

The end, truly, was nigh. Though there was some discrepancy between the scientists, who calculated the end of the world occurring within 11 years, 7 months, and 20 days, and the sorcerers, who insisted that it was 19 days instead of 20, the fact remained that within most people's lifetime, the world would come to an end.

But, one needed neither science nor sorcery to see that things were in grave disarray. Bottled oxygen was the most precious commodity, the air having become so tainted 100 years prior that the normal 20% concentration of oxygen had been reduced to 15% and supplemented by a 27% concentration of sulfur dioxide. As a result, birds flew so low—the oxygen content at higher altitudes so low that they would pass out—that the average pedestrian could reach out and catch the evening's meal on a 10-minute walk. It was a silver lining, but also a misnomer because that 10-minute walk, accounting for increased oxygen and water usage, would cost the average person three-quarters of a day's salary.

Second only to the overpriced oxygen was the overpriced water, which accounted for a third of the typical household's budget. Having finally come to terms with the harm the plastics industry had caused some 500 years prior, water was sold in glass bottles that were as heavy as they were fragile, with a day's worth of potable water—used only for drinking because using it for cooking, let alone bathing or washing clothes, was far beyond prohibitively expensive for even the top 0.001% of society—consisting of precisely one gallon of water, accurate to the nearest hundredth of a fluid ounce.

For over 99% of the population worldwide, one gallon was adequate: half a gallon for the husband, and half a gallon for the wife. Infertility rates had skyrocketed some 300 years ago, and in response, societal pressures had forced all citizens into one-man-one-woman family units, regardless of identification or interest. Sexual activity was not only condoned, it was required by law, with each couple between the ages of 18 and 98 required to copulate at least once per day in front of a camera for the International Governing Body—IGB for short—to verify. Being single was a short-lived affliction, as one needed only wait long enough for the next person of opposite sex to have his or her 18th birthday, after which the IGB would pair the two up and move them—across the world, if necessary—to cohabit.

Despite all that, fewer than 10,000 babies were born in the world per year, and the population had dwindled from nearly 12 billion centuries ago to only 3 billion last year, a number that was expected to plummet to under 1 million within the decade as the extremely large elderly population died off, leaving almost nobody to take its place.

Desperate times called for desperate measures. Dictators, socialists, capitalists, and anarchists all formed a committee to research the growing mountain of ills plaguing not only mankind but all life—the predicted population collapse in humans preceded a larger population collapse in most mammals, birds, and reptiles by a year, amphibians and insects by two years, and bacteria, fungi, and plants by five years.

The debates were heated.

Western religions blamed atheists for lack of faith. Eastern religions blamed western religions for being too black-and-white. New-age groups blamed everybody for not being Zen enough—despite not truly understanding the concepts they'd appropriated from much older religions. Atheists blamed devout followers of religion for their dogma, and everybody universally agreed that the spiritualists were trying to have their cake and eat it, too, which had somehow upset the global oxygen supply and might have also made the birds and the bees 23.5% less horny (the sorcerers insisted this number was closer to 23.8%, but it's really just splitting hairs).

While the religious factions were duking it out among each other, the very large and very powerful scientific faction was waging war against the equally large, equally powerful sorcery faction. Scientists might have invented the atomic bomb, but sorcerers had countered with the Great Impotency, which—contrary to its name (they asserted) was *not* responsible for the infertility crisis but *would* (if it were unleashed) rather be responsible for a general lack of motivation. While science had invented the Internet, artificial intelligence, and Viagra, sorcery had invented telekinesis, the personal golem assistant, and Tiger Elixir (which even the scientists conceded was a far superior product to Viagra, usable by both men *and* women). Yet despite these achievements, the scientists accused the sorcerers of dabbling in the dark arts, and the sorcerers accused the scientists of dabbling in dark matter. Both agreed that The Chicken Incident—which was to remain unspoken—was, indeed, to remain unspoken, even in trying times such as these.

We will skip the geopolitical factions, for there were approximately 200 of them, each of which had at grievances against approximately 600 other factions, and the math on how that is even possible is too difficult to reconcile.

Nevertheless, after three months of bickering, World War VII (which lasted approximately 37 minutes and killed a third of the population, reducing the global headcount to 2 billion), three more months of finger-pointing, and finally, three months of desperation-fueled honest-to-goodness negotiations, the plan was finally determined and set in motion that would, if all went well, save the world.

From the best minds of the sorcerers and scientists, priests and politicians, sprang the notion that all the old gods had indeed forsaken humanity, leaving it to its debauchery, and so humanity must create for itself its own deities that, wrought from the best and brightest, would—everyone hoped—fix everything broken with civilization using life's most quintessential function: reproduction.

The development process took ten years and was overseen by project managers sensitive to mere seconds in delay, for humanity had already wasted so much of its precious time that mere seconds could be the difference between life and death of humanity and of the world. The neural networks that would act as the deities' minds were designed and validated across billions of inputs. The magical rites were envisaged and refined, and many a prototypical beast was created and vanquished in the pursuit of the perfect god-creature. The psychological models were developed and imprinted on the developing deities, and a strong sense of urgency was instilled in both beings beginning a year before their so-called birth.

As the world held its breath on June 20th of the tenth year, the now fully-grown but still dormant creatures were wheeled out onto a great stage watched worldwide by all the planet's denizens. Those who had worked on the project watched onsite while most of the world watched remotely, for though technology lacked the means to provide life's basic necessities, even the poorest citizens of the planet had worldwide Internet access.

