rhythm. It's all Valerie can do to withstand being their instrument. Sounds of their pleasure and her pain fill the air as Alec picks up speed, and when she lifts her gaze to try and see Bertrand through the tears, it's as if she doesn't exist. His brother is all he seems to see.

She must be losing her mind. It leaves her in fits and starts as they shove more and more into her, bruising, breaking. Bertrand suffocates her; Alec stretches her until she thinks she'll break from the inside out.

And the hooks, the godforsaken fucking hooks, never stop. The torture never ends. As they pull and push her between them, the cords twist and wrench, torment mounting as they pick up the pace. Heat builds with the strain on her flesh in a sickening parody of orgasm. She can try to suck, to clench, but no matter how she tries she's shutting down. Nothing remains but what exists to be hurt. The last thought Valerie has just before she feels *something* give in her right side is that she'll wear six scars for the rest of her life.

It isn't a scream. Valerie doesn't recognize the sound that leaves her, muffled in Bertrand's cock, as the hole in her side becomes a slit and she's slammed forward until her nose nestles against his pelvis. She doesn't recognize herself when she's filled with such agony. All she knows, unnameable and senseless, is the high keening in body and mind as she's used like a limp ragdoll, stuffed with identical cock at both ends. She can't breathe. She doesn't especially want to.

This is what it takes to please them. Bertrand's next swallow showers champagne down on her; somewhere above in the endless gilded darkness the bottle is exchanged and drained to the dregs. Their voices, inhuman, ring like glasses tapped against each other.

"To us."

"To us."

—

Consciousness returns slowly, mercilessly. The first thing Valerie knows is that she isn't home. There's a crackling fire, not a whistling radiator; the carpet beneath her cheek is plush and thick and the air smells like pine. Everything hurts, but nothing could hurt as badly as what's behind her. She tries to swallow, to ease the dryness in her throat, and finds the taste of semen. She doesn't move. She wouldn't even if she could. The last thing she wants is to feel cum between her thighs.

Maybe if she keeps her eyes closed, it won't be real. It's better to stay behind her eyelids, where there might be nausea and a relentless ache and the wounds she thinks someone dressed—but where there is not, at least, the Underwoods. Maybe there will be. Maybe they'll always be there. Is



she ever going to sleep again, ever going to drink a toast again, without thinking of them?

"Well?" Alec, or Bertrand. Valerie flinches hard. *No, no, no, please, I'm asleep, I'm asleep*—but he isn't talking to her. Of course not. "Personally I think she did rather well. I don't see any reason to kill her."

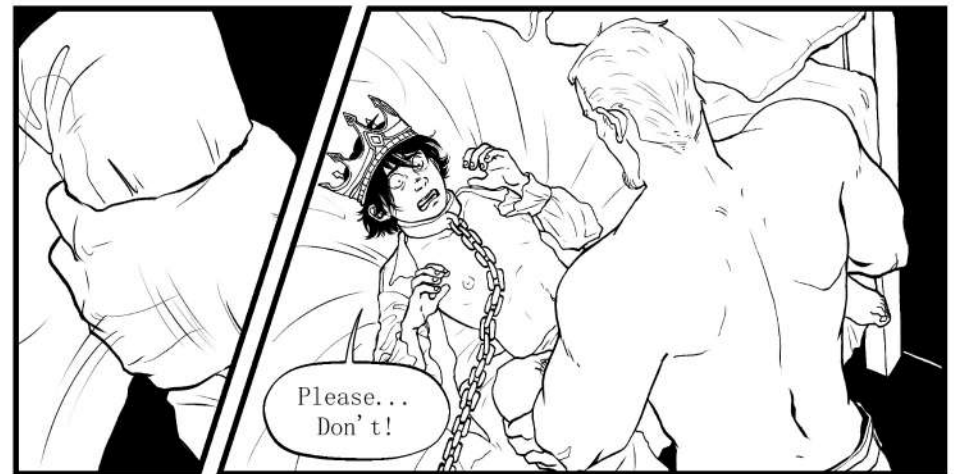
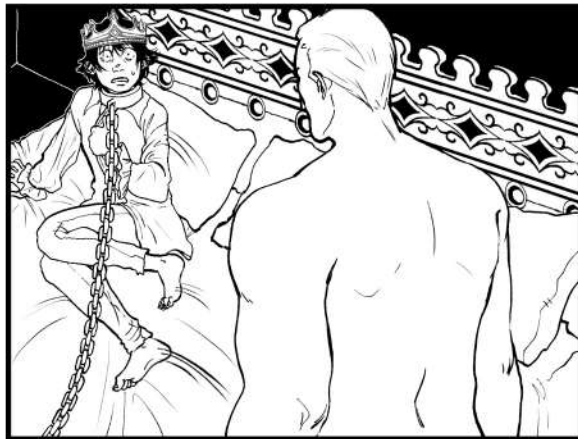
"And I don't see any reason not to," the other twin says lightly. Valerie can't even find her voice to beg for mercy. Paralyzed, she only listens as they weigh her life in their hands. "But if you're feeling charitable, I suppose I can indulge you. Tis the season, after all."

Valerie wishes she still had it in her to feel relief. Hearing the voices go on robs her of the possibility. "What are we going to do with her, then, if she's going to survive the night?"

"Oh, I think we should extend her stay." A soft laugh, two, mingling like the phrases of a choir. "After all, Bit, there's always New Year's."











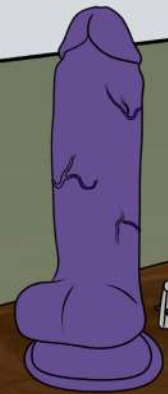








- Rules**
1. No removing clamps or
  2. Any toys may be used a
  3. Creampies encouraged!
  4. Jewelry to remain on.
  5. Make her cry! Smear th
  6. 30 minute and 1 hour ti
  7. No perminant markings
  8. Pins available upon req
  9. Breath control makes h
  10. Orgasm Record: 15 in





# THE (UN)DEAD KING

## BY ACHILLES KING

Once upon a time, there was a king named Remus. He wasn't a particularly good king, raised to expect the subservience of his people and the granting of his every whim, but he wasn't a particular bad king, either.

He was born on the night of a full moon, on the day of the first harvest, to a lady queen who drank spiced tea with gold leaf every morning with her breakfast for the nine months as he grew inside of her, only to bleed out and die in the process of giving birth.

The child became strong and clever despite the tragedy of his birth, well-liked by the court and accepted by the peasants, and loved by gods, as well, granted riches at every turn: spices and gold from other kingdoms; gifts from the fathers of princes and princesses, hoping to curry his favour or his hand; the spoils of wars dumped into his lap during peace negotiations; riches from his own mines and artisans; baubles and jewelry from traveling merchants; even treasure chests washed ashore from ancient ships. However, loved by the gods or not, riches came at a price.

The boy, now the crown prince, was wed, and at the feast of his wedding day, his wife, the princess, and his father, the king, alike were poisoned, and died.

The now-king, stricken with grief, took a vow of chastity at his coronation, promising to never experience this life's pleasure so long as no more tragedy befell his kingdom or his court. Unwed and unable to produce an heir, his kingdom was promised to the family of a distant cousin following his death.

King Remus had a life with many friends and a joy-filled court, but any attempts at love seemed doomed to fail, all of his suitors eventually wanting from him the one thing in this world that he could not give them. The king desperately craved intimacy and family, and the more times it was denied to him, the more withdrawn he became, until, one day, stricken with abject loneliness, the king fell ill, and he, too, died.

When his cousin came to claim the throne, he declared the castle of King Remus to be cursed, and deemed that it would serve as the final resting place for his cousin, and be condemned.

The stories said that the body of the king was washed in the purest spring

water and dressed in his finest clothes and jewelry, even his golden crown rested atop his head. Then, he was seated on his throne, left to reign eternally over the castle, surrounded by his riches, and the castle's windows and doors were sealed forever with him inside.

Now, 200 years later, the castle sits upon a hill, left as it was all of those years ago, which means that the riches inside remain untouched. Or, so is Kellen's logic.

Unlike some of Kellen's previous targets, the stone walls of King Remus's castle and tomb sit unguarded. Scaling the wall is a simple affair, the most treacherous aspect of it the crumbling stone. The courtyard is deathly silent. There are stalls, empty and abandoned, but with evidence of their crafts: cobblers, blacksmiths, tailors, carpenters and more, their stations relics of the time, mostly cleaned out of valuables, but Kellen plucks up a few baubles he might be able to sell along his way, tucking them into his pockets as he ambles down the flagstone road toward the inner walls.

The gatehouse is shut tight, but just as the outer walls, the inner walls are all unguarded and can be scaled. Kellen climbs over them, dropping into the main bailey. Here there are more signs of rush. He stops by the chapel first, tucking some candle holders he finds there into his bag, then walks up the steps of the great hall, giving the door a jiggle. The heavy wood is shut tight.

Kellen moves on, making his way along to the door of the keep. This door isn't as big or heavy. It, too, is locked, but unlike the huge doors of the great hall, it shows signs of wood rot.

Kellen isn't particularly strong, his slim build better suited to stealth and squeezing into tight spaces, but, luckily, he does have an axe and arms strong enough to wield it. He pulls the axe off of his belt, twirling it before gripping it in both hands and swinging it forward.

The wood makes a satisfying cracking sound, and he draws the axe back once more before driving it forward into the wood, which visibly splits this time. Another blow should do it.

Kellen pulls the axe free from the rotted wood and swings forward one last time. With a sound like a thunderclap, the door caves in on itself, pieces of wood flying every which way. He barely thinks to cover his face.

He's not particularly fetching with a big, crooked nose and skin covered in old scars and bruises, dark from a life lived travelling and working



outside. Nor is his hair anything like a noble's, the dark locks kept short, nearly bald, as a matter of convenience. It keeps away lice, never gets in his eyes, and when he goes a long time between baths, there is nothing there to grow greasy or foul smelling.

He takes his straight razor to other parts of his body, too, not wanting to attract bugs or stink. People often look at him distrustfully, thinking he's either a street rat or a convict, but considering he makes his living as a thief, he supposes it's better people take caution around him or he might just nick those little baubles and treasures they shield from him as he walks by.

He's small, too, underfed as a kid, and rarely stopping to eat or rest as an adult. There's dark circles under his quick silvery eyes. He sleeps poorly when he does sleep, so he mostly avoids it, preferring to push his body to collapse and then curl up somewhere for a deep, dreamless rest from which he will awake feeling as groggy and under-energized as when he fell unconscious.

His clothing is simple, dark fabric tailored to fit him loosely, with a corded belt and laced cuffs on the shirt and trousers alike, as well as lacings halfway down the front of the shirt. It's all made to be easily adjusted and mended as needed, for practicality than anything else, but it also has the added bonus of hiding the shape of his body with its surprisingly ample bosom and wide if bony hips.

Kellen's been complimented on both on the rare occasions he's shared a bed with someone, but fences are already fairly unwilling to do business with an obvious rat like him, and they'd be even less willing if they knew he were a wench under the layers. He can't be bothered with a loincloth or breast band, both of which would require more cleaning than he can usually do, so he relies on the clothing alone to do what it needs to.

He's been trading goods that weren't technically speaking his own for coin his whole life, first for his pa as a little girl, and when his pa grew tired of caring for him and sold him off, for his husband, who it turns out had quite a low patience for what he saw as talking back, but an even lower tolerance for poison in his supper.

Kellen supposes he could have remarried or turned to whoring himself, or tried to get an apprenticeship and learn a new skill, but he already knew how to thief, and if he thieved for himself rather than someone else, then he didn't have to share the coin with anyone.

Besides, he reasons that after the sort of life he's lived, there's no saving

his soul from eternal damnation. After this, he'll spread his riches around to fence after fence. He'll buy his way onto a ship and go somewhere new. He'll buy land and eat good food and sleep in a bed so soft that not even he could be kept up by his own thoughts.

The keep is dusty, undisturbed by men or animals, all kept out save for a few stray bugs and spiders which crawled in through the cracks for the relative warmth offered by the thick walls. The keep is barren, but he shoves some of the nice fabric he finds into his bag after cutting off the telltale crests of King Remus, which would keep even the most reckless of fences from buying it.

The door between the great hall and the keep isn't so big, nor is it blocked up like the outer door. Still, Kellen has to hold the handle tight and pull with all of his might before it eventually groans open just enough for his slim body to squeeze through the gap.

