

A Number of Tales of a Number of Relatives

**Book the 2th
of the Chronicles of Incestria**

CSX

A Number of Tales of a Number of Relatives

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Dedication

To Quen Binlan, our spiritual liege.

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**-Previously On-
“A Tale of Two Relatives”**

“I tell you what, biological sister of mine”, huffed Tobias, barely able to get words out so intense was his arousal. “I really enjoy incestual relations with family members, don't you?”

“Well slap me fanny, I do indeed also enjoy incestual relations with family members, which I partake in regularly as do you, my biological brother Tobias Haberdashering”. And with that, Tobias entered into his biological sister's willing undercarriage. As his semi-meaty cocktail sausage entered her carnal love hallway, Tobias felt an incomprehensible wave wash over him. This was not the usual shimmering waves of lust that often washed over him when he had rough sex with his biological sister, for he was well-acquainted with that feeling on account of the regular nature of his sister-shagging adventures. Feeling the feeling intensify, Tobias was unable to fight the urge to fling his head backwards, eyes closed, and emit a guttural orgasmial cry. When he had composed himself, his whole world had changed. No longer was he in his garden, but in some sort of strange and flamboyant meadow, in which butterflies skipped gaily with the jackals and in which, he instinctively surmised, you could drink your soup right out of the ashtray if you wanted. Even the colour of the grass had changed, no longer a verdant green but rather a nauseating indigo. The creamy-yellow of his spunk, currently leaking out of a dazed Sofia's sloppy munge, contrasted sharply with the indigo grass and made him think of Parma Violets, which disgusted him because them's some grim shit. Not that that had stopped him from shoving tube after tube up his rectum over the years, of course, but then again Tobias

was an adventurous anal spelunker, a fact that Sofia was only-too-familiar with.

*

Tobias awoke to find himself and Sofia chained back up, and the ratpeople gone. He sorely regretted having missed out on experiencing the Drippy Dragon, but he knew from the slickness of his now-conlapsed arse, neatly packed back away inside his body, that the deed had been done. He looked over at Sofia, who was looking morosely at him. "What is it Sofia?" he inquired.

"Scrotte...Scrotte took me after you passed out. He took me and did terrible things to me. Things that are only right when done with a biological relative".

"Great Scott! We need to get out of here before that sicko can have his way with you again!"

*

"Ah, the name's F...F...F-something. Fanny Tartine! That's it!" Fanny skipped with glee, clapping proudly to herself, before offering her hand to Tobias. Tobias decided he was a strong black woman who don't need no man and so decided to get up by himself. He failed miserably and embarrassingly, and begrudgingly accepted Fanny's help. She pulled with such force that he feared his arm would be pulled from its socket. "And what bout yerself? You gots yerself a name there sunshine?"

"Yes, the name's Tobias Haberdashering, pleasure to meet you."

*

Tobias pulled out and finished on Scrotte's back, before returning to the rimming. This time, however, he bit down hard, and pulled his head back with all his might, pulling Scrotte's entire digestive system out through his arsehole. Like some form of sexual human bee having stung a foe and now disembowelled itself, Scrotte wept bitterly. Tobias leant in and licked up the

tears, evidently proud of his work. Sofia, too, finished, utterly unaware of any pain as she was blinded with ecstasy.

*

Sofia called him over, and he did as he was beckoned, like a faithful retriever. In her hand she held a dusty, faded letter written in the scrawl of a person at the apex of desperation. It read:

Dear whoever finds this letter,

My name is Jessie, I am 21, and tonight I am going to kill myself.

Why, you may ask? The reasons are many, by which I mean there is one. A long time ago, I encountered a great warrior. A gallant man and a brave hero, he soon won my heart. Alas, he was sworn to celibacy by his own warrior order. Nonetheless, I eventually broke down his defences and he spent the night with me. However, whilst I anticipated a night of passion and lust, he was content to sit with me and merely talk. Even when I hinted at my true intentions by saying we should begin intercourse right now, he replied enigmatically with an infuriating "later". Night became day, and he was discovered in a bed with a woman by his fellows. The worst was assumed and he was executed for his transgressions.

You might be thinking that this suicide is to do with my shame at being the cause of his end, but it is more selfish than that. I regret not getting him to put it in me more than anything I have ever known. All feeling, all sensation, everything pales in comparison to the thrill that thoughts of him and I bring. But I know it can never be. He is dead, and with his body dies his spirit, as well as his apparently huge Johnson. And, it would seem, so does my spirit, and now, my body.

So goodbye cruel world, and if there is an afterlife, I wish only that I shall meet him in it, and that sex will be allowed there.

As they read the note, the three of them (although Fanny only as an act of cypocating, on account of her inability to read) were acutely aware of the poignancy of the scene before them, a young woman killed in her prime, the murderer unaware of the part he had played in the cruel drama.

*

A twig snapped, but Sofia and Fanny were too busy doing impressions of Tobias's o-face to notice. A shadowy figure slithered up to Tobias's sleeping form with a heavy limp. He leaned in close to Tobias's cherubic face, his face briefly illuminated by the final flicker of the fire. It was Scrotte. His beaten and bloodied face contorted into a rictus grin. He whispered, with a voice as ragged as his appearance. "You can do better". Four simple words, spoken by as pitiful a creature as Scrotte, they appeared to have no effect. Nonetheless, Scrotte slinked back off, into the darkness from whence he came.

*

Tobias stared at Fanny's splayed form, bile rising in his throat as it sank from his cock. He stammered, "I-I-I can do better. I see it so clearly now, I can do so much better! Hey Fanny, piss off okay?" Fanny stared at him, not believing that this was the same Tobias that only yesterday had given her the Cleveland steamer that she had always dreamed of. Tears welled in her eyes and she dejectedly rose from the floor. She stole one last glance at Tobias, hoping that it was all a cruel joke and that he couldn't possibly mean any of it. "I can do better!", he shouted, waving his arms with exultation like a teenager after their first wank. Fanny was now blinded with tears and ran from the camp, weeping, into the forest that surrounded it.

*

"You there, who are you, and do you know where my foreskin is?" There was a blinding flash and when his vision returned, Tobias could see that the incomprehensible form had been replaced by a feint ghostly figure whose curly sideburns ran down the side of the throne and faded through the floor. He did not sit on the throne so much as float slightly above it. He wore a long patchwork cloak that covered his entire body from the neck-down. The cloak was vaguely skin-coloured, and Tobias gulped at the thought of what it may be made of.

"Insolent goy! You come here, to my domain ov Little Israel, you pester my people, and you have de cheek to demand of their king his name? So be it, I am de Phantom Foreskin". Tobias shuddered, he had heard tales as a young boy about the Phantom Foreskin, a spectral Jew who wore a coat made of the foreskins he could never truly own and who stalked the night, stealing the foreskins of little boys who didn't go to bed on time.

*

Tobias saw a small sack, tied tight with a drawstring, but by the jangling that accompanied every movement of the phantom foreskin, he could tell it contained a number of coins.

He slowly reached his hand out for the small bag. His fingers were tantalisingly close, but he was kept from reaching it by the Phantom Foreskin's considerably strength. Feeling the life leaving him, Tobias scrunched his eyes tight, mustered all his strength, and let out a mighty cry as he lunged forwards with all his might, grasping the bag firmly and pulling it, snapping the string and throwing it across the room. The Phantom Foreskin immediately released Tobias and began clawing in terror at its throat. "De shekels! De shekels! He had taken de shekels!" Tobias was crouched on the floor, trying to recover his breath. The Phantom Foreskin scanned the room frantically for his shekel bag. He saw it, but then, with widening eyes, realised it was being held by Sofia, who dangled it slightly side-to-side tauntingly. The Phantom Foreskin loosed a terrible wail before swooping towards Sofia. She held the bag above her head, tilted her head back and opened her mouth, and dropped the bag. It fell straight into her gullet and, with the sort of swallowing skill that Sasha Gray would be proud of, straight into her stomach. The Phantom Foreskin screeched to a halt, before a screaming a final cry of resistance, and then bursting into nothingness, his cloak floating slowly to the ground.

*

"The Fire Princess came through here with her band of marauders. I had heard tale of their deeds, but I assumed them to be the fantasies of idle minds. Sure enough though, they came for me. They swept through, screaming "death to all men". It's a miracle I managed to castrate myself into gender-neutrality in the nick of time. My son, he was not so lucky. I handed him the bloody shears and he said to me, he said "I'd sooner die, than chop off my own balls". You know what? I think he may have

been right". The man broke down again into a fit of weeping. Tobias looked around and saw that, sure enough, the mutilated body of a young man lay a few feet from the front of the house, and next to him lay two egg-sized objects in a pool of blood.

*

The pair were summoned to see King Whee again. He sat on his throne with a commanding presence, his radiant smile never seeming to leave his face, which had a slight burn on the right cheek from where he had slept on the still-burning cigarette. He greeted the two with arms outstretched. "My friends! I, King Whee V, do decree that you are free to leave Whee's World and to journey to Cliteropolis. I thank you, you have truly changed me for the greater. It is a time of great change and upheaval for Whee's World, and you should be proud to have been a part of it. Go now, may you find what you seek in due time, and know that you are always welcome back here in Whee's World!" Tobias bowed, Sofia curtsied, and then they were on their way.

*

"Lord Mayor, it's the Fire Princess and her warrior host, they're attacking the city! The outer gates are compromised, come with me, it's not safe for you here!" Hussthaniel looked to Tobias with fury in his eyes.

"You! You are responsible for this, you have brought the Fire Princess to wreak havoc upon this city!" Tobias did not hear, he was too busy trying to form a witty retort to the guardsman's message.

*

Tobias gingerly opened his eyes and saw Fanny held up by Hussthaniel. Their weapons were crossed in a life or death embrace, neither gaining the upper hand, but at the same time neither giving an inch. They both groaned with the effort and were dripping with sweat and blood from numerous superficial wounds. Tobias looked in awe at the spectacle before shouting,

“Hussthaniel, you were right, this is my fault! I didn't mean for this to happen though, it's just that I could do better!” Hussthaniel looked at him briefly.

“What the hell are you on a-” The brief distraction had been all that Fanny had needed, and she hit his sword out of his hand. He looked at her and his eyes widened with terror, as Fanny rose the fearsome spiked mace above her head and brought it down on Hussthaniel's.

*

Fanny lay reeling on the ground, and over her stood King Whee, his armour gleaming in the flames surrounding him. Blood coated his huge and deadly pauldron, and Tobias looked around to see soldiers from the League of Wheenies charging about, shoulderbarging barbarian women to death and turning the tide of the battle. He looked up at King Whee, who smiled at him. “Old friend! We heard that Cliteropolis was besieged, and here we are just in time to save the day! O, fortuitous day! Now, let us snuff out this so-called 'Flame Princess' once and for all”. With that, he turned back to the dazed and battered Fanny. He knelt beside her, placing the pauldron above her face. “Any last words, witch?” he asked. Fanny spluttered, and blood ran from her mouth.

“T-that was a shit joke”. King Whee smashed the pauldron into her skull and it shattered like an overripe melon. Her body went limp, and he stood up slowly, pulling a cloth from his pocket to wipe the brain matter and skull fragments from his pauldron. Tobias looked around and saw that the barbarian women had lost the battle, and were now routing en masse.

*

Tobias awoke to the sound of a fire crackling and the smell of burning meat. The pain of hunger gnawed at his stomach, and he crawled out of the tent. He saw Sofia sat by the fire, which had a large pot on it. Tobias sat beside her and peered into the

pot, which was filled with a brown meat in a thick, bubbling maroon sauce. Sofia turned to Tobias and offered him a bowl with some of the food in it. "Eat it, you need to recover some of your strength". Tobias could see a line of sauce running down from the side of Sofia's mouth and was instantly reminded of all the times he had seen that same image, only with cum in the place of stew. He grasped the bowl and lifted it to his mouth, gulping down the meal greedily. The meat was succulent and slid down a treat. Tobias felt himself growing full but kept eating, for it was too delicious not to.

"Where'd the meat come from?", he asked Sofia inbetween slurps.

"Found a deer".

"Ah, cool". Tobias looked around. "Where's Molesworth?"

"Said he had to go early, told me not to wake you".

"Righto". Tobias was too engrossed in his wonderful meal to see the slight thousand-yard stare on Sofia's face. When they had finished all of the soup, they dismantled the camp and set off again, now with renewed vigour.

*

The two were laying in their garden, nude and covered in each other's fluids. They looked around, glad to be back home. They got up slowly before walking inside their house. Tobias called out, "Mum! Mum! Did you miss us?" The sultry voice of their mother drifted down from her bedroom.

"Miss you? Where have you been? Yorkie just left". Tobias was confused, before he realised that time must move differently inter-dimensionally. "Now you two come up here and service your dear old mother's raging libido". Tobias smiled at Sofia, who smiled back, and they went upstairs. Mrs. Haberdashering was laying spread-eagled on her bed, clad solely in a skimpy black *négligée*. Tobias delved in and began eating her out whilst Sofia rimmed him from behind. The unique beefy taste of his

mother's vagina welcomed him like an old friend. After a while, he inserted his penis whilst finger banging Sofia. Mrs. Haberdashering, demonstrating remarkable flexibility, bent over and began sucking on Tobias's balls. The three gyrated in their intercourses ballet for a while, but climax rapidly approached. Tobias closed his eyes and unleashed a guttural orgasmial cry. He re-opened his eyes and looked around. It was Throckmorton Keep.

“Oh goddamnit!” shouted Tobias. “Not that I believe in a god or anything!” *Atheism, defended*, he added mentally. Sofia looked around with the same disappointment, whilst Mrs. Haberdashering looked startled and worried.

“Tobias, honey, did you roofie me and Sofia again? If so, I love what you've done with the rape dungeon, although it looks like it could use a bit more attention”. Mrs. Haberdashering was correct. As he looked around, Tobias saw that the keep had fallen into disrepair. The fireplace had crumbled, the grand banquet table had rotted and the wind whipped through great cracks in the walls.

“What happened? We were only gone for a few moments”, asked Tobias. Sofia's eyes widened.

“Didn't Roomps say something about going to our world for a few days and returning to Incestria to find it was decades later?”

“Roomps?” asked Mrs. Haberdashering. The name alone was enough to get her drippy.

“Long story”, said Sofia. Tobias walked through the great front doorway, the huge oak doors of which lay buried in the snow beside it. Tobias looked at Cliteropolis, that glittering Berlin of Incestria, which lit up the night sky. It resembled a huge funeral pyre, almost any sign of the city engulfed in flame or destroyed. He looked across all of Incestria, fires raged all across it. Desolation was everywhere. He felt sick to his

stomach. Suddenly, he felt a tugging at his leg. He looked down, and saw none other than King Whee, partially unrecognisable through his rugged and aged appearance, but still undeniably King Whee. He was laying on his stomach, his blood staining the snow around him. He clutched at his crotch, from where much of the blood stemmed.

“King Whee?”, asked Tobias, incredulously.

“Tobias, wh-where were you when we...when we needed you most?” Speaking was clearly a great effort for King Whee, so severe were his wounds.

“We only left for a few moments. What happened?!” King Whee coughed, and blood came up.

“They attacked, we never saw them coming. They killed everyone, Tobias”.

“Who did? The barbarian women?” King Whee managed a slight laugh, although it was more of a death gurgle. He rolled onto his back.

“No, worse. Much worse”. He moved his hands from his crotch, and what Tobias saw through the tears in his trousers made his blood run cold.

“Your foreskin...” Tobias stammered. King Whee gave another terrible cough.

“At least...I won't die...a virgin”. He went limp, his arm hanging to his side, his circumcised penis drooping with it. King Whee was dead. Tobias had no time to mourn, he felt eyes boring into him. He slowly looked up, and saw a ghostly apparition, clad in a thick, flesh-coloured coat, still smattered in blood from some of the more recent acquisitions. Tobias looked the Phantom Foreskin in the eye, and the latter cracked an awful smile.

-Prologue- “Et Jew, Brute?”

“James? James! Hurry up you lazy *shazbot*, or you'll never make it to the *gurdwara* in time for your baptism! The elders have rounded up many Christian children for the bloody sacrifice to our merciless god, Lord Jew.” James rose sleepily from his bed. He surveyed his room; his *dreidel* collection, the *mezuzah* on his door frame, the hot Israeli sun filtering in through his softly fluttering blinds. He lay back down and fell back to sleep.

“James, wake up. Are you on drugs or something? You know drugs are not *halal*.” James opened his eyes to see his dear mother's before him. The old woman squinted with the kind of eyes in which the hatred of fun and joy are always visible.

“*Oy gevalt!* You'll never reach *Nirvāṇa* at this rate. Have you at least got your Quran and your Guru Granth Sahib with you? *Oy vey*, the bishop shall be so furious.” James emerged from under the covers and quickly put on his *tallit*, *tzitzit*, *sheitel* and, to top it all off, his *kippah*, which he tilted to a rakish angle. James always did this, perhaps in the hopes of attracting some plump young thing from his settlement to be his wife, but James always seemed to repulse any girl that he engaged in conversation. He would tell them the directions to their house from his as an icebreaker and then describe to them in uncomfortable detail the room layout of their house, which windows were open at which times and the unfortunate girl's entire daily schedule. Despite this, they never seemed interested. “James, hurry yourself, today is a big day! Rabbi Josephitz's own baby son is entering into the covenant!” James went downstairs

to meet his family and followed them out of the house and down the road to the mosque.

*

James sat on the pew, sweltering in the midday heat. The rivulets of sweat slipped down his crack, his swamp ass growing more uncomfortable with each passing second. Not helping matters was the presence of a strange new woman, one to whose house James did not know the way; this making him very uncomfortable. He fidgeted in his spot, paying little attention to the proceedings of the *Baby Mitzvah*. Without warning, the mysterious woman cast a glance over at him, her piercing black eyes pinning him to his seat like a tiny rodent in looking up into the eyes of a famished hawk. Finally, he managed to tear his gaze away from hers and stared straight ahead, a small trickle of wee making its way down his leg.

The timing was fortuitous, for Rabbi Josephitz had just finished butchering the Christian children atop the *ziggurat* and was holding their hearts up to the ceiling with the zeal that had made him such a hit in the small, insular community. His baby son was cradled in his other arm and he cooed softly to the child as he traced the Jewish pentagram onto his forehead. Then, with a movement as deft as it was instantaneous, he circumcised the boy. The boy began to cry, as is the reasonable reaction to sudden dick trauma. The rabbi took a bite out of one of the still-beating hearts and, as the blood ran down his chin in rivulets, bent down to kiss the baby's wound, as was the ancient custom of *metzitzah b'peh*, long practised in the community.

Without any warning both the rabbi and the baby in his arms disappeared, leaving nothing behind. The audience stared aghast for a moment before the realisation that this wasn't part of the ritual washed over them. Some of the women screamed, *oy veys* filled the air. Over half of the congregation fainted, and two were trampled to death where they lay. James sat still, his mind racing.

He chanced another look over at the mysterious woman from earlier, who was waiting to match his gaze. Startled, but not deterred, James stood up and walked over to her. Despite all the commotion, she remained calm and even seemed to be cracking a smile at the whole scene.

James sat down next to her. He paused. Finally, he stammered out a feeble “H-h-hi. I don't know where you live. I'm sorry.” The woman threw her head back and laughed, then turned to him.

“Do you know who I am, boy?”

“I already said I don't know where you live.”

“More importantly, do you know what I am?”

“I couldn't say. Perhaps, if I knew where you lived...” The woman's face suddenly lost all its joviality and she looked hard at James.

“I'm a Magical Jewess, young boy.” James gasped; the Magical Jewess was a creature of myth and legend amongst his people.

“Are you going to turn me into a frog or something? Can I at least know where you live before I die?” As quickly as it had gone, her smile reappeared.

“Tell me, boy, where do you think the good rabbi and his son have gone?”

“I know where they've gone about as well as I know where you've come from.”

“Incestria, dear one.” James gasped. The magical land of Incestria, where all are related, was much-known to him. It had been among his very favourite bedtime stories when he was younger, and he had spent many a night furtively studying in an attempt to figure out how to get there from his house, lest he ever meet an Incestrian. “Don't worry about them, I'm sure they shall be quite safe on the other side. That is not why I am here,

however. I think you have an inkling of my true motives here. I hear you've been thinking a lot about the Sabbath?"

"I have been. The Torah says we must not work on the Sunday, lest we offend Lord Jew. Alas, try as I might I cannot stop homeostasis from occurring, and I doubt my peers have even attempted to do so. Every joule of energy generated by my cells is like a painful electric shock to Lord Jew. I just wish there was something I could do about it. I wish I had some sort of power or authority, with which I could enact justice on those that break the Fourth Commandment." The Magical Jewess leaned in close to James, who recoiled slightly.

"You shall have that which you wish for, but there shall be a price." James considered the offer.

"Whatever it is, I am willing to pay it."

"So be it, James of the Barr." He could already feel a strange new power flooding his body, and a feeling as though he was fading out of one reality and into another.

-Prologue 2: Prologue Harder- “Baby Baby Baby Oooh”

Tobias lay sprawled on the living room sofa, playing lazily with his droopy member. He was growing worried that the honeymoon period between him and his penis had passed and that it just wasn't willing to get as excited any more as it once had. Tobias sighed deeply and got up, stretching as he did so and yawning. He surveyed his domain; everything in the room had been in his colon at some point in the recent past and there was no novelty to be found here. He wandered listlessly through the empty house, like a horny ghost with no outlet for his ectojism. Entering the kitchen, he saw that his mother had helpfully left a large, meaty cucumber laying on the counter. Beside it lay a tub of Vaseline. Tobias sighed again, and got to work.

*

As he chewed on the cucumber, laying on the sofa again, Tobias wept. He had never before known such a state of erectistential ennui, of such a cloying and oppressive atmosphere of blueballs. As he curled up into the foetal position, sobbing like a child, the sound of the front door opened. Tobias rushed up to greet his parents like a yappy dog, but what he saw stopped him in his tracks. Cradled in his mother's arms, nestled against her substantial bosom, was a baby. Tobias has seen babies before, but never one as gorgeous as this. As he stared, mouth agape, the baby locked eyes with him and a moment was shared. The baby winked at him, and he noticed he was licking his lips. Tobias's mother broke him from his trance.

“Afternoon Tobias. This is your new sister, Sofia. Say hello.” Tobias rubbed the back of his neck sheepishly.

“H-h-hello. I'm Tobias.” The baby gurgled contentedly.

“Well then, I'll leave you two alone to get to know each other for a bit. Here you go Tobias.” His mother passed the baby Sofia over to him, and he cradled her tightly before popping a finger somewhere a finger had no right to be.

-Prologue 3: Prologue Free or Die Harder- “Ad Urbe Condita”

Jedediah Throckmorton wiped the sweat from his brow. He crashed into his armchair, wearied by another long day of running his bus business. He did not know how long he had been asleep for when he jerked awake, but he did know that he was exceedingly chilly. Rubbing his arms to warm them and encourage the circulation he stepped outside of his bus shelter and into the gloomy twilight of Incestria. He made his way around the shelter and to his wood stockpile, which was empty. He sighed before picking up his axe and making his way into the neighbouring forest. He walked a ways looking for a suitable tree before finally settling on a robust oak. Lifting his axe to swing, he suddenly noticed a strange bubbling patch of dirt. The axe slowly lowered as he moved in for a closer look. A patch of golden-brown fluid was leaking slowly from a hole in the ground. Jedediah knelt down beside it and ran his finger through before bringing it up to smell. He tentatively tasted the substance; it was unmistakable golden syrup. Jedediah's face lighted up and he forgot all about the tree. He rushed back to the shelter and grabbed his pickaxe.

Returning to the spot, he drove the pickaxe home without wasting a second. The syrup bubbled out in greater volume and he swung again. Over and over he swung until finally, with a great rumbling, the ground burst open and the syrup fountain issued forth, knocking Jedediah onto his back. He lay there for some time, the syrup raining down upon his gleeful face. This was a good sign.

Twenty years on, Jedediah sat on his throne, looking out of the window of his mayoral villa over the city. The syrup had proved a great boon to Jedediah, swiftly making him the richest man in Incestria. He funnelled his vast wealth into the construction of Cliteropolis, that glittering London of Incestria, the first permanent settlement of Incestria. Incestronauts from all walks of life were slowly drawn to the city and it grew rapidly. Already it stretched almost beyond where Jedediah could see from his window, although the abundance of scaffolding lining the horizon assured him that would not be case forever. He leaned back in his chair contentedly before pouring himself a goblet of the purest golden syrup in all of Incestria, the tap leading directly downwards to the original source he had discovered all those years before.

“Jedediah?” He looked over at his wife, standing in the doorway. She looked as beautiful as the day he had met her, before he had even arrived in Incestria, at home as they were siblings. He remembered his old home, an objectively inferior place if rated on incest potential, yet he looked back on it fondly.

“Yes, dear?” She came into the room and lay a hand on his shoulder. He reached up and grasped it. He knew what was coming next.

“Jedediah, I'm with child.”

“Fantastic news, soon I shall have a successor.”

“That is not all. I also have chlamydia.” Jedediah scratched his genitals. He was painfully aware of this.

“Very well, I'm half-mad from syphilis anyway.” He laughed, and his wife soon joined him. She was also half-mad from syphilis.

-Chapter One-

“A Tale of No Friends”

The fire crackled under the night sky. Around it, shapeless in their huddled cloaks, were four children of ages four to seven opposite another figure; a woman. Her hair emerged fiery red from under her hood. The children all had hair the same colour and faces dappled with freckles. They crowded together to get as much heat as they could.

“Grandma Baker, Grandma Baker!” shouted the youngest of the four. “It's too cold to sleep, tell us a story.” The others joined in a chorus of encouragement. Grandma Baker smiled warmly.

“Very well. Which one would you like to hear?” The children thought long and hard.

“Ooh, ooh. The one about the pitiful wretch! That one's my favourite.” Grandma Baker smiled again.

“Huddle close, little ones, and I'll tell you the tale...”

*

Queen Binman was abandoned by his birth-parents and by as many as twelve subsequent foster-parents. Eventually, the adoption agency told him they were going to the shops and moved to another city. Queen paced the halls of the abandoned building for a month or so before he finally concluded that all the staff, the other adoptee children and the prospective couples that had visited every so often and picked any child other than Queen must have all gotten lost, and he set off on his own. As soon as he stepped out of the front door, a passing postman saw him and was so overcome with hatred that he attempted to papercut Queen to death. Queen chuckled and told the postman to stop

giving him so many friendship slices. He eventually rolled away and strolled out into the street.