Pristine in their gestation vessels, the manmade deities were truly a sight to see.

The male, a bipedal eastern dragon, stood at 12', his anthropomorphic frame hinting at a lineage that counted Sobek, Adonis, Cernunnos, and Lord Elrond among its members. His body was lithe and muscular yet unassuming, with an understated, V-shaped torso that extended into strong but slender arms. Despite his strength, the muscles of his chest and abdomen hardly rippled his otherwise smooth torso. Long, claw-tipped fingers granted him dexterity, and canine foot-paws extending from muscular thighs and a slim waist granted him protection from the rough, litter-strewn ground. All over, his body was lightly scaled in scintillating, almost radiant white scales that were soft to the touch yet as hard as diamonds when struck. His face was long and slender, not unlike a crocodile's, yet absent the protruding teeth, and a single pair of long whiskers swept from his nose back towards his face, then turned downwards, their tips reposing lightly about halfway down his long, graceful neck. Long, jet-black hair sprouted from atop his head, cascading effortlessly down his shoulders and reaching the small of his back. Not to be outdone, a golden, 12-point rack also sprouted from his head like a jeweled crown worn by the ancient Celts. His tail was thick and powerful along its whole length, tapering little from where it met his body. Its color was just as brilliant white as the rest of him, and it ended in a tuft of long, white hair not unlike a wig or pompom.

As a reptilian, his true penis was tucked inside his genital slit, which was itself understated, yet his testes, far too large to keep inside, were placed externally. His white-velvet scrotum hung like a pouch of treasure the size of a man's head, the physical embodiment of a centuries-old euphemism, "the family jewels".

Of course, given the circumstances, "family" must certainly be extended to refer to all of mankind, for in those precious orbs, the scientists and sorcerers had imbued the potency to right all of mankind's sins the moment their essence passed into a suitable vessel.

Speaking of vessels, the tigress was there, too. Something about stripes, uh, femininity, strength, cunning, confidence, the yin to the dragon's yang. Also anthropomorphic. Oh, and vulva; that was important—70% of scientists, 43% of sorcerers, and 112% of misogynists said so, though the latter also insisted that she needed a kitchen to return to, but the bean-counters argued that exceeded the budget and denied the request with a passive-aggressive letter. But, what the misogynists failed to take away, the feminists succeeded in adding, for she was—if she met her design specifications—clever, nimble, and determined.

Also, nice hips. Good, solid birthing hips. Without those, she might well have been mistaken for a male.

Actually, there was something a little feral about her, something distinctly lacking the dragon's grace and polish. His muscles were understated; hers rippled clearly beneath her black-and-orange coat and did nothing to accentuate her femininity. His face wore an expression of calm dignity, while even with her eyes closed, she bore a wild look, like the painted face of a primitive warrior.

The scientists and sorcerers and priests and politicians all jockeyed to give speeches to mark the occasion, but frankly, nobody was listening to their pompous self-aggrandizement anyway. All eyes were fixed on the crystal vessels and their blue-liquid-suspended inhabitants. A countdown began, jumbled at first as at least a dozen people tried to lead it, but eventually everybody synchronized. 3... 2... 1...

There was a hiss from both of the vessels, and aerosol sprayed from vents on top. The creatures, their eyes still closed, began to stir. The liquid level began to fall.

The male woke as soon as the liquid level fell below his delicate nostrils. His eyes opened, and crimson-ringed pupils focused for the first time. The audience gasped in approval. His expression exactly matched what everyone expected of a deity: imperious and stoic, yet with a tinge of softness, of benevolence towards his subjects.

There was a great grinding sound as the front third of his chamber separated from the back, then cracked open and laid itself down flat, the glass-like material reshaping itself into stairs. The newly awakened god turned his head this way and that, stretched, then roused himself and walked down the stairs with a stately, deliberate gait. He turned to face the many onlookers and countless hovering cameras—the latter jockeying for position to get the best view without getting too close—and took his first deep breath of the world's air.

A displeased, thoughtful expression crossed his lips briefly, and then, as if remembering something of utmost importance, he turned around and looked at the other chamber.

The liquid in the shorter female's pod took longer to fall below her nostrils, and so she awoke a few minutes after the male, about the time he was walking down his crystal stairs. Her green, cat-pupiled eyes flashed open, and unlike the male's slow, deliberate reaction to consciousness, hers was quick and violent.

CRACK!

She lashed out at the front of her pod with her fist, cracking it open and spilling the blue fluid all over the ground. The front fell open, and without waiting on it to turn into stairs, she leapt from the pod, tucked and rolled onto the stage, then leapt to her feet and sprinted for the male deity with fire in her eyes.

The architects—particularly hers—murmured nervously among themselves. Was she supposed to do that? They knew she was supposed to be feisty—that had been part of her programming to make her more attractive to the male—but was she supposed to be this *aggressive*? But, the male's architect remarked smugly that the male could take care of himself.

"Oh, he's taking care, all right," someone chortled.

All eyes turned the dragon, followed by a collective double-take.

He had turned to watch the tigress, and evidently her feistiness had indeed had the desired effect. The male's genital slit had opened, and from his loins, a thick, tapering, barbed penis emerged.

Let us pause for a moment to bask in his glory, his radiance! He would not have known—for neither the scientists nor sorcerers deigned to tell him—that his mate was a tigress, and yet, in his infinite wisdom, he rightly searched the archives of his vast knowledge upon seeing her and has selected of the many forms his penis could take the one best-suited to her species.

