

"Oh, yeah, that was a good one," Lance growled huskily, his cock in one paw and his phone in another.

On the screen was his latest victim, an ordinarily austere-looking German Shepherd looking positively mortified as his naked body arched and pirouetted in the middle of a busy intersection while a crowd of furs jeered at him.

Biting his lip in anticipation, Lance groaned softly and adjusted his grasp on his rod, using his pinkie and ring finger to squeeze his growing knot. Savoring the intensifying pins and needles he felt at the base of his skull, the golden coyote huffed ecstatically, returned his pink-eyed gaze to his phone, and used his thumb to turn up the volume.

The sound of a woody flute, its timbre warm and resonant despite its high pitch, floated from his speaker in rhythm to the shepherd's dancing. As the flute trilled, the German Shepherd got up on his tiptoes and did a little, girly dance, his face red and his eyes streaming mortified tears. Above the flute rang his voice, begging for Lance to stop.

The flute crescendoed in response, its pitch rising with its volume until it landed on a high note. The German Shepherd stretched his arms above his head, spread his legs wide, and presented his flaccid cock as he began pissing himself right there in front of everybody.

As the video ended, a mournful wail escaped his lips.

"Mm, yeah," Lance grunted, chewing his lip harder as his legs squirmed under his ministrations. "Took you down a peg, didn't I, you arrogant asshole?" He exhaled sharply. "Let's do another."

Stroking himself idly, he flipped through videos on his phone, then found another one to his liking and started it. Settling in, he exhaled slowly and began stroking his throbbing tip as his phone lit up with a video of a rabbit on his knees, naked from the waist down, his penis throbbing and drooling precum. In the video, the rabbit's eyes were streaming tears, his teeth were gritted, and his hands were both wrapped around his rod, jacking up and down as fast as an engine, yet it was clear that though he had been doing that for a long time, all his jacking accomplished was rubbing himself raw. A frustrated shriek escaped his lips as he doubled over, sobbing as he held his oozing, aching cock in his hands.

"Heh, I remember that one," Lance growled, grinding his palm over the tip of his prick and making his own hips jerk ecstatically. "You wanna go fucking around behind people's backs? Well, let's make sure you're horny enough to do the deed! Shame you can't get off, though!"

Shuddering, he flung his head back against the pillow and felt his hips tense, his orgasm imminent. Gritting his teeth, he relaxed his grasp on himself and felt himself back away from the edge.

"Let's do another one," he murmured once he'd recovered.

Flipping through his phone, he queued up another video and started it.

"You like those sneakers?" his voice said from behind the camera in the video.

"I'd better, or your ass is grass," a gruff-looking lion snapped from the locker room bench.

The camera zoomed in on the side of the shoes, which were white with dark blue trim and soles. An unusual-looking mark took the place of a logo.

As the camera zoomed out again, the lion wasted no time tying the laces, jumping up and down a few times to get a feel for their cushion, and then trotting out to the track. The camera followed him and zoomed in on the shoes again.

"Why don't you do a full marathon?" Lance's voice asked.

"Psh, I'm a sprinter, not a marathoner," the lion retorted.

"Oh, I dunno," Lance's voice persisted, "I think you could sprint a whole marathon in those shoes."

The strange mark suddenly flashed red for a split-second.

"Whoa, hey!" the lion cried as the shoes suddenly came to life, forcing his legs to move as though sprinting.

He took off like a shot down the track, went around the bend at a breakneck pace, then came zooming back. As he ran, the shoes turned bright pink and began trailing pink and silver glitter behind them.

"Once you get done with this," Lance's voice taunted him as spectators began to trickle into the stands, "Everybody will know you threw that race for a measly couple hundred bucks!"

The lion zipped off again, kicking up the glitter from the previous lap into a cloud of sparkles that chased after him.

"Ugh," Lance growled from his bed, squeezing his cock, "He so had that coming. If I remember right, he couldn't *move* for a week after that, and right during the track and field meet, too." He shook his head, then grinned wickedly. "Such a shame about that timing."

He closed the video, scrolled through his phone, and found another clip to watch. This time, it was a nerdy-looking ferret. The video had been edited after the fact to show the ferret on the left and Lance's phone on the right. In the video, Lance started typing into his phone.

GO UP TO THAT GIRL.

The ferret's watch dinged, and he looked down at it. The screen flashed briefly, its light reflecting off the ferret's face. His eyes glazed over, and he looked around, found the girl to which the message had referred—one of the hottest girls on campus—and went up to her.

TELL HER YOU HAVE SOMETHING FOR HER.

Gulping and clearly aware that he was *way* out of his league, the ferret stammered, "I-I h-have s—something f—for you."

The tigress looked over at her shoulder at him, cocked her head curiously—this *had* to be some kind of setup, right?—and then turned to face him and gave him an expectant look.

Lance didn't need to look at the right side of the video clip; he *knew* what was coming next. He'd watched this clip a dozen times or more.

The ferret looked at his watch, blanched, and then pulled his pants down, dropping them to the floor and stepping out of them. The tigress's jaw dropped, an angry look coming over her face, but before she could cock back and clock him, he bent down, picked up his underwear, and thrust them into her hands.

His eyes were wide with terror as his mouth said, "I know we had a good night the other day, and I thought you might just want something to remember me by."

His head jerked. "N—no, no! I would never end a sentence in a preposition," he lisped. His eyes darted to the enraged tigress, who looked like she was about to eat him.

His eyes glazed over again. "What's the matter, baby?" he asked, grinning smugly. "What's that angry look for? You just need a little more of this? Don't worry, I'll put it in."

Suddenly, he regained control and began sprinting down the hall, naked from the waist down and screaming, "I'm sorry; I'm so sorry! I don't know why I did that!" over his shoulder.

"Serves you right, you jerk. You thought you were so smart, didn't ya?" Lance snorted, thrusting violently into his hand. "Thought you looked *cool* with that fancy watch. Tch! Evidently, not cool enough for the *cool* kids."

He shriveled his nose and glanced down at his leaking prick. "Mmf, I'm getting ready to get off," he said. "One more, and then I'll go to bed."

He flipped through his phone and found his favorite clip.

"You wanna go after *my* love interests, do ya?" his voice growled from the phone. "Well, let's see you do that *now*!"

Once more, the screen split into right and left halves. On the right, a voodoo doll vaguely reminiscent of a horse appeared—a sculptor, Lance was not—and on the left, an anthro horse was barely visible in the distance as Lance (and his phone camera) closed the gap between them.

The horse turned and began to walk off, unaware he was being followed. Lance pursued him, following him all the way home, where a familiar car was parked.