Kellen expected there to be so much gold and jewelry in the room that even with just the moonlight through the boarded-up windows, it would nearly blind him. Coin, bracelets, baubles, rings, necklaces, all piled high to surround the throne in the middle. There was supposed to be chests filled with goblets and fine wine, chainmail and plate armour, weapons of all shapes and sizes from the smallest dagger to the heaviest of pikes, all decorated with precious metals and jewels.

Instead, it is completely empty. The high ceilings are painted with cobwebs filled with dust and bugs, the once-fine, shiny floor covered in dirt, the carpet eaten up by moths, the colour faded with age. The walls are filled with cracks, the smell of mold and mildew in the air from a leak in the ceiling. The room is nearly empty.

The throne, at least, is there. It is made of fine, dark wood, varnished and carved with angular, abstract designs filled with gold leaf. Each piece is thick and expensive, no doubt heavy, as well; and sat upon the throne is King Remus himself.

Kellen can imagine he was handsome in life, the body freakishly well-preserved considering how long it's sat in this room which is slowly crumbling apart.

The king's skin looks to have once been a warm tan, though in death it's taken on an ashy, sickly tone. The skeleton beneath the sagging, sallow skin



is wide with blocky shoulders and big, mummified hands which rest peacefully on the arms of the throne. The body's robes, a rich purple, lined with white fur and embroidery, with matching fur and embroidery on its red, floor length cape, somewhat disguise the shape of what was probably once a warm round belly and the sagging pectorals, which, do doubt were once muscled, but now lay limp and unappealing over skin stretched across a broad ribcage. It wears fine, embroidered shoes upon its mummified, bony feet.

Its nails look too long, the skin clinging to bone, the sharp dryness of the skull somewhat disguised by the king's long, silky hair and beard, but the closed eyes are sunken, the cheeks hollows, the forehead protruding too far. The body's mouth hangs open, its dried out tongue on display, as well as its gumless teeth.

Most importantly, sitting upon his head is his crown, made of gold, silver, and platinum, and inlaid with many a precious jewel.

It's certainly unnerving. Kellen wonders how expediently they had to move King Remus from where he died to the vast, high-ceilinged throne room in order to seat him in a way which looks so natural. It must have been soon after his death, before rigor mortis set in. Were people packing their things while their dead king sat on the throne, rotting? Did their noses fill with the smell of his organs liquefying?

Kellen turns his eyes back to the crown. It's rather recognizable. He'll probably need to pry the jewels out and melt down the metals to sell any part of it, but each jewel is worth nearly an entire house, and there's at least a dozen of them laid into the crown.

Kellen allows himself to forget about the corpse and the painfully empty room, greedy eyes focused on the crown as he walks across the floor, disturbing the dirt and the bugs, and climbs up the handful of steps of the throne's raised dais. He leans up, stretching himself over King Remus' massive body to reach for the crown.

It's just out of Kellen's grasp, his fingers only just able to brush against the cold metal. He grunts, trying to stretch himself further without having to touch the body, or worse, climb on top of it. When that doesn't work, he adjusts his posture so he can stand on one foot and reach further. As he rises up, the fabric of his clothing must brush against the corpse. Its head, which he would have expected to be completely stiff, tilts forward until the crown practically falls into Kellen's hands.

He lets out an undignified squeak, fumbling before taking a firm grip of the crown. As he shifts back to scramble away from the body, he finds resistance, and when he looks down, one of the body's gnarled hands is wrapped around his wrist. Kellen stares for a second, then makes a noise of undignified disgust, trying to shake the hand off of him.

When that doesn't work, he tries again to step back, but he's held fast by the weight of the body.

"Damn it," he mutters, and, trying not to think too hard, he reaches down to grasp the cold, leathery fingers to pry them off. That's when the body's head rolls again, tilting until it would be looking at him if not for its sewn shut eyelids. The jaw falls open and a low, rasping noise leaves it.

Kellen screams despite himself, gripping the fingers around his wrist harder, but there's no give, and suddenly, the thing he *thought* was a body is holding him even tighter, pulling him in towards it with another guttural hiss.

His instincts scream, thrashing in the creature's grip, eyes watering with animal fear. "No," he breathes out without thinking. His head feels heavy and full, heart pounding in his chest. "No, no, no, please!"

In the end, he's nothing but a pickpocket, a worm, a beggar. He's neither brave nor powerful. He's only made it so far in life by being so small and quiet that nothing bigger thought to crush him. He squeezes his eyes shut, waiting to feel pain and tearing flesh as the king's nails dig into his clothing and tear.

Cold night air rushes over his sweaty, flushed, fearful skin, hairs raising all over his body as he's moved around and then pulled in closer, wet, slimy drool dripping down onto the top of his head, surrounded on all sides by the body's stiff, leathery skin and limbs, his back against its sunken, loose belly and chest.

Then something touches between his legs, and Kellen realizes there is something this monster can do to him which is worth more than death. He is muted by humiliation and shame, unable to summon so much as a whimper as that hardness rubs up against him, cold and firm pressure against his folds and the nerves at their crux.

Even with his eyes shut, it's impossible to imagine himself somewhere else with someone else as he has in the past. The body feels too different, not warm or soft in any way. Not even the cock rubbing against him reminds



him of anything else he's ever experienced. It might as well be a wooden bed post, spreading his folds apart until the hard knob of the tip can touch against his hole.

His eyes fly open in a panic. He tilts his head down, sucking at his cheeks and trying not to focus on the size of the cock between his thighs, the late King Remus so much bigger than him in every way. He spits, watching the wet glob of scant lubrication land between them. It dribbles over his lips and over the tip of the massive cock touching up against them. He watches until the creature seems to lose whatever patience it may have and pushes in.

Watching the massive rod disappear between his folds is like watching a street peddler perform magic tricks for coin. It seems utterly impossible, his hole spread further and further until the head slips inside all at once, and then the king more or less just drops him onto the rest of it as Kellen lets out another borderline animal noise, his opening and insides burning as he's forced apart too far, too fast, the undead regent's cock filling him in ways he was never meant to be filled.

Something in his gut aches as the king's massive hands wrap around his thighs, completely enclosing them, lifting him up off the massive cock. Kellen squirms, whimpering and fidgeting in the corpse's steely, cold grasp, only to cry out as he's lowered down again, his legs folded higher until his knobby kneecaps are nearly touching his ears.

The king's shuddering breaths are practically in his ear as he continues moving Kellen up and down on his cock, easily holding the thief's tiny, underweight body in his grasp as he fills Kellen over and over again, the ache in Kellen's belly only growing every time he's filled. He can see his gut bulging outwards every time he's dropped back onto King Remus' cock, the skin stretching as he's filled before going smooth and flat again when he's lifted back up. It shouldn't even be possible for him to take something so big, though there are many things about this situation which should not be possible.

As he's brought down again, he feels the king's cock push even deeper inside of him, breaching into something that aches as much as it burns, and he howls as the body lets out a pleased hiss, grinding around inside of Kellen's body, the shape of his cock moving around inside of his small belly until his ears are ringing.

He claws uselessly at the massive body, tears pouring down his cheeks as the king's powerful hips start to lift up off the throne, his heavy balls

swinging as his movements grow more desperate and animalistic, steady rattling breaths leaving the corpse as it fucks Kellen faster and faster until the sounds of skin on skin fill the cavernous throne room in heavy, thudding claps as their bodies meet over and over.

Kellen throws his head back without thinking, resting it against the soft furs and fabrics of the king's clothing as well as the unnervingly obvious jut of bone. Shivers go up his spine as he forces his eyes shut again, trying to breathe around the too-full feeling and the ache deep inside of him that comes with every thrust.

At least, he thinks, it's almost over. He's done this enough times to know when a man is nearly finished, and King Remus shows every sign of approaching his limits. Kellen has tricks for finishing his paramours off more quickly but he thinks the king is too single-minded to care much for a wench's tits, and he's so incredibly full that he's not sure squeezing down will even work. He tries, but if the undead king cares, he doesn't show it.

The only other thing he can think of it is to fake pleasure, so he lets his mouth fall open as a moan tumbles out of him. He thinks it might be obvious that there is an undertone of pain there, but most men don't notice that, and of those that do, many of them are stupid enough to think that Kellen enjoys the pain.

He's not sure which camp the king falls into, but his grip tightens and his rattles and hisses become a roar as, blessedly, he buries inside one last time and begins to release inside of Kellen's cunt.

Kellen goes limp, panting heavily. Exhaustion weighs him down, and though he knows there is nothing worse he could do in this moment, when he opens his eyes, his vision swims. He closes them again, telling himself he'll just rest for a few moments, and then he'll get right up and get the hell out of here.

When he next opens his eyes, it is because there are birds singing in the main bailey, a beam of sunlight coming through the great hall's highest window and hitting him right in the face. Kellen groans, throwing an arm which feels as if it were weighted by iron shackles over his face. When he can force his eyes to focus, he realizes said arm is absolutely covered in gold bracelets.

He sits up with a start, looking at down at himself and finds that he is covered in jewels and gold. When he looks back at the throne, it is empty.











# THE RED LAMB

BY TRYTOFOCUS

Thuan sat on his bed, sweating, watching bodies stripping and pulling on white robes, tired feet toeing into soft cloth shoes, metal necklaces, bracelets and earrings all depicting the proverbial star hastily placed to adorn their otherwise plain uniforms, with only a strip of gold sash belt to hold the fabric at their waist. Groans, yawns and bitter mumbling filled the altar boys' dormitories as the chapel hastily called them all to sermon late into their slumber routine.

He held the star necklace Kyle had given him close to his chest, willing his heartbeat to slow. Why are they calling a sermon now, of all times, right as he slipped back into the dorms from a visit at the apothecary? Thuan played it off as though he was awoken by the announcement alongside everybody. If anyone noticed he had to shimmy out of Kyle's hoodie before putting on the robes, nobody said anything.

Except whoever did. Since the moment Thuan walked into the main atrium partially hidden by the spill of altar boys around him, The Vicar's eyes always somehow found his own every time he looked up. He resolved to study the marble floors, making himself invisible, small, even as the gaze burned through what was left of his courage.

The Vicar motioned for them to settle and the sermon began. Keros 78:13, the story of The Saint gazing into the entrance to a cave, readying themselves to go in after a lamb in their flock had been lost inside. They would soon discover it had been transformed into a monster, infected by darkness, mindless with bloodlust. In the end the gentle, purifying touch of The Saint was able to bring it back, but the color of its white fleece had been permanently stained blood red. It was a cornerstone tale of their religion, The Saint often depicted lovingly holding the red lamb in their many artistic renditions.

The Vicar's voice echoed off every marble surface in the theatre of the church. In this state Thuan had to breathe down the urge to shift, his horn threatening to split the damp skin of his forehead. He channeled it into his tail instead, letting its slender, fur tipped form loose under the robes and cape where no one could see. Years of practice allowed him to use it to self-soothe, to keep the shift at bay as The Vicar continued.

"The Saint knows we are all born and live as sinners," Said The

Vicar, tilting his head back to glance fondly at a large stained glass window behind him, faintly illuminated by candle light, the only thing warding off the darkness outside. "It is our duty to spend our lives reflecting and purifying ourselves and those around us from evil. Even as we are being marked by it. With this in mind," Thuan almost lost himself to the shift of his equine ears, feeling them perk up as The Vicar's voice dramatically gathered volume. When he looked up he realized to his horror all eyes were on *him*.

The Vicar's open hand beckoned him forward.

"Come, my son," He said, in that way of his that always made orders sound like praise. It was an honour to be called up to stand beside The Vicar, inching ever closer to the Divine himself. Thuan obediently went where he was called, tail twitching and curling beneath the swing of his robe.

"Beloved," The Vicar continued, bringing Thuan closer in an awkward half hug, voice full of emotion. "I've heard of your noble deeds these past few months," he said to *everyone*. Thuan's ears began to ring. "Taking on our town's new apothecary as your first charge, I couldn't be prouder of seeing the youth, the future of our faith stepping up in this way. Now I know, you have been doing so in secret, as do many for their first attempted conversion. But I have called this assembly in your honour, may your actions be our shining beacon, an example to us all!"

Thuan screwed his eyes shut as the hand moved from his side to ruffle his pale, curly hair. The atrium gradually filled with polite applause from his peers, overlaid with rude whispers.

"After all," The Vicar said in softer tones, only for him. "You were made in their visage."