And what a fine specimen of a phallus he has crafted for himself! Larger than a stout man's fist at the base, it tapered over its twelve inches down to about two fingers' breadth. On emergence, it was pearl-colored, barely off-white. Yet as it grows, it darkens and becomes as red as his eyes, contrasting sharply against the concentric rings of bone-colored barbs that ringed his tip *and* against the brilliant white of his scrotum.

Already, a bead of lubricant has collected at its tip and sits glistening like a diamond in the light. His penis has curled upward and is already twitching and throbbing with anticipation. The tip of his tail has also curled upwards and is beginning to quiver, making his little pompom flutter.

His attention was focused entirely on her, and as she charged towards him, he opened his arms as if to embrace her.

And yet, she wasn't slowing down. The male, utterly confident that she would throw herself into his arms, waited calmly, yet everybody observing winced, knowing better.

Her claws flashed at the last second. Her eyes and teeth did, too, as she lunged for the dragon's neck, but his scales were impermeable, and she glanced off him harmlessly. The male, not even scratched, pursed his lips and considered her actions. Once more searching his vast memory, he seemed to come to a conclusion. As she whirled and came back for another pass, he turned to face her, bided his time, and then wrapped his arms around her, pulling her to him in a clearly non-consensual embrace. As the tigress hissed and spat, he looked down into her eyes, clearly unaware of the danger, and leaned down to kiss her. For her part, she struggled until the end, kicking and clawing helplessly, but at last, his lips met hers. She froze, then went limp in his arms, her eyes closing.

There was a gasp from the crowd while her architect scratched his head and pulled at his hair, perplexed by her aberrant behavior.

Her eyes opened again, and far from the fierce hatred she'd expressed earlier, her eyes shone with love and adoration. Her body language, too, was completely different. Where she had been tense and aggressive before, now she was limber, and her tail curled seductively around his waist.

What a handsome couple they made! Her vibrant orange and black nestled there in his scintillating, white arms, her adoring, green eyes peering up into his loving, red ones. The crowd grew silent, its breath taken away at the sight of the two lovers.

The male reached forward to stroke his clawed fingers over her eyebrow, and she nuzzled against his palm. He leaned forward again, and they kissed passionately. The crowd leaned in, everyone on the edge of his seat, breathlessly waiting for the moment that would save mankind.

The dragon ran his fingers down the tigress's androgynous chest. She responded in kind. He brushed against her hot folds, then frowned slightly at the absence of moisture and arousal. She ran her claws down his scales and grazed over his penis. The sensation made him sigh reflexively, distracting him from his confusion. Exhaling slowly, he relaxed his grip on her and watched her exploring him.

Her eyes glinted.

With a lightning-fast swipe, she hooked her claws on his barbs and yanked backwards, pulling his penis out straight and tight. With her other paw, she dug her claws into his flesh. He let out a deafening, otherworldly sound akin to a cow bellowing, an eagle screeching, and a train whistle blaring all at once.

Before anyone could do anything, the male reached out, grabbed the female by the neck and groin, and threw her from the stage. Spectators scattered, screaming as she got to her feet and charged through them back towards him.

The architects—his and hers—were both on their feet, shocked at what they'd just seen—what they were still seeing! Blood gushed from the dragon's mangled tiger-penis. Deep, red gashes down its length had pierced the skin, parted the spongy penile tissue like butter, and had even perforated his urethral walls. Unable to maintain its erection with so many gashes in it, it drooped downward, raining blood between his legs and staining his snow-white testicles a rusty red.

"His penis is ruined; we're all doomed!" someone cried, and a defeated wail erupted from the audience.

"Wait, look!" someone yelled, pointing.

As one, the crowd turned to watch. The dragon had closed his eyes. His lip curled up lightly in discomfort as his body tensed. His penis grew another inch, then another, and then, all at once, fell to the ground as his genital slit closed up. The blood flow stopped immediately, and as the dragon exhaled and opened his eyes, the only indication that anything had happened at all was the ruddy stain on his scrotum.

"At least his failsafe is working correctly," his architect remarked to hers. "He had the presence of mind to offer her a false penis at their first meeting; as I said, he can take care of himself. Nothing to worry about."

Yet before the dragon's architect could finish congratulating himself, the goddess reached the stage and leapt back onto it. The dragon took a defensive stance, yet instead of going for him, she lunged for his shed penis, grabbed it, and shoved it into her mouth. Barely taking the time to chew, she turned to face him as she swallowed it defiantly.

"What in the *world* is that all about?" the dragon's architect demanded of the tigress's.

"I have no clue!" came the exasperated reply. "I didn't program that into her!"

"Did she perhaps misinterpret the orifice into which she was supposed to receive his penis?" the dragon's architect needed.

The other architect answered with an icy glare.

They both turned back to watch.

They both did a double-take.

Before their eyes, the female's body mass visibly grew by a few millimeters. It was subtle but unmistakable.

"How did—"

"What the—"

They looked at each other helplessly.

But on the stage, the tigress was making another attack on the male. With a bestial roar, she lunged at him, claws flying, yet no matter where she attacked, her claws glanced off harmlessly, their momentum often carving gouges in the floor of the stage as a testament to their sharpness. All the while, the dragon attempted to embrace her again, yet she had learned from the last time and would not be making *that* mistake again. For a full ten minutes, she attacked him relentlessly while he semi-passively attempted to get hold of her.