From his bed, Lance seethed on seeing the car and grasped his dick harder. The tight compression around the base of his knot made him shudder. He gripped even harder.

In the video, the camera went to a window and peered inside just as the stallion entered his bedroom. There on the bed was Lance's then-partner, looking up expectantly as the stallion undressed.

"How about a little *impotence*?" Lance's voice said in the video while he mouthed it from the bed.

In the video, he jabbed a pin into the groin of the voodoo doll. The stallion, unaware of what was about to happen, leaned over and began making out with the person on his bed.

"Yeah," Lance growled, tugging his twitching cock, "You're gonna wish you'd never been *born* in a few minutes!"

He fast-forwarded a minute or two. The stallion abruptly rose up, grabbing his dick and looking perplexed.

"What's wrong? Aren't I good enough for you?" the person asked from the bed, sounding hurt.

"O—of course," the stallion replied. "I—I don't know what's—"

"Are you—you're not *impotent*, are you?" the person asked, aghast.

The stallion's face turned cross on the left side of the screen as, on the right side, Lance pulled the pin out of the stallion's crotch and began rubbing the area vigorously with the pinhead.

"Of course not!" the horse snapped. "This has never happened—"

His eyes bulged, and he looked down just in time to see his limp prick eject semen all over the bed.

There was a pregnant pause, followed by a hair-raising shriek.

"My *HAIR*!" the person bellowed, scrambling up from the bed and pointing accusingly at the stallion. "You *know* I can't get this stuff out! We've talked about it a *hundred* times!"

"I—I—I'm sorry!" the stallion cried, looking from the person to his dick and back in bewilderment. "It—it's never done that before!"

"Oh, blow it up your ass!" the person snapped, hastily throwing on clothes. "I thought you were something special. I can't believe I cheated on my boyfriend for *you*!"

"Augh!" Lance gasped as his climax—long in the making—finally began to erupt all over his hand.

Panting, he ignored the rest of the video as the car backed out of the driveway and sped off, leaving the stallion to stare, dumbfounded, at his traitorous cock.

"Let *that* be the moral of the day," Lance murmured, sighing contentedly as his orgasm finally subsided. "Don't fuck with me, or I will have my vengeance!"

Groaning, he rolled over and put his phone on his nightstand, then flopped onto his stomach and almost immediately began snoring.

He opened his eyes and frowned, perplexed, at the weight machines that surrounded him. In the distance to his left, he could see racks of free weights set against floor-to-ceiling mirrors, and off a ways to the right, he could see treadmills, ellipticals, spin bikes, and rowing machines.

He'd been in gyms before, but he didn't recognize this one.

"Wh—where am I?" he murmured.

"You're in Hell, kid," said a gravelly voice.

Lance looked around, then spied a rhinoceros wearing a pair of black gym shorts and white tennis shoes. The rhino was doing bicep curls in the free weights, his tattooed, gray arms rippling and bulging with each rep.

"Hell, huh?" Lance chuckled. "Yeah, I guess pumping the old iron is a love-hate thing, isn't it? Who're you?"

The rhino looked over at him, glanced down at the 100-lb weight he was curling, then racked it with surprising ease.

"Rex," the rhino grveled with a vaguely New York-style, whining drawl. "I'm the owner here."

Lance sized the rhino up and couldn't help being impressed. The guy was *jacked!*

"I can tell," Lance said. "You *look* like you own the place."

"Hey, what's that supposed to mean?" Rex asked, bristling.

"It was a compliment, man!" Lance said hurriedly. "You, uh, look like you could bench-press a semi."

"That's before breakfast," Rex replied, grinning. He gave a furtive look, then leaned in. "You know, uh, you could look like this, too."

"Aww, hell, there's no way I could ever look like that!" Lance scoffed.

"Naw, man, I'm serious," Rex said. His expression hardened. "In fact, I *insist*."

Lance did a double-take as the rhino continued.

"You come in here like some preppy—what are ya, what one those stand and model types? Kid, you ain't nowhere *near* big enough to be in *my* gym. It wouldn't be so bad if you at *least* had the decency to cover your scrawny nakedness."

Lance blustered at being called 'scrawny', but as his head jerked down to see that he was, in fact, naked, his eyes bulged in surprise. For a moment, he covered his crotch with his hands and glowered, but then he made a deliberate effort to stand up straight, uncover himself, puff out his chest, and reply boldly.

"Maybe I *like* to be naked from time to time," he retorted, making a mental note to use his magic to wipe Rex's memories before he left. "It's liberating. And I'm not scrawny."

"Yeah, yeah, sure, kid," Rex said.

It took Lance a moment to register that the look the owner was giving him was significant. By the time he realized it, it was already too late. An elbow the size of his head hit him in the face, knocking him off-balance. A split-second later, the rhino had Lance's arm pulled behind his back and jerked upwards. Lance yelped and stood on his tiptoes, trying to alleviate the resulting pain in his shoulder.

With his free hand, Rex snapped two massive fingers. Lance heard a percussive *poof* next to his head and turned just in time to see a watch appear out of thin air. Seconds later, he felt it strapped around his wrist.

As Rex let go, Lance jerked his arm back and looked down at it.

"What is this?" he demanded, scowling.

"It's a smartwatch, Einstein," Rex replied. "Sheesh, ain't you one of those twenty-somethings? You oughtta know that."

"Duh," Lance retorted, reaching down to unclasp it, "But why is it on my wrist?" He gasped. "Is it some kind of steroids or something?"

Rex laughed. "Nah, kid. Nothing like that. It's just a series of workout videos. Keeps your motivation up."

Lance's eyes narrowed. "Then why force it on me?"

Rex shrugged. "I got a reputation to uphold, kid. The scrawnier guy in here—'sides you—is big enough to press you one-handed. Far be it from me to turn down a patron—but you gotta put in the work and get in shape. And, in your case, you got a *lot* of work to put in."

Bristling once more at being called 'scrawny' again, Lance felt haughtiness replace the unease he felt.

"Fine," he spat. "And when I'm bigger 'n you, I'm gonna make *you* do stuff!"

"Sure, kid," Rex said blandly. "Whatever you say."

With that, he seemed to hear something at the front counter off in the distance and lumbered off that way.

"Uppity meathead," Lance muttered under his breath, fumbling with the watch, "Just *wait* until I get done with you!"

As he was reaching for the clasp, he inadvertently touched the bezel.

"Hey there!" a cheery voice chirped loudly, startling him.

"Holy hell!" Lance yelped, his head jerking down to look at a golden retriever beaming at him from the tiny screen.

"Are you ready to get *jacked*?" the watch asked excitedly.

"Sure," Lance replied, rolling his eyes a bit.

