

"Come on, babe! It's not like I ask for it all the time!" Randall protested.

"I know, but"—Lex sighed—"Randall, it *hurts!*"

"You said it didn't hurt as much last time?" the fossa asked, a little surprised.

"Just because it didn't hurt as much doesn't mean it didn't hurt at all!" Lex retorted. "Look, I know you try to be gentle and all, but let's face it: you've got a fossa penis with *all* the horrors that entails—barbs, not one knot but two, and a blunt tip that feels like getting hit with a sledgehammer—and I'm a lemur!"

"A sexy lemur," Randall interjected emphatically.

"—And the—"

"The lemur of my dreams—"

"—The bits and bobs, they—"

"—*And* my wife of almost a year. Are you ready for our anniversary? I know what I want..."

"Ugh! *Randall!* The bits and bobs just don't play nicely together! Can't we, I dunno, try some mutual masturbation or something?"

Randall shriveled his nose. "*Masturbation?* What am I, a single guy?" He shook his head. "Nah, half the fun of being married is getting to have sex!" He frowned. "Besides, we've been together for almost three years now. Hell, you even *married* me! Why is my penis 'horrible' now all of a sudden?"

Lex sighed again. "Look, it's just—can't we compromise? You know, you get something, I get something, and we all end up a little better off?"

"Well, sure, I'm up for compromising. I might be a *big, bad predator*—the one your mom warned you about, right, Lex? Okay, I see you rolling your eyes, but just like a big, bad predator, look how I am *not* reacting to it. See? Lex? See how I'm not reacting?"

"Ugh, yes, Randall; you're such a big, bad predator," Lex groaned.

"Right. But, as I was saying, I'm not a *monster!* I'm not one of those guys who comes home blitzed drunk and beats his wife, am I?"

"Well, no—"

"So, yeah, I'm all for compromise. But, babe, masturbating isn't a compromise; that's what a guy does when he can't win at all. I'm not meaning to belittle anybody or anything, but"—he shrugged helplessly—"it's kinda what loser loners do. So, come on: hit me with a better idea."

Conceding that point and encouraged that he was at least willing to talk about it, Lex said, "Well, how about you just push your head against me, maybe rub my clit a bit with it, and I'll masturbate you?"

Randall sighed loudly. "Lex, how is that any different? It's still masturbation!"

"Well, no, *I'm* the one masturbating you; a 'loner loser guy'—"

"Or gal."

Lex rolled her eyes again. "*Or gal,*" she conceded, "Isn't going to have a wife—"

"Or husband."

"Randall..."

"Come on, Lex, we gotta be inclusive these days! I'm nothing if not an ally!"

"Time and place, Randall! Do you see any social justice warriors around for you to impress?"

"Well, no, but I'm just saying—"

"The point is, you're not alone!" Lex blurted, her face flushing with annoyance.

There was an uncomfortable silence.

"Damn, you're hot when you get riled up," Randall said, reaching forward to run a gray finger over her brown muzzle and trace it up into her fiery-orange hair. "Do you know that when you get fired up, your eyes exactly match your hair?"

"Yes, Randall," Lex said, rolling her eyes again.

"Your eyes are gonna get stuck like that, you know. So, what else you got?"

Lex hesitated. She had hoped Randall would go for an option that didn't involve penetration. Frankly *no* part of his anatomy going into *any* of her orifices felt "good", but...

"What if I sucked you off, hmm? Gave you a good deep-throating?"

Randall shriveled his nose again and shook his head. "Nah, you know me, babe: oral just doesn't do it for me. That's the thing, you know: after a long, boring day at work managing the grocery store, all I want is to come home, kiss you on the lips, and then sink my cock into that wonderfully slick, tight lemur pussy of yours. There's just nothing that compares to it—not hands, not mouths, not tongues... hell, not even your ass feels as good."

Lex shuddered. At least *there* was something they could agree on: she *never* wanted to do anal with him again.

"So, whaddya say, huh?" he asked, cupping her cheek in his hand and staring into those deep, orange pools of emotion and intelligence that he loved so much. "Work sucks. My art is never gonna pay enough to let me retire. Can't you give me *one* nice thing in my life? Hmm? Sexy lemur impaled on a—"

Lex sighed. "Okay."

"Great! You'd better go get a running start; you *know* the big, bad fossa is gonna come eat you up." He paused, then grinned and added, "Your mother warned you about us, right?"

Despite her exasperation *and* the nauseating feeling when she thought about her impending "capture", she couldn't help but grin at Randall's antics. He wasn't a *bad* guy; he just—

"Count of three! One!"

Lex interrupted her reverie and took off running. She had learned that if she ran into the kitchen, she could sometimes get him to slip on the floor, buying herself time to run into the yard and—if she was lucky—make it into her hiding spot. There, she could wait him out until the fires in his loins cooled, then reemerge once he was distracted with TV.

"Two!"

Alas, today would not be one of those days.

"Three!"

Randall caught her before she even made it out of the living room, grabbed her by the wrist, and flung her over the couch. She put up a fight—she knew it was a let-down to him if she didn't—but inevitably, his legs forced hers apart, and she braced for the inevitable. Behind her, she felt him cock back sharply.

"Gentle," she pleaded.

She heard him gasp mid-thrust, then felt him cock back again and come forward much more gently.

Randall felt his wife tense and put a hand on her shoulder comfortingly. If he was being honest, he knew this wasn't fun for her, and he appreciated her being a good sport about it. He leaned forward and slipped his fingers into her pussy, feeling the brush of her fire-red pubic hair on his knuckles as he went. Spreading her open, he carefully guided his nail head-shaped glans into her. He felt her tense again and shivered at how wonderful her pussy felt as it clamped down around him tightly—some might say *too* tightly—certainly tightly enough that it was always a struggle to get the rest of himself in once it happened.

Sighing in ecstasy, he pulled out, then brushed his fingers through her pubic hair until she relaxed again. He felt the tension leave her, and then he readied himself. This next part was tricky; if she felt him touch her, she'd tense up again, and they'd be back to square one. But, if he didn't spread her open first, her

pussy was just too tight for him to penetrate. So, he had to time everything just right. He *was* getting better; she'd said last time hurt less, which meant he was getting better at his technique. Still, it was hard to replicate.

Okay, on the count of three, he told himself. *One. Two. Three!*

Fingers met pussy and spread. Cock met pussy and plunged inside. Hips engaged.

His eyes rolled back in his head as the lemur's passage gripped his entire penis—shaft, knot one, knot two, glans, everything—in its silky yet vise-like embrace.

A euphoric croak escaped his lips just as a pained whimper escaped hers.

Nailed it, he thought to himself as he started to cum.

One extremely unpleasant fucking later, Lex was sitting at the computer in the study, one buttock deliberately elevated above the other to eliminate any chance of her bruised labia coming in contact with the cushion. Sighing, she glanced hopelessly at the message thread she'd been reading and mentally crossed out the top three alternative sexual activities suggested by the Fossas and Lemurs Together message board. Shaking her head, she opened a new tab and navigated to her favorite website to decompress and relax: eBay.

It wasn't that she actually *bought* anything very often, but window-shopping was mindless fun, and the suggestions offered to her had recently started getting *really* out there: fun to look at, but what on earth would she do with a 50-pound bag of granulated cheese balls (still fresh, the seller asserted) or a 12-piece set of assorted medieval flatware replicas (which, the fine print noted, were made of pewter and therefore were *not* suitable as tableware)?