At last, exhausted from the constant barrage, she retreated out of reach, panting and glaring at him as she analyzed the situation.

"She's obviously frustrated," the dragon's architect remarked.

"Yes. She knows he has a weakness because she saw him bleed," her architect agreed. "Yet without his penis exposed, he's virtually invulnerable."

"Leave it to her to use his horniness against him. Females, am I right?" the dragon's architect laughed.

"Leave it to *males* to let their guard down for a ten-second muscle spasm," the tigress's architect retorted, not finding his casual sexism amusing at all.

"Aww, come on; it's all in good fun!"

"That's easy for *you* to say; I got 20% less budget and was constantly fielding calls to give her bigger tits just because she's female."

"It's true; we should have given you more budget. Then maybe she'd be doing better at her *one job* of getting knocked up instead of going murderous psycho-bitch."

The tigress's architect was about to lay into him when the tigress herself started moving again. All heads turned to watch her as she strolled casually towards the dragon.

Surprised by the sudden change of body language, he cocked his head, eyeing her quizzically, but he retained his defensive stance as she sidled up to him. Her tail reached out and caressed his, eliciting a startled look from him. But when he reached out to embrace her, she ducked out of his grasp. His expression changed as he went into deep-thinking mode, and then he took a step back from her, holding her at arm's length.

"Fool me once, shame on you; fool me twice, shame on me," his architect murmured. "See? He's caught on to her tricks; she thinks she's gonna seduce him, but she's not acting it out well enough to trick him."

But then, she reached up and grasped his wrist in both her paws and looked up at him with big, plaintive eyes.

The dragon's genital slit opened, and fifteen inches of beet-red penis slipped out. The tigress caught sight of it and glanced down. Before the dragon could react, she knelt down and cradled his new penis in her paws, petting it gently. The dragon let out a raspy sigh.

Her eyes glinted.

But before she could seize the dragon's member, he grabbed her shoulders, flipped her around, and pinned her to the ground.

"Yeah, boy! Show her who's boss!" his architect cheered.

"Oh, yeah, because *that's* a way to win a lady's trust," the tigress's architect muttered.

"Ahem. Between the two of them, *she's* the one who's tried to attack *him*; he's just doing what they're *both* supposed to be doing in the first place."

"But the mating ritual will only work if they both consent to it!"

"How is the ritual supposed to know whether she's consenting or not?" The architect shrugged. "I say, as long as his magic jizz gets into her magic pussy, one way or the other, it'll work."

"So, that's your plan? Stick it in and see what happens?"

"Isn't that *all of our* plan?"

A fierce roar from the tigress momentarily brought the bickering to an end as the architects watched their creations. The dragon had moved in between her legs, his long, slender penis dripping and throbbing as he slid it up under her tail.

"I can't see what's going on; move the camera," his architect said.

Moments later, a flying camera moved into position, and a close-up view appeared on the monitors.

"He's in!" the architects chorused, gasping. "Ha-ha! He's in!"

As they watched, the dragon's malehood slid deep into the female. He began to thrust, and each time he pulled back, the base of his phallus had grown, bulging out like a balloon.

Let us pause for a moment, now that his penis has revealed its form to us. As he thrusts into her, we see the pointed tip providing a precise probe for him to insert. We see the sharp taper behind the tip being used to spread the tigress's labia, and we see the long, gradual increase in girth up to his inflating knot acclimating her to the swollen size that follows. Look how the veins protrude along the length and throb with each beat of his mighty heart! Our dragon-god has seen the wily nature of his consort and has once more chosen a suitable penile form, one that will lock them together and cause her to remain still while he delivers his precious payload into her! Oh, wise and virile deity! How right of you to outwit the capricious siren, to hold her in her place and remind her of her duty as a proper vessel for your seed!

And what impressive girth his knot has grown! Observe his labors to push it back inside of her as its circumference swells to exceed that of a baseball! Yes, with just another stroke or two, their permanent coupling is imminent. The restoration of the world is at hand!

The tigress roared, yowled, and snapped. With a sharp jerk, she threw the dragon off her, dislodging his now fully engorged penis from her. As he rolled over onto his side, the spectators gasped in surprise at its size; the knot had swollen past the size of a grapefruit and was dark red and visibly pulsating.

But the tigress was having no part of that. Before the dragon could get to his feet, she descended on him, claws out, and sank them into his knot. The dragon screeched, and the tigress yanked backwards. Her claws hooked in deep. There was an explosion of blood as the dragon's knot popped, the ruptured vasculature spewing blood everywhere. He doubled over in pain, and the tigress seized the upper hand, sitting on his legs to keep him from getting away as she tore and ripped at his malehood, degloving it and turning its flesh inside-out. Those closest to it threw up in disgust at seeing the sopping spongy tissue exposed and seeping blood, and yet, even that didn't last for long. The tigress's claws came back in a

frenzy, ripping and tearing at the vulnerable tissue and sending bits of it flying over her shoulder. A piece of it landed at the architects' feet, and the dragon's architect reached down and picked it up, turning it over curiously in his hands.

"Aren't you horrified at all this?" the tigress's architect asked.

"Of course," came the reply, "Yet there is not much I can do about what your abomination is doing to him; I am certainly not going to go up there and volunteer to try to tear her away from him. But, I wanted to see how well his generation algorithm worked, and I am most pleased with the results. Look."

He handed the spongy matter to the other architect, who took it and examined it minutely.