As Queen walked down the high street of his small village, a startling number of cars seemed to veer off the road towards him. “Ho ho”, he chortled. “Look at all these silly drivers wanting to be my friends. Sorry, no time for you all just now!” He began skipping gaily along as the body count piled up behind him. Suddenly, Queen felt a strong arm reach across his mouth and pull him aside into an alleyway. “Hehe, oh how I’ve always wanted an alley friend! My father was mummy’s alley friend!” The man then attempted to bludgeon Queen to death before another man dove in and restrained him, let him go on and then restrained him again.

*

When Queen came to, he found he was strapped into an elaborate contraption and, to the detriment of everybody present who following this incident all elected to blind themselves, stark naked. “Friends, what’s going on here? Is this a game? A game you play with friends? Oh gosh, I’m having some fun.” The large room was filled with men and women in lab coats running to and fro, but none of them responded to him.

“The machine is all set, we’re ready to go when you say so.” Queen tried to crane his neck to hear the voice beside him, but his head was strapped firmly into position. Without warning, a fist flew from beside him into his cheek. Then, a man wearing a black suit and tie and sunglasses stepped in front of him.

“I’m sorry, I couldn’t help myself. Who am I kidding, I’m not sorry.” The man punched Queen again. Queen giggled.

“Hehe, friend beatings, I’ve heard of these. Reminds me of my time in the orphanarium.” The man launched another punch at Queen’s face.

“I’ll be brief with you, because I feel nauseous talking to you. You are a menace. Your little walk earlier cost the lives of

twenty people who were just trying to do the honourable thing and run you down. We can't have you walking free, but we also can't kill you as your atoms would just infect the rest of the universe. We have only one recourse left. Have you heard of Incestria? No, I don't care if you do, please never talk. We discovered the place back in the Cold War; we used to send Soviet spies there. We're going to send you over there and then forget all about you." The man turned back to the assembled scientists. "Activate the machine!"

The room exploded in a flurry of activity. Queen smiled, enjoying this game he was playing with his new friends. One technician who glanced over without wearing his protective goggles immediately committed *seppuku*. With a whirr, a small robotic arm manoeuvred its way in front of Queen. In its claw was what looked like a Basset Hound wearing a miner's helmet. Queen had of course never seen a vagina before, but instinctively he realised that this one was special to him. "I see you recognise it. Your mother was generous enough to donate her vagina after seeing the damage it could wreak." Queen could hardly hear the man through his delirious arousal. The robot arm slowly, and seemingly reluctantly, moved closer to Queen. The disembodied vagina was inches away from his cartoonishly small member and he was overcome with lust. Finally, contact was made, and Queen was whisked away to Incestria. Everybody involved with the project was later awarded the Victoria Cross.

*

Queen looked at his new surroundings with wide-eyed excitement. His mind raced, thinking of all the new opportunities for friends that he would have. He caught sight of the Yellow Dick Road and ran off, his spirits high. Before long, he stumbled upon a strange rat-like creature, hunched over by the side of the road. Queen ran up to the creature and greeted it. "Hi there! I'm Quem!" *Damn*, he thought. *Why'd I give my name wrong, he'll*

think I'm a weirdo now! “I couldn't help but notice you there, would you like to be best friends? I would like to be best friends. Wowie, you'd be my first friend in Incestria. I miss all my old Earth friends, but I'm sure you'll be just as good!” The ratman avoided eye contact with Queen and scurried away. “Huh, guess he had other friends to play with. Oh well.” With that, Queen was back on his merry way.

As he skipped, Queen began to hear a call to prayer. He followed the sweet, sweet sound over many miles before coming across Little Israel. He walked up to the first person he saw and began playing with their curly sideburns. The man recoiled in fear.

“Oy vey! Vy would you do dis?”

“Hey new friend, would you like to be friends? I had a friend earlier but he left. I like friends. Friends.” The man bowed his head and hurried past. “Cor,” thought Queen. “Is everyone in Incestria too busy to have friends?” He jogged on, eager to meet more of the strange denizens of this weird and wonderful land.

Before long he stumbled upon Whee's World. The Iron Waist stood guarding the entrance. Queen sauntered up to his new best friend. “Hey there, that's a real nice chastity belt you've got there.” The Iron Waist stood impassively. Queen paused. “I said hey there.” Nothing. Queen smiled; he saw the opportunity for some insufferable mischief. He burst into laughter, tears streaming down his face. When he finally managed to compose himself, he managed to utter “penis” before doubling over again. This did not faze the Iron Waist. Queen was at a loss, until he noticed a large tome laying on the ground. Queen giggled and placed the book on the Iron Waist's head. He spent a few minutes trying to balance the book before giving up and assuming a best friend had been made. The Iron Waist remained taciturn. “Okay then, see you around, buddy.” With that, Queen left. When he was out of sight, the Iron Waist let out a sigh.

A while later, Queen arrived at the mighty boundaries of Cliteropolis, that glittering Geneva of Incestria. Mayor Hussthaniel Throckmorton personally came out to greet him, as was his custom for all new arrivals in Incestria. Upon seeing Queen, however, he rapidly withdrew the procession back within the city walls and slammed the gates shut. Queen stood before the imposing structures and shouted: "Hello best friend! Can I come into your city? We can do best friend things!" There was a pause, and then came the answer from the other side.

"Sorry, we're not in. Go away." Queen pondered this. He shrugged. *Guess they're out*, thought he. Hussthaniel wiped beads of sweat from his face as Queen's figure receded into the distance.

Queen wandered for a time, repelling potential friend after potential friend but without realising it. Eventually, he tired. He found a comfortable-looking rock and sat down upon it. Queen sat on the rock for a couple hours, pondering all the new friends he had made. Then, as the sun was beginning to set, he saw two figures walking down the road towards him; a voluptuously curvaceous girl and her taller and plumper male counterpart. He lit up at the thought of two whole new friends. As they came near to him, he leapt up and greeted them. "Hello friends! I am known as Kwinners!" *Agh*, he thought. *Why did I say that? That's not my name or the name of anyone I might be based upon.* "May I join you on your journey and be your best friend?" The two averted eye contact and hurried past. Queen watched them vanish into the distance. Suddenly and without warning an intense clarity imposed itself upon him and he saw his own awfulness laid bare. The revelation was too much for him and he immediately killed himself.

Queen looked around him. He was surrounded by clouds and in front of him, as far as the eye could see, stretched a colossal wrought-gold fence, with a gate before him that towered beyond

comprehension. “Next,” came a voice from in front of him. Queen looked and saw a bearded man in immaculate white robes standing behind a podium. Queen stepped towards him, but the man took one look at him and vomited profusely. He slammed a button on his podium and a hole opened up beneath Queen. He fell through, and after falling through cloud for a while found himself in the sky, high above Incestria. He plummeted straight into the ground, but kept on going until he stopped in a dark and sulphurous cave of some thought. Screams echoed down endless halls and flames licked at his feet.

“Next,” came another voice from in front of him, this time cruel and unnatural. Queen saw a goatlike biped before a podium of jagged rock. The goat creature glanced at Queen and also retched violently before slamming a button on his podium. A hole opened in the ceiling above Queen and he was sucked up, through untold miles of rock, finally emerging back in Incestria. He was in some sort of decrepit mansion. He looked at his arms and saw he was imbued with a ghostly pallor and slight translucency.

Before long, Queen realised that in his state of limbo, he was bound within the walls of the house. As the house was in the middle of a forest, and any knowledge of it had long since been buried along with its builders, this obviously did not bode well for Queen's friendship prospects.

*

“What happened next, Grandma Baker?”, butted in one of the littler children.

“Well, some say that that house still stands, somewhere deep in the Gotwood Forest, and within it the ghost of Queen stalks the empty halls and corridors, long since driven mad by loneliness, calling out for friends.” One of the children shuddered.

“What a terrifying thought, that somebody could be so irredeemably terrible.” Grandma Baker nodded knowingly; perhaps too knowingly.

“Yes, quite terrifying.”

-Chapter Two-

“A Tale of Kinky Sex”

“Would you care for another story, my dears?” The children looked at each other and back to Grandma Baker.

“Yeah! Tell us the one about Scrotte and his sister, and the increasingly weird sex they had”, said the youngest child. Grandma Baker looked at him curiously.

“I think I’ve failed at raising you. Very well. It all begins one afternoon, under the bright Incestrian sun...”

*

Scrotte lay in the Fields of Familial Fucking beside Linda, his buxom sister. They looked around, taking in their new surroundings. Scrotte had never known anything beyond his dark basement, so took it in stride and assumed this was what the outside world looked like. Linda was more taken aback, but her eyes locked with Scrotte's and her worries were washed away. Her hand brushed against his still-twitching manhood, then grasped it firmly. Scrotte pushed it away, and Linda looked questioningly into his eyes. “Are you done for the day?”, she asked disappointedly.

“No, don't worry. Just...just look over there.” Her gaze followed his outstretched arm. Where he was pointing, a number of animals, from cats to dogs, from cows to sheep, were staging a messy and violent gangbang. Linda thought she could work out Scrotte's wishes.

“Do you want to go join them?” He paused. A thin stream of drool escaped from his opened mouth.

“No. No, just watch. Yes. Watch. Mmmm.” Linda watched for a while, but was unable to get as excited about it as Scrotte.

She reached again for his junk. This seemed to snap him out of his funk, and he shoved a hand inside her vagina. They gyrated for some time, and when they were done Linda lay back contentedly with a sigh. She stole a glance over at Scrotte and saw him sniffing deeply of his fingers.

*

Some time passed. The two were lying beside the Yellow Dick Road outside of Cliteropolis, that glittering Portsmouth of Incestria, Scrotte having just been driven out of the city by a torch-wielding mob. Linda cooed at him and rubbed his chest. "It's okay, baby. They don't even know what they're on about, you're not weird at all." Scrotte sniffled and stopped crying.

"You're right. Now wrap yourself in this Lycra and come here, I've got some lovin' for you." Linda followed his instruction with haste and was within no time clad head to toe in the Lycra suit that Scrotte had crafted himself. Scrotte zipped up his suit too and the two embraced. Scrotte's approximate cock bulge pressed its way into Linda's approximate vagina depression repeatedly, and Linda pretended to be loving it. Scrotte had been insisting on the two of them being coated in Lycra when they made love for some time now, having heard of STIs and becoming paranoid about any sort of sexually contact. Scrotte's breathing sped up and he placed a hand over Linda's eyes whilst he came. That was another habit he had picked up, believing that anyone seeing him cum would make the act less special. Linda leaned in close to him.

"Scrotte, I'm tired of all this Lycra-based dry-humping. I need to feel you inside me, for real, just like old times." Scrotte paused.

"I'll see what I can do, my love."

*

Scrotte and Linda lay in a tent, their settlement slowly building itself up around them. Linda got up and folded back the

tent door. "I need to go to the little girl's tent." She walked through the developing camp as little rat people scurried to-and-fro by her feet, greeting their mother and then going off to their business. She found the toilet tent and entered it. She pulled the cord to turn on the light and sat down upon the porcelain throne. She gasped; Scrotte was standing opposite her, in the doorway. "What are you doing? Get out!" Scrotte stayed still, staring intently at the terror-piss now streaming out of Linda. He licked his lips. Linda grabbed a nearby rock and threw it at Scrotte, who squealed and fled into the night.

*

Linda lay on the bed inside her and Scrotte's tent. Their tent settlement had blossomed into a tent city, thanks to Linda's accelerated fertility. Her and Scrotte were celebrating; today was the one-year anniversary of their arrival in Incestria. Linda lay flat whilst Scrotte stretched the Lycra sheet taut over her. "How's the alignment?", he asked her from below the rim of the bed. Linda felt for the hole that had been cut into the sheet for her vagina.

"All good. Strap yourself in, and hurry up with it." Scrotte nodded and began harnessing himself into the complex system of pulleys and chains that hung from the roof of the tent. Finally secured, he held his arms and legs away from the bulge under which Linda lay and swung his body forward, his penis landing on target and entering Linda. She then kegeled, forcing him out and back. He swung back in and this continued until finally, they came. Linda removed her blindfold and Scrotte did the same and they lay in each other's arms for some time. "I'm so glad you finally came around to having normal sex, and not just that dry-humping stuff we used to do."

"I am too", said Scrotte, glimpsing out of a crack in the tent door at the tent city that stretched on and on, filled with his and Linda's children. "I need the stress relief, I have a big hunting

trip tomorrow. I'm bringing a lot of the sons, I think a few hundred." Linda purred softly.

"I hope you catch something big."

*

It was the next day, and Scotte had returned from the hunt ahead of the others in order to make quixotic love to Linda before they returned, whilst the camp was quieter. As he swung back and forth like an erotic pendulum, he thought about many things. Whether something other than Lycra might be easier to clean afterwards. Whether the harness was really necessary, or if he could just bungee jump into her and back out. Whether he really needed to still make her look way when it was time for him to cum. As that last thought occupied his mind, he felt the welling of completion in his nether regions. Without a thought, he instinctively reached for her head to turn it away in his moment of uncleanness. He grabbed her head and twisted it away, and there was a loud crack. Linda flopped limply down, twitching occasionally. Scotte processed the scene. "Oh god", he said. "Oh god, what've I done?" He thrust. "Nope, not gonna work. Unless..." He thrust again. "Nope, not feelin' it." Scotte unhooked himself and fell to the floor. He looked over Linda's body. *She looks so peaceful*, he thought to himself. A tear fell down his cheek. He had no idea how he was to explain this to his children, and the hunting party would be arriving back in about half an hour. He paced the tent, trying to come up with a plan. Finally, he had one.

Scotte wandered out from the camp for a ways, towards the Queef Geysers. Phallusaurs were known to dwell here. He made as much noise as he could, banging some pots and pans together and shouting himself raw. At long last, he felt the ground rumble. He dived aside as the Phallusaur burst through the ground, raining dirt upon him. He smiled, and ran back a bit. The Phallusaur dove underground again, but he could feel it

following him as he backtracked, drawn by the vibrations of his footsteps. In this way, he lured the Phallusaur back to his camp, and then fled. He turned back and saw the Phallusaur wreaking havoc among the tents. Ratmen and ratwomen alike were flung through the air like ragdolls, torn asunder or snapped up in the Phallusaur's mighty mandibles by the hundreds. Scrotte watched for as long as he could, weeping, then turned and ran off to find the hunting party.

*

“How come that's not the tale everybody knows, Grandma Baker?”

“Well, when he returned to the remains of the tent city, Scrotte found Roomps hard at work, tending to the wounded. Roomps explained what had happened, that a Phallusaur had ravaged the camp whilst they were away, but that he had scared it off. Roomps has potentially one flaw, and that is that he is too kind and loving of a person to conceive of anything as evil as what had really happened, and he never suspected Scrotte.” Grandma Baker looked up at the sky. “Now young 'uns, moon's a-settin', you lot should really be getting to bed sharpish.” The children complained in unison.

“But Grandma Baaaaaker...” She couldn't resist the little tykes.

-Chapter Three-

“A Tale of Two Detectives”

“Fine, which story would you like to hear now?”

“Ooh!”, shouted the oldest of the children. “Tell us a detective story!”

“So be it. It was a cool winter evening in Whee's World, back in the Celibate Era...”

*

“They're Wheenie & the Waist. Yes, Wheenie & the Waist. One is a Wheenius, the other's to taste.” The Iron Waist looked over to King Whee V. Snow crunched under their boots as they walked through the night-time streets of Whee's World.

“I know you think we should have a theme song, m'lord, but that one almost sounds like it's already a thing.”

“Perhaps you are right, Lockmart. Remind me again why we are out here in this miserable night?”

“What, remind you? Why? How can you have forgotten why you're out here and what you're investigating?”

“Fine. Just tell me what we're up to but say 'as you of course know' first so it seems like you're just confirming details.”

“Sire, you do act odd sometimes.” The pair passed an abandoned house; the fourth wall was broken and crumbling. “As you of course know, we've received much troubling news about a slut, loose in Whee's World.” King Whee gasped. “Yurt Bunderflux, the tanner, was reportedly discovered in a state of confused bliss, his unsheathed penis still dripping with the disgusting aftermath.” King Whee flinched from the word 'penis'. “After that, Mixi Porrits, the blacksmith, was found pounding away at something bent over his anvil. When the

witnesses arrived, whatever it was was gone and Porrits was asleep next to the anvil with a smile on his face.”

“By god, as if it wasn't bad enough that a slut is loose, they're not interfering in the normally efficient industrial sector of Whee's World! This is a disaster!”

“Truly, truly. We attempted to lure the slut into a trap by leaving a strapping young lad standing nude in the centre of town, but the slut got to him and he couldn't bring himself to raise the call for the soldiers to come and apprehend the harlot.”

“By the Nine Divines, has this vile slut not one iota of mercy? Does she not know that all those that she has her cheap thrills with shall have to be executed, lest their sickness threaten the whole of Whee's World?”

“Alas, I do not think this monster is troubled by such thoughts.” King Whee shuddered. “Running low on ideas, we decided to leave some saucers of semen in various abandoned corners of Whee's World, in the hope that one would entice the creature. It seems we have gotten lucky. It's just in here.” King Whee looked up at the name of the building: Chondong's Condoms. He remembered Pablo Chondong, one of the few Asians that Wheenie had ever seen.

An ostensibly friendly man, the institution of the Celibacy Law across Whee's World caused his business to struggle. In an act of financial desperation, Chondong struck a number of acceptably platonic couples in the dark of night, offering them condoms for next to nothing and enticing them into a life of darkness. Much like with heroin, or Nestlé's developing country baby formula sales tactics, the first hit is free, but the subsequent ones cost far more than just money. The young couples, high off the thrill of illicit sex, bought condoms by the truckload from Chondong. Within a few weeks he had amassed a private black market fortune. It was not to last, however. The League of Wheenies were onto him and his criminal enterprises, and after

long months of work they finally tracked him to a little hole-in-the-wall club in the rough part of Whee's World. Tipped off as to their arrival, Chondong fled to the rooftops along with his bodyguard, known only as the Lemon. As the rain beat down relentlessly, both were gunned down. Nobody really knew how Chondong died, whether in a hail of gunfire, an execution after the fact, or perhaps even a suicide, and the subject continued to ignite passionate debate amongst the politically-minded in Whee's World. What isn't debatable is that with Chondong's death the Chondong condom cartel crumbled overnight, and, after the execution of the tainted young people, Whee's World was safe once more.

Whee looked back on this episode with a pang of regret, before following Charles into the decrepit building. It smelt musty and Whee had to stop himself from sneezing. He took Charles' lead through winding corridors and up a couple floors. Suddenly, Charles paused and held his arm at a right angle. Whee stopped dead. His ears attuned to the silence, and slowly the sound of rapid splashing made itself heard. Charles trod carefully and silently, Whee followed closely behind. "They're Wheenie & the Waist", he whispered. "Yes, Wheenie & the Waist." Charles flashed him a glance back that could melt stone, and he hushed. They emerged into a large hall, rusting condom production machinery surrounding them, long since forgotten. The room was dark, but as their eyes adjusted, they began to make out a figure crouching motionless in the distance. As Whee watched, he noticed the figure wasn't still, but was bouncing quickly up and down. Whee realised that the splashing sound was coming from this creature squatting rapidly atop the saucer of semen. His stomach turned at the image of the fertilisation that could be happening right at that second.

"Stop, in the name of the Wheen!" The creature jerked its head back, bright white eyes lit up in the darkness of the room.

With a clatter and a splatter, the creature fled out through the open window beside it. Charles rushed after it, but could see nothing after sticking his head out of the window. He turned to Whee.

“Sire, far be it from me to criticise your methods, but would it not have made more sense to wait until we were closer before letting our presence be known?”

“Shush, Lockmart. Your king grows tired, carry him back to his throne, where we shall examine the evidence before us.”

*

Whee felt more comfortable sitting in his throne, the heady aroma of the terror-piss moat helping to clear his head. “So, Lockmart, run me through again just what we could glean from the evidence at the condom factory.” Charles sighed, exasperated.

“But I just finished explaining that to you not two seconds ago!”

“Hush, Lockmart. Imagine if somebody was to read a story of this event right now, surely they would wish to know details that we would reasonably already know.” Whee's attention was briefly distracted by a brick falling out of the fourth wall of his royal chamber and smashing upon the flagstone floor. “In such a case, the writer would use tricks such as having one character forget something and ask to be reminded.” Whee again looked over as a couple more bricks followed suit, hurling themselves out of the fourth wall and into the floor. “It just makes everything flow better, and normally you don't notice it. However, now, by drawing attention to it, you've ensured that anyone reading a hypothetical retelling of this event in the future will be taken out of the story by the forced nature of the storytelling device.” Whee and Lockmart looked over as the entire fourth wall crumbled away into nothingness. The cool night air flooded in and Whee shivered in his reindeer onesie. “I

knew I shouldn't have got the cheapest contractors I could to make that, especially since that wall tends to take the most abuse.”

“Sire, I see you are beginning to come down with the sniffles. Would King Whee-whee like big old Charles Lockmart to take him up to his beddy-byes?” Whee ran his nose along his sleeve.

“Yesh.”

*

King Whee was snuggled up tight in his bed whilst Charles stood over him. Over the bed was spread a selection of reports, graphs and other such nonsense. Charles picked up an especially incomprehensible one and explained to Whee. “Toxicology reports just got back from the lab. Traces of semen were found all over the crime scene.”

“We put the semen there.”

“Oh, good point.” Charles looked over the sheet and then threw it away before grabbing another. “We found some trace hair samples, they haven't come back positive for any known criminals, but there was something interesting.” Charles flicked the sheet at King Whee, who pored over it.

“Interesting. Interesting.” Whee placed the paper down and looked at Charles. “This appears to be a picture of a cock.”

“Indeed, it may seem that way. That is in actuality a cross-sample of the creatures DNA helix structure. I paraconfluxed the gigs and got some fascinating turbometer data from it.”

“Did you remember to retwonk the super flux compositor?”

“Of course. This ain't my first beat, sir.”

“Good, and what am I looking at here?”

“Well, sire, it would appear that the essence of cock floods every aspect of this creature's being. It is, for all intents and purposes, composed entirely of phalluses.” King Whee picked up the sheet again, then dropped it dramatically.

“My god...”

Then King Whee dozed off.

*

Chen Prindlemeyer was closing up shop after a hard day's work. His well-worn and callused hands were fumbling with the lock for the shutters when he heard a commotion from behind him. He glanced over, but could see nothing in the pitch dark night. He shrugged, and turned around. Before him stood a masked figure, who pushed him onto the floor. It was too dark to make out the figure, but Prindlemeyer was soon distracted as he felt something warm and sloppy upon his most forbidden of areas.

*

“Who's the vic?” King Whee strolled onto the crime scene, where Charles was already waiting for him.

“Prindlemeyer, he ran that shop that sold that stuff.” Whee looked over the body. If not for the smile on his face, Whee would have said his last moments were likely painful.

“Damn, he was a good man. Paid his taxes. Cause of death?”

“Major lacerations to the face, but they look cosmetic. I suspect he was killed by an overwhelming sense of shame.” Whee took a long drag of his cigarette and a swig of whiskey.

“Goddamn. Metaphysical murders are always the messiest. Anything else?”

“Yes. Under his nails, look at this.” Charles showed Whee the body's hand. There was blood and what looked like flesh under the nails.

“The perp's?”

“None other. We'll run it through the database, but I doubt it'll match. However, I've got a plan.”

*

A week later, Charles emerged from his workshop. In his hand he held a palm-sized device with a small screen and an antenna. "This is coded in to track our perp's DNA."

"Does it work?" As if on cue, the device beeped and a red dot appeared on the screen.

"Does it ever. Let's go catch us a slut!" Whee stared at Charles expectantly. Charles sighed exasperatedly. "I'm not doing the catchphrase."

"Aw, but c'mooooon."

"No."

"Please."

"No."

"Blood and thunder!"

"Victory at sea!"

"Ha!"

"Damn."

*

They followed the signal through the winding streets of Whee's World for what seemed like hours. The signal weakened at points, but it never disappeared. The pair thought they caught sight of the perp a few times, but they always seemed to slip away. It was getting dark now, and well past King Whee's bedtime. "Maybe the device is faulty?"

"No, the device is sound. According to it, the perp should be right around this..." The two rounded the corner, but there was nobody there.

"See? Faulty."

"I don't understand. According to the device, the perp should be right on top of us." The two shared a moment of silence.

"Oh c'mon, how many times has this been used in films and such? We all know they're going to be ab-" Whee was cut short by the perp jumping down from above them and onto him. "Lockmart! Lockmart! Help! A stranger is touching me!" The jet

of terror-piss blasted the perp against the wall. Charles dove in and pushed them to the floor before sitting on them, the weight of the iron waist pinning them to the floor.

“Who are you? Why are you doing this?” The figure fidgeted about. Charles increased the pressure. He reached for the hood and pulled it back. He was instantly filled with such an overwhelming sense of revulsion, and placed the hood back on and punched him in the face. The figure hissed in a voice far from natural.

“Remember, I am not gay in the slightest! I just had so much trouble making friends here, so I decided to dress as a girl and go to the least sexually-knowledgeable people in Incestria. I made so many friends here, from alleyway friends to bend-over-an-anvil friends. You Wheenies are awful friendly!” King Whee whispered in Charles' ear.

“King Whee V wishes to know where you were going just now.” The figure's eyes darted up the alleyway. Whee looked up to the end and saw the glittering sign for the King Whee IV Memorial Children's Hospital. He felt sick to his stomach, marshalled all of his strength, and also punched the perp in the face. The perp giggled.

“Hehe, friendship punches. Hooray. You might think it's weird that I'd be going there, but I saw this really hot five-year-old there the other day.” Whee punched him first, then Charles. “Okay, haha, okay. She might have been a hot ten-year-old, granted. I mean, you might not get it, but if you knew what I'd been through, you'd be sympathetic. I used to be fat! How could you expect me not to yearn for younger flesh after such an ordeal?!” Whee took Charles aside.

“What should we do with him? I mean, the Wheestitution states we need to give him a fair trial, but I kind of just want to kill him here.” Charles nodded.

“I know, so do I. He's so awful. Come on, let's murder him.” The pair turned to find that the man was no longer there. They looked up and saw him vanish onto the rooftops. Then they heard his voice.

“It's been fun playing with you, new best friends, but I'm going to go. I have more friends to meet, after all!” Whee and Charles looked at each other.

“Should we try to catch him, sire?”

“Nah, I really want to stop thinking of him as soon as possible.”

“Me too.” The pair started walking out of the alleyway as the sun dipped below the horizon and the street lights came on.