"Aww, come on, *that* doesn't sound very enthusiastic!" the watch chided, its mannerisms and voice both way over the top. "I said, 'are you *ready* to get *jacked*?!' "

"Yeah! Let's do this!" Lance replied, doing his best to mockingly mimic the watch's cartoonish enthusiasm.

"That's the spirit, champ!" the watch beamed. "Now, let's go to the free weights and pick up a couple of fifty-pound dumbbells!"

Lance did a double-take. "Whoa, wait, fifty?! I've never done anything with a fifty-pound dumbbell!"

"Oh," the watch laughed. "Did I say 'fifty'? I meant 'fifteen'. Here I thought you were already kinda-jacked."

"Hey, now..." Lance muttered reproachfully.

"But don't worry! We'll have you jacked all the way by the time we're done!" the watch said.

With mixed feelings, Lance went over to the rack and found the only pair of fifteen-pound dumbbells there.

"All *right*!" the watch gushed. "Now, let's take those straight up above our heads!"

The screen zoomed out to show that the talking head was attached to a truly *mammoth* body. In fact, it seemed too small to fit the ripped figure below it. In context, the retriever's high-pitched voice also seemed way out of place as the giant body reached over and grabbed a pair of dumbbells. His hands were so big that nearly the whole dumbbell, flanges and all, fit inside them.

"And here we go!" the tinny voice said, raising the diminutive dumbbells straight up. "Do it with me! One! Two! Three! Four!"

The watch might be campy, but its enthusiasm was eerily infectious, and before he realized it, Lance found himself working out along to the burly retriever.

"Great! Three more! Two! One! Okay! Give yourself a high five for me, champ; that's the first set. Now, let's go grab some seventy-five—I, I mean, *twenty*-five—pound dumbbells, and we'll do our next set!"

"Wait, don't I get a break?" Lance protested.

"Oh, silly; this isn't high-intensity! Breaks are for the weak!" the watch chirped.

Lance started to complain, but the watch continued.

"Now, with these, we're gonna lie on our backs—you got yourself a nice bench to lie on, sport?"

"Lance. My name is Lance."

"Yeah, man! Totally rad. Now, let's do twenty-five of these. Ready?"

"No—"

"Let's go! One! Two! Three!"

Lance scurried into place and began bench-pressing the dumbbells. His heart was pounding, and even after the first five or six reps, he could already feel his muscles starting to burn. But, if he was gonna get jacked like Rex, he was gonna have to keep up! Besides, it was a good burn anyway.

"Okay!" the watch said when he'd finished. "Now, grab those fifteen-pounders again! We're gonna do the monkey!"

"I—I need a breather," Lance panted, fanning himself. "Is it hot in here?"

"Yeah! Get those arms out nice and straight! Right arm up, left arm down. Now, switch! Switch! Switch! Great! Now let's get some hip action in there! Now rotate side-to-side as you do it!"

His heart feeling like it was going to explode out of his chest, Lance began jerking his arms up and down opposite each other, rotating his body side-to-side as the dumbbells cut arcs through the air in front of him. His triceps ached. His shoulders screamed. His heart and lungs begged for air.

"Hey, guys, get a load of this!" a voice said.

Lance whipped his head to look over his shoulder to see a dragon, a lion, and a zebra—all as beefy as Rex had been—gawking at him.

"Dude, is Rex just letting *anybody* in here now?" the lion scoffed.

"Hey, man, cut him some slack," the dragon replied. "He might be puny, but he's putting in the work, right?"

"Putting in the work, my ass!" the zebra sneered. "Are those dumbbells in his hand? They might as well be crayons!"

"Come on, guys," the dragon said, "Just mind your business and let Lil' Lilliputian over there mind his... whatever it is he's doing."

"Okay!" the watch said abruptly. "Now, let's go over and put a forty-five pound plate on each side of the bar! Ready? We're gonna do some squats!"

"All right," Lance gasped, dropping the weights and tapping the screen, "You gotta gimme a break. I haven't worked out in forever, and—"

"Give you a break?" the watch scoffed. "I *am* giving you a break! While you put those weights on the bar, you can catch your breath!"

Lance groaned, but as if moved by some force outside himself, he went over to the tree, grabbed a plate, put it on the bar, then returned and grabbed another plate for the other side.

"All right! Now, just get up under it like this"—the watch demonstrated getting up under a bar, which looked comically tiny compared to its hulking size—"shrug your shoulders to lift it off the rack, and then we're gonna do fifteen reps! Ready?"

"Wait! I'm not under it, yet—"

"And *one, two, three, four!*"

Scrambling, Lance found himself keeping up. His quads started hurting within the first three reps, and his calves were screaming six reps in. By the ninth rep, he was shaking all over, yet somehow still going.

"Augh!" he cried out.

Heads poked out from various pieces of workout equipment all over the gym, looking at him. As he continued struggling to keep up, gym-goers surrounded him.

"Psh, this place is really going downhill," one said out of the corner of his mouth to another. "What's the world coming to if Rex is letting in *this* puny piece of shit?"

"I'm not puny!" Lance wailed. "I'm just out of practice! *Agh!*" he cried as his knees threatened to buckle.

"Nah, you're a pussy," said a bobcat, "And that's coming from a cat, so you know it's true."

"All right, fuck this!" Lance cried as he at last finished his fifteenth rep.

He tried to stagger away, but his legs hurt too badly to move. Fumbling, he tried to take off the wristwatch, but his fingers were too weak to undo the clasp.

"Tut, tut!" the watch chided him. "No giving up, yet, quitter! Come on! Let's go do some butterflies!"

"N-no, please!" Lance begged. "Wh-what's happening to me?"

His mind suddenly cleared. Shutting out the jeering spectators, he squeezed his eyes closed, balled his fists, and hunkered down. His abdomen filled with familiar warmth as he summoned his magic to him.

"Gah!" he roared, opening his eyes and cupping his hand over his watch.

For a moment, the jeers ceased, and everybody watched as he removed his hand.

The watch was still there.

"What, did you just need to take a shit or something, little dog?" someone asked.

"He had a face like he was constipated."

"N-no! It's my magic!" Lance cried.

"Oh, he's *magic*! Guys, get a load of this little magic fairy here!"

Uproarious laughter burst out all around him.

"No! Shut up! I-I'll kick your asses!" Lance protested, but that just intensified the laughter around him.

"Okay! Let's do those butterflies!"

The watch's voice pierced like a siren through the din of mocking laughter.

Lance groaned and cried as his body was forced to do workout after workout, his muscles growing weary and excruciatingly pained after each one, his chest feeling like it would burst, his lungs feeling tattered from the overexertion. But worst of all, his mouth was parched, his lips and tongue cracking from dehydration.