Thuan swayed on his feet where he stood, wishing the vice of The Vicar's hand on his shoulder pushed him straight down through the ground and into hell where he belonged. He *knew*. *Everyone* knew.

Once the boys and staff had been dismissed there were only the two of them left. The Vicar's touch made it clear Thuan wasn't allowed to leave. He wouldn't dream of it. Not after what he's done. He deserved what was coming. Deserved his deeds exposed, deserved his peer's growing jealousy, deserved their cold shoulders and bullying. Deserved The Vicar's ire too, for lying, for daring to have something for himself.

"Vicar, I'm— Ah!" Thuan gasped as he was swept off his feet by The

Vicar's steady hands. The older man was easily three times his size and carried Thuan like a weightless bride down the stairs. The sudden proximity shook him, freezing him where he was held, arms and legs drawing closer to himself in the envelope of The Vicar's body. "Vicar?" Thuan tried again, desperately forcing his tail to still.

"Hush, little lamb. I will not hear your wicked words," The Vicar said, harsh and cutting in contrast with the praise he was showered in at the assembly. He didn't resist, but his body shivered. It would take only the slightest brush of his tail against The Vicar's arm to tip him off to his body's peculiarities. It's not that being a unicorn wasn't allowed per se, but Thuan knew in his heart the church wouldn't accept him, no one would. He's only ever survived this long by hiding in plain sight and hoping against hope to be blessed by The Saint's divinity, by being good. He was being so good until he went outside again. Until he met Kyle.

Thuan was unceremoniously deposited on the altar, scrambling to his hands and knees as soon as the Vicar's hands left his body. His eyes tracked Thuan as he rounded the stone structure by the stained glass window, facing the most precious sculpture of The Saint, donated by a long dead master artisan, perfectly rendered, almost alive. Thuan didn't dare look at it, only down at his hands on the cold stone. He called his tail back while he still could, not daring to move a muscle.

Thuan watched The Vicar retrieving hemp rope from a compartment nearby. Some of it inevitably braided by Thuan's own hands, as one of the many tasks of the altar boys in the church's upkeep. It was their duty to maintain the altar supplies for when the church burned tribute for The Saint on sacred holidays. The Vicar returned into view and suddenly Thuan realized how close he stood, watching Thuan like food on a dinner table. He put the rope on the stone and turned towards him, closing the rest of the distance between them. The Vicar held his gaze for a moment, before those dark eyes went where his hands settled on the fold of Thuan's robe at his chest.

"Hold still," he ordered, Thuan stopped breathing as his robe was unwrapped, slid over his shoulders. He had the presence of mind to raise his hands free of the loose sleeves. It was left discarded at his waist, gathered by the sash, exposing soft skin, and everything from the navel up. Kyle's star necklace lay plainly visible, pale against dark skin, a delicate chain clasped at his nape holding it together. The Vicar paused there, taking it into his hand.

"This isn't Church issued," he mused irritably. Thuan could do nothing right. At the time he considered the gift to be appropriate, a symbol of the church, identical to the twin marks on his forehead and at his back. It was why Thuan was so highly valued as an altar boy, believed to be blessed and destined for sainthood. Everyone at the church had something or other like it. But of course accepting a gift from an outsider was a sin, he knew it. In his vanity, and selfishness, he let Kyle drape it over his neck while he shivered in pure bliss, reveling in the gentle touch. The Vicar pulled it off his neck, snapping the closure at the back.

"S-sorry, I'm sorry," Thuan mumbled breathlessly. "I'm so sorry, I didn't, I didn't—" His eyes tracked the pendant in The Vicar's hand, helpless to his own desires. Kyle made it for him, not as a symbol of the church but as a memento of their time together. A small worship of *Thuan's* body, instead of The Saint's. It was *his*. But The Vicar's hands didn't still. He set the necklace down and took the rope, guiding Thuan's hands together as if in prayer, and wrapping it tightly around and between his wrists.

"It isn't your fault, I know, I know," The Vicar said, cinching the rope tight and inescapable as any tribute of goat or lamb destined to burn on this altar. "Perhaps it is my own sin, that you are so precious to me I failed to properly guide you." More rope followed, locking his forearms together next, his elbows thereafter. His limbs, soft and nimble, bent readily at whatever angle the Vicar needed. He wouldn't resist, this was penance, and despite everything, the Vicar's words consoled him. *Precious*. A collectible relic the church couldn't bear to dispose of. Thuan sat quietly on his hunches as the Vicar worked, the pressure of the bondage and the voice of his better lulling him into a trance. Physical pain was familiar.

When he was done with his arms, The Vicar turned his attention to the rest of him. Unwrapping the sash at his trim waist while Thuan sat helpless with his bound hands leaning on one shoulder, pressing into his cheek like an enamored maiden. The robe fell away from his hips, exposing his bare legs and loincloth, loose and messy from his tail's earlier rebellion. The Vicar pulled it the rest of the way off, discarding the fabric on the floor, unfit for the altar.

Thuan closed his eyes, shivering, unable to bear the Vicar's gaze roving over every sacred inch of him. A *tsk* from The Vicar brought him back, when he felt his hands being guided into proper position with his wrists held high at his forehead, in step with the pale star birthmark there. He could feel his horn aching to come out, his tail's phantom swish over stone,



his ears straining to hear what the Vicar was doing in the dark. A thrill of sensation washed over him as the Vicar stepped behind him and peeled the cloth shoes off his soles with one finger at the heel. Warm blush colored sinful cheeks now that Thuan was well and truly naked.

And The Vicar was still not done.

A yelp reverberated throughout the quiet chapel when a touch of a hand at his thigh slid inward and brushed against his intimates, large, beringed fingers coaxing him to open his legs. Another hand darted out and pressed against his mouth. Their faces now so, so close.

"I said hush," The Vicar snapped into a slowly tapering ear. Thuan swore he could feel his smile against his cartilage as it grew into its original, equine shape. There wasn't a gasp of surprise, there wasn't a shriek of horror. The Vicar laughed, and the fingers went into his slit, exploring the folds beneath pale, curly pubes. Thuan's hands knit tightly together, his breath hot on his skin. Was The Vicar not a holy man? How did he know exactly where to bend and press to make him fold?

And worst of all, he could feel his body betray him, the fingers gliding over wet, responsive flesh. He couldn't hold it in anymore, at The Vicar's invitation, his cock slid out of its shaft. Hot and ready.

"Ah yes, this will be useful," The Vicar approved, taking the slender length in hand and giving it a cursory pump, making Thuan gasp. His thighs tried to close reflexively but that only served to increase the sensations and The Vicar's annoyance. Then, suddenly, mercifully, he was let go. At first it looked like The Vicar was leaving Thuan alone, but he had only paused to retrieve more rope. Using the knife typically reserved for bleeding a goat's neck in tribute, The Vicar sliced four larger pieces and a smaller one he'd set aside.

Thuan could only sit there and whimper quietly as his thighs were lashed to his calves at two contact points, securing him in the uncomfortable kneeling position. Spread ready for when the smaller piece was brought to his cock. The Vicar then slowly and methodically wrapped the thin, rough chord around his base, once, twice, three times, before knotting the ends in a bow like a present. Instantly, all previous stimulation accumulated at that spot, a boiling need with nowhere to go.

"I don't want you pulling back, or hiding," The Vicar said, staring at his handiwork. Thuan's ears twitched pathetically. He couldn't move, he was so incredibly stuck there in a position so vile, so filthy, he wanted to sob. "I

know what you are," The Vicar leaned in close, hand supporting his weight on the stone between Thuan's trembling thighs, pressed casually to the side of his straining, purpling cock. "And I will now see the rest of it."

With Thuan completely at his mercy, The Vicar moved freely behind him. It was all Thuan could do to keep his arms up. Quiet, quiet so The Sain't wont hear him under the sculpture's serene gaze, a terrible witness to his debasement, Thuan said, "Won't we burn for this?"

Behind him, The Vicar's wandering hands went to Thuan's stiff shoulders, then down the curve of his spine. Down and down and down, to the dimples at his rear, tracing the star at his lower back from where his tail ached to come out.

"My boy," The Vicar said, pressing lower still, hands sliding in between Thuan's blushing ass cheeks, fingers finding his hole and circling the rim. "Even as The Saint soiled their hands, they carried the lamb out of the cave and into the light." Thuan's breath hitched, hands dropping slightly. He wasn't allowed to do this with Kyle, or anyone, not to even think it. But The Vicar said, "For you, I will gladly burn."

At the first sign of pressure, a finger's attempt to breach him, his tail grew from his back, as if it could do anything to protect him, cover him up in some way. It smoothly slithered down from the star between his dimples and grew a tuft of frizzy white hair at the tip. He twisted where he sat, but stopped when The Vicar grabbed it in a fist, letting it twitch in abortive little movements. Useless.

"So sensitive," The Vicar commented dryly. "I admit I rather thought this would require more of my patience, but I see your virtue now." Every part of Thuan's body was screaming at the torment, most of all his pent up cock, tied off and on display before the eyes of The Divine and The Vicar, who handled it so crassly. Surely all this was excessive. Did he really need to be put through it before somebody finally told him what was wrong?

And how could his wrongs be made right with yet more wrongs?

"Vicar we didn't, I never!" Thuan tried to say, eyes welling with tears, but a jerk at his tail silenced him into a pained whimper. The Vicar walked back into view, using the tuft at the end of his tail to clean his wet hand.

"I can smell him on you." His chin jerked up, eyes darting between Thuan's trembling hands and his forehead, reminding him to stay in position. Thuan reluctantly raised them up, and closed his eyes, blinking the tears out,

letting them roll down his cheeks. "I know he touched you. Hard to blame him really," The Vicar gestured at Thuan's bound form using his tail before letting it go. "The sight of you."

Thuan let out a breathy little sob at that. Was it true? Was he so wicked the mere sight of him could condemn someone so kind, so gentle to eternal torment? And if so, how could he be saved? Was there anything Thuan could do to untangle them from each other now, before it's too late? The thought spun and spiraled in his head, his breath picked up, shaky at first, then faster, and faster.

He felt a sting in his eye, like a grain of sand moving under the eyelid. Through labored breath he attempted to blink it away but it wouldn't dislodge. *Saint, not now.* Thuan began to sob openly, face distorted in pain, frustration, and compounding feelings of shame and desire. The grain grew impossibly fast, wrapped up in emotion, in *magic*. It crystallized against his sclera and finally came out as a small, oil shined pearl, mixed in with his tears. The Vicar's cupped hand darted to just below his chin, catching it before it could fall. Its shell clinked softly against the rings on his fingers.

Thuan panted like a dog, shoulders trembling, arms slacking so far down he wasn't sure he could ever put them up again. In his hand, The Vicar held a snapshot in time, a record of Thuan's torment.

"Perfect," He said, rolling the pearl in his hand, raising it up to the flickering candle light. When Thuan opened his puffy eyes, The Vicar wasn't looking at the pearl. He was looking at him. Slightly up, at his forehead. "—well, almost."

Thuan regretted revealing his face. His hands lowered all the way down to his cock, every minute touch stirring the frayed nerves of it alive once more. Despite the bonds at its base, a wet drop of precum pearled at the tip, making Thuan shiver. His fingers moved quietly, maybe he could loosen some of the pressure while The Vicar was distracted. So Thuan gave him what he wanted.

It was a tiny bump at first, that grew and grew until his forehead split at the middle, and from the star birthmark there emerged a spiraling, opalescent horn. The Vicar watched it curve up slowly, hungry eyes devouring the miracle—the abomination before them, while Thuan's numb fingers struggled with the twine trapping his cock in its pent up state. He managed to pull one end of the bow loose, the abused flesh itching for blissed release. But before he could manage to untangle the simple bow

knot, his hands were ripped from his cock, to be hung up on the budding horn by the ropes at the wrists.

"Ah... ah..." Thuan panted, shocked. Struggling meant pulling at his horn, an appendage alive and growing out of his skull. It wasn't long before the horn reached its full curved length and his hands were well and truly stuck in the proper prayer position The Vicar spent all night long cultivating. Thuan bent in half at the waist, trying in vain to wriggle out of the bondage, when The Vicar grabbed a fistfull of his hair and pulled him back, arms strung up by his own horn.

"No no, none of that," The Vicar chided, not letting go. His other hand already had more rope in it. He looped it a few times around the base of his horn, his wrists, his thumbs and cinched it tight, leaving long ends trailing over Thuan's curved back. Some strands of hair were painfully caught up in the knots as well, little points of misery for him to deal with while he struggled under The Vicar's unyielding hold. "How dare you touch yourself as I labor at your redemption," he muttered sharply as he worked. "You wicked, filthy thing."