Chuckling and shaking her head at the recollection of that last one, she closed her eyes, moved the mouse, and clicked at random on the screen. Opening her eyes, she saw that she missed, so she tried again.

As she was trying for the third time, Randall walked in and chuckled.

"Uh, oh, eBay again?" he asked, looking over her shoulder. "What the *hell* is that?"

Lex opened her eyes, then peered at the page title.

"Grimoire of Love's Truth," she said. "Interesting..."

"What is *that* picture?" Randall asked, pointing.

Lex clicked on it, and the two cocked their heads and squinted. It was low-res, whatever it was, but it looked vaguely like a green pentagram drawn on a wood floor. It was hard to tell from the low-quality picture, but the green almost seemed to glow.

"Did they—did they draw it in *highlighter*?" Randall scoffed incredulously. "Well! If *they're* not gonna take themselves seriously, then I don't see why *we* should!"

"Aww, it's all in good fun," Lex chuckled. "Look! It'll let you discover your love's truth!"

Randall frowned. "So, either it'll tell you if your lover's been cheating on you, or they meant 'discover your true love', in which case, that's the worst broken English I've ever seen!"

"Oh, I dunno; maybe I *want* to learn your truth!" Lex laughed. "You know, 'live your truth' and all that."

"Right," Randall said wryly. "Sorry, honey, all this time, I haven't been living my true self."

Lex looked up at him, waiting for the punch line.

"I'm secretly a rabbit."

Lex stared at him, then burst out laughing. "What?" she asked.

"I dunno. I was looking for something *totally* out there."

"I think you found it! Let's see, what else can it do? Ooh! 'Feel the power of ancient spirits flowing through you!'"

Randall cringed. "Yeah, no, I'll pass on the possession; thanks. Now, if a succubus wanted to possess you..."

"Funny you should say that," Lex said, pointing, "Increase your prowess and fuck like a porn star!"

"Oh, *hell*, yes! That's what we need, babe!" He frowned. "Wait, this isn't some of that horny goat weed bullshit, is it? If it is, I'm out."

"I think it's just a book," Lex said, skimming the listing.

"Some novelty shop or something is having a great time, I'm sure."

"Heck, the bid is only up to 6 bucks; I'm gonna bid on it. Maybe it'll be fun!"

Randall shrugged. "True, and even if it isn't, you're only out \$6." He shook his head. "You and your eBay..." he murmured as he wandered out of the room.

The minimum increment was only a penny, but Lex decided she'd be clever and bid \$6.66.

"Seems fitting," she murmured to herself.

The auction ended a few days later, and as Lex was checking to see if she'd won or not (she had), she got a message from the seller.

I'M GLAD YOU WON; NOW I CAN SAY I SOLD A GRIMOIRE FOR \$6.66!

Lex laughed and replied back.

I'M GLAD I WON, TOO. NOW I CAN SAY I *BOUGHT* A GRIMOIRE FOR \$6.66!

She started to send it, then remembered something and added:

I DIDN'T SEE ANYTHING ABOUT SHIPPING; IS THIS GONNA BE ONE OF THOSE 'IT COSTS A BUCK BUT SHIPPING IS \$50' THINGS?

She got a response almost immediately.

Wow, great customer service, she thought as she opened it.

NOPE! IT'S ALREADY ON ITS WAY; YOU SHOULD GET IT LATER TODAY.

Lex did a double-take.

TODAY?! HOW DID YOU EVEN KNOW WHERE I LIVED TO SHIP IT ALREADY?

The seller didn't respond, but sure enough, there was an ominous-looking package wrapped in paper and tied with string in the mailbox when she checked it that afternoon.

Really impressed by the service, she went back to the listing and submitted a 5-star review.

AMAZING CUSTOMER SERVICE. RECEIVED SAME DAY. HAVEN'T OPENED IT, YET; WAITING ON HUBBY TO GET HOME!

The door opened, and Randall walked in, looking tired.

"Oh, *honey*!" Lex singsonged, holding up the package, "Look what arrived today!"

The fossa frowned and peered at it from a distance, then suddenly recognized it.

"Oh!" he said, walking over. "Wow, they really went all-out on the packaging, didn't they?" he said, feeling of the frayed, even charred bits of string and the tattered, curling brown paper that covered the parcel.

"Wait, how'd they get it here without a shipping label? Or a stamp?"

"I dunno," Lex said, "But it got here *fast*! I only won it this morning!"

Randall chuckled. "Straight from Hell itself, huh? On the Hellish Express?"

"Decent band name. 6 out of 10 stars," Lex said, drawing a '6' in the air.

"Aww, only 6?"

"You've done better."

"Eh, fair." He hesitated. "So, uh... you gonna open it?"

"Yeah! I was just waiting for you."

"Well, I'm here now! Let's see it."

Lex laid it down on the dining room table and pulled back on the strings. They were so charred that rather than untying, they crumbled away into dust, leaving only the curling brown paper.

"Okay, *that's* a cool effect," Randall murmured.

Lex peeled back the paper, which was so brittle and burnt that it seemed like it had been on there for hundreds of years. It made a surprisingly satisfying crackling sound, too, as Lex folded it back and revealed a satin black object inside of it.

Reaching into the packaging, Lex gasped as her hand made contact with the aged, leather surface.

"Holy shit," Randall breathed. "That is *really* authentic looking! Look at the imperfections in the leather! The stitching, the way it curls up away from those cracks!"

"*Feel* it!" Lex said, "It almost feels *warm!*"

Randall put his hand on it, then, surprised, looked at Lex. They both grinned.

"Wow, the seller really didn't know what this thing was worth, I guess. You haven't even *opened* it, yet, and I can already tell it's worth more than 6 bucks."

"*And* 66 cents," Lex added smugly.

"Lex," Randall groaned, "You didn't?"

"I did!"

Randall laughed and shook his head. "That's my wife: summoning the devil with every bid she places."

"You love me!"

"I do."

"Shall we open this thing?"

"Wait, wait. First..."

Randall leaned over it and began wafting his hand towards his face.

"Randall, what are you—"

"Sh!" Randall said, putting on the fanciest airs he could muster.

"Yes, yes: I'm getting notes of... fire, yes, and—and brimstone!"

Lex rolled her eyes. "You dork."

"You love me!"

"I guess I do."

Suddenly, they both sniffed the air, then looked at each other.

"Randall, did you—?"

"I wasn't gonna say it, but I thought it was you!"

They looked down at the book.

"Sulfur. *That's* uh—quite the touch. They really went all-out on this thing. I bet Halloween at the seller's place is truly horrific."

"Okay, the anticipation is killing me!" Lex said, eagerly opening the cover.

"Whoa," they chorused.

The eBay listing had done *nothing* to the book's credit. The text inside looked hand-written in painstaking calligraphy, the vibrant characters seeming to pop off the page. But even more impressive than that was the fact that the manuscript was illuminated, the very first, oversized character done in red, green, and gold, and as Lex reached down instinctively to feel of it, she was convinced it was real gold leaf.

"This thing belongs in a *museum*, not in our sex room," Randall murmured.

Lex jerked her head to look at him. "We have a sex room?"

"I feel like we will once we start looking into this thing," Randall chuckled. "No grimoire is complete without a good summoning circle or a pentagram or something."

"Oh, yeah! Remember that picture we couldn't make out? Let's see if we can find it!"