“Charles?”

“Yes, m'lord?”

“I'm getting really tired.” Charles stopped and knelt down. Whee clambered up onto his shoulders and Charles stood back up. “Another successful case, wouldn't you say Lockhart?”

“Truly, sire.” Whee nestled his head against the top of Charles' and began dozing off. Charles smiled to himself as Whee started murmuring in his sleep.

“They're Wheenie, they're Wheenie & the Waist, Waist, Waist, Waist, Waist...”

-Chapter Four-

“A Reckoning”

“All right now children, off to bed with you all. Git, git!” Grandma Baker shooed the children into their tent, wished them all a good night and closed the flap. She stepped away and sighed proudly; she had raised some fine young. She turned to walk away when suddenly the tent burst into flames. Grandma Baker stood dumbstruck as the tent swiftly burnt to a cinder. Out of the blaze, a ghostly figure emerged and drifted slowly towards her. He smirked very Jewishly as she looked up at him. “The Ph-Ph-Ph-Phant-” She didn't have time to finish before she was vaporised.

*

King Whee was chillin' out, maxin', relaxin' all cool and all shootin' some b-ball outside of the school. He looked off, far into the distance. He was at the King Whee II Memorial Children's School on a PR visit; the school had been emptied out beforehand so that he could comfortably walk the premises. The Iron Waist ran up to him, brandishing a number of reports. “My liege, reports from our scouts in the Eastern Provinces! It's the Phantom For-”

“Charles, I've been thinking. We use swords and such, do we not?” Charles answered frustratedly. He glanced over at the fourth wall of the school to see how it was holding up. As in all buildings in Whee's World, the fourth wall was traditionally the cornerstone of the building's structural integrity. Whee's World was infamous for building collapse.

“Aye, sire.”

“And we don't have anything more advanced?”

“Not that I know of, sire.”

“It's just that...do you remember that case we worked a couple weeks ago, with the slut? The one that got away?”

“Alas, m'lord, I had rather managed to expunge any memory of that person.”

“Well, you mentioned something about toxicology reports and labs, and apparently we have the capability to sequence DNA.”

“Aye sir, and proud of it we are.”

“Not to mention the fact that we managed to build a GPS tracking device.”

“Where are you going with this, sire?”

“It's just, why are we using swords and such when we clearly have modern day technology? It's like whoever created this marvellous world couldn't decide if they wanted it to be generic Tolkienesque fantasy level or modern-day, so just switches interchangeably between the two.” A brick fell. Charles drank down his coffee. “And there's that. You have a coffee? I think I smoked a cigarette on that investigation. Those aren't Medieval-era things. In fact, there's a whole lot going on that doesn't seem to make any sense to me. A lot of inconsistencies.”

“Like what, m'lord?”

“Like in that investigation, when I blew it at first by shouting 'stop, in the name of the Wheen!' I thought my thing back then was that I couldn't speak to people besides you. Also, if we all came from Earth at one point, ostensibly present-day Earth, then why is our technology so scattershot? Oh know, I've gone cross-eyed.” Bricks were pouring onto the floor now at an alarming rate. Charles placed a hand over King Whee's mouth to silence him.

“Sire, it's probably best not to think about that sort of thing too much. I suggest you don't worry about those things and just enjoy yourself.” Charles then turned to stare directly at you, the

reader, until he was certain you got the point. Suddenly, the fourth wall exploded in a cloud of brick dust and other, regular dust. Charles instinctively dived in front of King Whee to shield him from the blast. Amidst the chaos emerged a ghostly figure.

“The Phantom Foreskin. I knew this day would come.” King Whee stood tall and proud, a new man after his night of passion with Raychil a few days ago. The Phantom Foreskin sneered at him.

“King Whee V. You av always been de most pitiful of all de denizens of Incestria, did you know dat?” Charles stepped forwards.

“How dare you speak to King Whee V with such insolence! Put 'em up, put 'em up! Why I oughta-” The Phantom Foreskin glanced disinterestedly at the Iron Waist, and with a flick of his fingers, the iron waist cracked and shattered, shards of metal flying through the air. Charles stood for a second, processing what had just happened. Then, he began weeping. Covering his face with his hands he ran off, the sound of his crying slowly tailing off into the distance. King Whee was unfazed. He unsheathed his sword, which gleamed in the sunlight. The Phantom Foreskin reared back, and lunged at him.

King Whee and the Phantom Foreskin fought ferociously for days, but despite putting up a fierce fight, King Whee was steadily pushed back; through Whee's World, past the King Whee III Memorial Children's Theatre and King Whee I.V Memorial Children's Department of Motor Vehicles; through the burning ruins of Cliteropolis, that glittering Budapest of Incestria, still strewn with bodies from the great battle that had taken place so recently; through the inhospitable Munge Mountains, where King Whee had to occasionally stop to neck a mug of hot cocoa; all the way up to Throckmorton Keep, still standing tall atop its mighty perch. Before the imposing façade of the great keep, King Whee and the Phantom Foreskin did

engage in mortal combat. Blow was traded for blow, wound for wound, but King Whee was but a mere mortal. Finally tiring, he fell to one knee.

“If you strike me down, I shall become more powe-” Before he could finish, the Phantom Foreskin struck him down. His blood stained the pristine snow a bright crimson. He dropped and lay on the snow, his voice rasping. The Phantom Foreskin slowly descended upon his nether regions.

*

Haberdashering rubbed his eyes blearily. He was back in Throckmorton Keep. He looked around, saw Sofia and his mum. It dawned on him how they must have come back. “Did I just rag mum? I don't remember doing that.” Sofia nodded to him. When they had all collected their wits, they exited the keep and looked over the scarred land of Incestria. Haberdashering rushed up to King Whee's body and heard his final words, so noble. He looked up and saw before him the Phantom Foreskin. A smile, and then a flurry of motion as he dove at Tobias, who rolled out of the way in the nick of time. The Phantom Foreskin slammed into a rock, shaking snow free from on high. He snarled, and turned for another run. Tobias was dazed and was still struggling to his feet when the attack came. He would have been destroyed then and there if not for the intervention of his mother, who dove in front of the Phantom Foreskin and was severed at the waist. The two halves of Mrs Haberdashering fell limply to the floor. Sofia let out a cry. Tobias looked over the scene. The Phantom Foreskin readied for another strike. Is this the end our intrepid heroes? Tune in next paragraph — same Bat-time, same Bat-channel!

Suddenly, the Phantom Foreskin hissed and recoiled, shielding his face with his spectral arm. Tobias looked to the side, saw a procession coming towards the Phantom Foreskin, wielding some sort of icon atop a long pole, which shone

unnaturally bright. The Phantom Foreskin was pressed against the floor by whatever power it held. He screeched, Tobias had to cover his ears, and he was gone. The last thing Tobias heard, when it seemed like the Phantom Foreskin was far enough away not to be heard, was “cunt”. The symbol stopped shining, and Tobias saw clearly now that it was a swastika. The figures stepped up to him, and one of their number offered him a hand up. He looked over the group and saw a number of burly men wearing wifebeater vests; a sea of close-shaved heads, tattoos and piercings.

“W-who are you all?” One stepped forth, he seemed like a leader of sorts.

“We are the Incestria Defence League, I am Max Hassles and I lead this mötley crüe. We are sworn to the protection of all that makes Incestria Incestrian. We heard that the Phantom Foreskin had been seen outside of Little Israel again and that he was last seen coming this way.” Tobias glanced up at the swastika again. Sofia began pulling her Nazi sex outfit with assless chaps out of her satchel.

“Are you guys Nazis or something?” Hassles was taken aback.

“What?! Where would you get such an offensive notion?” He looked up at the swastika. Sofia rapidly stashed the outfit again. “Wait, is it the icon?” Tobias nodded sheepishly. “You son of a bitch, we're all Hindus. That right there is an ancient good luck symbol. The very fact that you assumed that we were Nazis from its presence makes you just as close-minded as you thought we were.” Tobias blushed with embarrassment. Truly, by leaping to conclusions about a group of people because of his own narrow-minded knowledge of a symbol's complex although admittedly chequered history he had made himself the bad guy in this situation. He decided then and there that if he were ever to read, say, a book in which some race, say, Jews, were described

in potentially offensive ways, he would pause before giving a knee-jerk reaction and consider if the book was truly trying to be offensive or if it was all tongue-in-cheek.

“I’m very sorry, I meant nothing by it. I thank you for saving me and my sis-” Tobias’s eyes caught sight of at least half of his mother, twitching feebly in the blood-red snow. “Mum!” He waddled over to her with all the haste he could muster and knelt down beside her, taking her hand in his. “Mum, don’t you die on me!” His mum leaned in close and tried to say something, but succeeded only in spluttering blood and spittle all over his face. Tobias was slightly aroused by this, but even he could tell that this was not the time. Tobias’s mum’s eyes widened suddenly, she drew a sharp intake of breath, and then went limp. Tobias wept into his mother’s shapely bosom and held her close. He stopped when he felt a hand on his shoulder; it was Hassles.

“I know this is hard for you, but we have to get out of here. The Phantom will only be gone briefly, and we don’t want to be here when he gets back. Come, we can bring your mother and give her a proper burial. King Whee too.” Tobias sniffled and stood up, collected the two halves of his mother, put them in a sack provided by one of the IDL members, slung it over his shoulder and the group set off.

*

It was a long and arduous trek to the IDL’s fortress, and Tobias didn’t really enjoy any of it. Even the joy he got from his constant excursions into Sofia’s minge was fleeting at best. He sampled his mum every now and then, but it just wasn’t the same without a heartbeat. When they finally arrived, he was relieved, although the fortress was entirely uninteresting and not worth describing. The group were ushered straight up to meet the council, which Hassles had described to Tobias earlier, but were similarly boring and so will also not be described.

After a heated council session, it was decided that the Phantom Foreskin posed a great threat to the entirety of Incestria; to every man, woman and child that wanted nothing more than to go on living a simple, incestuous life. Tobias heard that Whee's World had already come under the custodianship of a secretive new ruler, King Whee VI, and it was decreed that he, Sofia and the IDL Expeditionary Force were to be dispatched with haste to Whee's World to attempt to recruit the League of Wheenies to their cause. After burying King Whee V and his mother, a sombre occasion for all involved, punctuated by Tobias valiantly defending the rights of Atheists everywhere when somebody tried to comfort him by saying that it was all part of God's plan and he supplexed them, the group set off. Despite it all, Tobias was excited for another adventure, and instinctively knew that this adventure would be even bigger and better than his previous one.

*

Meanwhile, in a plane that couldn't accurately be described as reality, the Phantom Foreskin lay stretched on his spectral sofa, his ghostly trousers down around his ankles, his legs splayed. On a television before him shone the sickly saccharine sweetness of a cartoon for young girls starring a cast of talking ponies. This was a holdover from the Phantom Foreskin's pre-phantom days, a cartoon that had stolen his heart and never let it go. As he watched the cartoon ponies frolic and engage in wacky shenanigans that only a young girl, the show's target audience, could be reasonably expected to enjoy, the Phantom Foreskin smiled. He began stroking his turgid phantasmal member as one of the ponies on the screen had a tumble and fell into a barrel of apples. His tongue curled towards his nose in concentration as his hand movements intensified, the entirely wholesome antics of the cartoon ponies in the cartoon pony show for young girls aroused him more and more so. For no discernible reason, his

masturbation took on a strange clopping sound, and as the Phantom Foreskin clopped violently to the innocent ponies, the room filled with the smell of ghostly sweat and exertion. At long last, the Phantom Foreskin was finished, and he watched as his deposits slid slowly down the television screen on which the ponies continued to adventure whimsically, blissfully unaware of their degradation. At that moment, the Phantom Foreskin's equally spectral roomie on this plane burst in and began mocking him. "Haha! Horsefucker!" The Phantom Foreskin tried his best to vaporise the intruder, but his powers were useless against others like him. He sat in sullen silence as he was ridiculed ruthlessly. Finally, he had had enough and burst out.

"You just don't understand, it's not just a show for young girls! Dere are loads of jokes and stuff in dere dat only adults could get, and I mean, if it vas only aimed at young girls, vy would dey make de cartoon horses so goddamn sexy?" His roommate did not heed his protestations, and continued his barrage of insults; insults that the Phantom Foreskin entirely deserved, for wanking to a cartoon pony show for young girls.

-Chapter Five-

“Revengers, Assemble!”

The group left as soon as they could; they knew they were running against the clock. They threaded their way through forest and over steppe, until they found themselves on the Yellow Dick Road. As the group set up camp for the night, Tobias took the opportunity to ask Hassles where King Whee VI had come from. “I heard, and bear in mind this is just from a friend of a friend, that the League of Wheenies operate a cloning facility, and they have hundreds of King Whees all waiting for their turn to rule in a big warehouse. Whenever one dies, they just pop a new one out, give him the rundown, then send him on his merry way.” Tobias pondered this; it seemed wholly believable.

*

Tobias arrived, once again, at Whee's World. He expected to be greeted by the Iron Waist and chaperoned up to see King Whee, but the Waist was nowhere to be seen. Before he could question this, King Whee VI came out to greet them. Clearly he had inherited his father's late-life confidence and shook Tobias's hand with a vigorousness that bruised him like a peach. He also looked identical to his father. Tobias nursed his hand as King Whee spoke with Hassles. “Welcome to Whee's World, Mr...”

“Hassles. Max Hassles, with the IDL.”

“The racists?”

“Hindus, actually.”

“Oh, sorry. What brings you here? As you can see, we're a bit busy fixing everything after that Phantom Foreskin came through, but I can spare a minute.” Tobias surveyed Whee's

World. It had evidentially fared better than Cliteropolis, that glittering Hamburg of Incestria, but there was still an abundance of rubble strewn on the ground and Wheenies went to-and-fro, clearing as they went. They would have their work cut out for them.

“It is the Phantom Foreskin that brings us here. We convened a council to devise a plan of action for dealing with this menace, and they came to the conclusion that only a united Incestria can pose any resistance to him. We come today to ask you, and the League of Wheenie's that serve you, to join our cause.”

“Sure.” Hassles was taken aback.

“Really? I kind of expected to have to persuade you.”

“You have persuaded me. The Phantom Foreskin killed my father, and for that he must pay. I can leave the Whee's World rebuilding efforts in the capable hands of my bodyguard. Waist, come here.” Tobias's ears perked up, for he had found the Iron Waist to be good company and was looking forward to catching up with him. To his dismay, the man who emerged from a building was not Charles Lockmart, but some newcomer. “This is the Bronze Waist.”

“Where's the Iron Waist?”, inquired Tobias. King Whee's good mood drained from his face.

“Nobody knows. Some say he was slain by the Phantom Foreskin alongside my predecessor, others say he fled. Maybe he shall return some day, or maybe not.”

“I shall endeavour not to disappoint, m'lord”, interrupted the Bronze Waist.

“Kiss arse”, murmured Tobias petulantly.

“We can mourn for the Iron Waist later. Right now, we need a plan. Where should we go next? Hussthaniel Throckmorton lays dead without heir and Cliteropolis, that glittering Tokyo of Incestria, has yet to elect a successor. Nobody in Incestria has

heard from beyond the Wildlands in over a centuries.” Hassles paused, King Whee was looking into the distance.

“The reports of Throckmorton's death have been greatly exaggerated. He is currently recuperating with his mother, over in the east. He shall be our first port of call, and we can cross the Wildlands bridge when we come to it.”

“If Throckmorton lives, our cause could gain a powerful ally. Do you know where his mother lives?”

“Of course. Hussthaniel and my father were close friends, until...the incident.”

“Marvellous. If it's okay, we will leave tomorrow. We have had a long journey here and could do with some rest.”

“Of course, we shall set out first thing in the morning.” King Whee and the Bronze Waist went off to sort out the practicalities of King Whee's absence. The IDL set up their camp and were asleep in moments. Tobias and Sofia had a goodnight shag, and then they, too, fell asleep.

*

Tobias tossed and turned fitfully in his sleep. He was tormented by visions of death, destruction and circumcisions. The Phantom Foreskin appeared in his dream and spoke to him, taunting him from being unable to save his mother. He described graphically how he would punish Sofia once he had killed Tobias, and Tobias had a wetmare. He awoke with a start, panting.

*

The group set out from Whee's World at the crowing of the cock. Midway through the journey, they came across a young girl with flowing ginger hair painting her hair black haphazardly. She looked up as she heard the group approaching. Tobias stepped forth and introduced himself. “Hello there, I'm Tobias and this is my sister Sofia, members of the IDL and King Whee

VI of Whee's World. What's your name?" The girl dropped her paintbrush and began weeping hysterically.

"Bullies! The lot of ye! Get away from me!" She ran away before Tobias could respond and disappeared into the forest. *Odd*, thought Tobias. The girl had looked strangely familiar, but he could not put a finger on it, despite how much he had wanted to put a finger in it.

*

After days of uneventful journeying, the group was tiring. They found a forest clearing and unburdened themselves. "One hour for rest, lads!" announced Hassles. He and King Whee went aside to discuss their plans. Tobias and Sofia settled down to a quickie in the undergrowth when Tobias heard the sound of wind rustling the leaves from afar. He reached for his jumper and huddled close to Sofia. The wind kept building and the noise was growing louder. The others had begun to notice it and some tried covering their ears with their hands. The sound grew and grew until it seemed as though the party was inside a wind tunnel. It was deafening, and many people collapsed to the ground in pain. Then, as soon as it had arrived, it disappeared.

"Tobias Haberdashering. Didn't think I'd see you again." Tobias looked up, his ears still ringing. He swiftly forgot the pain when he realised he was looking up at the Iron Waist, framed majestically by the sun behind him.

"The Iron Waist!" remarked Sofia, noticing him as well. King Whee had picked himself up and looked over.

"Charles! I thought you were dead!" He ran over and embraced Charles, who remained stoically silent. "Whatever could have caused the Iron Waist to run?" Charles looked at the ground morosely.

"Alas, I am no longer fit to wear that moniker, m'lord. Now, I am only the Iron Waste." There was a pause.

"I don't get it", murmured an IDL member.

“Where's your iron waist?” asked King Whee.

“The Phantom Foreskin. He destroyed it before slew your father. Without it I was worthless, I had no choice but to run. I had expected to live out the rest of my days in this forest, but then I saw you wandering through the forest. For days I have followed you, wondering if I should show myself or not. I finally decided it was my duty, whatever that's worth now, to serve you, so here I am.”

“Charles, I forgive you. Welcome back, old friend.” The pair embraced again, although Charles still appeared mournful to Tobias. “Come, let me get you up to speed.”

*

That night, laying in camp, Tobias and Charles caught up. He seemed distant, but Tobias was still glad to talk to him. He asked him where King Whee VI came from.

“Even I don't know for sure, although I've heard many theories. My personal favourite, although it's complete nonsense, goes that King Whee V, enjoying his newfound sexual liberty, was visiting a charity ball and gay orgy that had been organised in his name by some group of libertines in Whee's World. He stepped outside for a moment, the heat beginning to get to him, and saw that it was snowing outside. Still somewhat of a child at heart, King Whee ran around catching as many snowflakes as he could on his tongue. Meanwhile, an astronaut far above Incestria was feeling the boredom get to him and tried to relieve it the only way he knew how.”

“There are astronauts here now?” interrupted Tobias.

“Hush. Anyway, this astronaut felt himself on the verge of release when he suddenly realised that he didn't particularly want to spend the rest of his mission having to avoid a floating spunk globule. He reached over and opened a window, which sucked all the semen from his balls and deposited it outside the ship before he managed to close the window again. The spunk began

drifting towards Earth and soon entered the atmosphere. It picked up speed rapidly as it plummeted, as well as being exposed to all manner of radiation. King Whee, unawares, was still catching snowflakes on his tongue when the spunk, now travelling at thousands of miles per hour, shot through him. Disembowelled and then some, he lay twitching on the snow-covered ground. However, the radiation had had some bizarre effect on the semen and he began to bud. An arm, a leg, another arm and a torso emerged from his side. After a few moments, there stood King Whee VI.”

“Hmm”, said Tobias he had stopped paying much attention as soon as semen was mentioned and had begun stroking his privates intensely. Charles left and went to his tent, were Tobias fancied he heard a soft weeping emerge. He was distracted, however, and by the time he had finished had long forgotten any sounds coming from Charles' tent. He returned to his own and lay down his head.

*

Haberdashering's colourless green dreams slept furiously, in much the same manner as he tended to shag Sofia. He was again tormented by visions of the Phantom Foreskin, although now his mum was there too, chastising him for his weakness. *Mother, no, he would shout to her. It wasn't my fault! I did everything I could! Don't be so frigid, I know you don't really have a headache!* He shot awake again, covered in sweat. He cradled his head in his hands.

-Chapter Six- “Engineered Loneliness”

“Get up, Haberdashering. We're moving.” Tobias awoke and rubbed his eyes blearily. An IDL member was standing in the door of the tent. Tobias got up and dressed, pulled down the tent and they were off again. Tobias waddled up to Charles, who was at the head of the procession along with King Whee and Hassles. On his way up, Tobias felt some of the IDL members giving him unpleasant looks behind his back.

“Morning Charles.” Charles remained silent. “You see how these IDL goons are looking at me? It's like I've pissed them off somehow. Have I done anything?”

“I think they might not be fans of your general personality and demeanour. I mean, they do keep telling you to stop being a cunt.” Tobias wasn't listening; he was too busy flicking rocks at an IDL member.

“Haberdashering, stop being such a cunt!” shouted one, who had accidentally caught one in his open mouth. Tobias giggled foolishly.

“Hehe. Do you see that, Charles? They're calling me a cunt. How can they be mad at me?”

“What do you mean?”

“Charles, you're so naïve sometimes. When someone calls you a cunt, it means that they like you and think you're funny. It's a term of endearment.”

“Where'd you hear that from?”

“Mummy used to tell me it when I'd get back from school and all the boys had been calling me a cunt. I had a lot of friends in school.”

“I hate to break it to you, but cunt means the opposite of that. It means you're annoying someone and being a generally repulsive person. Have you really spent all this time thinking cunt was a term of endearment?” Tobias stared blankly, overwhelmed by the gravity of the revelation. Every action he had ever performed and been called a cunt for flashed before his eyes, and there were a lot of them. Suddenly, his childhood seemed very sparse on friends indeed. He felt he was at a crossroads; either he could accept this and improve himself, or ignore it and continue being insufferable.

He chose option two.

“Nah, I don't think that's it at all. I think they're jealous of my muscles, really.” To demonstrate his point, Tobias lifted his shirt and did what some may charitably consider tensing. His doughy form defied all shapeliness, and Charles had to turn away out of sheer embarrassment.

“Tobias, I need to think. Please leave me alone.” Tobias did so, and moseyed on over to King Whee.

“Hi Whee. How'd it hanging, dog? In the hood. Word. Yo.”

“Hi Tobias. Stop doing that.”

“Yes. Hey, you know cocks?”

“Where are you going with this?”

“Well I've always thought that cocks were visually appealing, but-”

“Faggot!” came a cry from the IDL masses behind him.

“Hey! You didn't let me finish!”

“How could you possibly follow that up in a way that makes it not gay?” asked King Whee.

“Well I'm not going to say now, you'll just take it out of context.”

“Tobias, could you please shut up?” Hassles was stood in front of him, arms folded. “You are incredibly irritating.”

“Oh yeah? Well your fashion sense is shit!” A gasp rippled through the assembled IDL members. Hassles staggered backwards, his perfectly colour-coordinated and well-thought-out outfit instilling all who saw it with a strong sense of awe.

“Just you say that again. Just you say it.”

“Your fashion sense...is...shi-” Tobias was cut off by Hassle's fist. As he reeled, he saw Hassles walking away with his IDL members.

“Too far, man. Too far. We're leaving, the Phantom Foreskin can send you all to oblivion for all I care!” Tobias watched as Hassles broke down and was comforted by a couple of IDL members. Then, they were gone, vanished into the dense forest. Tobias noticed now that King Whee, Charles and Sofia were all looking at him angrily.

“Haberdashering, you daft cunt”, said King Whee. Haberdashering was relieved; he had been worried they might be mad at him.

*

Tobias had been getting the silent treatment from the others since the incident. It was growing dark, and the IDL members had taken all the tents and camping supplies with them in their exodus. Presently, they came upon a large but run-down house. “Huh, this is slap-bang in the middle of nowhere”, said King Whee. He tentatively stepped up to the front door and used the large ornate knocker. The sound reverberated through the ancient building, but there was no reply. “I guess it's abandoned. Come on, we can take shelter in here.” He opened the door, which swung with a loud creak. The group looked over the entrance hall, with its large staircase in the centre leading up to the first floor. Rooms went off in every direction.

“We should stick to one room for the night, we don't know how safe this place is, so we need to stick together”, said Charles.

“Good shout. Let's go upstairs, if there's beds they'll be there.” The group found a large bedroom with three beds. Tobias was relegated to the hard wooden floor, and before long everyone was asleep.

*

King Whee awoke in the night. He had heard a voice echoing through the house's many corridors. He lay in bed, his ears straining to hear. He had just about chalked it up to his imagination when the voice came again. “Friiiiiieeeeeend... shiiiiiiip...” The voice sounded unnatural. King Whee slowly got out of his bed. He tiptoed past the sleeping forms and out of the bedroom. He looked up and down the corridor, but except where the moonlight shone through a hole in the ceiling it was too dark to see. Then came the voice again. “Friiiiiieeeeeend...shiiiiiiip...” King Whee squinted to try and make out anything in the darkness. Suddenly, a figure drifted out of one room, flashed across the corridor and disappeared in the room opposite. King Whee considered going back to his bed and ignoring it, but his curiosity got the better of him. He snuck slowly down the corridor towards the room where he had seen the figure go in. He poked his head through the doorway.

“Hello? Is anyone there? Hello?” There was no reply. He stepped tentatively into the room. He looked around, the moonlight streaming through the window illuminating his surroundings. He was in what looked like it had once been a library. Shelves of dusty tomes lined the walls and a table lay in the centre of the room. He saw one tome lying on the floor, and a gap in one of the bookshelves. His autism was powerful, and he felt compelled to pick up the book and return it. He walked up to the book and bent down. He jerked back up when he heard what sounded like an 'hnnnnng' from behind him. He looked around, there was nothing there. *You're being silly, Whee. Just put that book back and then you can go back to bed.* At the thought of his

actions, a smile cracked it way across King Whee's pretty face. Suddenly, a spectral figure materialised before him, his ghostly trousers around his ankles and his laughably small todger hanging out for all to see.