"P-please," he croaked after what seemed like the hundredth set. "Is there any water?"

Two massive stumps of legs clomped over to him. Rex bent down.

"There's no water, kid," he said. "This is Hell, remember?"

Lance's mind reeled. Was it possible? Could he actually be in... *Hell*? He let out an unintelligible whimper.

"But don't worry, you can't die here. You don't need no water."

"N-no *water*?" Lance gasped hoarsely. "Isn't there something—*anything* to wet my whistle?"

The gym-goers exchanged glances.

"Yeah," a voice said.

The crowd parted, and someone stepped forward.

Lance looked up at the dragon who had stood up for him before.

"You need something to drink, kid?" the dragon asked evenly.

Lance nodded, and the dragon knelt down.

"I've got something for you to drink," he said.

Raising one of his arms, the dragon turned to sniff his own pit, inhaling deeply.

"Just look at all that sweat," he said, running his claws through the glistening moisture all over his chest, abs, and groin.

Lance's face fell. As the dragon advanced on him, he began to back away.

"N-no," he pleaded feebly. "I-I don't want sweat!"

"I think you do," the dragon replied, holding up a voodoo doll shaped like a coyote. "I think you want it *real* bad."

He turned the doll around in his hands a few times, then thrust it up against his chest, pressing it tightly against his sweaty body.

"Augh!" Lance cried as his legs all but flung him towards the dragon to follow suit.

The dragon's sweat was acrid and pungent, and one whiff was enough to make Lance hold his breath. Yet he could only do that for so long, and soon he found himself gasping in the bitter, musky stench.

"Mm, I think he really needs to *drink* that sweat, though," the dragon said, reaching down and pinning Lance in place between his chest and forearm with one hand while making the voodoo doll bury its face under his armpit, the fabric of the doll absorbing some of the reeking perspiration.

"No, *no*, n—!"

Lance felt his face lurch under the dragon's arm mid-protest, burrowing its way towards his hairy pit. Feeling nauseous, he opened his mouth, stuck out his tongue, and began lapping greedily at the glistening sweat. The dragon's arm relaxed its grip on him, and despite feeling positively disgusted, Lance put his lips together and slurped noisily at the dragon's skin, sucking, licking, and drinking in all the musky dew he could get.

"Aww, why so glum, chum?" the dragon asked. "It's good for you! And hey, if dragon sweat isn't your thing, how about some nice bull sweat instead?"

Out of the corner of his eye, Lance saw the voodoo doll get jerked to the crotch of a bull whose massive, exposed testicles were exceeded in size only by the thickness of his calves.

The coyote whimpered, then leapt off the dragon, dropped to his hands and knees, and thrust his nose up between the bull's nuts and inner thigh. The musk here was twice as strong as the dragon's armpit had been, and even with his breath held, Lance could still smell it. Nevertheless, his mouth opened, and his tongue burst out to begin slathering itself all over the bull's scrotum, legs, and taint. Tracing the musk up and around the base of the bull's penis, he began sucking noisily at the coarse hairs around the bull's sheath.

"Well, at least he's good for *something*!" someone jeered, sparking another round of laughter.

As gross and humiliating as it was, Lance suddenly felt his penis twitch.

No, not here; not now! Why?!

His pink tip slipped from his sheath.

"Hey, guys, get a load of this! I think he's getting off on it!" the bull laughed, pointing. "You like those bull balls, you little wimp?"

"Oh, yeah, I forgot," the dragon said, "Demon sweat comes with a few side effects, including nausea, voracious lust, inability to cum, and—"

"Hey, the inability to cum comes from being in Hell; don't blame that on me," the bull interjected.

"Oh, right, right," the dragon said. "That's my bad."

"Fuhgeddaboutit," the bull replied pleasantly. "Just gotta make sure we're being truthful in our advertising, you know?"

"Naturally."

As this surreal interaction was taking place, Lance was feeling increasingly horny. Already a droplet of precum was beginning to grow at his tip, and the arousal was getting distracting.

Wrenching himself away and staggering through the crowd of onlookers and machines, he at last broke free and ran for the door.

Behind him, he heard the sound of hooves, paws, and feet turning to come after him.

He burst through the doors, whipped his head this way and that, then turned to the left and started sprinting as fast as his exhausted legs would carry him.

The sky was an eerie red, and the air was hot and dry and seemed to have a ruddy glow all its own.

Lance's cock twitched hornily, but thinking he heard the sound of pursuers behind him, he kept sprinting, fighting through the screaming of his overworked muscles. Ducking into and out of alleyways at random, he finally paused for breath, gasping. As he doubled over and put his hands on his knees, his penis began to bob up and down. Swollen angrily and liberally drooling precum onto the ground, it stared up at him and demanded to be released.

Lance shuddered, feeling arousal shoot up his spine. Still winded, he forced himself to hold his breath and listen.

Hearing nobody after him, he collapsed to his knees, grabbed his dick in both hands, and began stroking it vigorously. Skipping all his usual edging and teasing himself, he went straight for the gold, squeezing the base of his knot hard in one hand and vigorously stimulating his tip with the other. Five or six seconds of that is all it would take. He could feel the tension building in his balls, could feel his scrotum contracting in anticipation, felt that almost painful urge at the base of his skull that mercifully only lasted a split-second before he got off.

But then, he didn't get off.

His eyes snapped open, a panicked look on his face as he stroked himself harder. The tension in his balls continued to grow, that pain at the back of his head growing more intense but finding no relief.

Panting, he let go of his knot and began jacking himself off with both hands. Gritting his teeth, he let out an anguished, desperate whine as he felt himself get closer and closer to an edge that seemed to forever shrink away from him.

"Ahh! *Ahh!*" he shrieked.

A gush flew from his prick, yet he only felt hornier. It was only precum, and in no time, he was plastering the wall on the other side of the alley with spurt after spurt of the stuff. Yet instead of relief, each discharge only intensified the aching in his balls, the throbbing, bobbing, and soreness of his cock.

Trembling all over, he tried in vain to get himself off for over an hour before his arms completely gave out. Despite having veritable gallons of self-made lube to work with, he had still managed to blister his penis from tip to knot, and that same precum that had lubricated his shaft before now burned and stung the injured flesh.

He would have been doomed to remain that way, limply lifting his leaden arms to try to get another tug on his blistered prick until he passed out, but at that moment, a pair of bright pink tennis shoes sprinted past the alley, squeaked to a stop, backtracked, and sprinted up to him.