Turning the pages one by one—for they were both convinced they were holding a genuine artifact rather than some hokey novelty toy—they admired the craftsmanship and the genuine care someone had taken to create such a beautiful tome until they came to a picture.

"Whoa!"

Where most of the letters were black, the drawing of the pentagram—one with a star, circle, and pentagon—was done in both black and green, giving it the illusion of levitating off the page.

"That's *really* cool," Randall said, poking his finger at the seemingly floating symbol, then looking a little disappointed when he realized it was indeed just lines on the page.

"What else have we got?" Lex asked, flipping back to the beginning and actually reading the text. "Oh, here's a reagents list."

"If they call out eye of newt or spider eggs, I'm out," Randall said wryly.

"Candles."

"Obviously."

"Chalk."

"Makes sense."

"Get this: 'a large, flat, wood surface. If the floor is unsuitable, a sheet of plywood will do. Vinyl or other artificial wood won't work, so don't even bother'."

The two looked at each other.

"Wow, wait, so—this *isn't* ancient, then!"

"I guess not."

"Man, the *lengths* they went to make it look that way, though"—Randall ran his finger down the page, feeling the indentations where an actual pen had inscribed the characters—"You know, I gotta hand it to you: even if it does turn out to be some corny ritual or something, the book itself is still worth way more than what you paid for it." He nodded to the book. "What else does it have in there?"

"Let's see. Incense, a"—she burst out laughing.

"What?" Randall asked, grinning.

"A bottle of *lube*!" Lex laughed.

"No way!"

Lex just nodded and pointed.

"Wow," Randall said, raising his eyebrows. "I think we'll keep this *outside*, then."

"A lighter or match, and"—Lex shriveled her nose—"a raw egg?"

Randall opened his mouth to say something, then closed it. "I—I've got nothing," he said. "*Definitely* outside?"

"I'm sure we can use the garage; it'll wash," Lex said. "Besides, I don't think we want to have the neighbors listening to use as we recite this incantation!"

"Hm. Fair."

"Come on! Let's go round everything up; this looks like fun!"

"This looks *messy*!" Randall said. "What?" he asked, seeing Lex giving him a smug smirk.

"*Tell* me this isn't more fun than predator/prey role-play," she said.

"Well, I dunno," Randall said noncommittally. "We haven't tried it, yet. At least predator/prey doesn't involve 'one raw egg'."

"But that's the best part!"

They both laughed, and then Lex looked down the list again.

"Okay, I think I have some chalk in my sewing kit. There's an egg in the refrigerator."

"Lighter and candles in the emergency preparedness kit. *Told* you it'd come in handy."

"Because this is an emergency?"

"My loins are on *fire*, and they require *candles* to extinguish!" Randall cried melodramatically.

"And a lighter, huh?"

"Yeah, sure, why not..."

"I have some incense. Do we have any plywood?"

"I *think* I remember there being a sheet in the garage. I'll go look. That just leaves—"

"Lube," they chorused, looking at each other.

There was a pregnant pause.

"Honey," Lex said, batting her eyes, "would you to the store and get us some lube so we can perform a demonic ritual in our garage, please?"

For the second time in ten minutes, Randall found himself speechless.

"Yes, dear," he managed.

"Great! While you do that, I'll read over what all we need to do!"

"*Why* did I agree to this?" Randall muttered.

Standing on the lube aisle—yes, the entire *aisle* was dedicated to lube—at the adult novelty store, he felt the sinking feeling of being in way over his head. It would have been easier if Lex had asked him to pick up fabric softener or dish detergent; at least he *recognized* those options! But here, confronted with literally *hundreds* of different bottles with words like "silicone" or "gentle warming" or "flavored"—words so disparate that they could not *possibly* apply to the same category of products—he found himself reaching helplessly for one bottle, then diverting and reaching for another.

Finally, he did what any good husband does in such a situation.

"Honey?" he asked when Lex answered the phone, "I'm... stuck."

"Stuck? Do I need to call AAA?" Lex asked worriedly.

"No, not—not *that* kind of stuck. I mean... well, here, look."

He turned on FaceTime and then pointed his phone down the aisle, bottles extending as far as the eye could see in both directions.

On the other end, Lex's jaw dropped.

"I—I don't even know where to begin!" she said. "There are more varieties than there are of *shampoo*!"

"I *know*! I didn't know that was *possible*! Who knew there were so many different kinds of lube?!"

"Is there someone you can ask?"

Randall cringed. "I dunno about—"

"Hi! Can I help you find anything?"

Randall jumped and whirled to see a pangolin looking up at him with a pleasant, helpful expression on her face.

"Yes!" Lex said from the phone.

"Uh—um, yeah," Randall admitted.

"Sure, no problem! You're, uh, looking for lube?"

Randall nodded.

"Okay," the pangolin said encouragingly, "No matter what your needs are, we've *definitely* got you covered, as you can see."

"Covered... in lube? Kinky!" Lex said from the phone.

"Lex!" Randall gasped, reddening.

"Oh, shit, am I on speaker?"

Randall nodded again, and Lex reddened.

"Hey, our policy here is, 'no judgments'!" the pangolin said, pointing to a sign that read exactly that:

NO JUDGMENTS

"I... I thought that was, I dunno, like a catchphrase or something," Randall said.

"Nope! Company policy, so you can rest assured that *whatever* you're into, you'll get no judgments from me, just helpful advice—I hope! So, what are you going to be *doing* with the lube?"

Randall stared, his mouth agape.

"Anal? Vaginal? Oral—we have some great flavors; you can barely taste the petroleum! Something else?"

Randall continued to gape.

"Pegging?" the employee offered helpfully.

"Ooh! Pegging! Let's do that!" Lex said from the phone.

"*Absolutely* not!" Randall gasped, mortified.

"Aww, come on, honey! Haven't you ever wondered what it would feel like to take your barbs and two knots?"

Randall's eyes widened as the prospect of such a thing entered his mind. The employee watched his lower eyelid twitch, his face twist into a grimace, and finally, his whole body shudder as the scene played out viscerally in his head.

He shook his head vigorously.

"Nope. Never wondered... But now I can't un-wonder it!"

"So...?" the employee nudged.

"Do you have any brain bleach?" Randall asked.

"Sorry," the employee chuckled.

"Worth a try." Randall sighed. "No judgments, right?"

The pangolin shook her head. "Nope! No judgments."

The fossa pursed his lips. "Ritual summoning," he said at last, hanging his head and blushing fiercely.

"Ooh!" the employee said, her face lighting up—*much* to Randall's surprise, "Demonic or devil?"

Randall opened his mouth. "Uh..."

The employee looked at him intently, then leaned in.

"Is there a chicken involved?" she whispered fiercely.

Randall blinked, then shook his head. "N—no, just, uh, just 'one raw egg'."

"Oh! Okay, we have just the thing," the employee said, darting off down the aisle.

By the time Randall caught up to her, she'd grabbed a very plain-looking bottle from the bottom shelf and held it up to him.

"Good old KY," she said.

"Oh! I've heard of that," Lex said.

"That's it?" Randall asked, a little disappointed. "What—what if a chicken *were* involved? Would you suggest something else?"

The employee grinned. "Nope! I was just pulling your leg. Really, if you're not gonna use it for actual, you know, lubrication, then there's no sense wasting money on the good stuff."

"Ooh! I like her; she's fun!" Lex laughed. "Can we keep her?"

"I get off at—no, just kidding," the pangolin laughed, reddening.