"The structures are quite similar to the real thing," the architect conceded. "If I didn't know any better, I'd say that it was actual biology."

"Thank you; that's high praise." He hesitated. "For what it's worth, I was just kidding about—"

"I know. It just isn't funny."

The tigress had by that time removed so much flesh from the dragon's penis that there was little left for him to shed. As he grimaced and began pushing the remnant out, the tigress dug with her claws towards its source, even going so far as to try to reach into the dragon's genital slit.

That got his attention.

With a sudden burst of strength, he threw her off himself, got to his feet, and lowered his antlers at her menacingly. She charged at him anyway, and he used them to pick her up and throw her off the stage behind him. There was a deafening crash that left her, dazed, in a heap of splintered wood. She pinned her ears, bared her teeth, and sprang up, charging once more towards the stage.

But although the dragon had been patient before, his patience had worn out, and now he was ready for her. As she leapt onto the stage, he grabbed her and threw her off it again with much more force than before.

CRASH! BANG!

The foundation of the stage itself shook from the impact, and the whole stage tilted to the side. Angry, the dragon stalked after her.

"Uh, oh," his architect said, hastily getting to his feet. "That's not good."

"Oh, *now* it's not good?"

"Before, it was just *your* creature misbehaving, but mine was staying within his acceptable operating limits. *Now* we have two volatile and extremely powerful entities duking it out in front of a sizable portion of the world's population. After the world war a few months ago, we can't afford to lose anybody else!"

They hurried in the direction of loud, destructive noises but stopped short. The dragon had grabbed the tigress by the scruff of the neck, and though she kicked and swung at him, his superior height kept her flailing limbs at bay. Tossing her into the air, he grabbed her ankles and let her upper body fall to the ground. With hands like vices, he peeled her legs apart and moved in between them, a new penis having already emerged.

Let us pause for a moment and watch in wonder as he plies his tool upon his disobedient wife. Behold its eighteen-inch length, *far* longer than any he has shown us before. Observe its lack of a knot but rather its slender yet tapering length: the fine point from before but nothing of great substance for the she-tiger to sink her claws into. Note the presence of a long bone inside of it—hard as iron—to let him bend her to his will! Oh, scintillating deity, how masterfully you have applied your great learning to bring this unruly shrew into the fold!

Though the tigress writhed, jerked, and roared in protest, the dragon's grip on her gave her no good way to retaliate. Leaning over to guide his rod, he thrust inside her—much to her vocal disapproval—and impaled her on his shaft.

A sudden surge of energy flooded through the tigress. Enraged, she jerked her leg out of the dragon's grasp, and—quick as a lightning bolt—kicked him in the pelvis. She fell to the ground, and his penis fell out

of her. She did a kip-up and lunged for it, attempting to relieve the dragon of yet another malehood, yet once again, he was ready for her. As soon as she got within range, his hand shot out, seized her jaw in his steely grip, and began to squeeze. She clawed at his arms harmlessly, and he was careful to keep his penis out of her reach.

Before long, the pain of his determination weighed upon her face, and she loosened her mouth to ease the agony of his fingers digging into her cheeks. He pounced on the opportunity and drove his fingers in deeper, forcing her mouth open wider and wider. Once satisfied, he bellowed out a long chastisement, some kind of loud, deep, modulated but incoherent sound lasting several minutes. When he was finished, she looked up at him meekly, the fire gone from her eyes.

"What did he say to her?" her architect asked.

"I've no idea," his architect replied. "But, whatever it was, it seems to have had a profound effect on her. Look how submissive and fawning she's become!"

It was true: the once-fierce tigress had been reduced to a mewling kitten beseeching the powerful dragon to stroke her face. This he did, and then with another modulated rumble, he brought the tip of his penis to bear on her mouth. She glanced from it to his face, and with a determined nod from him, she took it into her mouth willingly.

"*That's* not how this is supposed to work!" the dragon's architect scoffed anxiously. "If he ejaculates in *that* end of her, his essence will be lost! Ruined!"

"And with it, our hopes for survival," the tigress's architect murmured. "Well, if it's any consolation, I didn't teach her how to give head."

"There's hope that she will leave him unsatisfied, then..."

The two watched nervously.

A look of surprise came over the tigress's face as the male introduced his girth deep into her throat. Raking her rough tongue over the smooth surface, she elicited a whole-body shudder and a low moan of pleasure from the dragon-deity. Stretching out her neck, she encouraged him to thrust deeper, to use more of her body for his pleasure. He obliged, and before long, three-quarters of his length was buried inside of her.

Her eyes glinted.

The dragon noticed, but too late. As he began to jerk his penis back, her teeth came down.

CRUNCH!

There was a sickening sound accompanied by a blood-curdling shriek from the dragon. He staggered back, and the nearest cameras revealed what everybody already knew to be true: where his proud shaft had once been, there was nothing but a cross-sectional cut that was quickly filling with blood. For a brief instant, each distinct component of his anatomy was visible: the jagged edge of his severed os penis taking a central position and shielding his striated urethra beneath it, padded on the bottom by additional spongy tissue. Above the jagged, white bone was a much larger mass of spongy tissue fed by large blood vessels, and all of it was covered in a thin layer of sensitive skin. Within seconds, those blood vessels had saturated his flesh with blood, and nothing was distinguishable anymore.

Reeling, the dragon staggered backwards, his eyes closed and his teeth gritted in pain as he shook his head, trying to regain his wits.