“Oh Christ, I can't hold it back any more best friend. Let's special hug!” He lunged at King Whee, who was frozen with fear. Within seconds, he had torn off Whee's reindeer onesie and bent him over the table. He began to ram back and forth, but his wang was too short to actually connect. Despite this setback he continued, slamming his thighs against King Whee's buttcheeks with all the conviction of a person who was actually capable of having sex. Finally, with a sound that could have been mistaken for that of a gerbil yawning and a single drop of ectojism that fell sadly from the tip of his ghostly penis, the ghost was done. King Whee sighed the ordeal was done as the ghost began weeping. “You don't know how long it has been”, whimpered the ghost, “since I last met another person. I've been without friends for so very long.” King Whee averted eye contact and said nothing. King Whee replaced the book and went to leave the room, but he found that he couldn't go past the doorway. “Hehe, that's funny best friend, acting like you want to leave rather than have a night of friendship and passion.” King Whee felt his stomach churn as the ghost came towards him again.

*

The sun filtered through the bedroom window and onto Charles' face. He woke and looked over to see how King Whee was doing. To his horror, the bed was empty. He flew out of bed, waking up Sofia and Tobias. “It's King Whee, he's gone!”

“Wha?” blurmured Tobias, focused more on the killer crick in his everything.

“King Whee! King Whee!” Charles ran over to the doorway but stopped in his tracks when King Whee appeared there. “M-m'lord?” King Whee was dressed in an intricate and billowing

black lolita outfit. King Whee looked hard at the floor, looking as though he was attempting to bury his head in his frilly corset. Along with the outfit, he was also liberally coated in a strange glowing substance. "Is that...is that ectojism?" King Whee didn't take his eyes off the floor.

"Nothing happened. I've always been wearing this. What are you talking about, Charles? You so crazy. Let's go, don't dilly dally, we have to get to Hussthaniel's mother's soon. No point waiting around haha." Whee stopped babbling and turned to leave, the others following him down the stairs. Unbeknownst to them, the ghost was drifting beside him.

"Friend, don't do this to me! What we had was special, don't ruin it like this! Best friend, I love you!" King Whee averted eye contact and hurried past and out of the house, where the ghost could not follow. The ghost looked out dejectedly, then he killed himself.

-Chapter Seven- "Healing and Hurting"

The group finally made their way out of the forest, and were grateful for it. King Whee still wore the lolita outfit, since cleaned of the ectojismic layer. "Whee?" asked Haberdashering.

"What?"

"Why are you still wearing that thing?" Whee stopped.

"Shit's comfy."

"Fair 'nuff." Charles stopped too and looked back.

"Sun's going down."

"We'll rest here", said King Whee. "Hussthaniel's mother's house is only one more day away, we'll be there by tomorrow." They set up the camp and went to bed promptly.

*

Tobias was woken up late at night by a sharp pain in his stomach. He Dutch ovened Sofia to try and relieve the pressure, but it was for naught. He got out of the tent and walked around, yet still the pain remained. Suddenly, he collapsed and groaned loudly. He was racked with convulsions and shuddered violently. Sofia came out to see what trouble was afoot when Tobias suddenly vomited. He vomited hard and he vomited fast, and for quite some time. When the torrent trailed off, they were left with a large puddle on the floor with a large lump in the centre. The pair watched with horror as the shape twitched and then unfolded itself into the shape of a person. They stood up and stretched their limbs, their eyes filled with confusion. "Who are you?" asked Sofia. There was no reply. "Who are you?!" Again nothing. "Use your words, who are you?"

"M-Molesworth."

“Whaaaaaaa”, went Tobias and Sofia in unison.

“Why'd you eat me, you dick?” Tobias shrugged.

“I was hungry I guess.”

“You utter cunt.” Tobias sighed, happy that Molesworth had forgiven him.

“Any of you seen my wife? Or her boobs?” Molesworth stopped to giggle. “I've seen her boobs.”

“You have a wife?” asked Sofia, offensively incredulously.

“Yes, I have a wife. Cor, first you eat me, then you insult me. You two are just the worst.” Sofia was eager to make amends.

“Come with us. We're on an epic quest to save all of Incestria, perhaps there is a chance we could find your wife on the way.” Molesworth considered this.

“I don't like you two, but that does seem like the best chance I have of finding her and the kids. Fine, I'll come, but from now on I sleep with a knife in my hand.”

“Just out of curiosity, what's your wife's name?” asked Sofia.

“I don't actually know, everyone's only ever called her Grandma Baker.”

*

At long last, they arrived at Hussthaniel's mother's house. She stood in the front garden, watering some plants as they walked up. At the sound of their arrival, she looked up. “King Whee! Whatever brings you to my neck of the woods?” King Whee smiled and embraced her.

“Who says I need a reason to come and visit the beautiful Mrs Throckmorton?”

“Oh, you were always a charme-”

“But yeah I have a reason. We need to see your son, if that's okay. It's important.” Mrs Throckmorton's face turned sour.

“Oh no, not this time. I still remember when your father came for him with those same words. I still remember...the incident.” King Whee's face went similarly hollow.

“I know it must be hard for you, but Incestria's at stake. Please, Mrs Throckmorton, I-”

“Don't you 'Mrs Throckmorton' me, boy! My son is tired and needs rest.”

“Genevieve, please.”

“No, I'm not having my baby boy go gallivanting off wi-”

“Mother, shush.” Mrs Throckmorton stopped dead in her tracks. Everybody looked over to the front door of the house, in which stood Hussthaniel Throckmorton, his regality wholly undiminished by the bandages wrapped around his head. “I appreciate your concern, mum, but what's the worst that could come from just talking to them?” His mother seemed like she was about to argue, but then thought against it.

“Fine, but you're digging your own grave.”

“Always the dramatic one, aren't you. Come on guys, I'll get some chamomile tea on and you can tell me whatever it is you need to.” The group followed Hussthaniel inside as his mother sighed and returned to her gardening. Tobias was at the back and slammed the door shut behind him. With a sound of tearing, the door frame came off and the door fell to the floor with a slam. Tobias jumped backwards and into Sofia's arms, but she was unable to support his weight and they tumbled to the ground. “Careful with that, the walls of this house are made entirely out of paper.”

*

Hussthaniel sipped delicately from his cup of chamomile tea, considering what he had been told. The implications were indeed vast, and he had often felt that the fates of both Incestria and himself were intertwined. With this in mind, he would be hard-

pressed to refuse to join the group. “Will you join us?” asked King Whee.

“Nope.” King Whee sunk back, deflated.

“How can you say no?” Hussthaniel took a deep breath.

“The Phantom Foreskin is indeed powerful, and a force to be reckoned with, but there is one force I am under the sway of that is infinitely more so.”

“And what force is that?”

“Love, my friend. Love.”

“For real? You have always stuck me as the celibate idol of chastity type, Throckmorton.”

“Indeed, that was once the case, but coming here has introduced me to someone special.”

“Who is it?”

“I know not his name. Look, you can see him out the window!” Hussthaniel pointed and everyone turned their heads. Standing in the window of the building opposite Hussthaniel's mother's, slowly masturbating with a smile, stood a young man wearing sky blue pyjamas. Tobias felt a stirring in his loins.

“What is tha-” King Whee was cut short by the sound of a strained groan from Mrs Throckmorton, followed by more grunts and a loud splash, then a lengthy sigh. The paper walls of the house allowed the guests to hear every sound from the toilet in crystal clear quality. Tobias's loins stirred further. “What is that building opposite?”

“That would be the Whorephanage, a home for whores and orphans. Just so happens that my beau is both, an ex-catamite slave from the Wildlands and as parentless as...well, as any other orphan, really. As long as my baby is here, I can't leave, I'm sorry. You are all welcome to stay the night before going on, but I shan't join you.” Tobias took another glance at the pyjamad masturbator in the window. A plan was forming in his mind.

Hussthaniel was awoken by lights flickering across his room. He sat upright and saw that they were coming in through his window. Getting out of bed, he made his way over. He pulled his blinds up. Across the road, the Whorephanage was ablaze. Great columns of smoke rose high into the night sky and tongues of flame licked at the building. Screams drifted his way, floating on the still night air. Cries for help, cries of pain and what Hussthaniel was sure was a cry that the doors wouldn't open. He caught sight of his lover standing in the window, still masturbating, and watched in horror as the flames crept up behind him and he was engulfed. The last Hussthaniel saw of him was his hand pressed against the window, and his cock below it. Hussthaniel mirrored the gesture against his own window, then watched as he saw King Whee and Charles scurrying about below, attempting to open the doors. "It's no good! They've been barred shut, we'll never get them open." Hussthaniel wept loudly as the Whorephanage continued to burn.

*

That morning, Hussthaniel met the others in the living room. A dark cloud hung over the meeting, the smell of burning still thick in the air. Along with it, Hussthaniel fancied he could smell a gasoline-like smell coming from Tobias, but thought nothing of it. "I have made up my mind, there is nothing here for me any more." Hussthaniel's mother looked hurt. "The Whorephanage burnt down last night, nobody survived. I never even found out his name..." Hussthaniel began weeping again, and his mother held him and cooed softly in his ear. King Whee leaned back to Charles.

"It's a spot of luck that none of the flames reached this paper house." Hussthaniel had been calmed, and regained his composure.

"I shall join you in your quest. We must leave today, it hurts too much to stay here any longer." King Whee nodded. Within

an hour, the group were packed and ready to go. Sofia noticed that Tobias's pack had a light coating of soot, but made no mention of it. Hussthaniel tearfully said goodbye to his mother, and King Whee embraced her again.

“Don't worry, Genevieve. I shall bring your son back safe and sound when all this is over. This shan't be another...the incident.” King Whee and Mrs Throckmorton both looked off into the distance, as though replaying old memories in their heads. Finally, they snapped out of it, and with that the group were off. Mrs Throckmorton stood by her front door waving a handkerchief after them before going back inside. Their solemnity of their departure was undermined somewhat by the sound of more grunts and splashes, passing through the paper walls as though they were nothing. Hussthaniel stole one last glance at the burnt-out shell of the Whorephanage and tear rolled down his cheek.

-Chapter Eight-

“Some Stuff Happens, of Little Consequence”

Tobias sidled up beside Hussthaniel as the group sat gazing into the blazing fire. It hurt Hussthaniel to watch the flames, but it was preferable to freezing to death. Tobias nuzzled him with his head and he put his arm around Haberdashering's shoulders, the latter cooing softly as he curled up beside Hussthaniel. “Do you have a plan for what to do now?” asked King Whee. Hussthaniel thought for a moment.

“You tell me the IDL are off the cards?” King Whee shot an angry look at Tobias, but upon seeing him it morphed into a look just of disappointment.

“I won't go into it, but yes, they are unlikely to return our calls.”

“What of Scrotte and his noble rat people?” Tobias gurgled, fidgeted a bit, and then dozed off again. Hussthaniel softly stroked the back of his neck.

“I fear something terrible has befallen him. He has not been heard from for a long while, and I believe my father mentioned some tragedy to do with him, but I cannot recall it now.”

“Unfortunate. Scrotte has proven to be a virtuous ally when needed, I can only hope he is healthy. What aboOW PISS!” Hussthaniel had accidentally let his fingers drift and brush against Tobias's hair, causing him to snarl and bit Hussthaniel's fingers. Even now he rankled, looking like some sort of feral baby. “Shhh, it's okay, Uncle Throckmorton's sorry, go back to sleep.” Hussthaniel slowly managed to calm Tobias, who returned to sleeping against his side. “As I was saying, what about Roomps? Has he been heard from?”

“Roomps is a myth, you fool. If we have to start putting our faith in stories and fables, then we truly are doomed.” Hussthaniel pondered; truly, the situation seemed bleak.

“The Thorpistanis, they are our last chance.” King Whee leaned in close.

“The Thorpistanis? Wildlanders are not to be trusted, Throckmorton. Have you already forgotten...the incident?” Hussthaniel and King Whee looked off into the distance, tortured by memories of events long past. Tobias giggled, his dream apparently amusing, and broke them from their trance.

“I have not, King Whee, but I am also not so foolish as to believe that the two of us can stand up to the Phantom Foreskin. For the good of Incestria, we must at least try.” King Whee was silent for a long time.

“We have little choice. We must make for the Wildlands first thing in the morning, for time is growing ever shorter. Now, I must be to bed.” King Whee got up, flattened down his lolita outfit, and departed. Hussthaniel looked into the fire for a long time, deep in thought, absent-mindedly stroking Tobias's neck. After a while, Tobias awoke. He rubbed his eyes sleepily and looked up at Hussthaniel, still thinking.

“Hussthaniel?”

“Yes, Tobias?”

“Do you know where King Whee VI came from? I've been asking around, but I've received no end of bollocks from everyone.”

“Truth is, nobody really knows. In fact, I doubt even King Whee knows for sure. I have a theory though, from what my spies could piece together. Apparently, there was some maid in King Whee V's court that he pined for, but was unable to interact with. Somehow, King Whee managed to pluck up the courage and was rewarded by a night of romance. The newly-confident King Whee then embarked on a whirlwind romance with the

maid. However, they say Roomps also lay with the maid, and in doing so left her with a cavernous opening down below. King Whee arrived in their bedroom after a long hard day's kinging and began doing the dirty with her, but fell into the gaping vagina. Trapped inside there, King Whee either suffocated or starved to death, depending on who you hear it from, but not before having a wank. The sperms from that wank then matured inside the maid's innards, and within a few weeks, she produced King Whee VI."

"See, I know that's got to be balls because I saw King Whee V die, right in front of me, by Throckmorton Keep. Same goes for some of the other stories I've heard."

"Well, sure, they're probably not true, but they're fun to talk about, wouldn't you say?"

"I suppose." Tobias snuggled against Hussthaniel again, and looked up at his regal mayoral visage. "Hussthaniel?"

"Yes Tobias?"

"You're the best dad ever." Hussthaniel was left with a lot to think about, that amongst them, as Tobias went back to sleep.

*

Whilst walking along the Yellow Dick Road the next day, Tobias saw a figure sitting on a bench in the distance. As they drew nearer, Tobias saw that it was an African-American gentleman. It suddenly occurred to Tobias that his previous adventure had been curiously black person free, although he felt that if his life was ever written as some sort of best-selling book, that would not be due to any sort of latent racism on the author's part, but simply because the notion had been innocently overlooked. Luckily, Tobias could speak fluent Ebonics, having watched all of *The Wire* in the space of a weekend. He did his best approximation of a black man's swagger up to the man and began gesticulating wildly with his arms. "Yo yo yo my homie dawg what's the skinny on the strizzletreet?" The man turned to

Tobias with a look of offence. Perhaps Tobias's idea of black street lingo was insensitive.

“Whatchu talkin' 'bout, Willis?” Tobias was heartened by the man's response; he knew the phrase to be one of endearment in black culture, much like the term 'cunt' was in white culture.

“I sho' jibba-jabba yo jive turkey badonkadonk, fo' sho'?”

“Fo' sho', fo' sho’”, replied the black man non-stereotypically.

“Yo brotha, I be peepin' some honkey jive crackas, act like dey own a brotha's place, ya dig?”

“I dig, I dig. Where you be at, dawg?”

“I be 'round, I be 'round, ya feel it brotha?”

“Word, fo' real.”

“Hey, you know what they say: see a broad to get dat booty yak 'em...”

“...leg 'er down a smack 'em yak 'em!”

“Col' got to be! Y'know? Sheeeeeeit. Want some food, dawg?”

“Bet, babe. Slide a piece o' da' porter. Drinks, I run da' java.”

“Off da hook, off da hook. Say, my brotha, you wanting come an' join the crew, show some honky ghost thang what's what?”

“Aw hell naaaaaw, sheeeeeeit.” The black men promptly picked up his watermelon, large bucket of KFC and welfare cheques and stormed off. Tobias realised that if his life ever did get turned into a best-selling book series, then the lack of any black characters could reasonably be justified as the author being unable to portray them convincingly.

“Jive-ass dude don't got no brains anyhow. Sheeeeeeit.”

*

On their journey, the group stumbled upon Little Israel. “Let's go around it”, advised Tobias. “There can be nothing good in that evil place.”

“But look”, interrupted King Whee. “Can you see anyone there?” Tobias looked long and hard, but the city was still. Dead.

“No, nothing's moving. Against my better judgement, I'd suggest we go have a look. Worst comes to worst, we can always drop some pocket change and make our escape.” With that, the posse descended upon Little Israel.

The streets of Little Israel were indeed deserted. The group wandered through, past Tel Aviv Avenue and Currency Corner, past Dosh Drive and Beersheba Boulevard. Where once Tobias had heard the charming sounds of little Jewish children playing with their little Jewish *dreidels*, now there was only the sound of the wind. Tobias felt strangely moved by the poignancy of the scene, despite the negative feelings the memories of his time there stirred up. They made their way to the Hexagon. Tobias would have been almost glad to see even one Little Israeli, even one sideburn spear. There was nothing.

They arrived at the Hexagon to find the doors open. It was as empty of life as the rest of the city. Cautiously, fearing some sort of trap, they walked inside. Through empty, unkempt corridors they searched, finding nothing. Suddenly, Sofia gasped. The others looked over and saw her looking through a large doorway, perhaps the largest in the building. They wandered over. Before them stretched a huge hall, but that was not what left them speechless. Covering the floor were an uncountable number of bodies of all ages, though all male. They were all pointed towards a pedestal raised in the centre of the room. Tobias ventured over to the dais, noticing on the way that each and every corpse seemed to have a bloody patch around their crotch region.

Looking at the pedestal, Tobias saw that it was covered in what looked like some kind of hieroglyphics and Hebrew text. Luckily, Tobias had taken a course of Jewish hieroglyphics back in primary school and so could, with some effort, decode it.

From what he gathered, the Little Israelis had sacrificed their foreskins and life essence to bring the Phantom Foreskin back from his banishment. Tobias looked over the gruesome scene, and then hurried out, followed by the others. The thought of what the Phantom Foreskin would do to Incestria, given the chance, weighed heavy on their hearts.

*

Our intrepid band of heroes were at the outskirts of Incestria. Before them stretched the unfamiliar and threatening Wildlands. The sun was dipping, and they needed to find a place to stay the night. As luck would have it, there was a very inviting-looking cave waiting for them. They poked their heads inside and the cave seemed empty. Satisfied, they laid down their roll mats and slept.

Tobias was awoken by a strange wetness around his crotch. “Sofia, not now. I need some shut-eye.” The wetness continued. “Sofia, I swear you slobber like a Doberman sometimes.” Tobias sat up and opened his eyes. To his horror, squatting down before him was not Sofia, but some bizarre cross between spider and old woman; the thorax of the former, the upper body and head of the latter. Startled by his sudden movement, she detached her arachnid vagina from Tobias with a shudder-inducing slurp and looked sheepishly at him.

“Uh...usually I...inject...a thing...to paralyse you...but I forgot this time.” With a *pfut*, she was away, flying out of the cave door, pulled by her trail of web. Tobias thought about the encounter, shrugged, and went back to bed. He needed all the sleep he could get, for the next leg of the journey would be trying indeed.

-Chapter Nine-
**“Je pensais qu'un chapitre titre doit être en
français”**

The band of merry men steeled their resolve and crossed the border between Incestria and the Wildlands. Stretching out before them was an endless, featureless desert. King Whee's eyes darted at his water bottle, which would never look full enough for his liking. They walked for as long as they could walk, the going slow and tiring, the dry sand falling away beneath their feet. At times, they passed the wind-battered skeletons of large and unfamiliar beasts. At one point, they found themselves inside a vast ribcage, as large as the largest hall any of them had ever found themselves in. Occasionally, one of them would think they could hear a strange noise drifting past on the wind and their imaginations would run wild conjuring up possible creatures that it could have originated from. They had been walking for most of the day with no discernible progress, except that Incestria had disappeared behind them, and they had long since run out of water. “Anybody...anybody have any water left?” cracked Tobias's voice.

“I ran out about an hour ago”, replied King Whee.

“And I did a couple of hours ago”, added Hussthanriel. Sofia just rasped in reply. Tobias was despondent and began to whine when he saw over in the distance an inviting, glimmering oasis.

“Odds on that being some bullshit mirage?” asked Tobias.

“Almost certainly, although we may as well check it out. May as well die with one less question on our minds.” The group made their way over to the oasis, which was still quite a trek.

When they arrived, they found that it was not, in fact, a mirage. Tobias skipped elatedly.

“Yes! I was so sure that this would be a trick, but for once something in a desert is exactly what it seems! Tobias 1, desert nil!” Tobias began performing some form of tribal victory dance, but the others rushed straight to the oasis to drink, Tobias eventually joining them. The water was cool and refreshing and they eagerly slurped it down. Tobias splashed some on his face, and Sofia stripped starkers and had a bathe. The others soon copied her and spent a delightful hour or so swimming in the magical lake; Hussthanial and King Whee stood with the water up to their waists, discussing what to do next and refilling their bottles, whilst Tobias and Sofia spun slowly in the water, humping as they went. Suddenly, Tobias felt a fluttering in his bowels. He attempted to pull out of Sofia, but her glue-like vaginal juices held him fast.

“What's wrong, Tobias?” Before he could answer, Tobias evacuated his bowels with impressive speed and tenacity. Sofia recoiled in disgust, but succeeded only in pulling Tobias, and by extension the fountain emanating from his rear, along with her. Tobias attempted to mumble a feeble apology to Sofia, but could scarcely be heard over the engine-like sound behind him.

“Haroooooooooooooooooooooooooooo”, he cried, his voice as long and low and chilling as a cold wind from the north. The ground trumpeted in answer: *da-DA da-DA da-DAAAAAAAAA*, brazen and defiant. Tobias's trail began to tail off, and he listened alongside a retching Sofia as the ground blared again, *da-DAAA da-DAAA da-DA da-DA da-DAAAAAAAAA*. Sofia finally managed to free herself from Tobias and scurry up the shore, Tobias following meekly behind. King Whee looked abhorrently at Tobias, and then looked around again as the ground rumbled a third time, then began to shake.

“Earthquake! Run!” shouted Hussthaniel, and it seemed like prudent advice, so they did. As they ran, jagged blades of bone burst out from the ground before them and they had to dart side to side to avoid an ignominious, disembowelled end. Just then, it struck Tobias what the mysterious structures were.

“They're teeth, this is some kind of mouth!” Sure enough, the sand began to fall away and the group found themselves running on a soft, moist surface; some great creature's tongue. They were being raised up into the air as Tobias noticed the mouth beginning to rise up and close over them. They were a few metres away from the teeth. The mouth closed further, a great rumble came from deep within the monster's throat. At last, they reached the cusp of the creature's mouth and jumped, unfazed by the significant drop that lay below them. One after the other, they crashed into the sandy desert floor with a *pfumf*. Sofia landed head first and buried herself in the sand; she began to flail in fear. Tobias attempted to pull her out, but it was no good. In a moment of inspiration, he inserted his Johnson and allowed the glue to take hold before pulling back with all the might he could muster. He felt his penile attachment strained to its absolute limits and that his member was on the verge of pulling off when, suddenly, Sofia shot out of the sand and they both tumbled backwards.

“Ooft, thanks Tobias.” Tobias didn't hear her thanks, for he was looking over to what had once been an oasis of salvation, but which was now a colossal worm-like creature, its body stretching far off into the sky. The ground again shook as it tore the air apart with a cacophonous screech, and then the worm began descending again, back into its tunnel. The toothy end of the worm slipped underneath the sand and the oasis, sitting atop a glistening stalk, retook its place, awaiting another unwitting victim.

The group found their morale boost after the refilling of their bottles diminished after only a couple miles of walking. The light was starting to dim now, and they knew that they would have to set up a camp soon, having made no identifiable progress throughout the whole day. They could not even be sure that they were still walking in the right direction, if there even was a right direction. For all they knew, the Thorpistanis were long-gone, defeated by the inhospitality of the harsh Wildlands environment. Tobias was walking, hand in his pockets, eyes fixated on the ground ahead of him when he saw a shadow passing rapidly over it. Before he could ask himself what it could be, the ground exploded in front of him. He regained his senses and looked up, seeing numerous brightly-coloured bolts hurtling towards him. He got up and ran, the rest of the group following behind. "Where are those coming from?!" shouted King Whee.

"It's as though some angry Wildlands god is displeased with us!" replied Hussthaniel. At the mention of a god, Tobias knew that Atheism was in need of defending. Tobias, however, was thinking. All this reminded him of something his Ocean Mother had once said to him...

*

"Tobias, are you okay?" Tobias's Ocean Mother (under nautical law) had a soft voice, and Tobias warmed to it immediately.

"Yesh." The Ocean Mother sat beside him. Tobias would be stuck on the ferry for some time, his parents having decided to stay behind for one last shag and himself being too young to leave without them. "Could you please tell me a story, Ocean Mother?" She considered this.

"I suppose so, I don't have much to do right now either. Fine, I'll tell you a tale about a fantasy land, where all are related..." Tobias listened with mounting fascination as she regaled him

with many tales, filled with whole menageries of unique and loveable characters. "...and around Incestria stretches the vast and untameable Wildlands, home of all manner of vile creatures, from altitude wizards to slurpcoques."

"What are altitude wizards?"

"Altitude wizards are perhaps the most threatening creatures in Incestria, so it is well that they can only exist above the Wildlands with its strong upward currents. As you well know, magic in Incestria only exists at an altitude of 700ft or more. Some, in their relentless quest for such magical powers, attach themselves to vast kites attached to the ground with thin yet very strong tethers to keep them from drifting off, and spend their whole lives up in the Magicosphere. The biting cold and the lack of oxygen will invariably lead them quite insane, and they pose a great risk to anyone travelling in the Wildlands, firing bolts of explosive magic down at the intruders from on high."

"How could somebody defeat them then?"

"They say that nobody has ever seen an altitude wizard, or at least seen an altitude wizard and lived, as they fly too far up to be seen with the naked eye and use of a telescope tends to mark someone out as their first target. However, some people are said to have been able to best the altitude wizards by finding their tethers and severing them, leaving the wizard up to the mercy of the winds, which, some say, find the altitude wizards' presence insulting and polluting, and therefore their mercy may be limited." At that, Tobias's parents came up to him, Sofia tottering along beside them. The Ocean Mother looked up at them. "Ah, I see you're all ready now. Well, goodbye Tobias. Maybe I'll see you some other time." As she left, Tobias waved excitedly.

"Bye Ocean Mother! Someday I'll get to Incestria, and it'll be the best moment of my life!"