"Wait, wait: so, you're telling me that out of *all* of these lubes, *this* is the one you'd suggest? Why do you need a whole *aisle* of lubes, then?"

"Well, sure," the pangolin said. "Different lubes for different applications. You wouldn't use a hammer to drive a screw, would you?"

Randall shook his head, then pointed to a bottle at random. "Okay, what would you use *that* for?"

The employee looked at it, then said, "Super slippery, long-lasting, *great* for anal. But, uh, see here where it says it's silicone-based? You *definitely* don't wanna use it with silicone-based toys. It'll melt those silicone dildos in a flash. You know, when you're pegging," she added, grinning.

Laughter erupted from Randall's phone as he buried his face in his paws.

"Okay, fine, how about *that*?" he asked, pointing to something that looked like a butter tub.

"Oh, that? That's for fisting."

Randall's eyes bulged.

"But, uh,"—the employee glanced around, then leaned in conspiratorially—"Crisco works just fine," she whispered. "Lot cheaper, too."

"Randall, you'd better get out of there before you come home with a dildo or something."

The employee's face lit up again. "Oh! We actually carry a wide selection! In fact, there's a super realistic fossa—"

"*Thank* you!" Randall interjected hastily. "Nope. *Nope!* I'll just pay and be going, thank you."

"Sorry, gal!" the pangolin called to Randall's phone, "I tried!"

When Randall arrived back home, he found Lex in the garage and did a double-take on seeing that she already had everything set up. The plywood was in the center of the room, and she'd already drawn the pentagram and placed the candles at the points of the star. The incense, egg, and lighter were on the ground in front of her, between her and the plywood, and she was sitting cross-legged, poring over the book when he walked in.

"What, no foreplay?" Randall teased. "Got it all ready to go without me?"

"*Here's* your foreplay," Lex replied, holding up the lube and giving him a significant look.

The mental image of taking his own dick flashed into his eyes again, and he shuddered.

"So, uh, what comes next?" he asked, hoping for a distraction.

"Well, it says we draw the pentagram and place the candles. I've done that. Then, it says to light the incense and use *that* to light the candles—it's very particular about that point. Then, I'm supposed to crack the egg in the middle of the circle, then drizzle the lines with lube while reciting the incantation. I'm supposed to do the star first, then stand in the middle of it as I do the pentagon, and then the circle. There are specific words to be said for each piece."

"Not gonna lie, the egg seems kinda excessively gross to me," Randall said, shrugging. "What's the incantation say?"

"Well, then it's a good thing *you're* not the one who has to stand in it!"

"Stand in it?"

"Yeah: crack the egg in the middle of the circle, and then after drizzling the star, I have to stand in the middle, too, as I drizzle the rest of it."

"Wait, *you're* standing in the middle?"

"You said you'd pass on possession, so I get to pretend to be possessed!"

Randall pursed his lips. "Fair," he agreed.

"As for the incantation—well, here you go."

Lex handed him the book and pointed to the words. Randall read them, then shriveled his nose.

"Aren't they supposed to rhyme or something? Isn't that kind of a big deal?"

"Oh, I dunno, it *kind of* rhymes."

"Truth, ruth, and uncouth?" Randall shuddered. "Feels *awfully* contrived to me."

"I *like* it," Lex asserted. "Besides, *I'm* the one who's saying it, so you can just, I dunno, stand there and look pretty."

"Maybe this time," Randall said. "I feel like *I'm* supposed to take the role of 'creepy cultist', and you can be the damsel in distress, or to quote the incantation, the 'vessel to be filled with fel beast seed'. My *gosh*, that's corny," he laughed.

"We'll see. Ready?"

Randall pursed his lips. "I—I guess? But, uh, shouldn't you be naked or something?"

"Oh! Yeah, that's a good idea," Lex agreed. A sly look came over her face. "Maybe you should be naked, too. You know, just 'cause."

The fossa thought about it, then shrugged and stripped off his clothes, kicking them into a corner.

"Okay, I think we're ready," Lex said, waving her hands. "Man, I'm so *excited*! This feels so *real*!"

"If you say so," Randall chuckled.

Lex took a deep breath and picked up the lighter.

"All right."

Flick!

"Light the incense... then use it to light the candles."

As the warm, woody scent of the incense began to waft through the room, Randall's smirk fell as he watched his wife spread her legs a little—was that on purpose?—then bend over to light the first candle. As she glanced over her shoulder, Randall was certain she had smirked at him.

Moving smoothly, she straightened back up, then walked to the next candle, her shapely lemur hips swaying to and fro as she went. *Gosh*, Randall loved the way she moved!

One by one, she lit the candles, moving in complete silence, then set the incense down, resting it on the edge of the plywood to keep it off the concrete.

Next, she picked up the egg. Tapping it sharply on the edge of the plywood with a bit of a theatrical snap of the wrist that made Randall gasp and his sheath stir, she hoisted the cracked egg over her head, then stretched her arms out, centering it over the middle of the pentagram.

Crack!

The egg spit open, its contents falling onto the plywood with a resounding *splat* that shattered the silence.

Placing the eggshell halves down carefully outside of the circle, she at last opened the bottle of lube, broke its safety seal, then consulted the book for reference. Sensing that she was about to need help, Randall made his way over and picked it up, holding it out to her like a lectern so she could read as she moved.

"I know my truth," she said solemnly as she traced the first line of the star with the lube.

"Not too much; it's gotta last," Randall warned.

"I *speak* my truth," Lex said, nodding acknowledgment as she drew the second line.

"You know *your* truth." Third line.

"You *speak* your truth." Fourth line.

She took a deep breath, the silence profound as she prepared for the final verse.

"We speak *our* truth."

As she drew the fifth line, the lines she had drawn suddenly glowed white.

"Holy sh—" Randall blurted.

He and Lex looked from the floor to each other, then exchanged excited, disbelieving glances.

Both swallowed hard as Lex stepped into the pentagram and started tracing the pentagon.

"Into this vessel, bring us *honesty!*" she cried, drawing the first line and connecting two adjacent points of the star.

"Bring us *lust!*" she said, hissing the last word savagely, as if the possession had already taken hold.

"Bring us *strength*," she continued, growling the last word as she drew the third line.

"Bring us *stamina!*" she exulted.

"In exchange," she said solemnly, her chest heaving as sweat beaded on her brow, "Take our ruth."

Randall scrunched his nose, then looked down at the page.

"Wait, take our ruth?" he whispered.

"It means empathy, dear. Don't interrupt."

On cue, the lines of the pentagon burst into an unearthly green, glowing light.

Randall's eyes widened, his eyes darting from the book to the circle to Lex.

"Uh, Lex? Are you sure this is a good—"

But Lex had already continued.

"The incantation's complete!" she cried, tracing one fifth of the circle with lube.

"Fel beast! *Fill* this vessel!"

"Release your *unnatural* seed!"

"*Pollinate* my pistil!"

Randall mouthed the words. "Eew," he muttered.

"Then *debauch* yourself in acts—both *carnal* and *uncouth*!"

The fire from the candles flared, leaping six feet into the air, and the circle burst into red flames. Randall gasped and leapt back, dropping the book.

White, green, and red light rose from the plywood and turned into sashes in the air surrounding the lemur. Beneath her feet, the egg began to fry.

"Oh!" Lex gasped.

"Lex!" Randall cried.