Lance had never seen self-propelled shoes before. There was the time he'd made that pair make someone else run, but this was different. These shoes ran as if someone were wearing them already, but there was nobody in sight. Disembodiment aside, they were running so fast that Lance flinched on principle alone.

Flinching was, unfortunately, a mistake.

As he let go of his penis and flung himself out of what he thought was their way, they careened over to his prone figure, untied themselves, loosened their tongues, and then began trying to devour his feet. They got off on the wrong foot at first—literally—giving Lance precious seconds to kick at them and scramble to get away on all fours, his drippy dick bobbing below him as he did. But they quickly realized their error, noticed he was trying to get away, and pursued him hotly.

Lance screamed and tried to scramble to his feet, but the shoes stretched out their laces and tripped him, knocking him to the ground.

"Wait! No! Stop!" the coyote cried, rolling onto his back and flailing his legs.

One foot landed a solid blow and sent a shoe flying, but the other took advantage of Lance's gloating to swallow his other foot.

"What are you doing?!" the coyote cried, jerking his foot back and fumbling to untie the laces that had tied themselves surprisingly prettily. But as he reached for them, one of the metal-tipped ends cocked back and popped him on the finger.

"Ow!" Lance cried, sticking his injured index finger in his mouth.

The kicked shoe, meanwhile, sprawled in a heap of garbage, leapt up, visibly shook itself off like a dog, then came bounding back.

"No, no, no-no-no!" Lance cried, leaping to his feet.

He turned and stepped with his bare foot, about to make a run for it, but when he went to move his other foot, it was as if it were buried in concrete. Thrown off balance by the momentum mismatch, he hurtled forward, catching himself just in time before hitting his chin but yelling in pain anyway as his dick hit the pavement and bent painfully.

As the coyote rolled over onto his back and clutched his aching, throbbing penis, the other shoe grabbed hold of his toe, then used that for leverage to fling itself onto him. Seconds later, its laces were tied just as prettily as its partner.

Lance, panting and sore, took a few seconds to recompose himself, then looked down at the shoes. Not only were they pink, they were the most effeminate, pastel, satiny kind of pink they could be.

"Ugh!" Lance groaned, looking at them. "Not even the fussiest female would wear these! They're positively garish!"

The shoelaces bent backwards like periscopes to look at him. Then, as one, the shoes hoisted him to his feet.

"What the *hell*?!" Lance gasped, shocked to find himself standing despite very much wanting to continue lying down.

The shoes didn't care about that. They had fulfilled their first mission, and now they had a new one.

Besides, he called them *garish*!

"Waugh!" the coyote cried as his feet began flying forward at a breakneck pace. His legs were moving so fast and so *not* under his control that his arms flopped out behind him and began fluttering in the breeze like an inflatable tube-man. As the shoes accelerated him, he lost his balance, and soon his entire torso was doing the same as his arms.

As he began to flop up and down, the shoes dragged his naked shoulders on the ground, scraping and burning the skin in a bizarre case of road rash.

"Ow!" Lance cried, jerking reflexively.

His torso jerked upwards, but without enough momentum to overcome gravity, he slammed back onto the ground again. The impact knocked the wind out of him, and for half a city block, the shoes dragged his back on the ground, wearing the skin thin. He would have been down into the muscle if the shoes hadn't suddenly made a sharp turn, if his momentum hadn't carried him forward like a slingshot...

CLANG!

...right into a wrought iron fence on the other side of the alleyway.

"Oof..."

Lance gasped, feeling woozy from the sharp blow. The shoes kept running. He felt his feet getting away from him, felt his torso stretching.

Why aren't I moving? W—wait! Ow—

"OW!"

SNAP!

The coyote shrieked in pain as his arm, which had gotten tangled up in the fence when he struck it, broke midway down the forearm.

Between the impact and the sudden surge of adrenaline surging through his body, he managed to get upright again, tears streaming from his eyes.

The shoes didn't care.

Scooting right along, Lance cringed and yelped as they careened through the alleyways, the buildings zipping by.

Clunk!

"Oof!" Lance gasped as he took a trash can to the gut at full speed. "Hey, look out!" he cried as he yanked his head to the side just in time to avoid a low-hanging sign.

Looking over his shoulder, he breathed a sigh of relief, then frowned uneasily on seeing that the name of the business the sign advertised was, "The Near Miss".

Returning his head forward, he yelped for a split-second before his face crashed through another sign that had previously said, "The Direct Hit".

Another garbage can, three signs that said, "Three", "In A", and "Row", a small but defiant coffee table that caught him in the shins and sent him flying end-over-end, and finally, a streetlamp that his body wrapped completely around, a bruised, woozy, aching Lance collapsed to the ground on his back, winded and about to throw up.

Before he could even catch his breath, his penis, which had been flopping just like his arms, suddenly remembered it existed and began twitching and aching, demanding his immediate attention. Grimacing, he closed his eyes with a pained expression and reached down to feebly try to jack himself off.

"Will you get a *load* of this guy?" a familiar voice asked.

Lance looked up and gasped, seeing the dragon, lion, and zebra walking towards him upside-down.

"I think he left a bit of himself back there at the Arm-Breaker Inn," the dragon said wryly.

"A little on the nose, isn't it?" the lion asked.

"Nah, that was The Direct Hit," the zebra piped up.

"Oh, right," the lion laughed.

"I guess your arm healed up quick, huh?" the dragon asked, looking pointedly at Lance.

"What are you, some kind of *pervert*, out here masturbating like an animal?" the lion jeered.

Lance did a double-take, realizing that the hand he was using was indeed the one on his formerly broken arm.

"He looks like a fucking *monkey*!" the zebra laughed.

"Hey, yeah!" the dragon said. "Go on, Monkey-Boy! Give us a little show!"

Lance shook his head, mouthing the word 'no' over and over.

His shoes seemed to take pity on him and got him to his feet. As the three closed in, he took off running for a gap between them.

Emphasis on "seemed".

At the last minute, they veered right into the zebra, who scowled at him and reflexively lashed out, clocking Lance hard on the face.

The coyote stumbled backwards and started to fall over, but the shoes had a different idea in mind. Even as his body fell towards the ground, his feet began doing an impossibly fast tap dance.

"Heh, heh, heh, now that's more like it," the dragon growled.

But Lance was not in control of his body at this point. Even as his feet continued their dizzying gyrations, his head hit the ground. He saw stars. For seconds or hours—he couldn't tell—his legs kept moving at a breakneck pace, getting more and more animated with each passing second.

And then the shoes went to do a spin. The rest of him—from his concussed head and limp shoulders lying on the ground, to his tightly bent knees trying to act as a link between the unstoppable force that were those shoes and the immovable object that was his body—was *not* in a position to do a spin.