Tobias's reminiscing drifted briefly over to his and Sofia's travel to Incestria, and he smiled to himself as his peen filled with blood. Then he remembered the threat of the altitude wizards and snapped back into gear. "Quickly, look for some sort of tether to the ground! If you find one, snap it and look for more! They're altitude wizards!"

"They're whats?!" shouted King Whee, in order to be heard over the sound of explosions and sand raining down on them. Tobias, Sofia and Hussthaniel had already run off, so he decided the question would have to wait and went to search too. Tobias fumbled in the snow for any sort of rope or string whilst also dodging lightning bolts. Hussthaniel ran along with his arms outstretched, hoping to snag a line or two on his arms, but he was unsuccessful. King Whee squinted as he ran, hoping to discern the sun glinting off of a tether or something, but was similarly disappointed. Molesworth sniffed the air to no avail. Sofia, however, had an idea. She got herself into a handstand and spread her legs.

"Everybody, get down! I'm going to propel my viscous vaginal juices out using kegeling, and if there are any strings around it should make them stand out a bit more. Heeding her instructions, the others hit the deck and hoped that the bolts from on high would miss them. Sofia strained and grunted, her face going red, until suddenly she issued forth a puttering stream of goop that, like a garden sprinkler, shot off in every direction. The others watched as the substance flew through the air and clung to imperceptibly thin string in mid-air, forming big, clumpy strands. "You can see them now, snap them quickly!"

"Roger!" replied the others, who ran about severing as many cords as they could find. With each cord severed, the barrage of magic blasts withered until it eventually stopped all together. They all paused, aware of the silence, and caught their collective breath.

*

That night, as Tobias lay in his tent alongside Sofia, who was still drained from her performance earlier. Tobias was about to drift off when he heard a screeching coming from the sky. Fearing another altitude wizard blast, he covered his body with the sleeping Sofia, but rather than an explosion on impact, there was a loud *thunk* and the sound of sand grinding on sand for a few seconds.

In the morning, the band awoke and stepped outside to find a huge kite wrecked on the ground beside their tent, having left a long gouge in the earth where it had come in at an angle. Turned it over in an attempt to steal a look at an altitude wizard, Tobias found only a gnarled mess and a few clumps of what may have been flesh, the wizard having apparently been shredded under the kite.

-Chapter Ten-

“Rumble in the Jungle”

The group sat around a camp fire, under the twinkling of the Incestrian night sky. Tobias felt that this situation tended to lead to lengthy bouts of exposition, so decided to speed things along and asked Molesworth about his wife. “Tell us about Grandma Baker, Molesworth.” Molesworth looked at him churlishly.

“I don't know why I should, since I hate you, but I suppose I have nothing better to do. I was a great astronomer once, you see. I lived in the Munge Mountains to be better able to lay eyes upon the heavens. However, I grew lonely. I made telescopes, each more powerful than the last, until finally I created a telescope capable of viewing Cliteropolis, that glittering Malmö of Incestria clearly. I used it for a few months to spy on honies as they showered, stuff like that.”

“I understand, the usual.”

“Yeah. Well, once I was having a peek at this hot piece of booty when they looked out of the window. In all the directions in all the towns in all the world, she looks into mine. Her eyes met mine and, even though we were so far apart, we shared a moment. Don't ask me how, but I know she saw me and knew I was looking. I told my friends about the encounter, which were, admittedly, a penny, a used napkin and a chip, but they just mocked me. Unfazed, I watched her the next day. Again, we shared a beautiful moment, and this time she blew me a kiss. She really did know that I was there! Our late-night visual trysts continued for some weeks before I began to feel that they were not enough. One night, I snuck into Cliteropolis, that glittering Madrid of Incestria, and found my way to her house. I threw a

rock at the window and it smashed, so I ran and hid. I watched from the shadows as she looked longingly out of the window, then sighed when she saw that nobody was there. Then she glanced over at me, and we shared another moment. I found my legs with a mind of their own as they compelled me to leave my hiding spot. As I came out into the light, her eyes lit up.”

“Hang on”, interrupted Tobias. “I thought you looked like a mole last time I met you.”

“Oh yeah, I forgot about that. Let's gloss over it, because if we don't, the story will sound too similar to that of Scrotte and Linda.”

“Righto, go on.”

“Long story short, I ended up in her bedroom. I readied myself for some passionate lovin', when suddenly she sucker-punched an uppercut into my sensitive bollocks and cock-”

“Bollocks and cock?”

“What about it?”

“Isn't it usually cock and bollocks?”

“Now that's just plain insensitive, why can't you stop mocking me or eating me for even a second, you scumbag? It just so happens that I was born with a rare condition called Ballsedup Syndrome, where my testicles come out above my shaft.”

“Can I see?”

“Inexplicably, I shall show you.” Molesworth pulled down his pantaloons and Tobias saw what looked like a sad face, formed by two droopy bollocks draped over a shaft like a pancake over a banger. Tobias snickered. “There are dozens of us! Dozens!”

“Sorry. Go on with your story.”

“Right. Anyway, she punched me and threw me on the bed. I was dazed, but saw her go off and return in a full bondage outfit and wielding a variety of whips and chains. Fearing that

somewhere along the line, what we were both after had been misunderstood, I tried to tell her that I wasn't into that sort of thing. Alas, she just beat me until I was silent and had her way with me.”

“And you married her?”

“Of course I married her. I was terrified of her, plus you don't get to be a chooser when you are a large mole creature.”

“Ooh, there that is. Knew we could work it in.”

“Yes, I was very happy that we did. Anyway, I came to love when she abused me, and so came to love her. I need to find her again, she's my everything.”

“It's okay, Molesworth. I'm sure she's fine. Probably worried sick about you, no doubt.”

“I suppose. I just long to see our beautiful children again.”

“Aw, c'mon. Children are always fine.”

*

At long last, the group saw something other than endless, interminable sand. A dark strip across the horizon slowly expanded until they could see a dense jungle ahead of them, stretching on just as endlessly as the desert had, but at least it was something. “C'mon chums, something that isn't more desert. Anyone as stoked as I am?”

“I'm tempering my stokedness somewhat”, replied King Whee. Tobias shrugged off the comment as the group entered the jungle.

The jungle was little better than the desert. The group were plastered with sweat within minutes and Tobias found himself afflicted with unbearable swamp ass. Before long, they were hopelessly lost. Remembering that had once read that someone who tries to walk in a straight line through a forest will end up walking in circles, Tobias led the group intentionally in circles, in the hope that they would end up accidentally walking straight. King Whee's eyes darted with terror at every slight movement,

caught out of the corner of an eye. “Christ, fucking spiders.” At one point, King Whee jumped and emitted a girly squeal. The others looked around and saw him staring at a hole in a tree.

“What’s wrong, boy?” asked Hussthaniel. King Whee whimpered.

“Oh no. There’s a spider in there, I-I know there is. It-it’s going to jump out any second.” Whee mumbled incoherently for a few seconds whilst the others watched. “This is torture. The fear of spiders is somehow worse than the spiders themselves. That’s the cruellest joke of all.” The others got tired of watching a hole, except Tobias, who was used to peering at and into Sofia’s multitude of them, and were turning to leave when a feather-tipped arrow shot past Tobias’s face and planted itself in a tree past him. He stood still, unsure of what had just happened. The others looked around but could see nothing, and suddenly the jungle erupted in a cacophony of high-pitched whooping and hollering.

“Some sort of native tribe, I think!” shouted Hussthaniel over the din. A flurry of arrow flew past him and embedded into a nearby tree. “Not the best of aims, apparently!”

Out of the trees filtered hundreds of little pygmies, bodies daubed in war paint and wielding all manner of bizarre and menacing-looking weaponry. Our unarmed heroes found themselves surrounded within seconds, the pygmies closing in relentlessly. Was this the end for our intrepid heroes?

Nope. As one pygmy ran up to Tobias and attacked him, Tobias trod on the little guy. The pygmies were at most a couple of inches tall, and as they swung their weapons against the ankles of our heroes, they inflicted little more damage than the jungle undergrowth had already. The group tried kicking the pygmies away at first, but they were indomitable and eventually the group had to resort to treading on as many as they could. The pygmies did not, it seemed, possess the notion of surrender, and

were massacred to the last man. Tobias let out a fearsome, or perhaps it would have been fearsome coming from anyone else, war cry. “Jungle more, pussy fgts!” King Whee panted and wiped the sole of his boots on the undergrowth.

“Tobias, shut up, or I swear to god I will take you to a high place.” Tobias, irrationally terrified of heights from a young age, shrunk inside himself like a foppish tortoise, but not before defending Atheism, as was his duty.

“Why swear to a god who doesn't exist? Stupid theist, why don't you just be as euphoric as I am in my Atheism?” Hussthaniel stepped forwards.

“Don't be like that, he can't help that he's so terrible.”

“I'll beat you up Huss.” Hussthaniel and King Whee squared off, whilst Sofia tried to coax Tobias out of his shell and Molesworth puttered about on the sidelines. Suddenly, King Whee lunged at Hussthaniel, but he countered and deflected the blow away, laying one of his own into Whee's diaphragm. King Whee collapsed to the floor and gasped for air as Hussthaniel unleashed a fearsome Bruce Lee wail.

“You forget, King Whee, that I am a black belt in all of the martial arts, from Gun-Kata to Krav Maga, from Hokotu Shinken to Deja-Fu. I can slap your shit up and down in ways that they don't even have names for. Now get up.” Hussthaniel extended his hand to King Whee, who looked at it dubiously before accepting it and getting back up to his feet. He brushed himself off and then laughed.

“This is all so much like...the incident.” Hussthaniel and King Whee stared off into the distance, as if replaying the butchery of a thousand battlefields in their minds. Hussthaniel shook it off and reached out his hand to King Whee, who seized it and they bumped chests. “I'm sorry, but he's just so awful.” Hussthaniel looked over at Tobias, who was now out of his shell and tongue-kissing Sofia passionately.

“I know, I know.” He sighed, when there came a rustling from the bushes behind them. They turned and Hussthaniel readied himself into a martial pose. The shrub jostled and shook, and suddenly out popped a weasel-like creature, about up to a man's waist and wearing a white shirt with horizontal navy blue stripes and a beret at a jaunty angle.. He looked them over with disdainful eyes, the unfiltered cigarette hanging from his mouth dropping ash upon the ground. The smell of garlic, pungent cheese and fierce body odour wafted past the group. “Who are you?” asked Hussthaniel.

“Come viz me, silly Safelanders.” The creature's every word sounded untrustworthy. “King Torps veeshes to see you.”

-Chapter Eleven-

“You Come at the King, You Best Not Miss”

The group followed the weasel-like creature through miles of jungle, but the trip was largely uneventful. Tobias contracted a bit of diarrhoetic malaria but it passed, and had the pleasant side-effect of slimming down his portly figure somewhat, although luckily no to such a degree that his movement could not still be described as waddling. On the verge of getting sick of the whole business, the jungle abruptly ended, and the group found themselves gazing over a verdant hilly plain. Farmers went to-and-fro in their fields, growing great and wonderful fruits and vegetables that none of the group had ever before seen. Tobias was looking in wonder at a bizarre, squash-like plant that perfectly resembled his penis when the group moved on. Turning to join them, he suddenly saw Charles standing beside him. “Charles?” he asked. “Have you been here the whole time?”

“Yeah, why?”

“I don't know, I just swear I haven't noticed you for some time. I think the last time anyone mentioned you was at Hussthaniel's house.”

“I've been here, I just kept out of the way of everything going on.”

“You sure you didn't just get forgotten about?”

“Nah, I'm sure I didn't. I mean, if this was a book or something, I doubt the author would make such a rookie mistake as forgetting characters.”

“True, true. I bet it'd be a really good book, too.”

“The very finest.” The pair paused to reflect on just how fantastic a book written about their adventure, perhaps even

some sort of best-selling series or even chronicle, would be. Eventually, Tobias looked ahead and past the vast farmland that he found himself in, and saw a great city looming over the horizon. Tobias was awed, partly that such a place could exist in the barren Wildlands, and partly because he had just seen a tree that looked a little bit like a cock.

“Mmm...” Tobias watched as a farmer walked around the tree, picking some juicy-looking fruits from it and placing them in a basket. They looked up, saw Tobias and gave him a smile, which he returned. He then waddled hurriedly to catch up with the rest of the party.

*

They arrived, at long last, before the great wrought-iron gates. “Welcome, Safelanders, to Thorpistan”, said the weasel.

“Thanks for guiding us here”, replied King Whee. “What's your name?”

“Eet eez ze Veazel.” With that, he disappeared into a small puff of smoke. The group stared dumbfounded for a second before a guard came out from a small doorway beside the gate, walked up to the centre of it, pulled out a giant jangly ring of keys and unlocked it. It slowly swung open and the group passed through, but Tobias had a glance at the guard and saw that, to his surprise, it was the farmer from earlier. Before Tobias could ask him for a delicious fruit, the man scurried away into the same doorway that he had emerged from. On the other side of the gate, the group found the Weasel again. “Come viz me”, said he, scratching his silly thin moustache and chewing on a pair of frog's legs. At his feet hopped an angry double-amputee frog.

“Tell us of this King Torps, Mr the Weasel”, asked Hussthaniel amicably. The Weasel sighed theatrically.

“Ha! You smelly Safelanders are all zee same, viz your stupeedity. Keeng Torps eez the lord of all you see around you ere, and eet eez in heez hands that your fates now lie.” The

Weasel hawked a loogie straight at Tobias's feet, which Tobias took to be him coming on. In response, he blew a raspberry, spitting all over the Weasel and any of his companions unlucky enough to standing nearby. At the same time, he unsheathed his trouser snake and began violently masturbating. “*Zut alors!* You Safelanders are all insane!” cried the Weasel as Tobias began some sort of primal cry. A few seconds later and Tobias was laying on the ground weeping in a pool of his own spittle, semen and tears.

“I swear”, King Whee hastened to point out, “he does not represent all of Incestria. Or even, for that matter, a tiny part of it. I don't even know why we take him with us.”

“King Whee's right”, added Hussthanriel. “Tell us about yourself, though, Mr the Weasel. What do you do here in Thorpistan?”

“Insolent peeg! Shat ahp and follow *moi*.” Hussthanriel did not press the Weasel, and the group followed him silently up to King Torps' royal palace. On the way, a cleaned-up Tobias noticed that he was seeing the farmer pretending to be a guard an awful lot, pretending to be everything from a butcher to a baker, and a candlestick maker. Tobias even saw him pretending to be a seven-year-old girl that he leered at, licking his lips and rubbing his fierce erection.

*

As they entered the main hall of the royal palace, the first thing Tobias noticed was that the farmer was now pretending to be an entire hall full of royal courtiers at once. “Impressive, nameless farmer” muttered he under his breath. They were led through the hall, the eyes of everybody on the newcomers. They reached the end of the vast hall and stepped through two huge, ornate doors, into an even more vast chamber, in the centre of which was a huge throne raised up high on a pedestal. The

throne was a dull grey and the sides of the back bristled with the extruding blades from which it was created.

“The Steel Throne...” murmured Hussthaniel. “I never thought I'd lay eyes upon it.” On the throne sat the farmer from before, pretending to be a king in flowing regal robes, a shining golden crown set upon his head. He sat uncomfortably on the throne, fidgeting incessantly. As they came nearer, they could hear his voice.

“Why did I think a throne made of swords was a good idea? I swear to god, that's the edgiest, most comically grimdark thing I've ever heard of. Weasel, I see you're back! Write down a reminder to have the smith that forged this hunk of shite boiled alive, and to get a new, more practical throne built.” The Weasel bowed low. Tobias lunged forth to defend Atheism, but he was restrained by King Whee, who considered maybe just choking him and making his life a whole lot easier.

“As you weesh, my liege.” King Torps lay eyes upon his guests and jumped up from the throne with a start.

“You have brought guests! Why did you not say?! Welcome, welcome to Thorpistan! Tell me, what corner of the Wildlands are you fro-” His eyes fell upon Hussthaniel. “Do my eyes deceive me, or is...is that Hussthaniel Throckmorton? My dear boy, why, I have not seen hide nor hair of you since...the incident.” Hussthaniel's and King Torps' faces each took on a thousand-yard stare, as if millions of voices suddenly cried out in terror and were suddenly silenced. During this pause, King Whee notices Tobias elbowing him unceasingly in the ribs. He tried his best to ignore him, but Tobias was too irritating.

“What do you want, Tobias?” Tobias leaned towards him and pointed surreptitiously over to King Torps.

“Get a load of this guy, acting like he owns the place.” King Whee looked unbelievably at Tobias, sighed, and turned away. *Maybe he'll develop a terminal illness and die at some point,*

thought King Whee. Finally, King Torps and Hussthaniel snapped out their trance and returned to the present.

“Tell me, my dear Throckmorton, what it is that brings you all the way out here? It is no easy task to cross the Dessert Desert, and the Fungal Jungle has claimed no end of lives. You are lucky my spymaster maintains such vigilance, or you would all be corpses by now. He has been trailing you since you stepped across the border.” They looked around for the Weasel, but he was gone.

“King Torps, I bring the gravest of news. The Phantom Foreskin is loose, and he reigns destruction wherever he goes. He had already killed many, including King Whee V.” King Torps looked over to King Whee VI.

“Who?” It was just a coincidence.

“Never mind. We come here to humbly ask you for your he-”

“Okay, how come I've seen you pretending to be everything from a farmer to a king? Why are you following me through this city? And can I have one of those fruits you picked earlier?” interrupted Tobias. Hussthaniel glowered at him, but King Torps laughed a feminine warble of a laugh.

“I understand that Thorpistan can be a confusing place to those unaccustomed, young one. Long ago, the various Wildlander tribes fought a great war, and millions were slain. It was decided that since the tribes' animosity was based on perceived differences between each other, the only way to achieve peace would be to eliminate those differences. Random genes were taken from members of every tribe, and assembled into the perfectly average being. They were cloned thousands of times, and the Wildlands have known an age of peace and prosperity untold of since then. We Wildlanders are identical in every way, so we have nothing to hate each other over.”

“Fascinating, but we humbly ask f-” Hussthaniel was again interrupted by Tobias.

“So wait, when you have sex, is it still incest?” Hussthaniel fumed.

“A common question. Our most average minds have pondered this for many years, and two schools of thought have emerged. One claims that clone sex is incest as the two share genes, but the other counters by saying that since both are the same, it is actually masturbation. Alas, I doubt we shall ever know for sure.”

“Interesting, but we really mu-” Tobias was about to interrupt again, but Hussthaniel floored him with a vicious blow. “King Torps, we humbly request the help of the Thorpistanis in defeating the Phantom Foreskin. Divided we fall, but united we stand, and after destroying us, the Phantom Foreskin shall invariably come for you Wildlanders.” King Torps silenced Hussthaniel with a wave of his hand.

“Hussthaniel, we go back a long way. Normally, I would be glad to offer you any help that I can, but as it says in the philosophical cornerstone of our society, the *Torpus Aristotelicum*, 'thou shalt not go to war for any reason, even if it makes total sense, because wars are bad m'kay'.” His audience said nothing. “Granted, it may lose a little in the translation, but at least it's better than 'thou shalt do sick parkour bro all of the time because it's so cool man'.”

“So you shall not help us, and in doing so, doom all of us?”

“Hands are tied, man.”

“Dick.”

“Whoa whoa whoa, check yourself before you wreck yourself. We Wildlanders have long been ignored by you Safelanders, even in our hours of greatest need. Why would we ever want to get involved in the petty squabbles of the high-and-mighty Incestrians?”

“Hey lil' mama”, shouted Tobias. “It may be bigger than you, and it may be bigger than me, but it ain't bigger than you and me, can you dig it?” Everybody stared at Tobias with various expressions ranging from shock to disgust.

“No, no I can not 'dig it'! Leave my sight this instant, and go back to Incestria to fight your dumb battles, but know that the Thorpistanis shall have no part in it!” With that, they were hurried out of the hall by the guards, all identical. They were thrown out of the royal palace and the doors were slammed shut behind them. The sun was beginning to set, and the identical Thorpistanis hurried about, closing up shops and such.

-Chapter Twelve-

“All the Best Plot Development Happens in Bars”

Despondent, the troupe wandered the lonely streets of Thorpistan in the night. Closed storefronts after closed storefronts were the background to their stroll. Some time had passed when they heard the sound of an engine coming from afar. “Wait, do we have cars now?” asked King Whee.

“Well yeah, duh. Jedediah Throckmorton ran a bus business, after all”, retorted Hussthanial.

“Fair point. I wonder who it is.” The band stopped and craned their heads to hear where the sound was coming from, but it was impossible. The sound appeared to be coming closer, however, and eventually they saw, at the end of the road they were on, a car shoot past and out of sight again. Even in that brief sighting, they could tell that the car, which was a really cool car and undoubtedly got all the bitches, was being driven by none other than Roomps. “R-Roomps?” stammered King Whee, prostrating himself in awe. In the passenger seat, as was only to be expected, was a wench of fine calibre. As he shot past the end of the road, Roomps ran a red light, but all present knew that it was nothing to do with his driving ability, which was nothing short of stellar, and all to do with the fact that Roomps was not constrained by such petty notions as 'red lights' and 'the Man'. Though they had been uplifted at the sight of Roomps, as he drove away their spirits sank again.

*

After a long while, they saw some solitary lights at the end of the street. Venturing closer, they saw a glowing neon sign above a nondescript doorway. It burnt the words 'the Nag's Head

Bar & Bar Fight Venue' into their retinas. Warm, inviting light filtered out through the small curtained windows, and the group decided that they may as well drink heavily as they came to terms with their doom.

They stepped inside and were instantly welcomed by a general air of jocularly and the soft sound of piano music drifting through the smoke-filled air, but it failed to raise their spirits. They stepped up to the bar, where the overworked barman greeted them with a friendly enthusiasm that also failed to cheer them up, but would have seemed thoroughly lovely to anybody else. "Over here, strangers! Welcome! Whaddaya buyin'?" he said, in his gravelly yet endearing voice. At that, the barkeep opened up the his long trench coat, much like the public masturbators that Tobias had befriended back at home. Lining the inside, they saw a number of bizarre-looking bottles containing liquids of all different colours, and even a few that seemed to be glowing.

"A round of your finest ale", said Hussthanial. Tobias tugged at his trouser leg and whined. "What is it?"

"I don't wanna ale. I wanna cosmopolitan!" Hussthanial sighed and looked back at the barkeep.

"Do you do-"

"Five manly ales and a cosmo? Coming right up!" From deep in one of his huge pockets, he produced the drinks and placed them on the bar. Hussthanial reached into his pockets and rummaged around, but to no avail.

"Oh no, I forgot, I don't have any money on me." He looked around expectantly at the others, who all shrugged or avoided his gaze.

"Do we even have currency in Incestria?" asked King Whee.

"I don't think it's ever been mentioned before", added Molesworth.

“Even if we did, what are the odds of it being accepted in the Wildlands?” replied King Whee.

“True, true. I don't think we thought this through at all”, said Molesworth. Charles cleared his throat behind them all to make himself known and make it clear that he had not been forgotten.

“I'm very sorry, I haven't got any way for paying for these”, Hussthaniel told the barkeep.

“I could trade my body for them”, proposed Sofia.

“No, no, that shan't be necessary”, replied the barman, waving the suggestion away. “You lot appear down on your luck. These drinks are on me, friends.”

“I could trade my body for them”, proposed Tobias.

“Please, please can I hit him”, King Whee asked Hussthaniel. “Just this once, and then numerous times afterwards.”

*

The group took their drinks and went off to find a table, whilst Hussthaniel stayed at the bar and chatted with the barman. “So what's your story?” he asked. The barman squinted at him and poured himself a pint.

“They call me Pat-Pat-Patel. I'm sure you've noticed I don't look like the others in this place.” It was true, Pat-Pat-Patel had dark skin like an Indian (Asian flavour). “I used to be a commercial pilot back on Earth, don'tcha know.”

“What happened?”

“I got bored and decided to do some sick loop-de-loops and barrel rolls and stuff. Nobody at flight control really cared because they were so sick, but one time I was flying a group from the Society for Haemophiliacs Who Also Have a Phobia of Seatbelts and nobody told me beforehand.” Hussthaniel drew a sharp intake of breath through his teeth. “Yeah, I know. It was like a lasagne in there when I was done. Suffice it to say I lost my wings for that.”

“How'd you end up in Incestria?”

“I dunno, guess I shagged a relative or something. I have severe alcoholism and don't remember much, you see. Anyway, I show up in Incestria, wander around for a bit, but it just wasn't for me. I made my way through the Wildlands to see if there was anything cool there, and I found myself in Thorpistan. I set up this dive bar and live a simple life as best I can. Still weirds me out a bit, seeing all these identikit chaps milling about, but at least they're not black.”

“Black?”

“Yeah, I'm an incorrigible racist. You want to hear my thoughts on Nicki Minaj? She is both a retard and a nig-”

“Nah. You have a good one though.”

“Yeah, you too.” Huss left the barkeep and walked towards the table with his friends. On the way he passed Tobias sat in front of the piano and Sofia beside him.

“Play it once, Sam. For old times' sake.”

“I don't know what you mean, Miss Haberdashering.”

“Play it Sam. Play *As Time Goes By*.”

“Oh, I can't remember it, Miss Haberdashering. Also I can't play piano. Do you happen to have a violin handy?” Sofia rummaged in her utility vagina but found nothing. Husssthanial walked past them and past Charles, who was sitting alone, staring into his drink as though the answers to his problems were at the bottom of his glass. Suddenly, a woman came across and sat beside him.

“What you drinking, big man?” asked the woman, who looked like a Tim Burton character played by Helena Bonham-Carter with her frilly outfit and gaudy makeup. King Whee looked over at her frills from his table jealously and smoothed down his lolita outfit. Charles didn't look up from his glass.

“Don't know. Whatever it is, it doesn't dull the pain.”

“What's troubling you, hon?”

"I can't say. I don't even know who you are." The woman gesticulated with theatrical aplomb.

"Why, everyone in this here town knows me. Loose Lucy's the name, whorin' is the game!" Loose Lucy the comedy whore with a snatch of gold clutched at Charles' hand. "Now, before either of us leaves here tonight, I'm going to get it out of you."

"You can try." Hussthaniel left the two and finally reached the table on which King Whee was sat. He settled in opposite him and sipped from his ale. It was bitter yet not altogether unsweet. A fine tippie, no doubt about it.

"What's on your mind, Whee?"

"We're doomed, aren't we?"

"Yes." King Whee paused.

"It's a strange feeling, to see the end coming so clearly. I always thought that if I had the chance to know exactly when I would die, I'd choose it. I'm beginning to think I was wrong."