But as he started to reach for her, her hips thrust forward, and her legs spread. The bottom of her labia swelled massively, fused, and then bulged into an enormous scrotum, the hollow shell of which abruptly bulged as basketball-sized testicles filled it out.

"O—oh—oh—ohh!" Lex gasped, the sounds of arousal and climax unmistakable as her clitoris enlarged, merged with her fusing labia, and then erupted upward like a beanstalk.

Randall's eyes bulged as it grew, swelled, and grew some more. His jaw dropped in horror as its length and girth exceeded his own, and then, exceeded *him*. The penis his wife now sported was longer than his torso and as big around as his calf!

The frying egg abruptly burst into flames, letting off a puff of smoke, and then disappeared. The sash-like lights began to swirl faster and faster as Lex's hips began to thrust and buck, driving her quivering, twitching penis into the air.

Her thrusts became more violent. Randall shrank away as two knots—fossa knots—sprouted from the middle of her shaft, then barbs sprouted from those.

"OHH!"

A glob of cum as big as Randall's fist shot into the air. As it flew, the little droplets coalesced. It reached its zenith and began to fall. As it did, white light began to radiate from the cracked eggshell, and the semen's trajectory veered towards it. Just as it hit, the egg snapped shut, capturing the semen and sealing closed, as if it had never been cracked at all.

The light faded. The candles extinguished. Lex, her back turned to Randall, took several deep breaths.

"L—Lex?" Randall asked timidly. "A—are you okay?"

The figure in the pentagram swiveled her ear, then turned her head to look at him.

Inhaling deeply and turning fully, she said, "Oh, I'm *amazing*. I finally know the truth."

Taken aback by her sheath—her *sheath*!—Randall's eyes darted from it to her face, then back again.

"A—amazing?" he asked nervously. "Wh—what truth?"

THAT YOU ARE MORE PREY THAN I AM.

Her voice sounded like it came from the mouth of Hell itself. Her eyes flashed with a hungry, predatory look.

Uh, oh.

Randall leapt out of the way as she lunged for him.

"What do you mean, 'I'm more prey than you are'?" he cried. "I'm a fossa, and you're a lemur; I'm the predator, and you're the prey!"

WRONG! She lunged again. THAT IS WHAT YOU HAVE BEEN TELLING YOURSELF—LYING TO YOURSELF, AND MAKING YOURSELF MISERABLE, AND ME, TOO!

She lunged for him again, narrowly missing him.

WHAT'S THE MATTER, DEAR? I THOUGHT YOU WANTED ALL OF ME IN YOU?

"Yeah, but I explicitly said, 'no pegging!'"

A demonic chuckle filled the garage.

OH, I ASSURE YOU, THIS IS NO DILDO. THIS IS AS REAL AS THEY COME, AND I CANNOT WAIT FOR YOU TO EXPERIENCE IT!

"Yeah, no!"—Randall dodged again—"No desire to experience a dildo, and *definitely* no desire to experience the real thing, thank you very much!"

OH, SURE! IT'S FINE FOR ME TO EXPERIENCE IT WHILE YOU JAM IT INTO PLACES IT WAS NEVER MEANT TO GO! IT'S FINE FOR YOU TO GUILT-TRIP ME INTO HAVING SEX WITH YOU BECAUSE YOUR JOB SUCKS, BECAUSE YOU DON'T HAVE THE BALLS TO TAKE YOUR ART TO THE NEXT LEVEL! WELL, LET ME TELL YOU A NEW TRUTH I HAVE LEARNED: IT IS NOT MY RESPONSIBILITY TO DISTRACT YOU FROM YOUR OWN FAILURES!

She lunged and nearly caught him, but he kicked his leg out of the way in the nick of time.

"What does that have to do with *me* taking *your* cock?! I'm not gay, you know!"

BUT HONEY, AREN'T YOU 'NOTHING IF NOT AN ALLY'? PUT YOUR ASS WHERE YOUR MOUTH IS!

"Gross."

YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.

Feeling increasingly cornered and *not* liking the feeling of having his words thrown back at him, Randall gritted his teeth.

"Y—you'd better be careful, or you're about to have a fossa after you for *real*!" he yelled, glowering.

OH, PLEASE. YOU'RE A PATHETIC EXCUSE FOR A PREDATOR.

Randall's jaw dropped, stunned.

YOU GO THROUGH THE MOTIONS AND TALK BIG. YOU MADE ME THINK YOU WERE A TOUGH GUY, JUST THE KIND OF PERSON MY MOTHER WOULD HATE, BUT LOOK AT YOU! YOU DON'T HUNT, DON'T EVEN SHOW *INTEREST* IN HUNTING! ALL YOU DO IS SIT AROUND MOPING OR COMPLAINING ABOUT HOW YOUR ART ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH TO SELL. I WANTED A—

"—big, strong, *fierce* predator with a sensitive side, Randall, but what I got was an insecure predator-wannabe, artist-wannabe, with an entitled 'nice guy' complex."

Her voice suddenly changed, returning to its tone self mid-sentence, making Randall poke his head up from behind the workbench he was hiding behind.

"L—Lex?" he asked uncertainly. Finding his composure, he said, "I *am* a fierce predator!"

OH, YOU'RE A PREDATOR, ALL RIGHT, the demon inside of Lex scoffed. THE MOST BANAL KIND: THE SINISTER, INSIDIOUS, MANIPULATIVE KIND. 'I'M A NICE GUY WHO DOESN'T BEAT WOMEN, SO I DESERVE TO HAVE SEX WITH THEM!' it mocked. YOU THINK YOU'RE A BIG-SHOT? WELL, EVEN YOUR ATTEMPT AT *EVIL* IS LAME!

Randall opened his mouth to retort, but he could find no words. Was it true? Was he just some kind of entitled asshole? He gasped. Was he doing that to his *wife*, of all people?

"*That* was the truth I learned, Randall: that you have been faking being a predator all this time. You thought that's what I wanted, but you could have just *asked!* I assumed it's what *you* wanted, but if you had just *told* me, we wouldn't have had to play this *stupid* game!"

Randall's hand went to his chest. "Y—you think it's... stupid?" he asked, genuinely hurt. "But—you *wanted* a big, strong predator!"

"Not if you were gonna have to *fake* it!" Lex cried. "*All* these tired role-playing sessions where you make lame comments about *ooh, your mother warned you about me*—how many *times* are you gonna make the same, stupid joke? A real predator doesn't have to *talk* about how bad he is; he *shows* it! Had I known you wanted to change roles, I—"

"Whoa, hang on!" Randall blurted. "Change roles?" he scoffed. "What the *hell* is in that incense you're smoking? *I'm* the fossa; *you're* the... uh, the lemur with a"—he gulped—"shockingly accurate, oversized fossa penis. *I'm* the predator; *you're* the prey, plain and simple!"

ALL RIGHT, MR. BIG, SCARY PREDATOR. YOU CAN PROVE IT WHEN YOU *DON'T* CREAM YOURSELF WHEN I DO THIS.

"D—do *what* exactly?"

THIS. NOW, WATCH AND LEARN AS A *REAL* PREDATOR HUNTS.

Randall felt his eyelid twitch. Lex lunged forward, and he tried to dodge to the side, but her initial lunge was a feint. With a hand like a bear trap, she grabbed him by the ankle, jerked him to the ground, and dragged him back to the pentagram.

"Wait!" Randall cried. "No! Ugh! This isn't how this is supposed to go!"