All Thuan could do was breathe, tears gathering once more at the corner of his eyes. He tried and tried to retract his horn, his tail, his ears, but panic and discomfort overwhelmed him, unable to focus. And still The Vicar continued, grabbing his flexible tail next and pulling it up *hard*. Thuan yelped at the pain in his spine, and the stretch of his ass, exposing his desperate, winking hole. The trailing ends of the rope were then secured tightly to the base of the tail, keeping the horrible bend in place.

Thuan swayed where he sat, unbalanced. It took several terrifying moments for him to find equilibrium in this new predicament. His tail swished pathetically, bound up in such an unnatural position, his legs were slowly going numb. His ears twitched, tracking The Vicar going about the space collecting something and bringing it to the altar. Candles. The Vicar took his time very carefully placing an untold amount of candles all around Thuan, securing them in place with a few drops of wax. Thuan hissed when a stray drop landed on his thigh, the liquid searing his sensitive skin.

The Vicar chuckled, aborting a movement that would have brought the wax directly over his bound cock. Instead he proceeded to drip wax just in front of the tip and placed another candle there. When he was done, dozens of tiny flames surrounded Thuan, cast in golds and oranges, reflecting from the stained glass window. An invitation for anyone to look and see his shame.



"Vicar.. Please..." Thuan despaired, eyes wide and begging.  
"Please what?" The Vicar said evenly, lighting the last candle, the one between his legs. The heat made Thuan gasp. Not quite close enough to sear him, but not quite far enough away either. He couldn't see it, he wished to know how long this one in particular would burn.

"Please, I'm sorry, I'm so so sorry, I'll never ever leave, I'll never see him again, please..."

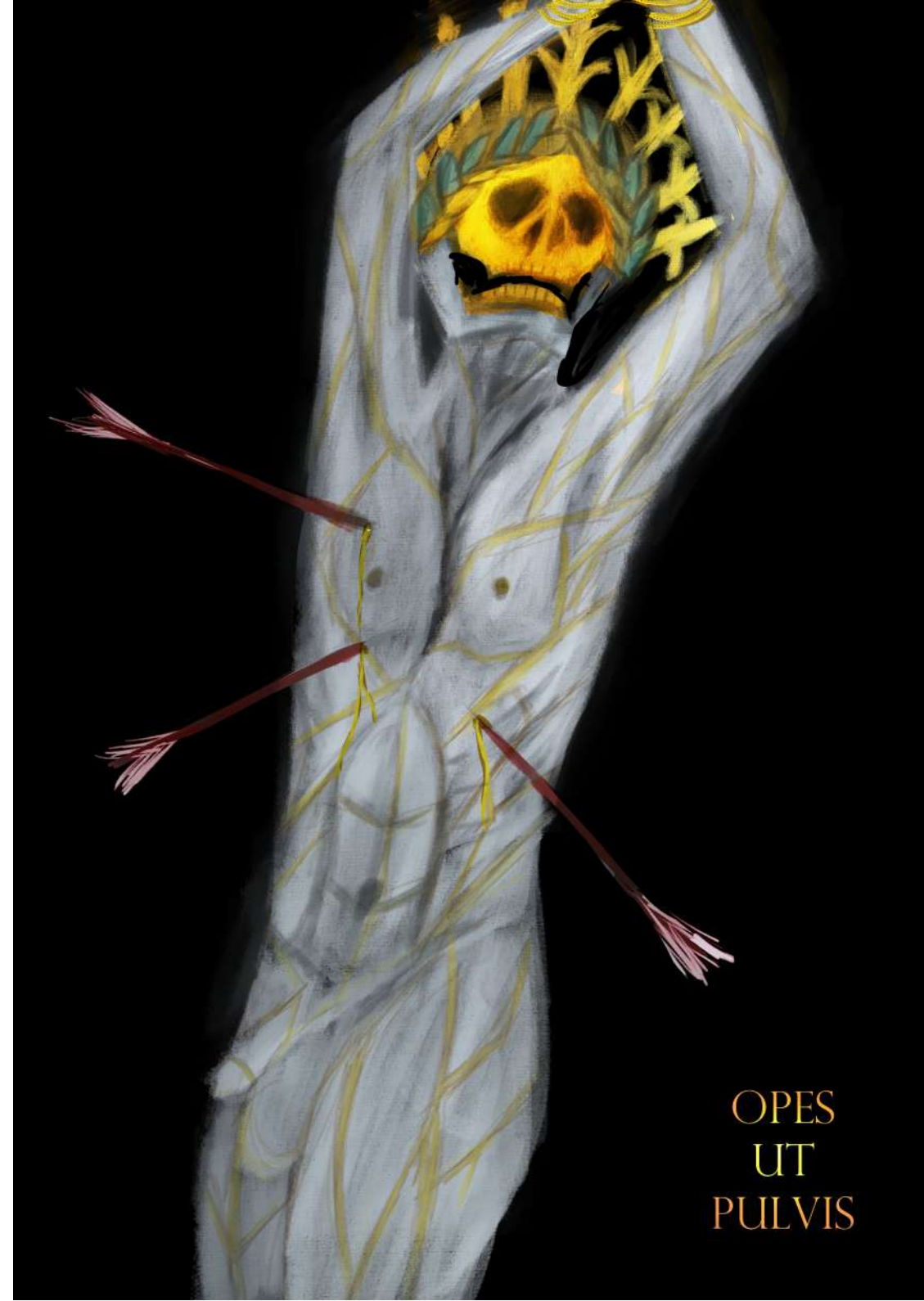
"Please what?" The Vicar repeated, casually redoing the twine at the base of his cock, cinching it even tighter than before and double knotting the bow. Thuan screwed his eyes shut. He couldn't say it. He couldn't beg to be released, because deep down he knew he deserved it. This is how he saves Kyle's soul— by suffering here, repenting. The Vicar seemed to approve of his silence, appearing at his side so Thuan could strain to see him out of the corner of his eye.

The pearl Thuan had produced was once again in his hand. He considered it thoughtfully before shoving it unceremoniously into Thuan's open, inviting hole. Thuan shrieked, despite his resignation, as the precious, magical thing was swallowed up by his own eager flesh. The Vicar's fingers pushed it up as far as it would go, nestling it nice and deep within him.

"It will come out eventually," The Vicar said, once again wiping his hand on Thuan's hair. "And your horn will go back in once you've meditated on your sin." The Vicar showed Thuan the bleeding tribute knife, and put it on the other side of the altar, between Thuan and dozens and dozens of lit candles.

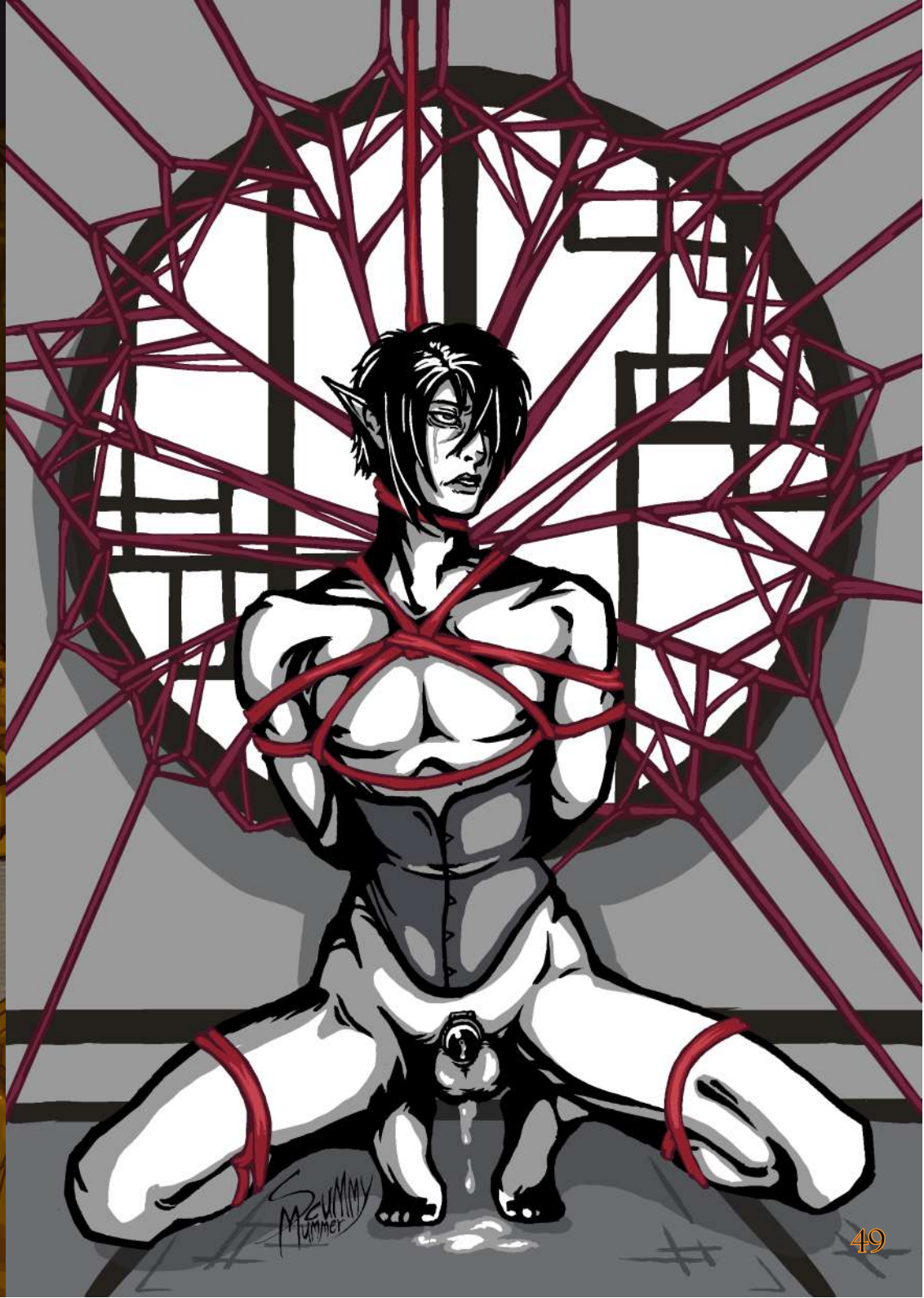
"I expect this worship will bring with it the proper motivation and some much needed enlightenment. Oh and," He paused, fetching the pendant and chain Kyle had gifted him from a fold of his robe. "Fear not. I gather its owner will be glad to see it returned safely. I will make sure of it."

With a parting flick of Thuan's equine ear, The Vicar left, his shadow dancing and elongating on the ornate walls of the church before disappearing from view entirely.



OPES  
UT  
PULVIS















# THE GOURMET

BY ZELISTEE & SUGARLIME

Jacque brushed an invisible piece of lint off of his already pristine overcoat. He took the opportunity of being a fine dining food critic to dress and feel his best, and the restaurant he'd be reviewing tonight was supposedly better than the best. *La Daine d'Or* was the sort of place that didn't typically need a critique or review to receive business, but a wealthy client had hired Jacque specifically to verify if the menu items and their six figure price tags were actually worth their purported reputation.

As the entryway door shut behind him, the sounds of outside abruptly cut off, quiet chatter and classical music filling the sudden silence. He handed his coat off to the attractive attendant that greeted him. According to a friend in modeling, the beauty standards for being hired here were stricter than most professional modeling agencies. The waiter that walked him through the warmly lit dining room was no exception, and Jacque took the time to enjoy staring at the outline of his ass through his tight pants.

Of course, he wasn't simply here for the "average" dining experience (which was still well above any normal person's means). No, he was being given the gueridon service. They were provided to the wealthiest diners at exorbitant costs, performed by the very head chef who had lifted this restaurant to become one of the top fine dining locations in the world.

Jacque was led to a private suite that was large enough to hold the full service without ever feeling cramped or overcrowded.

"Sir, please make yourself comfortable, your chef for today will arrive momentarily. Should you need anything through the evening, please do not hesitate to alert an attendant" the waiter told him before bowing and leaving him.