SNAP! POP!

Lance's feet did a spin without the rest of him. His feet turned, met resistance at his knees, and kept turning.

"AUGH!"

Blinding pain surged through the coyote's body as his shins broke, the sinew popped, and even the muscles began to tear apart. His feet turned a full 360, tying the broken and partially broken tendons and muscles in knots around the sharp bone fragments.

"Hey, what kind of dance is this?" the zebra complained, hauling him to his feet.

Swooning from pain, Lance slumped forward, and the zebra clocked him again. The shoes caught him, somehow managed to keep him upright, and drove him forward again on broken shins. Like a June bug trying to go through a door, they kept running him into the zebra, who cracked his knuckles and began whaling on Lance with each attempt. Like a Bozo the Clown punching bag, Lance jerked backwards with each hit, then ran forward again just in time to catch another one.

"Hey, how come he gets all the fun?" the lion protested.

As if in answer, the shoes abruptly veered off and ran straight for him. They tried to dodge at the last minute, but the lion thrust his foot out.

In slow motion, Lance felt himself lifted into the air, propelled by the force of that incredible kick. Pain registered in his already-broken shins, and then in his groin. He saw the ground receding below him.

Then, suddenly, it wasn't receding anymore. Time sped back up, and he crashed to the ground, catching himself with his face.

Crunch.

"Now *that* is on the nose!" the lion chuckled.

"Psh," the dragon scoffed, thrusting his clawed foot onto Lance's chest and pinning him down, "How's about that little monkey show, Monkey-Man?"

Lance burst out crying. Desperately horny and unable to escape, he began jacking himself off in front of the bullies, the sting of oozing precum making him hiss between sobs as it ran down his burning member. All the while, the zebra cavorted around like an ape, scratching his head with one hand and grabbing the crotch of his shorts lewdly as the lion and dragon laughed uproariously.

"I don't look like that!" Lance sobbed.

"I don't look like that!" the lion mocked.

"Why don't you *dance*, you little monkey?" the dragon growled.

He lifted his foot, and the shoes sprang into action, jerking Lance upright and once again making his broken limbs flail in some kind of insane tap-dance.

"Ooh! Ooh! Jerk it while you dance!" the zebra said, clapping.

Lance started crying again as he acquiesced.

At last, the bullies seemed to have their fill and walked off high-fiving each other. Lance collapsed to the ground, curled up in fetal position and still desperately trying to get himself off. At that moment, the shoes, too, seemed to have had enough fun, untied themselves, and then wriggled free and disappeared down the street.

At last, Lance was alone. Panting, he groaned and squeezed the base of his knot, moaning uncomfortably as about half a gallon of pre sloshed onto the ground between his legs.

Not at all satisfied or relieved, he started to masturbate again when his watch suddenly lit up.

"Hey, champ!" it said.

Lance winced. He wasn't alone at all!

"What do you want?" he whined.

The voice changed, becoming far deeper, guttural.

"I want *you* to get your ass into that stadium!" it barked.

Taken aback, Lance forgot his cock for a split-second and looked up, gasping at the sheer height of the building in front of him. His jaw moved, but no sound came out. At last, he shook his head and turned to walk away.

"Now," the voice growled.

Lance's feet turned back towards the building and began walking towards it. He didn't even register that the rest of him turned with them, that his broken shins, torn muscles, and severed sinew had already healed. His attention was on the building itself, the corners of his mouth tugging downward as the edifice loomed over him and a deep sense of foreboding twisted his stomach.

He came to several sets of double-doors, one of which opened for him. He walked through.

Inside, a wide, concrete concourse led him to a box office. Seeing it, Lance turned and went to it.

"What are you doing?" his watch asked.

"Well, obviously I need a ticket if I'm going to get in to see the show," Lance said.

"Performers don't need tickets," his watch replied ominously. "Go to the locker room."

Lance frowned. "I don't know where the locker room is," he said lamely.

The watch didn't answer. Instead, his feet just started carrying him as if they knew exactly where they were going. Various offices and businesses littered the sides of the walkway, among them, "Get Out While You Can Concessions", "Trapped-In Jerseys", and "Dance of Death Ballet Company". Lance shivered nervously as his feet echoed down the long, wide hall.

In the distance, he saw an overhead sign that pulsed faintly with red light. It caught his attention from far away, and he found himself fixating on it as it drew nearer and nearer. As he got close, the pulsating light resolved itself into the words LOCKER ROOM. Trembling, Lance grasped the handle and pulled the door open.

The inside of the locker room was normal enough, though like everywhere else in this city, it seemed clouded by a faint, red haze. Lockers lined both walls, and in the middle was a large changing area with benches for athletes or performers to get themselves dressed for the occasion. On the left, a single locker stood open, its door blocking Lance's view into it from where he stood in the doorway.

"Go to it," his watch said.

His legs carried him.

As he rounded the side of the door, a look of horror came over his face. Stuffed into the top of the locker was some kind of light-pink, tattered fabric. It was so wadded up that Lance couldn't tell what it was, but he knew from the color alone that 1) he didn't want to wear it, and 2) he was going to be made to do so anyway.

More alarmingly—and perhaps bewilderingly—was the spool of barbed wire, its points gleaming against the backdrop of dull, gray metal that sat in the bottom of the locker.

"What the *hell*?" Lance murmured.

In response, the spool of wire tilted forward, and multiple strands lashed out like tentacles to grab him.

"Augh!" Lance yelped, but trying to stagger backwards was to no avail.

Already, the wire had wrapped itself around each of his joints: his wrists, elbows, where his arms met his shoulders, his knees, ankles, and around each upper thigh. Lance gritted his teeth, his eyes bulging as the wire tightened, driving the sharp barbs into his skin. Particularly painful were the ones that poked at his scrotum from the insides of his thighs.

Well, until another tendril wrapped itself around the base of his scrotum and penis, that is. *That* was a whole new level of pain.

Another length of wire shot out and wrapped itself tightly around his neck—not enough to affect his breathing or circulation, but plenty to poke little holes in his skin—and still another wrapped itself around his waist, pulling itself tight before looping an end down under his tail and cinching tight, pulling his tail up in its painful embrace.

"Augh!" Lance cried again.

He tried to move, but every movement, no matter how minute, made at least one of the strands dig in a little deeper. Already he could feel thin rivulets of blood seeping out of him from all over. They itched and tickled, but every time he forgot and went to scratch at them absent-mindedly, the barbed wire dug in and widened the holes it was making. Paralyzed with fear and pain, he began to pant, his eyes darting this way and that.

"Wh—what do you want?!" he cried.

"Just one more thing," his watch purred.