"I feel you, brother. I always thought I'd have all the time in the world to do whatever I wanted, that dying was just something that happened to other people."

"When we're there, looking over the precipice, I want you to know that you have always been a good friend, to me and my father. Even after...the incident." Hussthaniel snapped King Whee out of his flashback with a snap of his fingers.

"And you, I."

"Also, I'm so going to beat the tar out of Tobias before I die, I don't care what you say."

"Truth be told, I'm starting to regret stopping you. I think he needs a beating or several."

"It's almost like he wants us to bully him, don't you think? Between the general unlikeable personality, the repulsive physical appearance, the suspect odour-"

"Wait!" exclaimed Hussthaniel, shooting to his feet. "Say what you just said again!"

“The suspect odour?”

“No, before that!”

“The repulsive physical appearance?”

“No, a few more before that!”

“Also, I’m so going to beat the tar out of Tobias before I die,
I don’t care what you say?”

“No, you overshot. Wind it back one.”

“It’s almost like he wants us to bully him?”

“Bully...bully...that’s it!”

“What’s it?!”

“I know what’s been keeping us back, what we can use to
take on the Phantom Foreskin!”

“What?!”

“We need a group name!”

“Of course!”

“The Brotherly Union of Liberation (Who) Love You!”

“B.U.L.L.Y.!”

“It all makes sense now!”

“We aren’t going to die!”

“No!”

“I can still beat Tobias up!”

“No!”

“I will beat Tobias up when you’re not paying attention!”

“Perhaps!” Hussthaniel and King Whee high-fived across the table and finished the rest of their drinks with haste. They got up and gathered the other members of the group together, including Loose Lucy the comedy whore, who refused to leave Charles’ side. They told them of the epiphany and the others were similarly ecstatic, except for Charles who still seemed distant. At Tobias’s insistence, the group spent the rest of the night doing arts and crafts, making badges and flyers and such. At one point, disaster threatened when the PVA glue ran out, but Sofia’s glue-like vag juices came to the rescue once again, demonstrating that

some things that start off as simple one-off jokes can end up having a weirdly huge number of applications.

The wind rushed into the bar as the front door opened and everyone looked over at the new arrival. To everyone's delighted surprise, it was none other than Roomps, flanked by a harem of one wench, who was currently brandishing a banana and waving it about willy-nilly. "What I'm saying is, I'd rather suck dick than eat a banana", she said, perhaps too loudly.

"An interesting claim, and one that we shall have to back up when we return to the lab." Roomps waved amicably at the barman who had already whipped out his favourite drink (the best, most socially-acceptable one). "How's it going, Pat? Business good?"

"Aye, business is booming. You'll never guess who came in earlier though."

"Yes I will. Non-Wildlanders. I saw them when I was driving my really cool car about."

"It is a really cool car, to be fair."

"I know, and now it is yours. I shall go procure another."

"Aye, Roomps, you are too generous."

"Some would describe me as Santa-like. They would not be far wrong. Now, I need to go see those non-Wildlanders, I sense they have something to ask me." Roomps picked up his drink and walked through the bar to the table at the back, now covered in B.U.L.L.Y. paraphernalia. Pat-Pat-Patel was left starstruck by the bar. "Greetings, pals and/or buddies!" The group stood up in respect and greeted him.

"R-R-Roomps? You're r-r-real?" stuttered King Whee.

"As real as any of you. Come, touch my hand if you doubt it." King Whee did as instructed and brushed against Roomps hand, the skin of which was about as perfect as skin could be. To his surprise, the arthritic ache that he had always suffered in his

hand was now gone, along with a scar on his forearm that he had never understood how he had gotten.

“Egads...”

“Egads indeed. Now, you want to ask me something?” Hussthaniel stepped forth. “Oh wait, first of all, meet this wench what is here. Wench Wenchington of the Wenchington Estate.”

“At your service”, she spake.

“Charmed”, replied Hussthaniel. “Roomps, it's the Phantom Foreskin. He's back and he's reigning death and destruction upon Incestria! He killed King Whee V!”

“This I know. It is not ideal, to say the least.”

“We need to fight back! We've formed B.U.L.L.Y., but the Thorpistanis refused to help. We don't have the manpower to take him on alone.”

“What about the IDL?” Hussthaniel looked at Tobias. “Oh, right. Tobias is a terrible person.”

“Yup, but that's not news to any of us.”

“It is to me”, piped in Loose Lucy the comedy whore. Hussthaniel looked quizzically at her.

“Who are you? How long have you been here?”

“Long enough. Ignore me, I'm sure it will all make sense to be in no time.” Hussthaniel shrugged and turned back to Roomps.

“You, though. You have so many unexplained powers, like Tom Bombadil without any sort of cop-out restrictions on where he can and can't use them.”

“This is true, and truly, I would like to help. But...”

“But?” Hussthaniel sat down, dejectedly.

“But indeed, as in 'but, I have bitches to wreck'.” Before Hussthaniel could reply, Roomps and Wench Wenchington absconded from the bar, Roomps leaving with just an “I'll see if I can move you around on the calendar, find a time that's convenient for all of us.” Hussthaniel stared into his now-empty

glass, thinking of all the things back in Incestria that he really rather quite liked in their natural, not-destroyed states. Flowers, books, music, the air. All these things and more flashed through Hussthaniel's mind; memories of a world he was soon to lose. By the time he looked up, everybody else was asleep. Tobias slept curled up beside him, Sofia close by. Loose Lucy the comedy whore lay across Charles' lap, and King Whee was face-down on the table, a spilt glass beside his head. Hussthaniel attention was drawn by a noise from behind. He turned and saw Molesworth exiting the men's toilets.

“Have you been in there the whole time?”

“Yup.”

-Chapter Thirteen- “Homeward Bound”

It was morning and, dejectedly, the B.U.L.L.Y. war council left Thorpistan. They said goodbye to Pat-Pat-Patel, who seemingly never slept, and made their way through the slowly waking streets. Thorpistanis scurried about, opening storefronts and beginning to hawk their wares. Before long, they reached the gates. Taking once last look around the city, they saw the Weasel leaning on a porch railing talking to a young girl with flowing blonde hair, but the face of King Torps. They could not hear what the two were talking about, but as they leaned in and began a fierce game of tonsil tennis, it became clear. Tobias looked over at Sofia, who smiled back. King Whee watched the display and thought that standing off to the side, faint and hardly visible, he saw the ghost of the ghost of Queen staring mournfully. He blinked, and the apparition was gone.

They made their way through the gates and meandered down the vast tract of farmland that lay beyond them. Tobias paused when he saw a basket at his feet, unattended and containing some of the juicy fruits from the cock-shaped tree he had seen the day before. He looked around furtively and, seeing nobody around, stole one. He bit into it and was thrilled by the taste, not unlike that of spunk. The juices ran down his chins and stained his shirt, but he cared not. Like as not his shirt would be just as vaporised as he in a few days. They passed field after field, and eventually made it to the jungle that lay on the other side. They paused, steeled themselves, and delved in.

Nothing happened in the jungle, it was boring.

They emerged from the thick foliage to find themselves looking over the accursed desert once again. They double- and triple-checked their water supplies; all seemed in order. They attached the sand-shoes that they had bought before leaving and had a much easier time of it, the ground no longer slinking away after each step.

*

After an interminably long time, they finally saw the Incestrian frontier emerging over the horizon. It would still be a few days trek, but they had a visible goal now, and that was something. As they stopped for a rest and a drink, Tobias sat beside Sofia. "How's it going?"

"Fuck off, Tobias!"

"Whoa, what've I done?"

"Just piss off, stop having a go at me!"

"Calm down, baby. What's up?"

"Ugh! Go away!" Tobias moved to leave, but suddenly an idea burned its way into his mind.

"Look over there", said he, pointing away from the pair. Sofia sighed exasperatedly and turned.

"What am I loo-" Tobias knocked her out cold. He pulled down her pants and thong. It was as he feared, she indeed had sand in her vagina.

"Only one thing to do about this", and with that, he descended upon her nether parts, his tongue darting back and forth with gay abandon. Within no time, she was de-sanded. Eventually, she awoke. She rubbed her head, trying to figure out what was going on.

"Tobias? I don't know what came over me, I just..."

"It's okay, everything's okay now." They embraced on the warm desert sand, but Tobias was careful to keep her vagina elevated.

Meanwhile, Charles and Loose Lucy the comedy whore were sat next to each other and discussing all manner of inconsequential bollocks. Whilst Charles was still distant to the others in the group, he had found himself unable to not open up in Loose Lucy the comedy whore's presence, and the two had hit it off incredibly. Something said by Charles was punctuated by laughter by the two of them, and there was a pause. Loose Lucy the comedy whore leaned against Charles. "I should think it's about time you told me what's got you so down, hon." Charles sighed; he had known this was coming. To his surprise, he did not dread it as much as he had thought he would.

"It all happened a long time ago. There was a girl, called Jess. Or Jessie, perhaps? The name is immaterial. We had something, something special. Something that you just don't have with every Tom, Dick and Harry that comes past, y'know?"

"No. No I do not know, because I am a comedy whore." As if to prove her point, Loose Lucy the comedy whore took a pratfall and had a custard pie thrown at her face. From where the pie had come from, none could say. "But I think I get your point. Go on."

"Do you know why they call me the Iron Waist?"

"I don't think I've heard anyone call you that, but go on."

"Me and this girl, Jenny or Gemma or something with a juh sound at the beginning, it doesn't matter. Me and this girl, we had something beautiful. Alas, too beautiful for the League of Wheenies, who at the time required unerring celibacy from all their members."

"Gosh, what a way to live."

"Yes. As a punishment for breaking my vows, her hymen and then some, I was forced to forever wear a huge iron chastity belt, both a constant reminder of my sins and the source of my power." Loose Lucy the comedy whore looked down at Charles' crotch, as if she hadn't already seen it.

“Where'd it go?”

“The Phantom Foreskin. He...he destroyed it. Shattered it. It and my dreams. For you see, I am nothing without that belt. Nothing but a common man, with a common eighteen-inch penis and common fleshy waist. Common.” Loose Lucy the comedy whore looked intrigued.

“Eighteen inches, you say?”

“At a guess. I've never found a ruler that measures the whole thing, and the longest rule I've ever found only went up to eighteen inches.”

“Why not measure it and then move the ruler along?”

“I tried, once, but my arm got tired and I lost count.”

“Interesting, interesting. Is that why you're sad then? Your metal pants got smashed?”

“No. I mean, I'm not chuffed about that, but there is another thing that pains me, and more so. You see, this unnamed girl, it turned out that we never actually consummated our love. I had thought we had, and the Wheenies hadn't enough experience to tell if I hadn't. But we hadn't, and that ended up killing her.”

“Killing her?”

“Aye. Tobias and Sofia found her, having taken her own life. Her suicide note explained that she had yearned to feel my reputedly large Johnson inside her velvety love carriage, and all other feeling paled in comparison in some sort of anhedonic nightmare.”

“Oh, and you feel guilty for not saving her, is that it?”

“No, it's more than that. It just...it made me realise that there are girls out there, pretty girls, who don't get the dickings that they deserve. Sure, they might not all kill themselves as a result, but some might. Even so, the ones that live will be unhappy, an intangible emptiness upsetting their entire lives. Somehow, I need to fill that emptiness, and then unfill it, and then fill it again, and over and over until climax. I just don't know how.”

Loose Lucy the comedy whore thought it over. Suddenly, she chirped up.

“I’ve got it. Listen close, sugar.” Charles leaned in close to hear Loose Lucy the comedy whore’s plan. As she finished whispering it in his ear, he looked at her for the first time with new eyes. Then he broke down, so moved by the beauty of the plan. Loose Lucy the comedy whore moved around, and consoled him with her mouths.

*

The group were a couple hours away from the Incestrian border, and spirits were high. Charles was acting more like his normal self again, and his optimism and cheerfulness soon infected the whole group; even Molesworth, who had good reason to hate much of the group, found himself socialising more. “It’s a long way to Cliteropolis”, sang Hussthaniel. “It’s a long way to go! It’s a long way to Cliteropolis-”

“To the sweetest relative I know!” interrupted Tobias. Hussthaniel scowled at the unwanted reminder that Tobias existed, but his rage was cut short by a screech from above.

“Altitude wizards again?” shouted King Whee, diving to the group and covering his head with his hands. The others scanned the skies.

“No, some sort of big flying shape is coming this way”, replied Hussthaniel.

“Is it a bird?” shouted King Whee, still firmly planted on the ground.

“Is it a plane?” asked Molesworth.

“No, it’s...no wait, it’s a bird after all.” Hussthaniel dived out of the way just in time to avoid being crushed to death by the creature, a huge hawk, easily bigger than a *Hummer*. Even by giant bird standards, they could tell that this was an especially portly specimen. The great bird pecked at the sand idly as the

others stared in awe of its sheer girthiness. Then, the majestic bird turned a beady black eye towards Tobias.

“I am Whae'les. You, Tobias Haberdashering, I have need of. You may either come with me willingly, or I shall take you my force.”

“Leave now, giant bird. I shan't abandon my friends, and if you try to take me, they shall fight you!” Tobias squealed as the hawk grabbed him in a large taloned claw and took off. “Friends! Friends! Fight this bird before it takes me away forever!” The group stood impassive, watching as the bird took Tobias higher and higher. Molesworth and King Whee cheered silently. Hussthanriel considered moving, but couldn't be bothered. Sofia eventually decided to do something.

“Save him, guys. G'wan, I'll give you all a round tonight if you do.” Sofia had barely finished her sentence when Hussthanriel grabbed a nearby rock and threw it with all his might at the slowly diminishing form of the bird. There was a pause, and then the bird spasmed and splayed its claws. They watched as the rotund form of Tobias plummeted towards the sandy ground, arms and legs flailing wildly. *Maybe he'll die*, thought Hussthanriel. *I hope he'll die*, thought Molesworth. *I might kill him even if he survives*, thought King Whee. They made their way over to the Haberdashering-shaped crater and found him, unfortunately still alive. As Sofia helped him up, they heard Whae'les screech from above.

“You may have bested me this time, B.U.L.L.Y., but know that I shall be watching you like a hawk from this moment forth, and I have eyes and ears...everywhere.” King Whee felt his chest, and sure enough there was a fully-formed human ear sticking out of it. He pulled it off and threw it on the ground in disgust, and then ripped some of Hussthanriel's shirt, much to his protestation, and used it as a bandage in order to save his lolita outfit from being sullied.

-Chapter Fourteen- “Developing Developments”

The Incestrian border was crossed, and there was much jubilation. “Let's never go to the stupid Wildlands again”, suggested King Whee.

“I second this”, replied King Hussthaniel. “There's a reason we don't call them the Nice-Place-to-Visit-Everlands.”

“It's also a bit of a mouthful.”

“That too.”

“Candygram for Haberdashering! Candygram for Haberdashering!” They looked around and saw that a man dressed as some sort of messenger had snuck up behind them. In his hands he held a strange box. Tobias was filled with desire for the shiny thing.

“Me Haberdashering.”

“Sign, please.” The man offered Tobias a piece of paper and he grabbed it up greedily. Using a pen also given by the man, he made some rough scratches on the paper and returned it.

“Thank you.” Tobias grabbed the box and looked it over as the man made his way away from them, his fingers in his ears.

“Haberdashering like candy.” Tobias was about to open the box when Hussthaniel realised what was going on. He considered letting nature take its course, but noticed that he was in the blast radius. *Maybe it's worth it if I sacrifice myself for the greater good?*, thought Hussthaniel. He ultimately decided against it.

“Haberdashering, it's a bomb! Chuck it away!” Tobias looked confused and reluctant to do so, but somebody had shouted at him to do something, so he threw the box to the side.

Hussthaniel dived to the floor as the box exploded, the blast knocking the others over. As the dust settled, Hussthaniel looked around. "Everyone whole?"

"Yup", replied King Whee.

"I'm fine", went Sofia.

"All good", said Charles, who had not been forgotten about.

"And me", added Loose Lucy the comedy whore.

"I'm okay", said Molesworth. Hussthaniel paused. There was no further answer.

"Tobias? Tobias, are you dead yet?" Much to everybody's dismay, there was a groan.

"Don't worry, I'm fine." Everybody stood up and brushed themselves off. Then there was another groan.

"Tobias, are you still groaning?"

"No, that wasn't me." The group turned around and saw the messenger from earlier strewn on the ground, his legs quite some distance away from his body. A blackened crater lay before him.

"Right. Let's interrogate him", proposed King Whee. "I brought my own car battery."

*

The messenger tried to hold out for as long as he could, but on account of the horrific blood loss and the car battery wired up to his gonads, he soon snapped like a dry twig. "The Phantom Foreskin sent me! He said 'give them this box, it'll be really funny. G'wan.' I'm not saying I didn't know it was a bomb, but I didn't know it wasn't *not* a bomb. Please stop electrocuting my testicles. Please." King Whee looked down at the broken husk of a man.

"Run back to your master, tell him you failed." The man began weeping. King Whee remembered that he had no legs. "Oh, too soon. Sorry."

"The Phantom Foreskin, he told me what to do if *Operation: Blow them Up with a Bomb* failed. He issued you all a challenge,

a final fight of sorts. He awaits at the Fields of Familial Fucking, but will only do so for a few days. If you do not show up, he will destroy everything.” The man spluttered, and coughed up a frankly worrying amount of blood. King Whee took Hussthanial aside.

“We don't have time to rally any more support. B.U.L.L.Y. must take on the Phantom Foreskin now, with whatever strength we have, even if it means certain doom. If we do not at least try, we are all as good as dead”. Hussthanial pondered this, and sighed. He rubbed the bridge of his nose wearily.

“You are, of course, right. We may not succeed, but at least the world will know that free men stood against a tyrant, that few stood against, well, one, but a really powerful one, and before this battle was over, even a Jew-ghost can bleed.” King Whee looked over at the battered messenger.

“We need to kill the witness.” Before Hussthanial could disagree, Charles stepped behind the messenger and snapped his neck. His body drooped limply and fell to the floor. Hussthanial looked on disapprovingly.

“I do think you have some sort of problem, King Whee.”

“Probably, but at least I'm not playing with the legs like Tobias is.”

“True, true.”

*

As they made their way to the Fields of Familial Fucking, they met many incredibly varied and interesting characters and got up to all sorts of mischief and shenaniganary, but alas, there is time to relay but one of these colourful asides to you, the reader.

As they walked along the Yellow Dick Road, savouring the familiar scenery of Incestria after their journeys in the Wildlands, they came across a horse in the middle of the road. As they got closer, they saw that it was indeed a fine mare, with

a slick, glossy coat and big teeth or whatever else shows quality in a horse. To their bewilderment, the horse spoke, in perfect Queen's English, no less. "Greetings, travellers. I am Imie, the horse. Neigh, neigh."

"Imie! You can talk!" exclaimed King Whee.

"And much more, Wheenie, but keep it to yourself."

"If you let the cat out of the bag, you'd be a celebrity! If you wanna lead a horse's life, the secret's gotta stay with you and me!"

"Watch my chops!" neighed Imie, worriedly. "Shush!"

"Oh, I'm watching your chops, and then some", mumbled Tobias. His eyes had spent some time fixated on Imie's huge, swinging horsecock, and he felt a stirring in his loins like he had never felt before. Imie noticed the attention and blushed. Tobias came up and stoked her mane. She turned to him and puckered, and he began making out with her horsey face. At no point did this seem at all weird to him, because it's Tobias, and we've already established that he is just terrible. Backing this up, he led Imie away from the group and into the woods beside the Yellow Dick Road. The group were left to awkwardly wait around. Occasionally, a yelp of pain or excitement, they could not always tell which, emerged from the trees.

Sofia was feeling something strange and new welling up deep inside of her. Feelings she had never felt before, senses she had never sensed before. She looked over at King Whee, and then at his crotch region. She recoiled in disgust. *Penis*, she thought to herself, and again she recoiled in disgust. She could not explain how it had happened, but somehow meeting Imie had turned her into one of those newfangled lesbians.

"Excuse me", came a pleasant voice from behind the group. They turned and saw a man standing behind them with a pleasant smile and demeanour about him. "Have you seen my horse, Imie?"

“Aye, Tobias has just taken her off for who-knows-what. They'll be back in a moment”, replied Hussthaniel.

“Oh, that's okay then.” His voice was soft, he was like a velvet owl he was. “Say, how's it going with you lot?” Suddenly, all of their problems seemed less problematic, and they felt relaxed for the first time in a while.

“Oh, you know. Okay, I guess. Can't really complain.”

“That's real nice to hear.” The group had a thoroughly pleasant and inoffensive conversation with the man, who it turned out was known only by his street name of T-Plezzers 925, whilst they waited for Tobias. He apologised for Imie getting away from him and getting in their way, but they waved his apologies away. Finally, Tobias and Imie came back, the former now walking a bit funny. He was introduced to T-Plezzers 925, and found him entirely likeable. Hussthaniel looked at T-Plezzers 925' saddle bag and saw that the only items of food he had were some horrifically mouldy biscuits.

“You have hardly any food, please, take some of ours.” T-Plezzers 925 gently refused.

“No, no. In fact, have mine, you look like you could use it.” Hussthaniel feared that this kindly soul would be unable to survive in the wild with such generosity.

“Would you care to come with us on our journeys? We could use the positive influence, quite frankly.” T-Plezzers 925 considered the offer, looked to Imie for her view (she nodded emphatically, glancing over at Tobias), and nodded in assent.

“Sure, I'd find it just lovely to accompany you lot.” With that they were off, the ranks Phantom Foreskin resistance now slightly swollen.

-Chapter Fifteen-

“This is Where the Last Book Ended”

B.U.L.L.Y. stopped to make camp. It would only be a day or so's march until they reached the Fields of Familial Fucking, and all of them felt the end was nigh. On the way, they had found scattered survivors from all corners of Incestria, Cliteropolis to Whee's World. They even found a couple ratmen, who, not recognising Tobias or Sofia, eagerly joined up. As of now, their number was around twenty in all, and though they had grown as time went on, they were all acutely aware that they would be utterly destroyed by the Phantom Foreskin. Their fatalism gave them a paradoxical strength, however, as they knew there was no expectation for them to survive, just to do their best as the last great act of resistance. The camp was abuzz with warriors, likely and unlikely, sharpening weapons, getting plastered and shagging like rabbits, their inhibitions now worthless.

Amid this scene of gay frolicking and joviality, Tobias lay beside Sofia in a tent, trying to get her in the mood for lovin'. “Come on baby, how can you resist this?” Tobias lifted his shirt and his body oozed across the floor viscously. Sofia sighed.

“I don't seem to find cocks visually appealing right now.” Tobias was incensed.

“Whaaaa? No, they're delicious, what are you saying?!”

“I don't know, I just don't find you attractive any more. I don't seem to find any guy attractive any more. Now, that Imie character...” Tobias recognised what had happened. All horses are innately lesbionic, and Sofia's unfamiliarity with their wiles had allowed Imie, quite without meaning to, to convert her. Tobias searched his memory for any way he knew of curing such

things. Suddenly, he hit upon it. Once, back in his Earthen days, there had been a girl whom he had pined over. Or perhaps it was a feminine-looking guy. Maybe even a masculine-looking woman? The more he thought, the more Tobias began to think it was actually a masculine-looking man. Nonetheless, Tobias had been unable to act on his desires due to the sapphic tendencies of his beau.

“Hey girl, you look so fine!” he would shout through his/her dining room window as he/she ate with his/her family. “Wanna fuck you all the time!” He/she would feign embarrassment.

“Tobias, go away, I got a restraining order for this very reason.” Oh, how they jested.

“C'mon girl, get on my cock! Dyin' to feel your velvet sock!”

“Tobias, no! I-I-...I'm a lesbian! Yes, that's it! A lesbian! So, um, go 'way.” Tobias sat in the hedge under the window and pondered this. *A lesbian? Could it be true?* he would wonder. *Of course! The only explanation for how somebody could resist me.* Tobias stood up again, much to the visible (and clearly jokingly) consternation of him/her and his/her entire family.

“I understand what you're saying, and I'm glad. Always wanted a lesbian friend. Although, thinking about it, if you get to know me you might change. I mean, if anyone can convert you, it'd be me, right?”

“Tobias, please.”

“All you have to do if look at me and that'll be enough! Just like all the other girls. I guess they just don't accept me because they don't see me properly. Look, I'll get some better light!” Tobias clambered through the window and stood on the dining table, both of his feet in somebody's meal. “Look! I'm gorgeous!” He lifted his shirt, and it looked like cottage cheese had somehow taken the form of man.

“Tobias, leave!”

"I'm calling the police! Don't worry, Hatty!" shouted his/her mother/father from the hall.

"Fine, I'll leave. I get that you're embarrassed to be doing this in front of your parents. I understand, love should be kept private." Tobias waddled off, a phantom in the night.

He finally consummated his love with the boy/girl one night in a dark alley. "No!" he/she cried out in jest. "Don't do this!"

"Haha, you're so funny", giggled Tobias.

Oh god, I think I've finally gone too far, thought the narrator. Is this in poor taste? I mean, this is like *Boys Don't Cry* or some shit. I may have made Tobias a little too unlikeable, or perhaps even unfathomably evil, he added. I mean, I thought I might have been skirting the boundaries with the bit where they go to Little Israel which, in retrospect, had imagery vaguely Holocausty, but damn. He thought about it, and came to a conclusion. I'll just skip over the rest of this particular incident. I mean, it did really actually truthfully happen, and Tobias really is this terrible, but cor, talk about uncomfortable tonal shifts, wrote the narrator.

Tobias emerged from his reminisces with a plan. "I will shake this poisonous shit out of your lezzed up little body if I have to!" announced Tobias. Sofia consented; a life without intercoursing her brother was no life at all. She closed her eyes and readied for the doctor to be in. "Bit the pillow, Sofia. I'm doing in dry." Dry he went in, and the pillow she did bite. They gyrated like pistons for a few minutes, when Sofia piped up.

"Tobias, it's just not working! I'm still repulsed!" Tobias grunted.

"The only answer is more dick! I need, like, an entire bag of dicks. But from where?" As if on cue, the tent door opened. Tobias looked over, and it was Imie. "Not you, this is all your fault."

"Tobias, I did not mean to do anything."

“Imie? Ooh”, said a delirious Sofia.

“I feel guilty for this, but I can help. I have just the amount of dick that you need.”

“A whole bag?”

“Almost, but in the form of one giant horsecock.” Tobias began drooling at the memory. “Let me help, Tobias.” Tobias paused, his building erection lifting Sofia off of the floor.