There was already a bottle of wine at the table. The meals here were several courses of pre-selected dishes and pre-paired wines. The food would apparently need quite some time in advance to be prepared, so for now Jacque sat, pouring himself a glass of wine and tasting a sip of it. It was exquisite, and he hoped he wouldn't have to wait long to taste whatever it was meant to be paired with.

It truly didn't take long for the chef to arrive. He was slightly older than the critic, with a hardened look from years of standing in the kitchen mastering his craft. He bowed politely, and introduced himself.

"Welcome to La Daine d'Or. I am the head chef, Dimitri. I'll be providing your service tonight." He sounded comfortable, commanding but not unpleasant. "There will be three courses for you to enjoy. For the appetizer, I will be preparing deviled eggs with caviar. A demonstration of the extraction process for our caviar will be part of your dining experience tonight."

On cue, two members of the kitchen staff - just as attractive as the waiter he'd seen earlier - rolled in the trolley with most of the ingredients on them. Egg that had already been hard-boiled, the cream mostly prepared. His demonstration wasn't about this part of the process. It was all about the other ingredients currently being rolled in.

Jacque grinned, sitting up straighter in his chair. A boy, the same age as most of the wait staff, was suspended in a stainless steel frame. It was a practical contraption, but the position his body was forced into was appetizing, too. The metal held his legs in a frog tie, spread apart for easy access to his nether region. His hands were tied just above his head. His belly bulged slightly, something in his stomach distending it. There were additional metal bars that could be used to strap it down as well, but they weren't currently in use. It gave him some room to writhe in his obvious discomfort.

He looked slightly dazed. There was a nametag on the chassis he was bound to to inform their clients that this boy's name was Derik. The restaurant boasted that they didn't use any painkillers or drugs that might spoil the taste of the ingredients, which meant the blissed out expression on Derik's face must have been from being a natural born slut.

Jacque already felt his pants beginning to tighten.

The head chef opened a small drawer from the trolley, looking for a tool inside while continuing to address Jacque. "A lot of these boys don't last very long. Derik is carrying his tenth load so far. He's truly one of our best."

He made sure to position himself in such a way that he wouldn't obstruct the view, and showed off the sounding rod in his hand to the critic.

"We keep them all on specialized diets to ensure high quality meals," he continued to explain nonchalantly, grabbing Derik's dick with his gloved hand. "While even their sperm can be harvested and used, we wouldn't want it mixing in with the caviar."

He inserted the sounding rod with a slow yet precise movement. His grip remained firm on Derik's cock, feeling as each bump sank deeper inside.

Jacque stood from his seat and stepped close, unable to help his own curiosity at the process and appreciating the slightly pained whimpers Derik was making. When the rod sank the last few centimeters fully inside of him, he couldn't hold back a whorish moan, the pleasure of having his prostate squeezed between the rod and the tension in his stomach making him all the more desperate.

"May I?" Jacque asked, his hands already midway to touching Derik's flushed cock. "I could hold the rod inside him while you work, if an extra set of hands wouldn't be in the way?" He hoped he didn't sound as childishy eager as he felt.

"You certainly can. If you would prefer to wear gloves, there is an extra pair in the drawer. It's not a requirement, though." In the meantime, Dimitri placed a large porcelain bowl under Derik's ass, ready to collect the fish eggs that would flow out as soon as he removed the plug in the boy's ass.

Jacque put on the extra gloves- no point in risking contaminating the food- and eagerly stepped forward, his hands taking over where Dimitri had just been, stopping Derik from making any headway trying to push the rod out of his urethra.

The younger boy squealed as the rod was harshly shoved back in, Jacque eager to not give him even a moment's reprieve from the unyielding press of the metal. The sound jabbed back into his prostate again, sending another spasm through him and cramping his stomach around the eggs.

"Puh-please, let them out sir," Derik begged, tears beginning to leak from his eyes despite the show not even having truly begun yet.

Jacque crept one hand up, pressing along Derik's distended belly and imagining he could feel the bumps of the thousands of eggs inside him. At

this rate, he wasn't even going to manage to make it through the appetizer without cumming. It was one thing to fantasize about eating food harvested from the bodies of beautiful men, but to experience it firsthand was something else entirely.

Trying to keep his composure Jacque instead focused on Dimitri, who was diligently working to offer him this first-rate experience. His cold expression betrayed his annoyance at Derik's pleas. He placed his hand on the plug. With one press of the button, the mechanism currently spread open inside his ass would fold up again and allow the plug to be taken out.

He didn't press it yet. Instead, he gently pushed and pulled, twisting it slowly as far as he could go without the risk of causing injury. It added even more pressure onto Derik's insides, pushing the eggs around and further teasing his sensitive spots like the prostate and rim. Derik groaned, the pressure and pleasure both spiking. He clearly wanted the toy out, and the eggs alongside it. From the way his dick jumped and twitched it was clear he wanted to come.

Only once he felt properly satisfied with this subtle and unspoken punishment, did Dimitri press the button on the plug. At the same time he spoke, "I'll begin the extraction now. As you can see, we can store impressive quantities of our caviar eggs inside of a single service boy."

Noticing Jacque's wandering hands and ravid enthusiasm, he added: "you may give a soft push onto his stomach. It will help them pour out more easily."

Jacque let out a deep breath and pressed harshly against Derik's stomach, forcing the first of the eggs to press out the last inch of the plug still inside him, and begin a waterfall of glistening caviar eggs pouring from his ass.

The eggs shot out into the waiting bucket beneath it, plopping heavy and wet and pristine from the careful cleanings and treatments Derik had been given for the week he had been carrying the eggs.

Jacque gave another forceful push, more eggs shooting out of Derik, his exhausted muscles unable to fight the pressure. Despite the thick sound still inside, with a strangled noise Derik came, his cum blocked and his dick



twitching and pulsing in the critic's grip.

Once the flow of caviar into the bucket had slowed to just a few loose eggs plopping free every few seconds, Dimitri pushed several gloved fingers into Derik's ass. Jacque watched, transfixed as the chef worked. His own hands twitched with want when Dimitri's full hand slipped in with ease, and he nearly lost his composure. He didn't realize how hard he was clenching Derik's dick until the boy flinched away from him, the sound scraping his insides roughly.

"It's important that none of the caviar is left inside," Dimitri explained to Jacque, scraping his fingers against Derik's insides to get several more eggs out. This part was more torturous for the boys the earlier they'd come, and the head chef always made sure they were aware of this fact. He pushed against Derik's prostate, rubbing it and feeling the rest of his body convulsing around his hand. After another long minute of checking for eggs, he pulled his hand out again.

With the last of the eggs slipped free Jacque looked to Dimitri with excitement. "May I?" He asked, gesturing to the bucket.

"We generally sieve the caviar through a fine mesh before serving, to separate any lingering fat or other impurities. Though if that doesn't particularly bother you, you're free to have a taste test," the chef picked up the metal bowl. He swapped out his gloves before handling the eggs. Most of them were placed on the mesh for further cleaning, but he poured a handful in a small porcelain serving bowl and placed it on Jacque's table.

Jacque pulled one tiny, shining egg free of the clump resting in his bowl. For a second he rolled it between his fingers, appreciating the luster before popping it into his mouth and piercing the delicate egg. The salty tang flooded his senses, carrying a delicate fishiness and stunning richness of flavor.

The caviar was exquisite, and the critic found himself mentally praising the fish that had done all the work of laying her eggs in such a special way. He took another sip of the wine, and it settled over his palate in harmony with the lingering taste.

As he waited for the chef to prepare the remainder of the dish the proper way, he alternated between watching the process and letting his eyes roam

back to Derik's body. It was covered in a fine sheen of sweat now, skin flushed red and chest heaving as he tried to breathe through his overstimulation. His dick still twitched, but not as much as his now gaping asshole, still trying to clench around nonexistent eggs. Jacque hoped it would be filled again quickly, to look as full and blissed out as he had when he had entered the room.

With the gueridon service nearly complete for the first course, the chef made quick work of completing the deviled eggs, working without any acknowledgement of the fucked out boy still in the room with a sounding rod painfully inserted inside him. Before long he was serving Jacque a beautiful plate of deviled eggs and caviar.

When the completed dish was placed in front of him, Jacque hastened to dig in, not wasting time and risking the food going cold. He moaned into the creamy egg and bursting caviar. The deviled eggs had a slight tang to them, but hardly any salt. Each bust of caviar added a spectacularly salty burst, cleansing the palate with each bite. Even without the perk of being allowed to watch the food be prepared he thought he'd come here to eat.

While Jacque finished his serving, staff members moved throughout the room, removing all the unnecessary equipment and the still mostly full bucket of caviar to preserve the rest of the eggs. For every guest that paid handsomely for this special service, there were hundreds of others who only came to eat, the gueridon service too expensive for all but the most elite members of society.

It only took a little while before a trolley, set up for the next course, stood ready for use. Derik was one of the last things to be taken out of the room. Guests always liked to gaze at them during their meal, but interaction between service boys was avoided, so he was removed before the next one was brought in.

When Derik was passing by him, Dimitri reached out and gave him one short pat on his head for a job well done. This gesture from someone so much higher up made the boy smile softly. It could be hard to earn his approval, especially as a simple appetizer boy.

Derik sagged in exhaustion as the display restraining him began to move. Once he was back in the prep rooms he would be cleaned, and if the rest of the staff was feeling kind, the sound and his restraints would be removed

and he would be allowed a few moments alone to cum properly - with or without someone helping - before receiving the appropriate nutrition and being sent back for a new clutch of eggs.

Maybe someday he'd be promoted to serving as a main dish. It was hard enough to come across worthy boys, and even more difficult to tear them out of their previous life and make them accept their new reality. Derik hoped that Jacque would enjoy the tender liver of the service boy he would get to consume as his main dish tonight. It only made sense to thoroughly savor every last bit of them.

Dish: **Deville Eggs with Caviar**

Course: Appetizer

Pair with: Sparking Rosé or Pinot Grigio

Prep Time: 45 minutes

Cooling time for the eggs: 30 minutes

Total Time: 1 hour 15 minutes

#### Ingredients

- 6 Eggs Large, free range
- 3 tablespoon mayonnaise
- 2 teaspoon Dijon mustard
- ½ teaspoon sweet Paprika
- ½ teaspoon White wine vinegar
- Salt & Pepper, to taste

#### Garnishes

- Sweet Paprika
- Chives, finely chopped
- 1 tablespoon caviar (Dimitri uses sturgeon caviar, but whitefish caviar or lumpfish roe work as well)

#### Instructions

##### Hard-boil the Eggs

- Place 6 large eggs in a pan. Cover entirely with cold water and cover the pan with a lid
- On high heat, bring the water to a boil, and continue cooking the eggs for 7 minutes
- Fill a large bowl with cold water – add ice for best effect. Transfer the eggs into the bowl of cold water. Let cool to loosen them from the shell and make easier to handle and peel

##### Preparing the Cooked Eggs

- Slice each peeled egg in half lengthwise. Use a teaspoon to carefully pop the yolks out of the center
- Use a fine-meshed sieve over a small mixing bowl to push the yolks through using the back of a spoon. Add mayonnaise, dijon mustard, paprika, white wine vinegar, salt and pepper to the yolks. Mix well then taste & adjust seasoning to suit your tastes

##### Assembling the Devilled Eggs

- Spoon the filling into a piping bag fitted with a star nozzle and pipe the mixture into the hollowed egg whites
- Sprinkle some paprika over the eggs, then scatter with chopped chives
- Finish by spooning caviar onto the top of each egg

Best served straight away





The Master's Dog wanted to go hunting, and invited the Coachman along to repay a favor. Weak as he was, the Coachman had never been hunting before, and was not prepared for what he would witness. He had selected a strong, burly man, and with a predator's eyes, the Dog silently coaxed him outside and provoked a bare-handed brawl with him; the human's blood pumped wildly under sweating flesh, his deep arteries glowing and throbbing with the promise of a feast.