Fortunately for him, the tigress had problems of her own: the long rod she had bitten off still had its bone intact, and its unyielding shape made it impossible for her to return her head to its normal, forward-facing position. For several seconds, she hacked and coughed, and abruptly, she forced the whole thing out, depositing it like a furball on the ground and then stomping on it in fury again and again, pulverizing its once-solid core beneath her feet.

In the meantime, the dragon had recovered and shed what was left of his penis, dropping it on the ground between his legs as he watched the ferocious tigress demolishing its other half. A thoughtful look came over his face once more as he processed her behavior.

At last, having finished her savage treatment of the dragon's penile remains, the tigress turned towards him. Her eyes narrowed, and her fingers alternately balled and stretched out to reveal her claws. Her tail twitched erratically.

The dragon, meanwhile, seemed to be placidly running calculations in his head. His eyes were open and facing her, yet he seemed distracted.

The tigress let out a long, modulated roar. The dragon listened but remained expressionless.

At last, he took up a defensive stance and gestured for her to make her attack.

In a lightning move, she was on him, sailing through the air and kicking and striking with both hands and one foot. He deflected her attack and knocked her to the ground. She got back up, ducked low and made a sweeping motion with her foot. The dragon's eyes flashed in surprise as she knocked his feet out from under him. He hit the ground, and she pounced on him, her claws aiming straight for his genital slit, yet without a penis present, her attacks glanced off harmlessly. With her distracted, he reached up with both hands, grabbed her by the neck, and flipped her end-over-end, slamming her to the ground on her back between his legs.

She gasped, the wind knocked out of her, but before she could roll over and get to her feet, he thrust his foot into her chest, slamming her down again and pinning her. With a furious bellow, he flopped down on top of her, his hands pinning her hands and his face mere inches from hers. She snarled up at him and gnashed her teeth, but he stayed one inch out of her grasp.

His genital slit opened.

"What's he doing? Oh, that's brilliant!" his architect gushed.

Let us pause for a moment to meditate on the genius of his choice and its superb suitability for his present situation. From his loins slithered a long, slender penis whose direction he could control at will. Having learned of the dangers of a solid, inflexible phallus, he traded his billy club for a plumbing snake. Look as the light pink flesh glistens with its own natural lubricant! Observe the corkscrew head that can be used to deftly shift obstacles out of the way! Observe its extreme length—almost two feet!—but most of all, observe how it peers around like a periscope seeking its target!

The tigress did not yet know that he had manifested another penis, but the moment she felt it probing gently of her furred buttocks, her eyes flashed with realization, and the expression of the doomed darkened her features. Yet, that emotion passed in an instant, and hatred and determination took its place as she writhed, struggled, and tried to kick, but in vain. Like a sentient tentacle, the dragon's prehensile penis explored her anus, poked in lightly, and then withdrew, slithered up her perineum, and found its true target. Roaring and yowling in protest, the tigress could do nothing as the flexible invader circled her vulva, tickling her folds before slipping inside her. All the while, the dragon wore an expression of smug self-confidence, and that infuriated her even more.

Her struggling intensified as the dragon began to thrust, his eyes closing and his pompom tail beginning to quiver. Her fierce yowling turned to plaintive mewling as she began to pant, fear registering in her eyes for the first time.

All of a sudden, she went limp.

The dragon started, his thrusting interrupted, and he opened his eyes and looked down.

Her eyes flashed, and she threw him off of her. As his long, ribbon-like penis trailed out of her, she snatched it, and in a deft move, tied it in a knot, pulling it tight.

The dragon roared and scrambled to untie his tangled malehood, but time was not on his side. The blood that had flowed into it was now trapped, and the tip of it was already turning from light pink to deep red to angry purple. The pain must have been incredible, for the dragon, until now a model of stoicism, doubled over and collapsed to his knees, his eyes and face pulled back in an agonized grimace. Now panting himself, he hastened to shed his member.

He was not fast enough.

POW!

Like a musket fired with its barrel obstructed, the tip of his penis exploded, splitting into six parallel ribbons as blood erupted out the tip, spraying onlookers as much as fifty feet away. Its pressure drained and incapable of replenishing, the ruined member immediately withered at the knot, hanging limply like an empty balloon.

Not about to let another opportunity escape her, the tigress leapt towards the downed dragon, trying to reach his penis and propped-open genital slit. Yet, despite his pain and vulnerable position, the dragon did not give her the satisfaction. With a deft slap of his powerful tail, he sent her flying.

With a shudder, he shed yet another destroyed penis. It *splatted* to the ground in a squishy mess. He let out an exhausted groan.

"This can't keep up," his architect murmured. "There's got to be some breakthrough, some way of getting her to see reason!"

"Maybe she doesn't like being objectified," the tigress's architect mused.

"Who *cares* what she likes?"

"Obviously, *she* does! If only there were a way we could understand where's she's coming from, what is holding her back."

"She doesn't have to *like* it; she just has to put up with it."

"What a misogynistic thing to say!"

"What? Are you suggesting we sit around and talk about *feelings* instead? I would remind you that we're on a time limit."

"This whole dispute could have been settled already if they'd just taken a step back!"

"Feminist drivell!"

"Sexist domineering!"

ROAR!

The two gasped, turned, and then jerked in surprise. The dragon was towering over them and staring straight at them. He squatted down, looked them in the eyes, and brought his finger to his lips. The glanced at each other and gulped. Without a word, he turned and walked towards the tigress.