YOU'D BETTER PUT UP A BETTER FIGHT THAN THAT, OR IT'S A REAL LET-DOWN, RANDALL.

A wave of nausea passed through him as he remembered saying that to her.

Angrily, petulantly, he kicked out, trying to strike her. In the back of his mind, he didn't *want* to hurt her—Lex was still in there somewhere—but *this* wasn't her! His first kick breezed by her harmlessly. The second one, she caught in her free hand. Randall's eyes bulged as she hoisted him by the legs up to her chest. Something blunt and hard pressed against his ass.

"W—wait! No! *No!*" he shrieked, his arms flailing as he tried to strike at what used to be his wife.

With a deft flick of the wrist, Lex spun him around to face away from her, then hauled her arms up under his knees, pulling him tightly to her chest. Scrambling and disoriented, Randall kicked and beat at her hands with his fists, but to no avail.

Beneath him, he could see his wife's penis emerging like a snake from a burrow. The tip—still pointed at this stage—emerged first, followed closely by a one-inch-wide bulge that quickly tapered off. Behind that, a spiked bulge that, once fully engorged, would swell into not one but two knots. Bringing up the rear was a wad of loose skin, the sheer volume of it belying the amount that it would lengthen, stretch, or swell.

Randall's cock was about ten inches long when it was in this partially-erect state. But Lex's was already over two feet long. Knowing how much his own length increased when erect, Randall felt his stomach twist at the notion of how long hers would become.

The image of her cock-tip wagging overhead from moments ago flashed into his mind, momentarily paralyzing him with fear, but then he came to and began struggling with renewed vigor.

YOU SEE THAT? *THAT* IS GOING INSIDE YOU!

"N—no! Please! I—I don't *want* that inside of me!"

"And you think I did?"

Randall gasped. "L—Lex?" He tried to turn to look behind him. "Y—you gotta get me outta this, gotta stop doing what you're doing! Fight the demon! Make him stop!"

"'Her', Randall; the demon is female, like me."

"Is now *really* the time to bring that up? Augh!"

He flinched, feeling her tip brush his buttocks. Still growing, it was sliding up into his crack.

"It sucks, doesn't it? When you have something important to say and someone interjects with trivial matters?"

"C—can we talk about this later?"

"I think right now is the perfect time. See, I've got your *undivided* attention right now. In fact, I've got you right where I want you."

"L—Lex? Ow! Why are you doing this to me?!"

The tip had found his anus. He squeezed his legs closed and clamped his tail down as best he could, but his wife—backed by demonic strength—forced him to open up. He clenched his ass as tightly as he could. If that point got in, there was no telling how deep it would go.

"Randall," Lex chided. "I am married to a male who is very self-absorbed. He's funny and good company most of the time, but he really just doesn't seem to care what I have to say. It—it really sucks. My friends have told me that he's kind of toxic, but because I love him, I don't want to leave him. After all, he's not *that* bad. But, you know, I—I feel like I should get *more* out of him. Can't you just—just give me this *one* nice thing in my life, Randall? Sexy, funny husband, impaled on a—"

"Augh!"

Randall's yelp interrupted her as her pointed tip overcame his defenses and pushed inside of him. Gritting his teeth, he clenched his ass involuntarily, then yelped and tried to force himself to relax as her barbed, deflated knot forced its way inside.

"*Ohh!* Randall, it feels *amazing* when you tighten up like that!"

"That's easy for you to say," Randall whimpered.

"It hurts, doesn't it?" Lex asked. "I mean, not as bad as *this*."

Randall's voice discovered a new octave as she rocked her hips back, forcefully hooking her barbs into his anus and pulling back. Randall felt like a fish caught on a hook. Desperate to alleviate the sharp poking sensation, he sank his ass down as far as his wife's hands under his legs would let him go.

Yet it wasn't enough. He felt her pulling up on his legs, digging her barbs into his tender flesh. He felt a sharp sting as the delicate membrane broke, and little drops of blood began to trickle from all the way around his ring.

"Or *this*."

The fossa's eyes bulged as Lex's hips slammed into him, shoving her cock deep into his bowels. His mouth opened to scream, but no sound would come out. For half a second or so, he maintained that expression, and then he squeezed his eyes closed and doubled over, an agonized sob erupting from his lips.

What had happened was, when his wife shoved, the impact startled him, causing his eyes to bulge and his body to tense. Unfortunately, that was the exact time that her knot was passing through his anus, and the sudden squeeze on all those barbs drove many of them entirely through his skin. The affected cells cried out in pain, but it would take some time for that message to reach his brain.

In the meantime, her penis was traveling up his colon at a phenomenal rate. Had he been relaxed, this would have felt uncomfortable, squicky, nauseating, perhaps, as his relatively flexible intestines conformed to the rigid, unyielding object passing through them. They would, however, have signaled to his brain that although they *could* move and contort like that, they probably *shouldn't*, hence the squicky, nauseous feeling. Aside from a few glancing blows as her penis straightened him out, it would have been relatively painless.

Unfortunately, this was *not* what happened.

Instead, he was tense, and his abdominal muscles, hoping to protect his intestines from injuries like kicks or claws, had tightened down around his intestines like an armored wall—a very *tight* armored wall. In doing so, they robbed his intestines of the aforementioned flexibility, and instead, his guts' interaction with his wife's penis went something like this: a very solid, fast-moving rod slammed into a bend in his intestines. That kicked off a sharp pain signal, but again, it would take some time for it to reach his brain. As that pain signal was being sent off, his intestine was being forced to conform, fighting against the muscles holding it in place and sending those nauseous signals along, too. The impact slightly deflected her penis, making it bounce and causing it to careen into the other wall of his intestine, where it struck again, sending off another flurry of pain signals. This pattern continued all the way up his bowels until his intestines turned sharply to form his transverse colon, roughly midway between his navel and nipple. Most severely affected was the sigmoid region in front of his anus, where his S-shaped intestine was forcibly turned into an "I".

Oh, and all of this happened in about a tenth of a second.

About half a second later, all those pain signals—from his bleeding ass all the way up his reorganized innards—suddenly reached his brain, triggering the reflexive attempt to curl into fetal position and the emission of audible and visible distress behaviors.

"W—w—why?" he whispered through anguished tears.

"It *hurts*, doesn't it, Randall?" Lex asked earnestly. "I could never understand why you would ask me to endure this, why you would ask someone you loved to endure so much pain. But now, I'm finally beginning to understand."

She closed her eyes, her lips parting as Randall felt something akin to a balloon inflating in his guts. His eyes widened.

"Lex, *please!*" he cried. "I don't have a womb; I'm not meant for this; the—the bits and bobs, they—"

His face clouded as he realized what he was about to say. He was about to throw his *own* words back at himself.

"Mm," Lex moaned, "You feel so *good* when you experience self-reflection. Do you know that when you experience self-reflection, your cock starts to leak?"

Randall did a double-take, staring down at his own penis, which, to his utter shock, had gotten half-erect and was actively leaking.

It isn't self-reflection doing that! It's—

"Oh, *Randall!* When you get turned on by your own helplessness, it makes me want to fuck you so *bad!*"

"I am *not* turned on by my own—a—A—AUGH—*glrk!*"

What had happened was, Lex pulled back, and her knot—the 'inflating balloon' Randall had felt—now fully engorged, was about the size of a softball. While it was certainly possible for Randall's bowel to stretch to accommodate such a large obstacle, it would most certainly be uncomfortable on the best of days, and that is assuming that Lex had been extremely slow, giving him time to get used to her moving girth. However, she was not slow, and all those pain signals associated with blunt force went off all at once as she tried to yank a softball through his intestines.