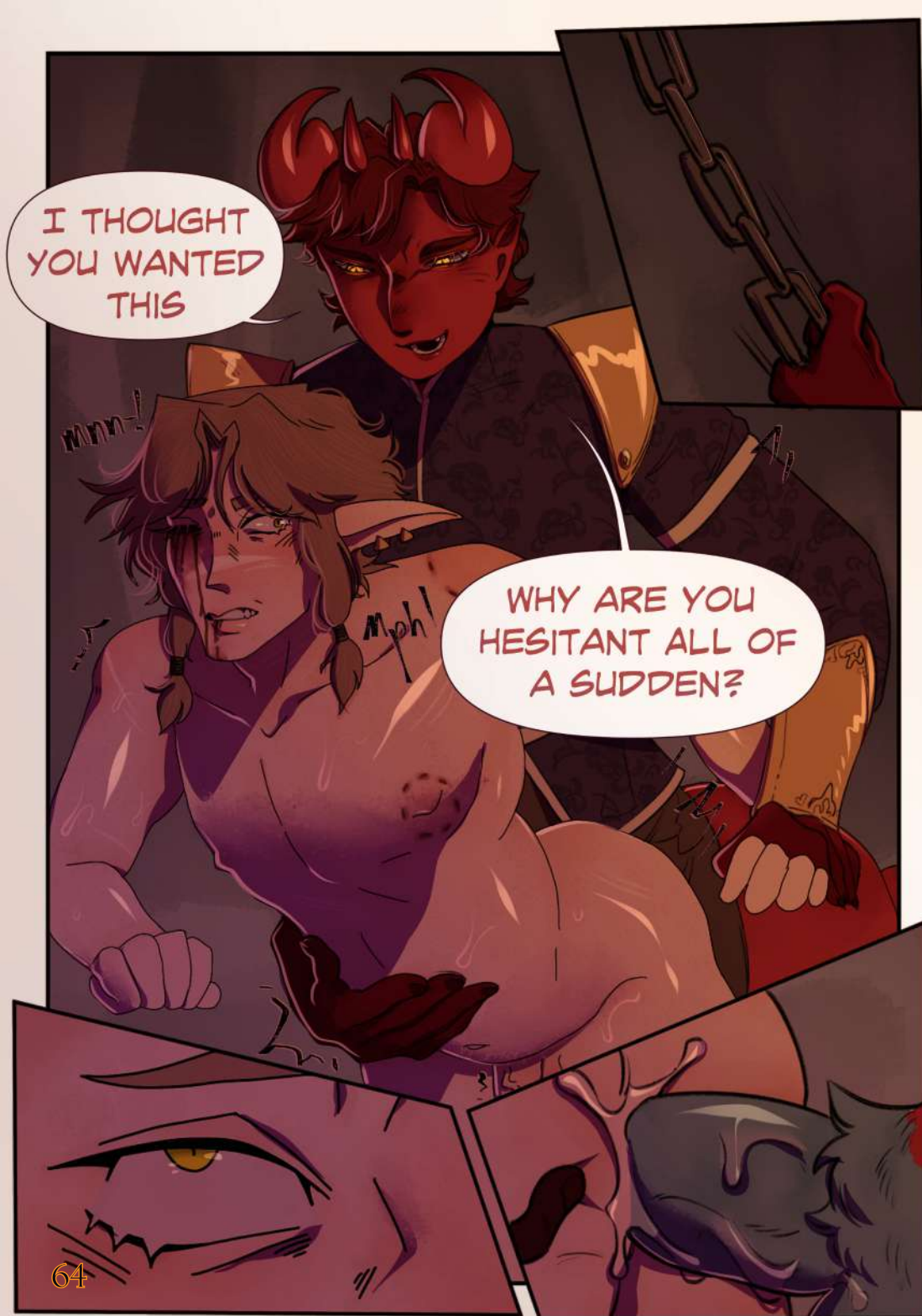
At the very height of his pulse, embracing like slow dancers in the ballroom, the Dog bit. Liquid gold poured from the man's veins and the Dog hungrily swallowed over and over until the bruised and exhausted man's knees weakened, held up only by the Dog's cold iron grip. His long, sharp teeth and tongue dripped provocatively red as he pulled back from the man's neck.

Locking eyes with the Coachman, the Master's Dog tilted the human's head to the side, baring his bleeding neck in an offer to share his meal. To kiss the same wound, to drink mere inches from the Dog's blood-hot gaze...

"Come. Don't waste him."

















# BLOOM

BY SUEHIRO MONCRIEFF

One thousand steps. That was how long he'd follow his son's tracks before giving up. After that there'd be no time for them to get out of the woods by dawn. The tree cover in the forest made for a black night regardless of how much the moon decided to show of itself. And the risk of being caught by the king's men meant a lantern was more trouble than it was worth. If the boy hadn't lost his grip on the dog's leash, maybe things would be different, but as it stood now, the Hunter could only keep looking and feeling for the imprints of boots and paw prints, and hope that the cold, turning breeze wouldn't hold the smell of blood ahead of him.

The Hunter had lost count of the steps almost half an hour ago. Or, at least, he assumed it was that long.

But presently the breeze seemed to warm itself, and carry the scent of lavender. The Hunter paused. That couldn't be right, the first frost had settled in weeks ago. He moved on, no longer trying to count steps. The boy had to be close, he was old enough to have the sense not to run far. But as the forest began to thin out into a clearing ahead, the Hunter's heart sank as he saw no sign of his son or the dog. He followed the footsteps into the clearing, where the floral smell became stronger and more complex. Giving in to curiosity, he looked up from the ground again and was startled by the finely-dressed woman in front of him, smiling serenely in the moonlight. Her uncovered hair, decorated with flowers, gleamed with a cold, pale shine.

"Lost, good hunter?" She was nearly a foot taller than he was. "Or could it be that you've lost something? You'll need light to see." Before he could stop her, the woman waved her hand, and the sparkle of luminous spores stirred and danced around the treetops, settling at last on a massive horse chestnut tree in the clearing's center. Fibrous webs, almost too small to see, lit up the ground of the clearing and hung in the gold-colored dodder adorning the trees until it was as bright as dawn.

*Something is wrong here. The unnatural, unseasonal flowers, the light from nowhere... a creature of Satan, perhaps?* And, indeed, the flowers were unnatural. Roses and the lavender he'd smelled earlier bloomed in wild tangles, but so, too, did others. A white, trumpet-shaped flower he'd never seen before grew tall and proud from a spiky-leaved bush at his knees. A strange purple lily with a thick black spadix grew in pairs at the huge tree's base.

"What devilry is this...?" The Hunter took a step back, shaking. He no longer felt cold. The woman laughed gently and took a step forward. Now that he could see her properly, the Hunter noticed she was bedecked in jewelry and had lips as soft and red as the scarlet geraniums that now flowered around his ankles. The heavy, sweet perfume of all the flowers was overwhelming.

"You needn't worry about any devil while you're here, good hunter. Only allow me to look at you a moment... what sparse clothing you have...! That simply shall not do, not when the ground is soon to freeze..." The woman reached her hands forward to take his, but the Hunter pulled away.

"I can clothe myself, fair lady, though I thank you for the concern. Now, I really must be going." But as he fixed his eyes again towards his boy's footprints on the ground, he realized they stopped abruptly a few steps into the clearing.

"But going where? If it's game you seek, a feast can be arranged. Or if it's something else you're tracking..." The woman turned her head and whistled a shrill note through her teeth, and the sound of trotting hoofbeats could be heard in the distance. "Assistance can always be found."

"Have you lost your wits? Poaching in the king's wood will get me hanged, I need no assistance from nobility to find my son-" The woman interrupted him with a laugh so soft and kind the Hunter worried he might fall in love. His heart twisted with fear.

"I'd never think to betray your presence, good hunter, to your king or his men. They'll never find you here. You poor creature... Come out into the light, that you might be seen." The Hunter was about to resist again when the sight of pearlescent, feathered fur gathered around cloven hooves made his arms go slack. His eyes grew wide as he stared at the unicorn being ridden into the clearing by a handsome youth in fine clothes. The woman pulled the Hunter deeper into the clearing. "That boy of yours can be found with ease. But while you wait, you must be changed into something more befitting this place, don't you agree?"

"Changed?" The Hunter grew pale.

"Of course. These ragged things you wear are most improper." The woman's eyes stared with an earnestness that could only feel innocent, and the Hunter laughed with relief.

"Oh...! Yes, I suppose..." He allowed the woman to guide him further into the clearing. He hadn't noticed before how furnished the place was. Just off to the side were a few finely crafted chairs, an armoire, and a full-length mirror, all standing securely on soft, carpet-like grass. Or perhaps it hadn't all been there before. On thinking about it, he was struggling to remember.

"May I have the name of that boy of yours?" The unicorn trotted up, and the boy atop it, not much older than the Hunter's son, looked down at him. The Hunter started and, stammering slightly, gave it to him. "Very good. I'll be off, then." With a nod of acknowledgment, the youth rode off into the dark woods.

"Is that truly all he needs...?" The Hunter asked, his voice faint.

"Of course." The tall woman guided him towards the mirror. He'd never seen one so large and fine as this. And though his reflection in the glass was exquisitely clear, like nothing he'd seen before, he had to admit now that he looked exactly as haggard as he felt. Embarrassment welled up in his chest at seeing himself standing next to the beautiful woman who held his shoulders so gently. "I think first things first... we'd better get you out of *this*." With long and painted nails, she gently undid the buttons on his coat.

"Well, I-" The Hunter's cheeks burned red as he gently tried to stop her. "I can do this myself, though I'd like to know just what I'm meant to wear in its stead." Now that she was so close, it was strange... underneath the sweet smell of the flowers, there was something else, something not quite right. Almost like the scent of decay. It was so faint, the Hunter almost hadn't noticed.

"Only an outfit befitting your place and role, of course. A man like yourself deserves to look as handsome as he can, don't you think? Terribly unfair that you've been deprived the opportunity." Waving a hand, she invited more young women over, all dressed in finery like hers and wearing their hair uncovered and adorned in flowers.

"My Lady Hornbeam, what shall we do with him?" Asked one, curtseying.

"Clean the poor man up, he's to be made more presentable." The young women hurried to work, and despite the Hunter's fast-weakening protests, they took his clothes, his tools, and his bow from him garment by garment, item by item, measuring him as they went, until all he had left was the boots he stood in. Meanwhile, Lady Hornbeam lifted up a pair of scissors made of clear, bright-shining glass. She brought her other hand to

the Hunter's beard. "This will certainly have to go. But don't worry, good hunter, I'll be gentle as can be."

"Now, wait a moment-" Squirming uncomfortably in his nakedness and trying not to look at himself in the mirror, the Hunter brought his hands up and tried to push Lady Hornbeam's hand away. The cold glass of the scissors brushed against his cheek right as she cut some of his beard with a snipping noise.

"Ah- careful, now. I'd hate to cut you. Blood paid for with blood, and all that..." Lady Hornbeam released his beard and snapped her fingers. The mirror became a flat black slab of stone before the Hunter's eyes. Only the twisted branches of its gold frame reflected the clearing's unnatural light. "Could it be you're self-conscious? You don't have to look if you don't want to, until it's done." She wrapped her free arm, with its hand as white as milk and soft as a flower petal, behind his head, leaning her hand and her chin on top. Her breasts pushed against his shoulder. "Dear hunter... is it such a crime to want to see what your face really looks like? You hide from me. Do you not trust in my discretion?" Her fingers stroked his hair.

"I worry that I'll look like a fool," he admitted, not really knowing why.

"And if I could promise you marriage into nobility? How long has it been, since she died?" Lady Hornbeam's voice softened. Her nails gently scratched the Hunter's scalp.

"How do you know about-"

"Would you even understand if I told you? Call it a lucky guess if it soothes your worries."

"...Fourteen years."

"The boy?"

"Yes." The Hunter lowered his arms and let the ladies in waiting continue to measure his proportions. A wet square of linen gently scrubbed the weariness and tension from his body, inch by inch.

"It's been long enough, don't you think?" Lady Hornbeam released the Hunter from her embrace and lifted the scissors to his face again. "Won't you take what I offer you?" For the first time, the Hunter looked into her eyes. They shone like gold.

"Yes... And that lad of yours... he can find my boy?"



"He'll be found before dawn." She smiled and snipped away at his beard again, this time more confidently. "And on that same hour, you'll be ready for your betrothed..." A few more snips, this time closer to the skin. "And you'll never have to fear your king's claim to the forest again." A lady in waiting took the scissors, and a pair of hands the Hunter couldn't see smeared his face with a cool, sweet-smelling ointment. Lady Hornbeam's lips brushed against his ear as another glass blade began to glide up his neck. "Close your eyes, dear hunter, and when you open them again, you'll see finery the likes of which you've never imagined." The Hunter obeyed.