“Fine. You take the back door, I'll take front.” Imie somehow fit in the tent and took her place as Tobias moved around to better accommodate her. They began the intense curative process.

After some time, the floor of the tent was covered in an inch-deep pool of various bodily fluids, some so exotic as to have no name in English. Finally, everybody finished at once and rolled aside, short of breath. Tobias looked over to Sofia, whose face was contorted with bliss. “Did...did it work?” She opened her eyes.

“I...I think it worked, partly.”

“Partly?”

“Well I'm stoked for dicks, but I still look at Imie funny. If only there was some kind of word for this.”

“Bisexual?”

“No, a dumb one.”

“Pansexual?”

“That's it!” Imie silently went to leave the tent, and Tobias joined her. Sofia went straight to sleep.

“Imie?” inquired Tobias.

“Yes? Neigh.”

“You're ostensibly a female horse, right?”

“Yup. Neigh.”

“So what's with the huge, juicy horsecock?” Imie paused.

“I dunno. Best not to think about it too much, and just appreciate it as a funny concept.”

“I suppose you're right. Hehe, horsecock.” With that, Imie galloped off back to T-Plezzers 925. Tobias took a late-night stroll, wandering in the direction of laughter and merriment. He found a great ring of people sat around a blazing fire, and popped a squat. Despite the general atmosphere of mirth and funtimes, a gloomy pall hung over the group. The knowledge of the events waiting for them over the next few days weighed heavily on their hearts. All of the conversation seemed to end at the same time, and the group was plunged into an awkward silence. Then, Hussthaniel stood and walked towards the centre of the circle. He raised his arms and his voice.

“Friends, Incestrians, countrymen, lend me your ears. By this time tomorrow, many or all of us may lay dead or dying, Incestria's fate sealed. If it is to be this way, then so be it. So be it. This great land has cradled us, nurtured us, cared greatly for us. We have all come to this land through ways superficially different, but at their core, the same. Our love of having sex with our biological relatives brings us together, here, in these dark times, and it is this unity that drives up. We sacrifice our lives, but for what, I hear you cry. It is not for the protection of our Incestrian way of life, which shall be swept away upon our deaths along with everything else. It is not for our children's futures, which are now numbered in days. It is not for our sakes, as we march to our doom. Why, then, should we even resist? Why not just lay down and let the Phantom Foreskin get to us on his own terms? I'll tell you why. When we lived on Earth, we were told that incest was a great crime, that it was wrong and filthy. Did we listen to these small-minded prattling? No! We shagged our relatives without a care in the world! That stubbornness is what characterises our way of life, that refusal to bend over and submit. The Phantom Foreskin wishes to destroy us all? So be it. But the Phantom Foreskin expects us to give in without a fight. The fool. Our obstinacy is what makes us great,

it's what brought us here to Incestria, and it is what now brings us together for one final act of pigheaded resistance!" A great cheer rose up from all assembled, roars of defiance and of righteous fury. Hussthanial waited until they had died away, which was by no means quickly. Finally, he spoke again. "I shall leave you with a saying from my great-great-greatgreat-great-great-great-grandfather, the great Jedediah Throckmorton. It had been passed down through my family, father to son, for many, many years. He said, 'when some wild-eyed, eight-foot-tall maniac grabs your neck, taps the back of your favourite head up against the bar-room wall, and he looks you crooked in the eye and he asks you if you paid your dues, you just stare that big sucker right back in the eye, and you remember what ol' Jedediah Throckmorton always says at a time like that: 'Have ya paid your dues, Jed?' 'Yessir, the check is in the mail.'" Another roar of approval erupted from the group and the merriment returned as Hussthanial retook his seat, although this time there was no reserved atmosphere, as everyone gave their all for the enjoyment of what would likely be their last chance to do so.

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At long last, B.U.L.L.Y. arrived at the Fields of Familial Fucking. Far from the welcoming scene that had greeted all of them upon their arrivals in Incestria, the Fields were destroyed. The grass had withered and died, the trees were all burnt husks. Corpses covered the ground, unfortunate new arrivals who never had the chance to see the strange new world that they found themselves in. They made their way towards the centre of the Fields, keeping an eye out for the Phantom Foreskin. They were alone, it seemed. "Are we too late?" asked King Whee. "Has the Phantom Foreskin already left to raze Incestria?" The group grew despondent, when suddenly, the Phantom Foreskin materialised before their eyes, floating before a band of Little Israelis and assorted other warriors. They staggered backwards,

readying their weapons. Tobias looked the Phantom Foreskin in the eye, and the latter cracked an awful smile.

-Chapter Sixteen-

“Shagnarök”

“For Incestria!” cried Hussthaniel, waving his sword forwards. A mighty roar rose up from behind him as his war host steeled themselves for battle. The Phantom Foreskin looked disinterestedly at his foes, knowing his power to be far beyond that of this pitiful force before him.

“Tell me, Hussthaniel, vy it is dat you resist me like dis. You know dat you have not a chance, dat you shall all perish in pain and agony. Yet still, you resist. Vy?”

“Because sometimes, Phantom dickhead Foreskin, you just do things because they seem like a neat grand gesture. Oorah!”

“Smash the Patriarchy!” cried King Whee. With that, B.U.L.L.Y. charged the Phantom Foreskin. A peasant farmer armed wielding a pitchfork was vaporised by the Phantom Foreskin, nothing left of him but a red patch on the ground. A mighty warrior, clad head to toe in armour and furs, and wielding a fearsome double-bladed battleaxe was similarly destroyed. The Phantom Foreskin pointed at Hussthaniel and fired a bolt towards him, which he dodged by the skin of his teeth. Tobias ran around, trying to avoid the fighting and hoping to find a small hole to hide in. Sofia was holding her own against a pair of Little Israelis who were attempting to perforate her in the one way she didn't enjoy with their sideburn spears.

Hussthaniel deflected a blow aimed at him from a taller Little Israeli and parried, a dark crimson slash appearing on the big Little Israeli's torso. Still, he fought on. Meanwhile, King Whee had been disarmed and was grappling with a barbarian-type more than twice his height. The fight was not going in his

favour and he seemed on the brink of defeat when Charles appeared behind the barbarian and ran him through. He offered King Whee a hand up and King Whee took it, picking up the barbarian's *Zweihänder* on his way up. Loose Lucy the comedy whore brandished a stiletto that she used to devastating effect on the throat of an advancing foe, who collapsed to the floor, gurgling and clutching at his newly-opened throat. Molesworth was no born fighter, but even he was getting more stuck in than Tobias dared to, scurrying around at knee-level and tripping up who he could. T-Plezzers 925 wandered around. He had a quiet way about him, a walk and a talk that just wasn't normal around there. He strolled, like a man in a park without a care or a worry in the world, like he had on an invisible coat that would shield him from this place. A Little Israeli charged at him with a sideburn spear and a Hebrew war cry, but a smile from T-Plezzers made him reconsider his plan, and he diverted his charge into the flank of another B.U.L.L.Y. warrior. The towering mountain of a man, spear piercing his side, still managed to pick up the Little Israeli and pull him apart with his bare hands. He then turned and held off against four or so other foes, slaying three outright and mortally wounding the fourth, who nonetheless managed to fell the warrior with a lucky blow.

The Phantom Foreskin tired of toying with a peasant he had been dismembering and turned his attention towards T-Plezzers and Imie. He gazed lustfully at Imie, glimpses of cartoon ponies from a show intended for young girls flashing in his mind. He tried to imagine where Imie lived, so that he could impress her with it, but no information was forthcoming. In a rage, and with a flick of his wrist, he launched a bolt at Imie, who took it head-on and exploded, horse viscera spraying all who were nearby, because of course she didn't survive. She was a horse. Never being a horse to a biped fight. As the red mist cleared, the Phantom Foreskin saw what he had wrought. A beautiful equine

life, snuffed out in its prime and before he had had a chance to ravish it. His gaze fell upon T-Plezzers, who smiled amicably at him. The Phantom Foreskin readied a bolt and was about to end T-Plezzers, but even he, a being of pure cloppish evil, could not bring himself to harm T-Plezzers. He turned away and obliterated a charging warrior instead.

Hussthaniel and the taller Little Israeli still sparred, trading blow for blow. Finally, the big Little Israeli left a gap in his guard and Hussthaniel seized the opportunity, driving his sword home. The skewered big Little Israeli clutched at the sword feebly, blood spilling from his mouth, and slumped forwards. As Hussthaniel withdrew his blade, the Phantom Foreskin glanced over. His face was overcome with horror. “No, Rabbi Josephitz!” he wailed. He drifted over and cradled the dead Rabbi in his spectral arms. Hussthaniel saw his chance and rushed in behind him for a surprise attack, but the Phantom Foreskin saw it coming and turned to fire off a bolt at Hussthaniel. Time seemed to slow down for all involved as the bolt, fizzing and crackling with arcane and unknowable energies, carved its way through the air and through Hussthaniel's thigh. The leg was severed and sailed away from Hussthaniel's body before exploding behind him. The rest of him arced through the air and came to rest with a crash into the ground. Blood gushed from his upper thigh as he went into shock.

“Hussthaniel!” screamed King Whee, fending off an attack from a Little Israeli to the side.

“Throckmorton!” cried Sofia, who was similarly still embroiled in a fight.

“You were actually all right!” shouted Molesworth. Tobias heard the cries from behind him, having ran quite a way now. He paused in his cowardly fleeing and turned. He saw Hussthaniel bleeding out on the ground as the Phantom Foreskin rose over him, cackling victoriously. He saw the others, all held up with

their own fights to do anything for Hussthaniel. And Tobias knew what he had to do.

“Nice knowing you, Hussthaniel!” he cried with a wave, then turned to continue fleeing, a thin trail of urine making its way down his leg.

King Whee watched the scene unfold with mounting horror. Finally, with a mighty bellow, he swung his *Zweihänder* in a wide arc, cleaving the top of the skull off of his opponent. He brandished his sword and ran towards the Phantom Foreskin from behind, shoulder-barging his way through the number of enemies that attempted to bar his progress with such force that one of them burst, like some sort of water balloon filled with tomato sauce. He reached the Phantom Foreskin and leapt up, onto his back. The Phantom Foreskin scrabbled at him in confusion, attempting to get him off, but King Whee dodged his hands. He lifted his *Zweihänder* high above his head, then plunged it straight down into the Phantom Foreskin's back. The Phantom Foreskin stopped moving and King Whee braced himself. A collective gasp shot across the battlefield. The Phantom Foreskin remained motionless.

Then, from a voice that sounded like it came from an entirely different reality, came a chortling. The Phantom Foreskin rose and fell as he laughed terribly. King Whee was gripped with fear, and had to release his sword as the hilt heated up to more than could be held. The Phantom Foreskin shrugged his shoulders and King Whee was thrown through the air, landing besides Hussthaniel with a cracking of his spine. The Phantom Foreskin, still laughing horribly, moved towards the two supine forms.

“K...King Whee”, croaked Hussthaniel.

“Hussthaniel. I can't move.”

“So this is the end, huh?”

“Beautiful friend, this is the end. My only friend, the end.”

“Of our elaborate plans, the end. Of everything that stands, the end.”

“I don't blame you for this, you know. We all knew we weren't walking away from this fight. I just wish...I just wish I wasn't done so soon.”

“I do too. I do too.”

“I can't feel any pain. I suppose that's a positive.” Hussthaniel rolled over to King Whee and ran a hand along his face.

“Before we die, I have one thing to ask of you, my friend.”

“Anything.”

“Why didn't you call up the League of Wheenies for this battle?” King Whee looked confused for a moment, then angered.

“Shit.”

“It is not too late, King Whee. Call them now.” King Whee tried to call, but his voice died in his throat. He cleared it, and tilted his head back. With a voice as clear as day, he issued his cry.

“WEE OO WEE OO WEE OO WEE OO WEE-” The cry was cut short by the Phantom Foreskin, who fired a bolt at King Whee. Hussthaniel was coated in his blood, although he could swear that the cry had continued briefly after King Whee had been destroyed. The lolita outfit lay atop the smear formerly known as King, miraculously unscathed. He strained his ears to hear for any sort of reply. There was nothing. The call had failed.

“Damn you, you son of a bitch. Finish me, why don't you? Finish me!” Hussthaniel cried, beating his fists into the ground. He stopped when he heard a distant sound; the sound of trumpets. The most beautiful sound that Hussthaniel had ever heard.

Da-DAAA da-DAAA da-DA da-DA da-DAAAAAAA, came the Wheenies' reply. It echoed through the hills, the forests. It

blanketed the Fields in a stunned silence. The sound of metal clashing and the screams of the dead and dying died away as everybody turned to see the arrival of the League. The sun glinted off of their fearsome shoulder pads as they crested the hill to the north. There were hundreds of them, marching in autistically perfect formation. The ground shook beneath their mighty footfalls. Even the Phantom Foreskin watched in stunned silence as they arrived on the battlefield. Then, as soon as it had stopped, the fighting resumed. The Wheenies smashed into the Little Israeli flank, crushing skulls before their shoulder barges and sending foes hurtling through the air. It was nothing short of butchery as the Phantom Foreskin's troops were massacred to the last man by the heroic Wheenies. Hussthaniel watched the sight, and it was the last thing he saw before he passed out.

The Phantom Foreskin fought back, slaying a number of Wheenies, but they were to plentiful. He was pushed further and further back and eventually surrounded. Suddenly, there came a shrill voice from afar. Everybody looked aside to see Tobias waddling speedily towards them, waving his arms and shouting. "It's the IDL! It's the IDL!" he screamed. Sure enough, over the hill behind him emerged the swastika, gleaming in the sunlight, and then the heads of he IDL members. Hassles led the charge, dressed now in an incredibly flamboyant outfit which, Tobias had noted, totally clashed with his shoes, and they numbered almost as many as the Wheenies had. As they came within twenty or so metres, the Phantom Foreskin recoiled with a hiss from their swastika icon. A cheer went up from the forces of B.U.L.L.Y. at the arrival of new allies.

"Oh right, our bad" said the IDL icon-carrier. He turned the icon around, and on the other side was a Star of David. The IDL troops charged.

-Chapter Seventeen-

“Shagnarök 2: Shagnarök-and-Roll”

The Wheenies were caught unawares, confused by the sudden betrayal of the IDL. The IDL fell upon them in a flurry of violence. Within the tight confines of their B.U.L.L.Y. circle, the Wheenies could not barge their shoulders, whereas the IDL and their swords had no such constraints. Many a Wheenie fell that day, but a number managed to escape the slaughter and fall back to a better position. In doing so, the circle was broken and the Phantom Foreskin freed. He chortled in triumph and exsanguinated a couple of Wheenies as they tried to flee. Much to that insufferable poltroon's dismay, Tobias found himself trapped between the two armies and had to duck to-and-fro in order to avoid being murdered to shit. As he bobbed and weaved, twerked and twirled, the delicate ballet of death unfolding all around him, his mind suddenly wandered to an event from far in his past, that may seem unrelated to what was going on and may kill the pacing stone dead, but it beefed up the word count so it was okay.

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Tobias and Murp lay facing each other on a bed damp with their multitude of fluids. Tobias was overcome by her astonishing pulchritude, which sounds like a bad thing but actually means beauty, the irony here being that Murp was phenomenally unattractive. Murp had been born without any of the genes that define body shape and so existed as a shapeless spherical mass, with a moustache ring around her entire circumference. Murp was also incapable of speech and movement, and there were those that claimed that she was not in

fact a person, but a beach ball that somebody had painted salmon and glued moustache hairs to in some kind of practical joke.

Tobias bought the ruse hook, line and sinker. He was indeed no stranger to sexing up objects most inanimate, having once had a whirlwind love affair with a Yorkshire pudding that ended when the pudding told him it would prefer that they just be friends. Thoughts of the Yorkshire pudding reminded him of his step-brother, Yorkie McPudding, who he missed dearly. This served to give him quite the erection, and he began caressing Murp's flanks. Murp moaned in pleasure, or more likely didn't on account of being inanimate. Tobias unbuckled his fly and withdrew his cocktail sausage, wiping it up and down Murp's side. Then, with a squeal of delight, he plunged it into Murp's mouth approximation. He thrusted in and out, back and forth, left and right; Murp remained motionless.

Tobias savoured the sensation of whatever part of Murp he believed he was entering, but before long felt a welling in his genital area. A moment too late, he realised this was not in fact the coming of a cumming, but a piss. Before he could pull out or warn Murp, the floodgates opened and he arched backwards with a gasp. For a moment, he felt a king. Then, the shame washed over him, but the gushing did not stop. Murp slowly filled to the brim, and began to expand. Tobias watched in horror as Murp's round form bulged outward, and then burst. Scraps of rubber flew everywhere and the gallons of piss washed over Tobias. The trail trailed off and he lay back, glowing with pride, his hands behind his head. "Was it good for you, too?"

*

Tobias smiled to himself at the revisiting of one of his dearest memories; one of sexual conquest and personal success to a degree many of his others lacked. A blade flew towards him and he was rudely thrown back into the present and had to dive aside to avoid it. He only managed a glimpse at the wielder, but

he could have sworn it was Charles. Before he could manage a better look, a dull blow from behind sent him reeling. He rolled around on the floor, big blubby tears welling. He looked up, and saw an IDL member standing over him, bracing to bring his sword down upon Tobias's skull. He curled up into the foetal position and wept loudly. A sword burst through the IDL member's waist and shot upwards, cutting him cleanly in two. Sofia appeared in the gap as the two halves of the man flopped wetly to the floor and stepped forth. Tobias did not stop blubbing, and even Sofia had had enough of his cowardice and left him there.

Hassles and Charles found themselves locked in mortal kombat, neither able to get a strike in edgeways. Besides them, Loose Lucy the comedy whore shanked an IDL member prison-style, sparing a downed Wheenie. Molesworth found a short IDL member with whom he was evenly matched and began fighting with him. Molesworth and the short IDL member, both sorely out of their league and almost half the size of the others, wordlessly agreed to prolong a fight together in order to give them something to do. The Phantom Foreskin, followed by a personal guard of IDL heavies, drifted across the battlefield leaving a trail of blood and gore in his wake. He nonchalantly lifted a boney hand and a number of Wheenies and IDL members alike floated upwards. He clenched his fist, and all were crushed into a box no larger than a sugar cube. The IDL bodyguards looked at each other disconcertedly, beginning to wonder if they'd bet on the wrong horse. The Phantom Foreskin, noticing their wavering, disembowelled the lot of them.

Some of the IDL members, locked up in fights against the Wheenies, noticed the Phantom Foreskin's actions, but the Wheenies were consumed by a bloodied rage and the few that tried to end their combats were butchered. The remaining IDL members' resolves were steeled and they plunged back into

combat against the Wheenies, who had by now fully recovered from the surprise attack earlier, but their numbers were dwindling. They were indomitable and fought boldly, giving no quarter to the treacherous forces of the IDL and taking at least three of them down for every one of their own that they lost.

The small band of ratmen, however, had been largely overlooked in the fighting as they scurried about below knee-height, severing tendons where they could. Presently, they found themselves behind the Phantom Foreskin as he amused himself by manipulating some of the corpses around him like macabre marionettes. They stepped lightly and held their daggers in a tight grip as they closed the distance. When almost within striking range, the Phantom Foreskin turned to them. "Ratmen? I thought you lot were long gone." The ratmen paused. "It is unfortunate, vat happened to your home."

"And what would you know of it?"

"Nothing, nothing. It's just...no, it's nothing."

"Speak, fiend!" screamed the leader of the ratmen.

"It's just odd to me dat you would serve Tobias ov all people." The ratmen looked at each other in bafflement.

"The Cunt? The Genocider of the Geysers?" The Phantom Foreskin cackled.

"Oh, dis is good. Don't tell me you didn't know who it vas you were fighting for. Classic." The ratmen looked over to Tobias, who was still whimpering uncontrollably on the floor. As they looked, they began to remember descriptions that they had heard of this most reviled of figures in the ratmen community. Whilst he lacked the blazing eyes and was far less than eight feet tall with talons for fingers, the other details seemed to match up. They slumped as it became clear to them that they had been duped.

"S...Tobias..."

"De very same."

“And the Murder Whore? She is here too?”

“She's over dere”, said the Phantom Foreskin, motioning over to Sofia, currently fending off a couple of IDL members with one hand whilst helping a fallen Wheenie up with the other. The ratmen looked on, faces blank but for a burgeoning rage.

“They took us for fools...”

“Dey sure did. Why not join me? I'm not saying you'll get to live, but I may spare Tobias for you to play with first.” The ratmen were silence. They looked at each other, then back to the Phantom Foreskin. Then, they began to step towards him. “Yes, yes...” hissed the Phantom Foreskin. The ratmen surrounded him. “Do you not see, B.U.L.L.Y.? Your allies turn against you when dey realise just who you are. Even certain death is preferable to supporting Tobias!”

“You have told us about those we thought to be our friends, Phantom Foreskin” said the ratmen leader. “Truly, Tobias has done such evil to the ratmen that it cannot be forgotten, not even the light of certain doom at your behest.”

“Yes, you're very right.”

“But you didn't count on one thing, Foreskin.” The Phantom Foreskin turned to look at the ratman.

“Vat's dat?”

“This is bigger than our personal vendettas. This is for Incestria!” With that, the ratmen pounced upon the Phantom Foreskin and began hacking away at him with their daggers. The poison coatings were ineffective, but the Phantom Foreskin screeched as the blades pierced his body repeatedly. He tossed back and forth, attempting to dislodge the ratmen, but they held fast. They knew they were dead men, but in their final act the last survivors of the ratmen gave their all to do what damage they could to the Phantom Foreskin, hoping that perhaps others could finish what they had started. Their noble act of self-sacrifice instilled all who viewed it with a further will to fight,

and the Wheenies let loose a mighty cry as they pressed harder against the IDL members. The Phantom Foreskin was brought down to the ground and the ratmen continued to stab at him. Then, with a sudden movement, the Phantom Foreskin rose again, the ratmen blasted off of him in a searing wave of energy that stripped the skin from their bones. He floated high but he had clearly been injured by the ratmen's assault and he dripped a phantasmal blood from a number of deep gashes.

The Phantom Foreskin was engulfed by an unstoppable fury and sallied forth, vaporising Wheenies and IDL members alike as he rushed for Tobias's curled form. Charles finally got the better of Hassles and bisected him at the waist, the bright crimson of the blood clashing horribly with the fluorescent yellow of his sweater. Sofia knelt besides Hussthaniel and tried to tend to his wound, although he had lost an incredible amount of blood. She reached deep and extracted whatever medicinal vag juices she could find, but there was no telling if they would be enough. The Phantom Foreskin had cut a bloody swathe towards Tobias and grasped him by the lapel, lifting him high above the ground. "B.U.L.L.Y.! I have your leader! Surrender to me!" he cried. Everyone looked over, saw that he was holding Tobias, shrugged indifferently and returned to what they were doing. The Phantom Foreskin looked disappointed and tossed Tobias over his shoulder. Tobias cruised through the air and crashed into the dirt, tantalisingly close to breaking his neck. He shook the daze from his head and looked around as the Phantom Foreskin descended upon Hussthaniel. Charles lunged in his way and was flung away like a ragdoll. Sofia positioned herself between the Phantom Foreskin and Hussthaniel. The Phantom Foreskin barrelled into her and she was launched metres in the air, landing with a sound like the snapping of numerous twigs and remaining motionless. Tobias feared the worst. He looked over the battlefield, at all his friends now either dead or

otherwise incapacitated. The Phantom Foreskin picked up Hussthaniel and placed a single razor-sharp claw beside his throat. The sounds of fighting tapered off as the few pockets of IDL members and Wheenies still standing watched in fatalistic ambivalence. It became clear to everyone that all the talk of this being a final, futile act of resistance was more than just talk, and they braced for the end. Wheenies and IDL members alike laid down their arms and embraced, the latter realising the mistake that they had made in supporting the Phantom Foreskin.

-Chapter Eighteen-

“Shagnarök 3: Shagnarökery Garden”

“Phantom!” came a cry from afar. Tobias looked over, and was briefly blinded by the sun. As his vision cleared, a wall of figures emerged from the luminosity. They were mere silhouettes, and Tobias couldn't tell who they were. Whether they were friends or foes crossed his mind but he was distracted by the still form of Sofia. He began to crawl towards her on his belly, his forearms being torn apart by the rough, churned ground, but he paid no heed to the pain. Charles looked over at the new arrivals groggily. He got to his feet and gripped his sword tightly. The newly-friendly Wheenies and IDL members also turned to the new troops, weapons held ready to be used. It was pointless, the new army easily numbered in the thousands and the combined forces of B.U.L.L.Y. were perhaps twenty-five. Nonetheless, they were too stubborn to die on their knees and if the only other option was to die on their feet, then it was preferable. “Phantom!” came the cry again. The Phantom Foreskin had been watching the arrival with curiosity, but still held Hussthaniel.

“Phantom Foreskin! Release Hussthaniel!” The figure stepped into view; it was King Torps. A gasp rippled through the assembled spectators, Tobias continued crawling. The Phantom Foreskin was taken aback

“Who even are you?” he hissed.

“King Torps of the Thorpistanis. Unhand Throckmorton this instant!” The Phantom Foreskin cackled and went to slice across Hussthaniel's throat. To his surprise, his hand was empty. He looked around in bafflement and saw Hussthaniel drifting away

from him, towards the Thorpistani line. As he reached them, he was dropped gently to one side, and under him was the Weasel. The Weasel turned back to the Phantom Foreskin. He removed his unfiltered cigarette.

“Zee Phantahm Foreskeen. I speet at you!” The Weasel spat on the ground and drew his combat baguette. The sound of swords being unsheathed rang out across the entire Thorpistani battle line and grew cacophonous.

“Surrender, Phantom Foreskin!” shouted King Torps. The Phantom Foreskin remained still. A bolt screamed from the sky and struck a group of Thorpistanis, exploding and sending them flying. The Phantom Foreskin smiled.

“Altitude wizards, you're late”, bellowed the Phantom Foreskin at the sky. From above boomed a mighty voice.

“A wizard is never late, nor is he early, he arrives precisely when he means to!” The Phantom Foreskin pulled back a billowing, ragged sleeve and pointed at his watch.

“Yes, but we agreed on ten-to, it's five-to now. Never mind, just help out.” In response came a volley of bolts from the skies and a string of explosions among the Thorpistani ranks. They broke formation and ran about, trying to avoid the explosive bolts that tore through their armour like nothing. Tobias glanced over and realised what was happening.