Before his eyes, the crumpled, pink fabric levitated out of the top of the locker and unfurled itself. Lance's face contorted into a pained expression as the tattered tutu hovered in front of him.

"Please don't," he whimpered.

On cue, the tutu leapt towards him. Yelling in pain, Lance raised his arms, and the tutu forced itself down over the barbed wire, catching on it at every opportunity and driving it deeper into his skin. The last strand on the spool surged forward and wrapped itself tightly around his waist, sandwiching the lower part of the tutu between itself and the barbed wire already digging into Lance's skin and ensuring the only way the frilly dress could be removed was its utter destruction.

A horrified, pained whine escaped the coyote's lips as he stood in the middle of the locker room, stiff as a board and dripping little droplets of blood onto the tiled floor beneath him.

Despite all that, he was still as hard as a rock and throbbing, each pulsation driving the barbed wire into his flesh a little deeper. It was only through some cruel, twisted curse that he could remain hard through all that burning pain.

But fate was about to add insult to injury.

The watch said nothing, but an invisible leash suddenly tugged sharply on his barbed-wire collar. Yelping in surprise and pain, Lance jerked forward, then tried to resist, bracing himself and leaning back against the increasing force against him. The points dug harder into the back of his neck. He gritted his teeth and cried out, but no relief came.

At last, he couldn't take it anymore and yielded, taking a step forward. The barbed wire around his knee, ankle, and particularly around his thigh dug in deep, gouging his flesh, and the barbs under his scrotum pricked his taint, making him jerk and setting off the barbed wire traps at all of his other joints.

And yet, the pull on his collar did not abate.

Whimpering and moving stiffly, Lance made his way towards the far end of the locker room. The door opened, and he found himself in the tunnel that led to the interior of the stadium. From the end of the tunnel came the sound of perhaps thousands of spectators.

Acutely aware of how ridiculous he looked, how the accursed tutu stopped just shy of covering his throbbing, oozing prick, how the pain from the barbed wire made him move so humiliatingly jerkily, Lance balked. The

pull on his collar became an outright drag. He gritted his teeth and tried to bear it, yet the force made his feet skid on the floor, and the barbs dug so deeply into his neck that they began ripping his skin.

Crying out in pain, Lance couldn't take the pain anymore and relented. Eyes downcast and posture drooping to the effect the barbed wire would allow it, he trudged stiffly towards the interior of the stadium.

As he emerged, his heart sank. There weren't thousands of spectators here; there were *hundreds* of thousands. The stands rose dizzyingly high above him in all directions, every seat filled with a creature at least as well-built as Rex and his ilk.

Sitting front and center on a massive throne was a creature who, even from the great distance, was so large that Lance could make out his goat-like eyes, his devil horns, his cloven feet, the tuft of black hair on his chin, the muscles that bulged under rippling, red skin.

The floor clanked with a metallic ring under his paws as the barbed wire practically dragged him out into the middle of the arena. As he entered, the audience went wild with laughter, jeers, hoots, and catcalls. Lance tried to shrink away inside of himself, but the combination of riotous spectators, pricking barbed wire, throbbing cock, and the bounce of the tutu's frills with each step kept dragging him back into the moment, ensuring he was forced to bask in the experience.

All the while, the massive goat scowled judgmentally at Lance, forcing the coyote to endure his withering gaze until he had come to the exact center of the arena, a feat that took a great many excruciating, humiliating minutes. At last, the goat raised a massive hand.

The room fell silent.

"Lance!" the goat said, his icy countenance breaking into a broad grin with all the charisma and cheer of meeting an old friend, "How the hell are ya?"

The coyote started, winced, and looked up at him.

"Wh—who are you? Why am I here?" he cried, his amplified voice echoing back at him faintly mockingly.

"Why, I'm the Devil," the goat said, his brow furrowing briefly, as if it were a stupid question. "You know, Satan. Beelzebub. The Prince of Darkness."

His worst suspicions confirmed, Lance let out a feeble whimper, his expression more resembling deep disappointment and a little nausea than abject horror.

"As for why you're here," said Satan, chidingly extending a gangly, red finger tipped with a black claw, "You've been abusing your powers a tad too much for my liking, and you are here to make amends."

"Abusing my powers?!" Lance cried, "I've done nothing of the sort! Everybody I used my powers on *deserved* what came to them!"

"Oh, I see," Satan said ironically, eliciting a rumble of laughter from all around the auditorium. "And I suppose you took *no* pleasure from it?" His face turned cold again. "In fact, you were masturbating to it immediately prior to your summons."

Lance's face fell. The barbed wire started tightening, digging deeper into his flesh and making him squirm and jerk in pain.

"I—I'm sorry!" he cried. "P—please, forgive me, and I won't do it again!"

Satan cocked his head. "Now, where would the fun be in that?" he asked. Gesturing to the filled stands, he said, "These demons all want a show, and I intend to give it to them—well, rather, for *you* to give it to them." He held up a panpipe. "Recognize this?" he asked.

Lance's eyes widened. He shook his head in spite of the barbed wire.

"N—no, please." He gestured to his pointed restraints. "The humiliation is bad enough, but with the barbed wire—"

"Ah! Yes! The barbed wire," Satan said, clapping his hands. "Let's do something about that."

Lance gasped as the tightly coiled strand around his penis and scrotum began to unwind. Glancing down, he gritted his teeth, his face a frozen mask of fear. Hardly daring to breathe, he watched it as it unwrapped one of its coils, its movement reminiscent of a charmed cobra's. He swallowed, and it unwrapped another. But though those loops were no longer digging into him, the ones that remained continued to squeeze him just as mercilessly.

The uncoiled length stretched itself out, running parallel to the length of his penis. A third coil unfurled itself, and the tip moved past his own. It uncoiled a fourth time. The wire extended far longer than Lance's throbbing malehood.

It curled backwards. Lance's eyes widened. His breath quickened.

The tip of the wire lined itself up with his urethra and began advancing.

"N-no! No!" Lance cried, struggling. "No, please, anything but—*augh!*"

The sharp end of the wire found his piss-hole and shoved inside of it. A blood-curdling howl rose from Lance's lungs. No amplification was needed to hear it at the top row. All around the stadium, the onlookers mockingly matched his cry, and about a quarter of them thrust their hands down their shorts and started pleasuring themselves to the sounds of the coyote's torment.

The wire pressed deeper. Lance bucked involuntarily, his voice modulating in pitch and volume as the first ring of barbs pressed against his urethra.

His head shook violently side-to-side. A series of high-pitched, incoherent "N-n-n" noises came from his lips as he looked desperately at Satan for mercy.

He received none.