A dozen hands appraised him as he was adorned. And even as the glass razor swiped away the last of the ointment from his face, and various garments of fine soft linen and silk were slipped onto his body, he felt that he'd never be ready to open his eyes. He'd look like a buffoon, or wake up from this strange dream. *That must be why I'm not afraid*, he thought, as a delicate but strong pair of hands lifted his legs, one at a time, to remove his boots and set his bare feet against the soft grass. A comb moved through his hair, shaping and guiding it in ways he'd never bothered to imagine. Soft, cool hands even smoothed over his eyebrows, and brushed something onto his eyelids. The weight of a softly-jingling necklace fell upon his shoulders. *This can't be real. That must be why I haven't questioned it*. After what could have been a few minutes or could have been a hundred years, Lady Hornbeam's voice once again embraced his ears.

"Open your eyes, good hunter. See what king and clergy have denied you." The Hunter's eyelids opened slowly, but without hesitation. Looking back at him was a man he could hardly recognize as himself, a man who made him wonder if thirty-two wasn't so old after all. Fine, soft silks in brilliant hues of purple and red wrapped around his shoulders and waist, giving a flattering shape to the loose, gauzy white shirt that felt so delicate against his skin that he feared his own innate roughness could tear it. One of the many thin gold chains that sparkled and shone on his body was around his waist, as well, and dangling from it were a pearl-encrusted knife and spoon carved from rainbow-bearing nacre. But the Hunter was fascinated, most of all, with how different his face seemed. Softness that he'd forgotten he'd ever had radiated from his smooth cheeks, and awestruck innocence he'd long since abandoned re-emerged in his gold-painted eyes. It was with a strange embarrassment that he realized he almost looked pretty. Lady Hornbeam smiled at him and placed a flowering stem of bugloss behind his ear.

"My lady, you truly have an eye for these things! I'd never have guessed-" One of the young women piped up, only to be silenced by a wave of Lady Hornbeam's hand.

"Of course I do. I'd never waste my time on an ugly man..." The Hunter was snapped out of his trance as she started turning him around. To his surprise, directly facing the mirror was a huge and magnificent bed, where before had only been soft grass. Coiling up the posts at the bed's corners were twisting vines of crawling ivy, with long, translucent gossamer curtains between them. "Here's where you can rest for a few moments, and wait. Your betrothed is already on the way." The Hunter almost felt sad as he climbed onto the bed. *Guess the dream is going to end now... I'll wake up cold and probably hungry... but at least I'll also find the boy and dog asleep in the bed beside my own... I guess it's alright*. The blankets were soft and plush, in a shade of purple he'd only ever seen in flowers. The cold of the forest outside almost felt imaginary as he lay down.

"Forgive me, but from the way you spoke, I assumed you were my betrothed," the Hunter murmured, half-asleep already. Lady Hornbeam laughed.

"Goodness, no. But you'll understand soon enough."

The Hunter was woken what felt like moments later by the sound of rustling leaves and a warm gust of wind. For the first time since the young man on the unicorn had left, he heard a male voice other than his own.

"I commend you, my lady. As always, your commitment to beauty impresses." The Hunter's eyes slowly opened. The shadow of a man as tall as Lady Hornbeam towered over him. The Hunter blinked a few times to allow his eyes to readjust to light, and slowly the tall man came into focus. Piercing yellow-green eyes and thin, dark eyebrows were all he could see of the man's otherwise-covered face, and a fine brimmed hat and cloak obscured the rest of his body.

"You flatter me, Lord Acanthus. I do only what is fitting." As it registered to the Hunter that he truly was awake, adrenaline shot through his system at last and he sprang up in the bed.

"Now, wait just a moment. Lady, just where is my son?" He moved to get up. "You said he'd be found within the hour."

"Be still." Lady Hornbeam's voice hadn't been so cold before. The Hunter froze in place and her face relaxed into a smile again. "I said before

dawn, good hunter. But within an hour of your being ready for your betrothed, yes. And my lord, you'd say he's ready now, wouldn't you?" Lord Acanthus removed his hat, revealing softly waving curls of hair, and his gloves.

"Oh, yes. I think a more suitable siárfen could never be found." Dread opened up a pit in the Hunter's stomach.

"What's...?" He had a suspicion that he knew already, but the Hunter couldn't help but ask.

"Only a man who's to be married. Consider it the equivalent to 'bride' in your language, if it helps." Lady Hornbeam's tone was disturbingly casual.

"Y-you don't mean-"

"Mind your words, now." Lord Acanthus took off his cloak. Handsome and clean-shaven, he couldn't have been much older than the Hunter was. Or, at least, he didn't look much older. With a rising sense of fear, the Hunter realized he'd been taking far too much for granted. "In your position, you lack much more to give away." The Hunter's eyes darted to the mirror, where his clothes and things had been taken from him. But there was nothing. Even the ladies-in-waiting who'd taken them were nowhere to be found.

"Perhaps there's been some sort of misunderstanding..." The Hunter suddenly felt very exposed in the thin, diaphanous fabric draped over his body. The thin chains on his body felt heavier than before. "I'm only here because I wanted to find my son, I should be going to look for him." Lady Hornbeam didn't even look at him as she walked over to the mirror.

"Why bother? If he hasn't been found yet, he will be any minute." She turned and laid her hand on top of its golden frame.

"Wh-" Before the Hunter could fully protest, a strong hand gripped the back of his neck. He knew who'd grabbed him. But the instinct to turn and look, nevertheless, persisted as he attempted to face Lord Acanthus. Even so, his strength was no match. He was pushed down onto the bed, face-first.

"The frost hasn't killed the insects yet, my lady. And it is a forest for the Children, isn't it?" Lord Acanthus spoke casually, as if about the weather, as he climbed onto the bed, straddling the Hunter and pinning down his

legs. The Hunter's heart pounded in his ears, but over that and over his own frightened, frenzied yelling, muffled by the soft plush blankets of the bed, he heard Lady Hornbeam's voice clear as day.

"It certainly used to be. Perhaps the child will follow the smell of hyacinths on the wind. But I wouldn't worry. After all, the unicorns desire virgin flesh more keenly once the frosts begin... Well. I suppose we'll see." Lord Acanthus placed his free hand at the Hunter's back, where it found one of the many chains adorning his body. A quick but steady pull revealed their placement's purpose as his arms were pinned tightly to his sides.

"Your people give privilege to your lords and kings before wedding nights, don't they? Or is that just a rumor?" The gauzy trousers were roughly pulled down, and the Hunter thrashed against his restraints. "How barbaric. I don't intend to give you to anybody else. But I like knowing what I'm in for, so forgive my impatience." Lord Acanthus' lips, soft and well-shaped, brushed against the Hunter's ear as he pushed him deeper into the bed. "Call me spoiled if you wish."

Searing pain, vicious and sudden, brought tears to the Hunter's eyes and shrank his voice to a whimper. Lord Acanthus sighed in pleasure but said nothing as he pushed his cock inside and began thrusting. But the Hunter squirmed wildly. He had to get out of here, had to escape and save the boy, his poor boy...

The strength left the Hunter's limbs as he realized he no longer remembered his son's name.

*What have these people done to me?*

The steady driving pain of penetration came again and again, sharp at entry before becoming a deep, cramp-like thud of impact, and though he weakly tried to escape the chains, the realization that it was far too late was beginning to overtake his efforts. He forced his face upwards to try and see around himself. The angle hurt his neck, but it was nothing compared to the rest. Lady Hornbeam still stood by the mirror, watching with a quiet satisfaction. And as their eyes met, her faint smile widened. The Hunter could smell blood and taste bile at the back of his throat. The smell of all the flowers was becoming sickening. In the mirror, the Hunter caught a glimpse of his own lovely, newly-youthful face, of his freshly-scrubbed body being ravished by the huge man who he'd unwittingly been promised. A dribble of some hot liquid, perhaps blood or perhaps precum, dripped down his shaking inner thigh. And it wasn't until he could no longer see himself



through the blurring of tears that he even realized they were welling up so heavily in his eyes. *"Siárfen..."* The equivalent to *bride...* So *this is what it is, to marry into nobility.* The pained, bitter laugh in his chest came out as a sob.

"I- hgh... I wonder, my lady, if your promise to this man has been fulfilled yet. I think it might be nice to check, don't you?" Lord Acanthus' thrusting began to speed up as he spoke. And even if he couldn't see it in the mirror, the Hunter could have heard the smile in his voice.

"I absolutely agree. Let's find out, I do hate to fail in my promises..." Lady Hornbeam's hand slid down the side of the mirror's frame, and sparkles of golden light, golden as her eyes, changed the image in the glass, by degrees, to a vision of the dark forest outside. And within moments, the sound of rustling foliage and distant speech could be heard coming from it, too. *"The senses of owls are wonderfully sharp, you know. And they're such subtle beasts, when they want to be. But even so..."* Lady Hornbeam placed a finger to her lips.

*"Your father gave me your name. It's how I was able to find you."*

*"My father? Is he alright?"* The Hunter gasped raggedly with hope and with terror as he recognized the boy's voice. Lord Acanthus' thrusts slowed, but even the agonizing drag of skin on broken skin could not break the Hunter's newfound focus.

*"He certainly was when I departed. But for now, climb off with me for a moment, will you..."*

*"Very well..."* The owl's keen eyes spotted the boy and the young nobleman who'd been sent, guiding the unicorn with a hand on its neck. The tiny clearing they entered was featureless but for a small ring of white stones. *"I wanted to find my dog too, but thank you for helping me."*

*"Well, perhaps he'll come home by himself."* The young gentleman patted the boy on the back. His silent grin and bright eyes shone out of the mirror, as if he knew he was being watched, and with a single hand he shoved the boy into the ring of stones, where vines immediately bound his legs to the ground.

"No... No!!" The Hunter's stifled and exhausted breath only allowed his voice to rise faintly above a terrified whimper. Lord Acanthus placed a rough hand on the back of his neck and leaned down again, speeding his thrusts up again.

"Quiet, now. Have you heard the voice of a unicorn before, beloved? They're normally so quiet..." His voice took on a rougher, breathier quality as his hips slammed harder against the Hunter's ass. "But they're such *passionate* creatures, where it counts. In fact, I believe it's the only time they make a sound."

And over his son's screams, the young nobleman's laughter, and his own frantic protestations, over the sound of Lord Acanthus's rough groan as he reached orgasm and came inside of him, the Hunter learned that unicorns did not sound like horses at all.







# ZHUK, KING OF THE BUGS

BY SUGARLIME & ILLUSTRATION BY ROTTENFISH

Today was as close to somber as the king of the fairies had ever been. The Bug Kingdom had been threatening the eastern borders for some months, and a few weeks ago they had broken through the kingdom's outer defenses. The bug kingdom with their atlas beetle mounts and their dragonfly scouts had far outmatched the fairies who were unable to do anything but silently await the fall of their kingdom.

Throughout the war, the king had continued to dress in finery- jewels dripping off his vest and chains of iridescent pearls draped over his colorful wings. His cheeks had stayed flushed from wine and his arms wrapped around that particular day's chosen concubines. The smile didn't leave his mouth for even a moment because it didn't have a reason to.

The king had not smiled once today.

At breakfast, Zhuk, the bug king, had been sitting in the palace's dining room when the royal family gathered to eat, his muddy boots propped up on the table and a dead attendant lying in a pool of blood beside him. When the fairy king had tried to shout for help, the bug king had taken the concubines from his arms and slit their throats before either of them had had time to scream. The fairy king did not try to call for help again.

The surrender of the fairy kingdom to the bugs had been a quick and quiet affair after that. Before the sun was halfway through the sky the king had agreed to give up one of his sons, and over half of the gold in his treasury to the bugs in return for an agreement where the king and citizens would keep their heads, and the country would instead be annexed into the bug's territory.

The eight fairy princes were led into the throne room dressed in the finest silks and gems the kingdom had to offer, displayed for the bugs like dolls to be picked over and chosen as a prize. The princes tried to hide their fear, their flinches suppressed as Zhuk's eyes roamed over their bodies.

He paused in front of one seemingly at random. A long, clawed finger reached out and ran through a lock of pale pink hair. He brought it to his nose and sniffed the gentle floral scent of the boy.

"You wouldn't be remiss as our host and deny me testing my prize out before I take it home with me, right King Oberon?" the Bug king rasped. For

a moment the fairy king looked like he would object, but a nearby soldier's menacing glower had him cowering again.

"O- of course not Lord Zhuk," he replied, leaning back in his chair.

"Then you're also surely willing to arrange a party for me and my men. I'll expect your full court to attend, and I'll be testing your son there. In front of them all," he smirked, finally leaning away from the trembling boy and turning to face the king.