And, that softball was covered with eighth-inch-long barbs.

And, that softball was really *two* softballs—two knots—separated by about half a softball's diameter between them.

To summarize, over the course of about half a second, two softballs were dragged from a place in Randall's passage about even with his navel, through his formerly S-shaped sigmoid, and out through his ass, scratching and clawing the whole way.

When they reached his anus, all the internal gut pain signals—intense yet dull—turned abruptly into external pain signals, sharp and stinging.

Then, over the course of another half-second, they were reinserted.

During this reinsertion, her glans, which was tapered when not fully engorged, had also swelled into a blunt-tipped appendage resembling the head of a nail or a golf tee, with a little bump in the middle. The absence of a tapered guide as she reentered his passage resulted in far harder blows to the walls of his intestines, the pain of which took his breath away.

Hence, Randall's prolonged auditory distress call, which began when she started pulling out and increased in both volume and pitch over the course of the ordeal, then suddenly choked off as the pain of having his guts punched repeatedly from the inside took his breath away and doubled him over once more.

"Ohh, Randall," Lex moaned, "I can see now why you wanted to fuck me, no matter how much it hurt, no matter how much the bits and bobs didn't align. *Fuck*, the feeling of your ass squeezing around my knots is just so good! I—I feel like I'm going to—*ohh!*"

A blast of heat and pressure suddenly erupted into Randall's bowels. A panicked look came over him as he felt and could even see his guts expanding. Sharp cramps shot up his left side, making him yell and clutch at the aching spot, his face contorting in pain. The pressure abruptly shot across his chest, and he retched, his breathing labored as his intestines swelled to contain Lex's copious ejaculate. He kept waiting for the pressure to subside, for the pain to dissipate like a bad gas bubble, yet it didn't: her twin knots *and* passage-sealing glans ensured that nothing they put into him would slip by them.

Desperate for relief, he leaned back against her, stretching himself out as much as he could and giving his bowels as much space as possible to distend. And distend, they did. His normally trim belly was pooched out, the skin stretching with its added contents.

"Oh, that felt good. Randall, you feel so good, babe!"

"G—great," Randall winced. "Now hold still until your knot goes down."

"Oh, *no!* Randall, I mean it: you feel *good!* I—I want to feel even *more* of you wrapped around my cock!"

"It—it won't fit; you're already hitting my upper wall," Randall gasped. "P—please. You got off, now let me go."

"No, I don't think so. I've only gotten off in you *once*, but you've been getting off inside me for *years!* I've got so much to make up for!"

"Lex! *Stop* this right now!" Randall barked, trying to sound authoritative. "Let me go, and we are going to have a *serious* talk about this!"

YOU DON'T GET IT, DO YOU? YOU'RE NOT IN CHARGE, HERE; I AM! YOU'D BETTER GET READY FOR A LONG DAY AND A LONG NIGHT, FOSSA BOY, BECAUSE I AM NOT EVEN GETTING *STARTED!* YOU THINK THIS HURTS? YOU THINK JUST BECAUSE I 'RAN INTO YOUR UPPER WALL' THAT I CAN'T GO DEEPER? I'M A MOTHERFUCKING DEMON, AND YOU ARE MY. LITTLE. BITCH!

With that, she rammed about half her now fully erect cock—three feet—into him. He felt a blinding pain as her blunt glans struck his transverse colon. By all rights, that *should* have been as far as she could go, yet as she pulled back and shoved again, even the rigid bend began to yield to her unrelenting blows while her throbbing knots scoured the inside of his intestines.

Blood began to leak from his ass, and in the fleeting moments devoid of mind-bending pain, he felt it trickling down his buttock unchecked. The feeling left him feeling dirty, incontinent. Though deep down, he must have realized that he couldn't be expected to control himself with three feet of cock up his ass, he nevertheless felt his face flush with deep humiliation bordering on mortification.

He tried to stanch the flow—once—and then the blinding pain of clenching his already-bleeding anus down around a shaft the width of a baseball at last convinced him of reality: that he was being raped, that he was bleeding out of his ass, and that there was nothing he could do about it.

Lex shoved hard, and Randall vomited as his transverse colon—meant to go sideways—was wrenched and bent until it pointed straight towards his head. Countless times, he nearly blacked out, but the jerking of the cock in his ass kept him awake. It was then that the demon—for Randall could not believe that Lex had it in her—began to use her cock to pull his intestines over it like a sock. With the added tension applied by his straightened-out colon, she was able to lodge her barbs into his walls, then pull out slowly, dragging whatever part of his wall she'd snared with her. Then, she thrust in ultra-fast, disengaging the barbs and ratcheting her way deeper into his passage. Foot by foot, she ran herself through his transverse colon, then straightened him out again and began ratcheting into his ascending.

Before long, Randall's already-distended gut was bulging as if he were pregnant as all of his intestines bunched up like pantyhose against his ass. It was, frankly, an indescribable sensation, but the most relatable part was that it throbbed with a dull pain.

As Lex began fucking her way into his small intestines, Randall slowly began to get accustomed to the pain. There were sharp pangs here and there, but more and more, his attention turned less to the discomfort and more to the humiliation, the notion that he was stuck, helpless, impaled and suspended by his ass and knees while he bled uncontrollably out his anus, and his traitorous penis drooled from a sense of arousal that he could not even begin to place.

That blessed ignorance would not last for very long.

Beneath the pain, beneath the humiliation, he began to take notice of the way his cock twitched in rhythm to Lex's fucking, the way when her knots popped out of his ass and then shoved back in, a thick blob of pre drooled down his now-fully-erect prick and pooled in the cleavage between his balls. Worse still, unlike the pain to which he was gradually becoming accustomed, the sensation was getting stronger with each stroke.

As his intestines bunched up around his anus, they put increasing pressure on his prostate, intensifying the feeling as Lex's knots rubbed against it. What had started as painful and gradually diffused into a mild discomfort had eventually become a vague warmth, an unpleasant, far-off but completely illogical urge to defecate. That sensation had morphed slightly into an urge to urinate, and then into a vague arousal, a faint urge to cum. This final sensation was the one that stuck and that, over the course of the last hour had slowly been intensifying and growing increasingly hard to miss. Now that Randall was aware of it, it was growing increasingly impossible to ignore.

The vague warmth was still there, but as it intensified, it began to shoot tendrils of tingling up Randall's spine and sometimes into his penis itself. At times, he felt it in his balls or his ass, but every time, he felt that little tingle at the base of his skull. As the feelings grew stronger still, he felt himself beginning to get light-headed, not from pain but from pleasure. His penis was drooling constantly now, and he began to welcome the passage of Lex's knots driving him closer and closer to climax.

Her knots are gonna make me cum?!

As the realization hit him, his face burned once more with shame. He was a predator and a male, yet here he was, helpless like prey and getting fucked like a female. What would his parents think? What would *society* think?

His breath caught.

What did Lex think?

Mortified, he buried his face in his hands and began to cry. The fact that he was crying embarrassed him worse still and only made him cry harder.

"Aww, Randall," Lex said, putting her hands on his shoulders soothingly, "It hurts, doesn't it? But hey, look on the bright side: we should be halfway through your small intestines by now!"

Shockingly, that wasn't in the least reassuring *and* completely missed the point of why he was crying in the first place.