The barbs met significant resistance and pressed hard against Lance's tip. The skin smushed, then eventually buckled and gave way, tearing and shredding as the barbs forced themselves into him.

Lance shrieked at such a high pitch that the demons all covered their ears. Even Satan seemed surprised.

Blood spurted from the end of Lance's prick, yet it remained as hard as ever, even as a second set of barbs forced their way into his urethra. The coyote began convulsing and would have thrown up if Satan's control over him had allowed it.

At last, his penis skewered, he felt the wire stop burrowing.

"Any *more* excuses?" Satan asked.

Lance's eyes welled with tears. His lower lip quivered, and he shook his head.

"Excellent. Then, without further ado, gentlemen, I give to you my latest ballet. I call it 'Hot Points'."

He brought the panpipe to his lips and began on a long, low note. Lance's arms, which had been down at his sides, raised out sideways, bent at the elbows, and then raised over his head, his fingertips touching. The barbs in his shoulders, elbows, and wrists all dug in, sending jolts of pain through him.

The low note lingered, and Lance turned in a circle, giving the entire audience a good view of his throbbing, bleeding, drooling prick. As the low note slowly modulated upward, the floor all around turned a dusky red color.

Interesting effect, Lance's addled mind thought.

That thought lasted for about three seconds, and then the coyote realized that the dusky red was not just decoration, that in fact, the floor was that color because it was *hot*.

Tss.

"Yipe!" he cried, leaping into the air to escape the sizzling heat on his paw-pads.

As soon as Lance was midair, the panpipe suddenly rose to a high trill, then glissanded down, back to its original note.

"A-a-*ahh!*" Lance shrieked as his feet landed on the searing floor but remained firmly planted: heel, arch, ball, and toes all receiving a full dose.

The panpipe began to warble upward. Lance rose to his toes, pirouetted, then leaned over on one leg and planted his palm on the burning metal. He could hear his flesh cooking, and worse, could *smell* it. His body convulsed in agony, jerking the barbed wire and digging it in tightly.

Tss. Tss-tss-tss.

Drops of blood began to leak from all over his body, hitting the ground and sizzling all around, kicking up acrid smoke that burned his eyes and lungs and made his nose run.

The flute trilled again. Lance leapt into the air.

His legs spread apart wide.

"Wait! I can't do the splits; I'm not flexible e—"

Lance's eyes bulged, his voice stuck in his craw as his full weight came down on his thighs, forcing them apart.

Snap.

"Ha-*HAH!*" Lance gurgled as one of his tendons popped under the sharp strain.

Bug-eyed and gaping like a fish, he held his split pose for several seconds as the floor cooked off all the hair under his buttocks, on his scrotum, and the underside of his thighs.

Yelping, he jerked, but to his horror, he found that he couldn't close his legs. What was meant to be a leap to his feet only unbalanced him, and he pitched forward.

"*Aiyee!*" he screamed as the smell of cooking flesh reached his nostrils.

"Hot dogs! Get yer hot dogs here!" a demon shouted loudly, eliciting uproarious laughter and jeering.

"Hey, buddy! There's only *one* hot dog, and it's down there!" someone else called.

Panicking, Lance got his hands under him and started to push up, but as he did so, his penis, still oozing just as liberally as ever, suddenly raised up on its tip. The barbed wire inside of it dug in and started carving him up from the inside, but not even that was enough to deflate his erection.

The panpipe began twittering in circles, and Lance, balancing on his cock-tip, used his hands to start spinning himself like a top. The tip of his penis cooked into charcoal and at last stopped hurting, and he found that the faster he went, the less time his paws spent on the ground, and the less they hurt. Soon he was spinning dizzily fast, much to the amusement of the onlookers.

The panpipe trilled again. Lance flopped forward, got his weight on his hands, and launched himself in a handspring into the air. His tutu skirt launched outward. As he spun around in slow motion, his penis, finally free of the searing heat of the floor, began aching with need for release. Mid-spin, he clutched himself and, despite the spiked sound impaling his dick, began violently stroking himself. Each motion tugged the barbed wire into and out of him. Red-tinged pre rained down on the ground in spiral patterns as he slowly descended.

Yet for all his ministrations, all he felt was more desperation.

The panpipe started winding up towards its climax. Kicking out with flailing legs, Lance yanked on every piece of barbed wire, gouging holes big enough to see from the top of the stands. Blood streamed liberally from his many wounds, and as the flute grew louder, his paws wrapped around his knot and squeezed painfully hard.

Precum gushed from his penis like a jet as he leapt into the air. Spinning himself once more, he shot so hard that everyone in the front row got splashed with it.

The panpipe whirled into a frenzied finish, punctuated by spurts of pre. Lance's actions, too, accelerated to a frenetic pace. Sprinting, leaping, kicking, and twirling, he became a golden cloud floating above the arena

that rained blood as every kick and jump wedged the barbed wire deeper into his joints. Even when he landed correctly, it was an unstoppable stream of pain.

The flute, twisted and cruel as it was, did not let him land correctly every time. Amid the truly graceful leaps and bounds, his frenzied finale was punctuated by cracks and pops as he came down wrong on a foot here, landed on and broke a wrist there, and at one point, threw his back out mid-leap and collapsed in a heap that took the wind out of him. Yet, no matter how horrible his landing, he always got up, the flute ensuring that the show always went on.

At last, the panpipe played its final root-third-root progression. Lance's limp, aching, broken body took a deep bow. Blood streamed down his arms, neck, and legs, and trickled from his fingertips, chin, penis, and pointed toes. His penis erupted into a fountain of endless pre that lasted as long as the final note.

The audience erupted in applause, but not for Lance. All eyes were turned adoringly towards Satan, who stood, bowed, and waved graciously as flowers were thrown at him.

"P-please," Lance whispered hoarsely, "Just kill me."

"Gah!"

He snapped awake and looked around, instinctively feeling of his wrists, sitting up, and flinging back the covers to look at the barbed wire shoved up his pee-hole.

It took a few seconds for him to realize that his wrists were, in fact, not broken, that his penis did *not* have eight inches of barbed wire drilled into it.

Panting and bewildered, he at last sagged back onto the bed and felt idly of his sheathed cock. It hurt as though he had been jacking it off all night, but it was nothing like the pain and desperation he had felt so vividly in his dream.

It was a dream...

The realization came to him slowly, but at last, he chuckled, his palpitating heart slowing, and his breathing becoming slow and easy. Sighing, he gazed down his body and recollected his thoughts.

"So," he said finally, "You don't like how I'm using my powers, huh?" He thrust his lips out defiantly and raised an eyebrow. "Hate to break it to you, but it's gonna take more than just a bad dream to make me stop."