Shaking, the architects did their best to regain their composure as he helped her to her feet. She took a swipe at him, but he swatted her paw away, grabbed her firmly by the shoulders, and pressed his forehead to hers. She struggled for a moment, and then suddenly calmed.

They stayed that way for several minutes, long enough that the crowd began to grow restless and curiosity was beginning to eat at the architects.

"What are they *doing*?" the dragon's architect hissed.

"I don't know; are they *telepathic*?"

"Your guess is as good as mine; *I* didn't give him that power."

"Maybe the sorcerers threw it in as a bonus?"

"I wonder if they've been reading our minds all this time."

"That's an unnerving thought."

They exchanged glances and wrung their hands, but just then, the dragon and tigress parted heads. The dragon extended his arm, the tigress took it, and the two walked back over to the stage. They looked so stately, so majestic as they strode forward! His golden horns glinted in the light and reflected onto her stripes. The two moved as one, practically floating above the litter-strewn ground before at last ascending onto the stage.

"They must've come to some kind of agreement," the tigress's architect said.

"But... *what?*"

Taking the tigress in his arms, the dragon kissed her lips passionately and then laid her gently on her back on the ground. She kissed him back and then looked up adoringly as his genital slit opened once more.

Let us pause—

—Oh, it's—it's—

His architect sprang to his feet. "No! What are you *doing*? You can't make yourself vulnerable to her like that! Put it away, you fool!"

Her architect gasped and grabbed his shoulder. "No! Don't you see? All this time, she's rejected his false penises and insisted that he give her the real thing. It *had* to be this way; we didn't know it, but perhaps *she* did. For all her ferocity, perhaps she has single-handedly saved us all!"

—It's truly *magnificent*! His true penis shines with the same white light as the rest of his body. Over two and a half feet long, no part of it is particularly thick, but it has a slight, oblong bulge at the base. Such a wonderful aesthetic touch! Viewed from the top, his malehood is lightly tapered, its tip soft, pliable, and no bigger in diameter than a man's wrist, with an elongated and slightly bulbous glans extending for the last couple of inches. From there, his penis tapers gently until it reaches the widest part of the flared bulge, about a palm's breadth in width, before gently curving inward again and becoming one with his genital slit. From the side, there is a subtle s-shaped curve about halfway down his length, just before his flare, that makes his glans slightly less elevated than his flare or the base of his penis. Although it is clearly the longest of the penises he has shown, there is something delicate about it, something light and effortless to the way he wields it. There is no question that *this* is his true penis, light yet powerful!

The tigress watched him as he knelt between her legs. His hands moved up her torso to caress her face, and his lips followed. Far from the assault he'd made before, his movements were tender and passionate, and her body responded. Her chest rose and fell with anticipation, and her tail sought out his and curled around it. She reached up to embrace his neck, and the two kissed again. As he slowly worked his way down her torso, their bodies began to undulate and entwine. His hips lowered, and hers rose to meet them. The cameras hovered nearby for a better view.

The architects watched the monitors breathlessly as his tip neared her passage. The gods' hips writhed against each other, momentarily obscuring the view, and then, his tip slipped inside of her.

"Intromission," the architects breathed together. "*Consensual* intromission."

God and goddess exhaled hoarsely, their bodies tense and trembling with anticipation.

They both relaxed, and he slid fully into her, his long, slender penis lightly spreading her vulva and his anatomy pushing his bulge against her g-spot. As his balls kissed her perineum, his flare disappeared inside of her, and her labia lightly closed around it.

"My gosh... they're doing it. They're doing it!" the dragon's architect cried.

He and the tigress's architect clutched each other and began jumping up and down in excitement, tears of joy streaming from their eyes.

On the screens all around the world, the citizens watched the dragon pull back, watched his radiant scrotum stirring as he prepared to deliver his life-saving payload.

"Y—you're sure about this part, right?" the tigress's architect asked anxiously.

"As sure as I can be, given all that's happened," came the reply. "You can see the exothermic chemical reaction of the propellant starting, the pressure building in his sack. Before long, his climax will be unstoppable. Higher up in his testes, the seeds of life, which I personally hand-mixed, sit waiting in a gelatinous nutrient matrix. On reaching the tigress's womb—assuming *your* part goes to plan—that matrix will dissolve, exposing the seeds to her fertile passage and initiating germination. Assuming that goes without a hitch, the rest is just a matter of time. Hopefully it occurs fast enough. Hopefully their quarreling hasn't doomed us all."

He fell silent, his breath quavering with excitement as he watched the deities coupling. Each onlooking man could practically feel each stroke of the tigress's passage, and each woman could practically feel each graze, press, and stretch of the dragon's shaft inside of her. Worldwide, every man and woman hovered on the edge of climax.

The dragon's lips parted, and he gazed down lovingly at his partner. She looked up at him blissfully and reached up to stroke his temple.

The dragon shuddered, his eyes closing and his hips thrusting involuntarily. The tigress beamed, watching him.

Her eye glinted.

The dragon's eyes snapped open, panic abruptly replacing ecstasy. He struggled and tried to pull back, but the tigress locked her legs around his waist, refusing to let go as her vagina clamped down with inhuman strength, pinching shut his urethra. He struggled and began to yank back violently, but the tigress held on.

"What is she doing? No!" the dragon's architect shrieked. "His body wasn't designed to contain that orgasm after it starts! He'll die!" He whirled to the tigress's architect. "You've got to stop her!"

"I don't know what to do!" her architect cried. "She's gone completely off the script!"