"You'll- but- but that's preposterous. I couldn't possibly-" the king's protests were cut short by the soldier beside him. In one short moment a blade was pressed to his neck, effectively silencing his complaint. "... your demands will be met. King Zhuk."

—

The party was held that night. Every member of high society that could make it on such short notice was demanded to be in attendance by decree of the king. Not yet knowing of the bug's presence in the palace, the noble families flocked to the palace. With fine wine, good food, and a band playing serene dancing music, they were none the wiser as they entered the entertainment hall. Once they were all secured within the room, the bugs quietly locked the door, ensuring no one would be able to escape the night's planned entertainment.

Behind the curtain of a large central stage in the room Zhuk smirked and addressed the trembling pink haired boy, "What is your name, metelyk?"

"Sa-Sango," the prince stammered, holding still like a single twitch might invoke Zhuk's wrath.

"Sango," the king repeated, testing the foreign word on his tongue, the soft consonants unfamiliar, but not unpleasant.

Zhuk led him out from behind the curtain. A few stunned gasps quickly gained the attention of the room, heads turning to see Sango in the arms of the bug king.

The other princes were led out as well. Their fine formal clothes had been stripped away, and each boy was dressed in sheer fabric befitting the whores of the kingdom. Sango was particularly decorated, with a tiara made of twisting gold and oversized earrings dripping low enough to almost touch the thick golden collar that had been welded shut around his neck. To those with sharp eyes, all of his jewelry paled in comparison to the two glinting golden studs threaded through the base of his nipples. The piercings



were still new, and sore in a way that made Sango breathless when they were touched.

"Fairies of the realm," Zhuk roared, quieting the panicked murmur that had been spreading throughout the room. "I am Zhuk, king of the bugs and conqueror of your kingdom. Tonight, as a symbol of the annexation of the fairy kingdom, I will be taking prince Sango's purity here in this very hall. Enjoy the show, and the festivities of the night, but know that any who try to interfere will be killed."

The room was quiet with shock for a moment before the outraged cries of the nobles spread across the room. Some fairies pushed forwards, trying to get to where the bug king was and pry their prince out of his grasp. At Zhuk's signal, those nearest the stage were neatly killed, the nobles defenseless against the soldiers. As the heads of a dozen or so fairies dropped onto the ground, the crowd seemed to falter, righteous anger fizzling into fear as they realized that the threat was not an empty one.

Near the back of the hall, others tried to escape, making their way towards the blocked doors. They too were killed, bug guards with menacing weapons easily crushing their delicate bone structures. The hall was awash with the scent of fresh blood, and Zhuk felt the wave of arousal it brought hit him as well. As he truly began to get excited for the show he'd get to put on for his audience tonight, the prince beside him began to shake with silent sobs.

"Sango," he said, gaining the crying boy's attention, "If you are already crying, you're going to dehydrate yourself well before the night is over." He tugged the boy closer by a fist in his hair, and let himself savor Sango's shocked expression when he crashed their lips together.

From his place on the dias at the head of the room the king made as if to rush the stage, half out of his seat before the nearest soldier forced him back down and his hands were tied to the arms of the seat so he could not attempt to interrupt again.

Surprise and fear warred on Sango's face. It took him a moment to begin properly struggling, but even when he did Zhuk easily held him down, pressing both of his thin wrists into one oversized hand and tightening a fistfull of his hair in the other, gripping it and forcing him closer. Zhuk's tongue forced its way past Sango's lips, worming into his mouth and deepening their kiss.

When Zhuk finally let him break for air, Sango was panting, his eyes

glazed over and his cheeks wet with tears. He was turned to fully face the panicked crowd. Every eye was on him as the gauzy clothes he wore were torn away in a ripple of shimmering fabric, exposing his body fully to the captive audience.

There were shouts of confusion, fear, and dismay at the sight of the prince's body. There were those who had yet to notice his pierced nipples, but now too his penis was fully exposed. The newly implanted beads gave it a grotesque shape and forced it to bend, drooping under its own weight. They were paired with the massive ring piercing the head of his cock.

The other princes had been separated from their brother until now and several had to be held back as they fought to reach him. One of them, the one with delicate orange dragonfly-like wings, was screaming obscenities. He was quickly gagged, two more soldiers joining to keep him subdued. The other princes weren't so vocal, and the treatment of the orange prince cowed them into submission. With the royal family allowing their brother to be exposed, the crowd quieted, watching in silent shock.

Zhuk drew his fingers along the trembling wings of the prince, black and pink scales quivering under the threat of nails. He gathered the ruined fabric of Sango's robes, using it to bind his arms behind him, forcing his chest forward and displaying his small pierced nipples to the room.

He leaned in to whisper to Sango, his lips brushing the shell of his ear, "you'll put on a good show for your kingdom, right little metelyk?"

Sango shivered, letting out a small keening noise and a tiny nod. It was enough for Zhuk. He moved to the edge of the stage, making sure everyone had a good look at the debauched prince. Sango had been well known and well liked in high society. He was cheerful and kind, witty and clever. Now he was on the stage, his red chest and mutated dick exposed as Zhuk freed himself from the confines of his pants.

He lifted Sango up, folding his legs to press against his own chest and lining his exposed asshole up with the tip of his dick. The prince sobbed openly, terrified and panicked As Zhuk's head pressed into him, slowly spearing him open. He pressed deeper and deeper, not giving Sango a chance to adjust or relax against the dry press of his dick. Well before Zhuk bottomed out, Sango tore. He bled like a sacrifice onto Zhuk, slouching the press just enough to make it tolerable for his rapist.

Zhuk sighed in content, loosening his grip enough that Sango dropped the last couple of inches, gravity forcing him to bottom out on the dick

violating him. The scream he let out would haunt the nobles in attendance for the rest of their lives. But still the nightmare persisted.

No sooner had Sango fully bottomed out than Zhuk was lifting him again, Pulling him up until he was nearly free of the intrusion in his guts, then dropping him back down again. Each time Zhuk slammed into him, the crowd could see the outline of his dick bulging in Sango's stomach. No one dared to try to stop him. Time seemed to stretch, Sango trying to gasp desperate breaths between each thrust that seemed to break him apart little by little.

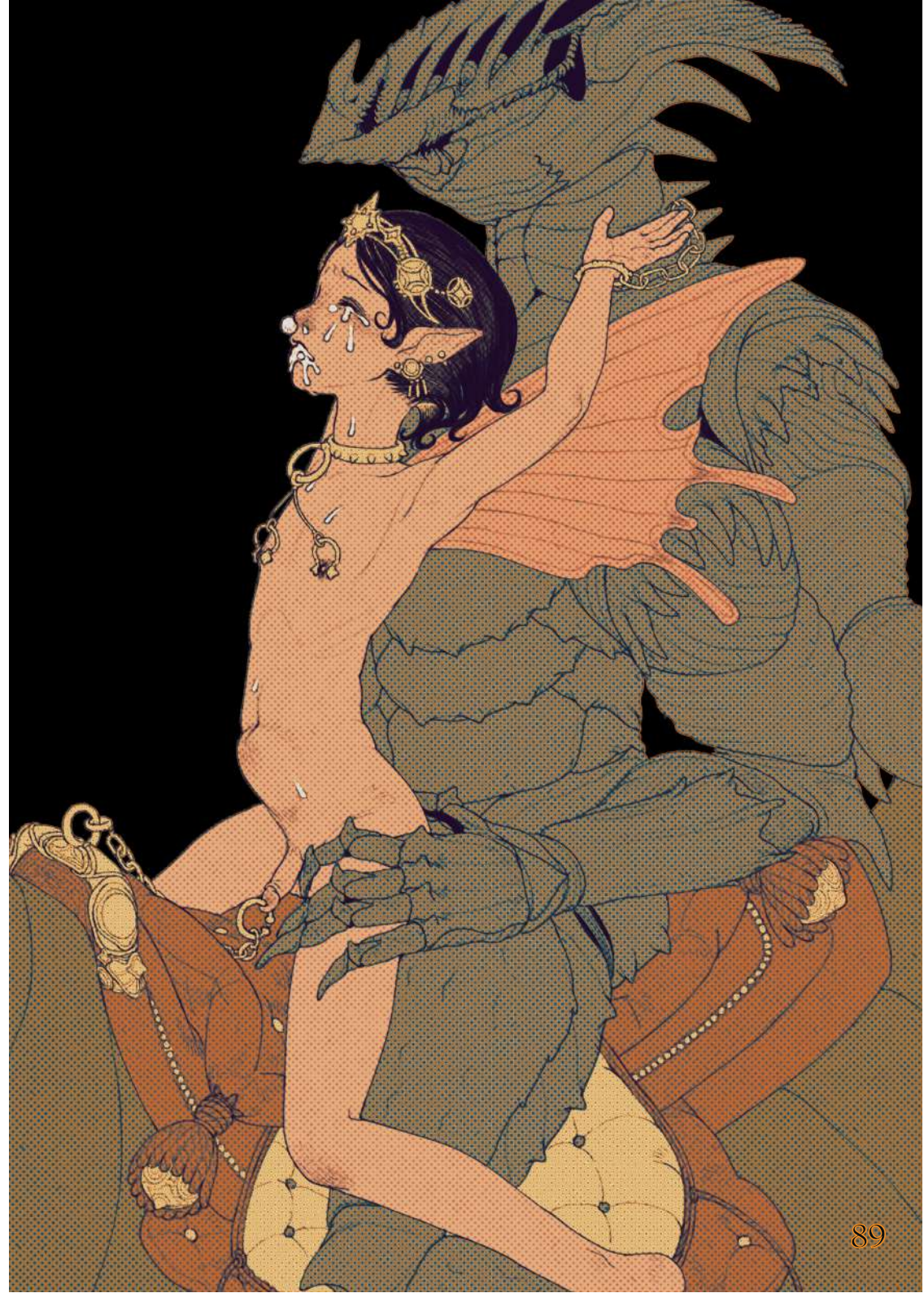
By the time Zhuk pulled Sango fully down onto his cock and came, Sango barely had the capacity to twitch in response. Cum poured into his guts, scalding his insides and flooding through him. The bug king was large, but no one was prepared for the moment that Sango heaved, fear and misery flashing across his face before cum poured from his mouth, the stream from Zhuk's dick forcing its way through his body rapidly enough that Sango was helpless to stop it from coming up the back of his throat, vomiting cum. The bug soldiers laughed heartily, enjoying the show while the fairies closest to Sango screamed in horror at the sight. Zhuk let Sango drop to the ground, cum oozing out of his ass and mouth while he twitched against the floor.

"Oberon!" Zhuk shouted, easily heard over the near-silent crowd, "your son was a pleasant gift. But I find myself wondering how your other princes perform in comparison."

King Oberon flinched. He had a terrible feeling growing in the pit of his stomach.

"So, I'll be taking all of them back with me. It's a long journey and my men will get tired. The ones who fail to please me properly will make for good stress relief for them," he picked up Sango and slung him over his shoulder. Behind him, the soldiers already restraining the other princes forced them forwards, following their king toward the exit.

The crowd of nobles parted as the king walked, not a soul daring to stand in Zhuk's way. When they made it out of the castle to the waiting beetles, Zhuk mounted his steed with Sango still in his arms. He positioned himself, then lowered the still ragdolling prince back down onto his cock. The slide was easy this time, Sango's ruined and cum filled ass accepting his dick without struggle. The retinue moved forward, and Zhuk let the rocking motion of his steed grind his dick into his new cock sleeve. He glanced back at the seven other princes and gave a sharp toothed grin. The smile didn't leave his mouth for a long time- there was no reason for it to.







THANK YOU!

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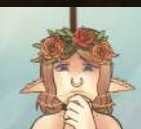
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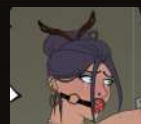
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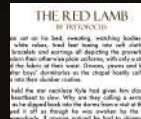
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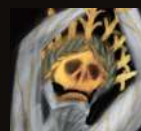
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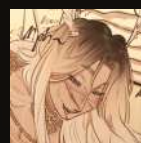
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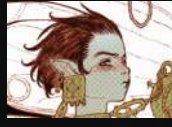




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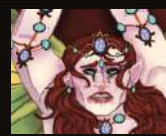
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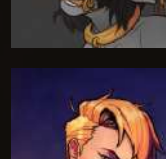
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