And yet, like the pain, the crying faded, too, and Randall was left with the uncomfortable but immutable truth that he had cried in front of his wife—while impaled on her cock, no less. But despite his constant ruminations about how undignified, how degraded he had become, he was faced with another immutable truth: there was still nothing he could do about it. Every fiber of his being wanted off her cock, for obvious

reasons, and on achieving that goal, he desperately wanted to run someplace private and lock himself in, where nobody could see him at his lowest. But all of that was impossible. He had tried and failed. He was beaten. Weak. Helpless.

His cock twitched. He looked down at it incredulously.

And then, he faced the immutable truth that he had denied his whole life, had gone to great pains to sweep under the rug, to compensate for.

That feeling—that helplessness, it... *it turned him on.*

The wave of shame hit him like a sledgehammer. His body wracked, and he threw up from nausea alone.

No! he screamed at himself, *You are a predator! In charge! You are never helpless, now get a hold of yourself!*

Yet as he thrashed and swung his fists, it was all in vain, for the second truth was just as immutable now as it had been before. He could lie to himself and say he wasn't helpless, but that didn't make it so.

And, he could lie to himself and say it didn't turn him on, but that didn't make it so, either.

He sagged on Lex's cock, then shivered as her knots ground against his prostate. He felt a wave of goosebumps, a full-body shudder.

He buried his face in his hands as he began to cum—a lot. Far from a quickie or a jerk-n-go, he was—body and mind—fully invested in this orgasm, whether he liked it or not. He felt an emotional release that made him begin to sob even as his ass, balls, and cock all clenched over and over, sending stream after stream of milky fluid trickling down his prick.

With Lex still stroking into him with reckless abandon, the steady da-dum, da-dum, da-dum of her knots against his prostate ensured that he kept climaxing for well over a minute, orders of magnitude longer than he had ever climaxed while fucking her the traditional way.

At last, his prick finally stopped cumming, and Randall cringed, feeling exhausted and unclean beyond words, perverse even. He felt dirty in the way a sexual deviant is dirty, in the way that relations between predators and prey were treated in the days of old. It wasn't enough that he was a weak-kneed pansy, no! He had to *revel* in it, to wallow like a debauched animal. It was sick, unnatural, disgusting!

Loathsome.

He fell into deep, soul-crushing despair, hardly even registering the fact that Lex was still fucking him.

His body noticed, though, and as if to drive home just *how* helpless and not in control he was, it climaxed in spite of him, the evidence of his debauchery drooling insipidly from his quivering cock as Lex continued to fuck him senseless. Then, in case he hadn't gotten the memo, it did it again, dribbling another coat of sissy-juice down his shaft.

It felt good, and he *hated* that. The more he hated it, the better it felt. The better it felt, the more he hated it.

Down, down, down, he spiraled, deeper and deeper into self-loathing. He would have continued down this path of darkness, but salvation—or at least distraction—was at hand. Lost in bewilderment, shame, and despair, he abruptly felt a sharp shift in his guts, accompanied by yet more vomiting.

"Ahh, *finally!*" Lex exulted. "Just you wait, Randall: this is gonna be *epic!*"

How long had she been fucking him for? What was she talking about?

"Oof! Wh—Lex, what are you *doing?!*" he cried.

"You'll see! Just two more thrusts!"

Thrust

Sharp pain literally turned his stomach and esophagus, rotating them to align with his scrunched-up bowels. He felt something hard shoving into his chest, forcibly straightening out his back.

Retract

His stomach pulled tight; he winced at the feeling of immense heartburn and began to drool involuntarily.

Thrust

His eyes bulged. Something thick shoved up his throat.

It emerged into his mouth.

It bent his head back.

It erupted from his lips.

"Oh, *fuck!*" Lex cried.

YES! the demon agreed.

Randall's eyes bulged. His chest was wracked with failed attempts by his lungs to draw in air. Panic flooded his senses. He couldn't breathe! He had to get off of her, had to pull her cock back out of his mouth!

He began to flail, and then abruptly, he felt her let go of his legs. All his weight fell down onto her cock, which jutted another two inches out of his mouth, fully impaling him. Scrabbling, he tried to find footing on the floor, but as soon as he got purchase, he felt his legs kicked out from under him. He fell backwards, his head pounding.

He landed hard on Lex, who grunted in response, then immediately groaned lewdly as Randall felt his weight settle down onto her oversized balls.

"Oh, my *gosh!*"

The rod through Randall's body pulsed hard, the twin knots straddling his larynx bulging so wide that he appeared to have three voice boxes.

The balls under him shuddered.

Semen began to flow down his face, getting in his nostrils and running down his sinuses. A sharp spurt launched a glob into the air that splattered back down on his face, while countless more oozing squirts streamed down into his eyes and ran off his ears.

His body was not his own anymore; every twitch of the cock running through him made him move, like a hand up a puppet's ass.

Through the darkness of his tunneling vision, he had a thought.

Damn, that's hot.

As he passed out from lack of air, his body climaxed, and his own semen struck the ceiling high above him.

GASP!

Randall's eyes bulged as he sucked in a breath. On his hands and knees, he felt his mouth drooling uncontrollably as he tried to replenish his dangerously depleted oxygen stores.

When he had at last caught his breath, he finally looked around. He still was in the garage, on all fours on top of the plywood. The candles were still there, though some of them seemed to have been struck and rolled off a ways. He didn't see Lex.

"Looking for me?" his wife asked.

Looking over his shoulder, he gasped to see her still lodged inside of him.

"Oh, yeah, still here," she teased, stroking forward for emphasis.

Randall's eyes widened as her cock straightened out his head and forced his mouth open again.

"I could get used to this," she said. "What was it you used to say? 'You've got a great pussy, babe'."

Randall averted his eyes, but as her words sank in, he felt a thrill of forbidden arousal. Caught off guard by its ferocity, he squeezed his eyes closed, then shuddered, weak-kneed as his cock spat in the middle of the pentagram.

"Okay, playtime is over."

Randall jerked as the cock inside of him was suddenly pulled back. Groaning, he coughed and hung his head, feeling light-headed and weak.

"O—ow..." he whimpered.

"Yeah, there's gonna be a lot of that, I'm afraid. At least I let my knots deflate!"

Randall tried to nod, but as she withdrew her cock, thirty feet of intestine, no longer held in place by her knots, abruptly sprang back into their proper positions all at once. Over the course of a second and a half, Randall's stomach went back to its normal position, twenty-five feet of small intestines squiggled and coiled themselves back up, his transverse colon slammed his ascending colon into his right side, and his sigmoid—at last—returned to its normal shape.

He would have vomited, but there was nothing left to throw up. Instead, he collapsed on the ground, his arms and legs going out from under him to the sides, slamming his sheath and balls against the unforgiving plywood. He closed his eyes and whimpered.

"So," Lex said, standing over him, ARE YOU READY FOR A LIFETIME OF BEING MY FLESHLIGHT, YOU LITTLE BITCH?

"Oh—oh, my gosh. Why did I say that? Randall! Are you—are you okay?" she said, kneeling next to him.

"My gosh, what have I done?"

To her shock, he shook his head and began chuckling.

"Post-orgasm regrets," he said. "Classic."

"Randall?"

He grinned as he looked up at her, then turned his head and coughed.

"Yeah," he said. "Just let me catch my breath, and then I'll be ready to go again."

Grinning to herself, Lex submitted her updated review.

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