The two watched helplessly as the dragon reared up, letting out an agonized moan as he came off the ground with the tigress's legs still locked tightly around his waist. He grabbed her under the arms and tried desperately to pull her off, but she fixed him with a cold, smug stare and refused to let go.

This time, it was his eyes that registered doom.

His testes began swelling and vibrating. His body twitched all over. His hips bucked hard, and then his legs went out from under him.

The tigress loosened her legs just as he fell, and by the time he'd landed on all fours, she had pulled his cock out of her.

Everybody gasped in shock. His malehood was glowing all over, save for one very dark spot near the bulge at the base of his penis. That dark spot looked like a dark cloud on a sunny day, at times wispy and at times dense as it writhed and churned inside of him.

"He's going to explode! Get down!" his architect cried, hitting the ground.

Brilliant, white light suddenly erupted from the dark spot, exploding from the side of his penis and cutting like a laser through everything in its path, leaving a 4-inch-wide, charred gorge through the floor of the stage and extending for hundreds of feet to his side. Miraculously, nobody was in its path. As the dragon let out a piteous moan, the tigress swept in behind him and at last found her target, thrusting her paw into his genital slit, extending her claws, and ripping off one of his genital flaps from the inside.

The dragon gasped in pain and collapsed, falling onto his back. The tigress watched him coldly as his body began to convulse, trapped in post-climactic paroxysms. Foam—residual propellant—began to spurt out of the side and tip of his prick, running down it and leaving it glossy. Yet, the brilliant glow had faded, and the dragon's malehood now had a ghostly pallor to it. Between his legs, the wound the tigress had inflicted had released a lot of blood, its ruby color contrasting starkly against the foam.

For a moment, the tigress stood over him, watching his body convulse, the foam and feeble amounts of manmade semen drizzling onto his white belly. But, impatient to the end, she sat on his thighs, looked him in the eye, and inserted her claw into the opening through which the light had escaped a little further down his length than the bulge at the base of his penis. The dragon screamed as she pushed the claw in. It dragged forward haltingly, snagging on his sensitive tissue and ripping its way through. At last, it erupted from the elongated tip of his urethra, tearing off the tip of his glans and leaving a long, grisly gash in the underside of his once-beautiful penis.

With the dragon's potency now disarmed, the tigress grasped his member in her paws and began to squeeze, forcing the spongy material out between her fingers as the dragon writhed and sobbed helplessly beneath her. Bending over, she brought her tongue to bear on the problem, using the rough surface to scrape off the porous tissue one layer at a time. Though the dragon jerked and writhed, he was already too

weak to fight her off, and he could do little but pound the stage with impotent fists as she debrided his penis from the inside out.

When she tired of squeezing his penile contents out, she sank her claws into the top side of his shaft, dug in deep, and peeled back the flesh, then began tearing at it with her teeth, flaying the dragon's member one strip at a time. Exposed skin turned over on itself to reveal a spongy underside, which she bit into and gobbled down like so many strings of flesh-spaghetti.

His wails could be heard for miles.

With little more than his exposed, tattered urethra remaining—she had bitten into it and then spat out the tough, stringy flesh in favor of juicier bits—she turned her attention further down. She tried and failed to pierce the dragon's testes from the outside, and in frustration, she punched them, doubling the dragon over and eliciting a feeble moan.

Thrusting her paw in through the ruined flap of his genital slit, she sank her claws in, pushed her other paw in, too, and ripped an opening in his abdomen big enough to see through.

The architects—and the rest of the world—looked on in helpless horror. Reaching inside, she found one of his spermatic cords and yanked on it. Half of his scrotum collapsed in on itself as she pulled out his severed orb, held it up, and began to claw at it like a cat with a ball of yarn. Long, tightly coiled threads of tubules exploded from it and unfurled onto the dragon's still-breathing abdomen, much to the delight of his feline tormentor.

For a moment, her cruelty vanished, replaced by kitten-like playfulness.

But that, too, soon bored her, and as she gobbled up the long noodles, her paws began fishing around in his abdomen again. She found his other testicle and hauled it out. The dragon reached for it plaintively, but she swatted his hand away, snapping the spermatic cord in the process.

No sooner was the connection severed than the dragon's face grew ashen. Like a rusted-through truck bed, his body abruptly collapsed out from under her, his once-vibrant luster replaced by the ghastly gray of death and his organs drying out on the spot. A cloud of rust-colored dust burst from his caved-in chest and settled across the stage like the residue of a dust bowl.

Evidently realizing that she'd broken her toy, the tigress angrily crushed the dragon's remaining testicle in her paws, her claws piercing the tunica and forcing mashed-up tubules out of the claw-gashes like paste. She dropped the mass on the dragon's face.

She got to her feet, scowled down at her murdered husband, then looked out across the sea of spectators. Hatred and imperious disdain burned in her eyes. She turned in a slow circle, observing the litter debris all around her, the tainted air and the dingy sky. She stared off into the distance for a moment, and the raised her head and extended her claws.

She cut her own throat.

Blood gushed out onto the already stained ground. For several seconds, she stood there, defiantly glaring at the architects. Then her legs gave way, and she collapsed beside the dragon.

For long minutes, no one broke the silence.

"She's right," her architect said at last. Taking up a piece of broken glass, she drew it over her wrists. "We're doomed."

The fall of humanity had begun.

Three months earlier than either the scientists' or the sorcerers' misguided calculations had predicted.