“Their tethers! Search for their tethers and snap them!” he shouted. The Thorpistanis were too busy to hear his small, annoying voice and he saw as a group of twenty were torn apart by one blast. Tobias sighed. He rushed over to Sofia and haunched over her. She was breathing, but her eyes remained shut despite Tobias's best attempts to wake her. He looked over at the Thorpistanis being massacred and delved a hand deep into Sofia's tender undercarriage. He rummaged about, grasping onto whatever parts he could get a grip on. Sofia moaned softly in her slumber and a small strand of drool rolled down her cheek.

Tobias pumped his fist in and out with increasing vigour. She twitched and spasmed and still he pummelled harder and faster until finally, with a strained groan, she blasted a ring of glue-like vag juices out in every direction, across the entirety of the Fields of Familial Fucking. Everybody standing was knocked back by the concussive force of the shockwave, and the altitude wizard tethers were all neatly severed. Sofia arched back and relaxed with a contented sigh. Her eyes opened, and Tobias's face lit up. "Sofia! You're alive!"

"And much more, Tobias, but keep it to yourself." Before he could let the cat out of the bag and be a celebrity, Sofia seized his head and drew him in for a kiss. "Although be careful, I think I broke a bunch of my bones." Tobias chuckled.

"Don't worry, I'll give you a bone", and in he went.

The Phantom Foreskin alone remained standing after Sofia's concussive vaginal juice explosion, though he was coated in the sticky, glue-like substance. He tried to remove it from his body, but in doing so merely made it worse and before long he had stuck both his hands to his torso. He looked up and saw standing before him, with blazing eyes and shining swords, the Thorpistanis, the Wheenies, the IDL members and the surviving B.U.L.L.I.E.S. He drifted backwards. "Fellas, fellas. Dis is all one big misunderstanding." He chuckled awkwardly, but nobody joined him. "Look, you don't want to be doing dis. Hows about you let me go? I'll be good dis time, I promise!" They remained impassive.

"No, don't do it!" shouted Tobias, looking up from his conquest. "If you kill him, you'll become no better!" The lynch mob looked at Tobias with exasperation. At a shouted instruction from an unseen commander far behind, they piled onto the Phantom Foreskin and hewed him apart, limb by spectral limb.

The wounded were being tended to by Thorpistani medics, Hussthaniel included. Charles limped over to the doctor and asked how he was, but the doctor's reply did not give him much optimism. He moved out of the triage centre and towards the crumpled form of the Phantom Foreskin, around which a group had congregated. Charles looked down upon the Phantom Foreskin, or at least what was left of him, although any sympathy he may have felt was extinguished when he glanced over to the stain that used to be his master. He kicked the mass and moved over to the remains of King Whee, tears beginning to well. He stopped and stared, remembering all the good times that they had shared. As he reached down and picked up the immaculate lolita outfit, he began to sing to himself. "They were Wheenie, they were Wheenie & the Waist, Waist, Waist, Waist, Waist..." He broke down before he could finish and squatted down, burying his head in his large hands. Loose Lucy the comedy whore saw him, but decided to leave him to let it all out.

As Molesworth scurried about in the distance, checking corpses for any valuables, Tobias and Sofia finished up and made their way over to the Phantom Foreskin. Tobias looked down at the body and spat. He turned around and saw the assembled warriors looking at him, as though willing him to say something. He cleared his throat. "Gentlemen. Today, we made history. We defended Incestria, the Incestrian way of life. All of us are free to have sex with whichever relatives we choose and as often as we wish." As Tobias was giving his speech, the Phantom Foreskin stirred. Unnoticed by anyone, he slid a broken hand down into a deep pocket and withdrew a sinister-looking blade. It glowed with an unnatural energy as the very air seemed to try to move away from its blade. He gripped the blade tight and waited for Tobias to get closer. Tobias was pacing back and forth as he gave his speech, and each time inched closer to the

Phantom Foreskin. Finally, Tobias was close enough. The Phantom Foreskin readied a blow and began to cry out.

Suddenly, Roomps descended from on high. A soft chorus of angels accompanied him, as did Wench Wenchington. As he touched ground with unmatched grace, his huge penis fell upon the Phantom Foreskin, crushing him into the dirt. All that he managed to utter was a slight squeak, which was overshadowed by the sigh of the number of spectators who had seen the attack coming and were disappointed at Roomps for interrupting it. Wench was part-way through conversation with Roomps. "I'm just saying, I think I'm pretty unrapeable. I'd just make the most of it and have a good time."

"An interesting claim, and one that we shall have to back up when we return to the lab." Roomps brushed his gaze over the battlefield, nodding to himself. "I see all's well that ends well. Did everybody have fun?" Tobias looked over the battlefield, riddled with corpses as it was.

"I don't know. We kind of came into this expecting all of us to die, so I don't suppose we can complain about our losses since they're so much less than expected. I don't get how the Thorpistanis got here so quickly, though. They must have been right behind us the entire way here, how did we not see them?"

"Hush, Tobias." Tobias hushed. "It's not important how things happened, only that they did." Roomps looked around and saw T-Plezzers 925, cradling a dying Imie. "Oh, I see you've met T-Plezzers. Top guy, top guy."

Imie spluttered. The Phantom Foreskin's blast had cleaved her entire body off and T-Plezzers was left cradling her head and little else. "T...T-Plezz..." Imie was racked with pain again and T-Plezzers held her close.

"Use my real name, Imie. Use my real name."

"T...Troy..."

"I'm here."

“We had a good run, didn't we?”

“We sure did girl, we sure did.”

“We had some adventures, some...some memories.”

“That we did.” Troy smiled pleasantly and Imie was put entirely at ease with her impending death.

“We'll always have Paris.”

“Or at least Cliteropolis, that glittering Paris of Incestria.”

“We used Paris to describe it last adventure”, interjected Tobias before slinking off.

“Imie...”

“Troy...” Imie heaved again, and went limp. Troy cradled her head for a while, silently. What he was thinking, only he knew. Perhaps he was considering putting the horse's head into Tobias's bed at some point. But of course he wasn't. He was too pleasant.

Meanwhile, Roomps graced the medical tents with his presence and, with his magical touch, healed all within it. As he placed a hand on Hussthaniel's shoulder, a new leg began to emerge from his ragged thigh. His eyes blinked open as he looked gratefully into Roomps', understanding instantly what he had done for him.

-Chapter Nineteen-

“As Time Goes By”

The Phantom Foreskin had severely depopulated Incestria. One in three people lay dead. In any other nation, this would be a death sentence, but not in Incestria: a land where everyone's related. Heeding the example of Earth rabbits, the surviving denizens of Incestria did their utmost to repopulate their nation and within a few months, numbers were back up. Clearly, the Phantom Foreskin had underestimated the tenacity with which Incestrians approached relative-shagging.

Before this, however, B.U.L.L.Y. found themselves together at the centre of the battlefield before they were to go their separate ways. “So, Tobias, are you going to leave Incestria and never return?” asked a convalescent Hussthaniel, walking with a slight limp that was sure to pass in time. Everyone present leaned in close to hear Tobias's answer.

“Well...me and Sofia have decided...”

“Get on with it!” cried a Wheenie in the audience.

“We've decided to stay in Incestria.” A sigh ran through the crowd as they slumped back dejectedly.

“Oh. Where is Sofia, anyway?” At that moment, a portal opened besides the group and out stepped Sofia, short of breath, and a nude man of around forty. “Who's this?” asked Hussthaniel. Tobias ignored him and ran over to embrace the man.

“Dad!” he cried.

“Sofia told me all about this place, Tobias. Where is your mother?” Tobias stopped smiling.

“Dad...she-”

“She's absolutely fine!” Tobias looked over in surprise as Mrs Haberdashering sauntered up behind him and gave him a quick reach around.

“Mum?! But...”

“Don't worry, baby. Roomps came and cured me.” Tobias glanced over to Roomps, who was standing aside from the group and smiling paternally.

“Mum...” The Haberdashering family embraced and began making passionate love to each other. Hussthaniel turned to Charles.

“What shall you do now, Charles Lockmart?” Charles was pensive.

“I know not. My king is slain, the Wheenies greatly diminished. If no successor has shown up yet, then I must assume that wherever they all came from, the well has dried up. I shall return to Whee's World as soon as possible and do what I can to rebuild the League, but no longer as an insular paramilitary force. Now, the League of Wheenies shall take their place as the defenders of all Incestria, and never again shall something like this be allowed to happen.” Loose Lucy the comedy whore came over and put an arm around Charles' shoulders. They locked eyes for a few seconds before Charles returned to Hussthaniel. “That is not all. I have been responsible for dark deeds in my past, Hussthaniel Throckmorton. Deeds that haunt me even now. In order to keep these things from ever happening again, I must set up a charitable bitch-shagging organisation and do my part to ensure that what happened to Jess never happens to anyone else. Meet my business partner, Loose Lucy.”

“The comedy whore”, added Loose Lucy the comedy whore, reaching out a hand that Hussthaniel kissed gingerly.

“*Enchanté.*” Loose Lucy the comedy whore blushed. Hussthaniel looked back to Charles. “As for myself, Cliteropolis,

that sparkling Mogadishu of Incestria, is in urgent need of rebuilding. Between the Flame Princess Uprising and this Phantom Foreskin business, the old girl has seen better days. Nonetheless, if my predecessors could rebuild it after...the incident..." Hussthaniel stared off into space until Charles snapped his fingers in front of his face. "...then I am sure I shall be able to do so now, or I am not worthy of the name of Throckmorton." Hussthaniel rubbed his crotch with a wince. "Although, sometimes, I think it might be nice to lose some of the Throckmorton baggage. What's the name of your charitable bitch-shagging organisation?" Charles looked at Loose Lucy the comedy whore again, who nodded in assent.

"Abolish Insufficient Dicking Suicides." Hussthaniel pondered the name.

"I like it. I wish you the best of luck in all your endeavours, Charles Lockmart." He glanced over to the stain that had once been King Whee. "You were always very loyal, you know?"

"I know. I tried." Hussthaniel nodded with a smile and walked off. Charles was left with Loose Lucy the comedy whore. She could sense that something was still troubling him.

"What is it?"

"My iron waist. Without it, I am nothing. I am powerless." Loose Lucy the comedy whore smiled and held him tight to her bosom.

"Don't you see, Charles Lockmart? Your power was within your fleshy waist all along!" She grabbed his nether parts and pulled him away from the congregation and towards a patch of bushes, out of sight. As they disappeared, Charles said something to her.

"Loose Lucy the comedy whore, I think this is the beginning of a beautiful friendship."

Hussthaniel and King Torps shook on a deal and embraced. "Hussthaniel Throckmorton, we Thorpistanis are committed to

developing stronger ties, both political and otherwise, with you Incestrian. Hopefully, a disaster such as this can never again befall a people, united across continents.”

“King Torps, you have proven yourself to be a wise and just king, and I am grateful to you. It is clear to me now why all of your people look up to you with such respect.” The two held each other at arm's length. “If you could just work on the punctuality a bit, that'd be great.” There was a tense moment, and then both of them erupted into laughter and embraced again.

“Throckmorton, you're all right. You must come visit again some time, particularly in the middle of Summer.”

“You can piss off with your bloody desert and jungle bollocks, y'know.”

“Wait, did you not know of the inter-continental Incestrian highway that joins our two lands?” Hussthaniel looked stupefied. “Huh. I did think it was odd that you chose to come to us through the desert and jungle, but I figured it was a unique Incestrian quirk or something. How else do you think we arrived here so soon?” Hussthaniel searched for words. “It was one of you Throckmortons who built it, years ago. I'm surprised you don't remember, frankly.” Suddenly, the memory of his great-great-grandfather telling him about the inter-continental Incestrian highway that he had built popped into Hussthaniel's mind.

“Oh, THAT inter-continental Incestrian highway.” King Torps laughed again and the two embraced a third and final time. Before going their separate ways, Hussthaniel ventured to ask King Torps a question. “How did you manage to overcome your ideological objections to war in order to come to our rescue?”

“Have you read the *Torpus Aristotelicum*? Shit is dumb.” With that, they parted.

Tobias rolled over and lay contentedly in a mess of assorted juices and bodily fluids, along with his immediate family. He felt

an elation he had never before felt. He asked his mother what it could be. "Is it wind?" she asked. Tobias shrugged, and she burped him over her shoulder. The elation remained. "Why, there's only one thing it could possibly be. Terry!" She called for Tobias's father, who let Sofia be for a moment to look over.

"What is it?"

"It's Tobias! He's finally broken his spiritual man hymen!" Pride washed over Tobias's face at the news, as it did his father's.

"My boy, I always knew you could do it! C'mere!" Tobias rolled over his mother and embraced his father, who embraced him back, hard and fast.

The last person Hussthaniel ran into was Molesworth, now hardly noticeable under the mound of looted clothes he was wearing. Somewhere, deep within, he saw Hassles' outrageous outfit, and Hussthaniel noted that he would never have thought anyone could pull off that shade of fluorescent yellow with that black leather kilt, but goddamn, Hassles made it work. Molesworth heard Hussthaniel coming over and looked up with a wave. "Hussthaniel."

"Molesworth. What's your plan now?"

"Well, I have to find my wife as soon as possible, so probably that."

"You really love her, don't you."

"Well, maybe, but I'm also contractually obligated to do so, so..."

"You're pretty whipped, aren't you."

"Yup."

"Well, good luck with that. I wouldn't worry, women and children always make it." With that, Hussthaniel left. He found his way to the Yellow Dick Road and stole one last look across the Fields of Familial Fucking, seeing the Lakpos laying beside each other in post-coital bliss, Molesworth looting the dead, Roomps and Wench Wenchington ascending back up to the

heavens from which they had come, Charles and Loose Lucy the comedy whore making passionate love behind a bush that hid them from the others, but not from Hussthaniel. He smiled inwardly and turned. As he walked, his hands in his pockets and a spring in his step, he began whistling and sang quietly to himself. "It's a long way to Cliteropolis..."

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After the Phantom Foreskin Incident, Little Israel was turned into a monument to what came to be known as the Troubles. All manner of memorials were erected in the solemn streets of the city, and nobody ever lived within its hexagonal walls again. The few remaining Little Israelis converted to Christianity and worshipped the one true God, and they found themselves able to integrate seamlessly into civilised Christian society (and whilst Incestria may not seem to be the prototypical example of a Biblical Christian society, I think you need to re-read Lot and his Daughters again. Genesis 19:30-38. I'll wait). Incestria would rebuild, and Incestria would endure, as it always had done and always will do, because as Hussthaniel pointed out, it takes a very special kind of person indeed to become an Incestrian, and that's what makes Incestria great; and the Yellow Dick Road goes ever on and on.

-Epilogue-

“What is the Cure for a Broken Heart?”

I've got eight slugs in me. One's lead, and the rest are bourbon. The drink packs a wallop and I pack a revolver. I heard her coming a mile away, the pounding the pavement took from her steps nothing compared to the pounding I was about to take from her eyes. The door swung open and the sunlight filtered in, she stood framed by the light like some kind of beautiful painting. She stepped forth and it became a Picasso. No matter, if I'm anything, it ain't picky. The dame said she had a case. She sounded like a case herself, but I can't choose my clients. I looked her up and down. Good curves, but I prefer my drinks straight and my girls straighter. She spoke, a voice like so many silky smooth blades digging into my flesh. Something about how she'd said something and I was starting to unnerve her by not saying anything. I didn't really hear, I was busy thinking of more similes, more metaphors, more pataphors; they swam around my head like so many fish circling a rotting bait, fully aware of what was going on yet still thinking about going for it out of a sense of obligation. The dame piped up again, like an organ; the sound scared the bats out of the church roof and they fled out the window with a raucous flapping.

I asked her what she wanted, half listening to the answer. She said she had a case, I said don't we all. She didn't get it. Tell you the truth, I don't think I got it. I reached into my drawer and took out my hip flask. This was going to be a long night. My room was a desert, the flask my oasis. She said I should hear her out, I said okay. I don't know if I heard *per se*, but the sound waves washed against my face like the waves against some far-

off beach as a couple in the death throes of youth rolled on the sand, the alcohol in their blood like the blood in my alcohol. She was saying something about matches. They say a tree can make ten thousand matches, a match can burn ten thousand trees. I don't know if they're right, I'm no scientist. All I know is that it takes one man and one match to make ten thousand bad memories and one cancerous lump. I took a drag from my cigarette, the smoke acrid. My dictionary says acrid can mean caustic in language or tone. What's my dictionary? The Dictionary of Hard Knocks. I don't know if I trust it, but it's the only one I've got. The dame was acting in a way I could only describe as acrid. Like the cigarette smoke.

I paid attention. She was done. I asked her to repeat it. I was done. If looks could kill, I was a dead man. Tell the truth, I'd been a dead man for some time. They've always said that all's fair in love and war, but what happens when the love is gone and all you're left with is a ceasefire and a whole lot of bodies? That's when the accusations of human rights violations start to fly and it's all you can do to seek cover behind a wall of alcohol and cynicism. I shook out of it and lent an ear to what she was saying. She asked if this was the Wheenie Matchmaking Service, I said what does it say on the sign? She said Wheenie Matchmaking Service, I said then no shit, this is the Wheenie Matchmaking Service. She asks if this is the Wheenie Matchmaking Service that helps set up League of Wheenie veterans with potential significant others, I says the very same, the one and only. I ask her her name, she says Sarrah. It's a good name, the kind of name you want to take away with you on a whirlwind romance, marry, have a couple of kids with and live out your days regretting your choices with.

Sarrah, I said. Her ears perked up like a dog when Pavlov starts ringing those little bells of his. What are you after, darlin'? I inquire. She looks at me with eyes that could pierce the Kevlar

that I built my emotional armour out of. I need a boyfriend, comes her reply. She stares at me, blinks all doe-eyed. I take a swig and a drag; I'm not buying it. I've had one too many dynamite dame come in, flutter her pretty eyes about and leave with a part of my heart in her pocket. What I have left is held together by nothing more than the duct tape of missed opportunities and lost chances. She circles around for another strafing run. Just any boyfriend would do, her verbal machine guns splutter. Again, the eyes a-fluttering. I suddenly feel like a bear, looking at a bear trap before him in a forest and feeling offended that anyone thinks he'd fall for that when he turns around and sees nothing but a sea of bear traps in every direction. I swallowed my reservations and dived forwards, the metal maws welcoming me with their twisted grimaces. Any particular kind of boyfriend? I ask her. She goes she doesn't care, literally anybody will do. She opened the bomb bay doors this time: direct hit. I was reduced to rubble, but little did she know, I was a civilian target.

Anybody? Anybody. Literally anybody? I'm babbling. She laughs. Literally anybody, she says. Like, even you would do, she adds. I am as flattered as I am unflattered, which is a whole bleeding lot. She comes closer as she says all this, brushes her hand against mine. It's soft, but I recoil from it anyway, like a moth from a flame. I start to rummage around in my filing cabinet, placating her by telling her I've got just the one in mind. I don't; I haven't seen the one for seven years, and that was on a train platform as she waved and rolled away towards adventure and new horizons, leaving me with the stale and the rotting ones. I notice something. It's Sarrah, she's snuck up behind me like Grima Wormtongue behind Saruman the White. I brace for the knife to slip between my ribs, but it doesn't come. She presses her head against my shoulder and purrs in my ear. Cats have nine lives, but if I were a cat, I'd be a few over my limit by now. She

puts a hand on both of my guns; the one I keep in my holster and the one I keep in my pants. She overlooks the third gun, the one I find in my mouth each night when it gets dark and it's all just too damn much for me, but I can hardly blame her. Whispering in my ear, like a succubus: Come on, why not expedite things and just volunteer yourself?

I shiver like Captain Scott in the Arctic; if only I had an Oates to go outside for some time. Soon I'd have to eat the last horses, and with them went any hope of getting back to England. My personal Amundsen stood before me, taunting and jeering. I ventured to say something, anything. I'm no good for you, baby. What have I just said? I crash into a brick wall going one hundred miles per hour; none of the other passengers survive, but I get to look forward to a life in a wheelchair and people writing murderous cow on my garage door. There is no trap so deadly as the trap you set for yourself, and you must always remember that a women is like a magpie; always wanting what it can't have. You must be as a monkey in a piñata, hiding amongst the candy, hoping the kids don't break through with the stick. I'd given her an opening, no larger than an exhaust port, but she had the Force on her side and would almost certainly make the hit with her torpedo. Oh, but I want you, she murmurs, tickling my nipple. She'd tickle my pickle, but I wear my trousers so tight I need a vice to take them off at night; just one more vice to add to the collection. I want you deep inside me, she says. A direct hit; my Death Star exploded as her Millennium Falcon swooped away victorious. The only place I wanted to be deep in was a hole in the ground, away from all my troubles, but I suppose I don't get that 'til I'm finally cold and dead. Not long now, I can only hope, and I take another swig.

Ever since I met you, she says, I wanted to consummate that love. I'm on autopilot, but the targeting computer's fried and my wingman just ejected beneath me and broke his neck. I reply: I

want to go deep inside you without a condom and explode in your canal. Pshhh. Grow a little baby up in there start a family. I immediately regret it, but it'd be easier to make a list of the things I don't in life. I put item one, subsection one up to my lips and take another swig; the whiskey burns going down, but sometimes you have to fight the fire with fire and the flames of passion were blazing through my wood. I put item two, subsection one up to my lips and take a long, hard drag. I blow out the smoke and watch it waft out of the window; I briefly wished I was fleeing with it, or that it was going to seek help and return. Sarrah pushes me over my desk, it's all I can do not to spill my drink. As she starts doing her thing, I finally realise how bad it's gotten; I can't think of a simile. She asks me my name. King Whee VII, and then it all goes dark.

-Epilogue 2: Redemption- “No I Didn't Forget About Troy What Do You Mean”

The sun was rising and Troy was hurriedly putting the finishing touches on his shop's interior in anticipation for the early morning crowds to come filing in. He stepped back and surveyed his work, smiling proudly to himself with his hands on his hips. *Imie*, he thought. *I did it*. Today was the grand opening of Troy's Treates, a self-described 'Olde Tyme Sweete Shoppe and Fudge Packery', and the culmination of his and Imie's shared ideas and dreams. Troy sighed to himself and wished Imie could have been there to see it, but alas. He glanced over to the clock; he had ten minutes to go. He stretched and exited the shop, taking a short walk up and down the street on which he had set up. He was living now in Whee's World, although the name seemed incorrect to him, what with King Whee's death and the lack of a successor. At the moment, the city was being run by a temporary military government of the League of Wheenies, with the newly-christened Flesh Waist at their head. Despite his lofty political position, the Flesh Waist had nonetheless set up a shop near to Troy's: Charles' Newe Timey Sexe Shopppe and AIDS HQ. Troy reflected on how Charles, a real dark horse, had surprised everyone with the announcement that it had always been his dream to run a sex shop. He shrugged and entered; Charles was sweeping the floor and Loose Lucy the comedy whore was checking the stock. “Morning, Charles.”

“Morning. You all set for the morning rush?”

“I sure am. You?”

“Yeah, in a momen-” Charles looked up and past Troy, out of the window. He wielded his broom like a sword and ran outside. “Shoo! Shoo! Git!” Troy watched as he shooed away a spectral spectral figure. Charles came back in, out of breath.

“What was that about?”

“That's the ghost of the ghost of Queen. He comes around every now and then and paws at the windows. It's a death sentence for business as he tends to repulse any customers that come by.”

“Queen?”

“Long story. Come on round tonight, after shuttin' time. I'll tell you all about it.”

“I'd like that. Must be off, have a good day.”

“You too.” With a smile and a wave Troy left, the door bell jangling in his wake. Charles turned to Loose Lucy. “God”, he said. “He's so bloody thoroughly pleasant.”

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Troy greeted the first customers with a beaming smile and a warm hello, hugging each and every one as they stepped into the shoppe. He watched as they browsed, suggesting the treats they would be likely to prefer. When they had made their decisions, he led them up to the counter and tallied up the price. However, whenever it came time to ask for the money, Troy would invariably buckle and instead pay the customer the amount owed and send them on their way. This endeared him to the locals, but did no favours for his financial situation. Luckily, Troy soon befriended a rich patron, who kept the business afloat with regular injections of money from his vast coffers until the day came where Troy decided to settle down and retire.

-Epilogue 3: Wings of Liberty- “Humble Beginnings”

Roomps stood before an easel in one of the many vast rooms of Throckmorton Keep. His tongue reached up towards his nose in concentration as he added some final strokes to his masterpiece; an artistic nude consisting entirely of still life paintings of vases of flowers. The soft sounds of some sort of experimental avant-garde *musique concrète* composition, created by Roomps, wafted through the halls of the keep. He angrily threw his brush and palette across the room, but regained his noble composure almost immediately. “I don't understand it. Why can't I make this work good? I'm not used to failure or constraints on my abilities.” He took a step back and pondered the work; the subtle interplay between the colours and the shade, the bold splashes of artisanal quality. It suddenly stuck him. “Egads!” exclaimed he. “It is not that this piece is below the standards of art, it is leagues beyond them! Such a fool I was to not see this sooner!”

Wench looked up from the book she was reading; a vintage copy of the *Torpus Aristotelicum* that she had been gifted by King Torps the last time the pair of them had visited Thorpistan. She gazed at the painting, devouring its multifaceted beauty and appreciating its post-appreciation nature; the subtle yet distinct aroma of plum filled her nostrils. “Truly, you have surpassed the boundaries of mere art by such a wide margin that its glory must be almost inconceivable to lower intellects. I would say this is to art what 'pataphysics is to metaphysics. Call it pataart, maybe?”

“It'd have to be 'pataart, to avoid a simple pun. But no, this is...this is some kind of...post-art.” He swished the term around

in his mouth, tasting its many subtle and delicate flavours and sensations. It pleased him greatly.

“Of course. As usual, you are right where I was wrong and I freely admit this without any fighting that which I know to be true. Do you think there may be others out there who possess this marvellous gift?”

“Alas, I do not know. Truly, they would be a rare breed indeed. Some sort of...chosen ones. *Mein Gott!*” Roomps knew every language of man and beast with utmost fluency, and was prone to using them all interchangeably.

“What is it?”

“The prophecy, from all those centuries back. Tobias and Sofia were indeed the chosen ones after all, and this is the great change they were destined to cause!”

“Whatever do you mean?”

“Do you not see, fair Wench? If they had not have come to Incestria and caused such great upheaval, I would not have decided to try my hand at painting in order to unwind and this never would have happened. This is just like the emergence of existentialism from WWII-ravaged Europe, and of no less importance in the grand scheme of Man's philosophical advancement!” Wench thought for a second.

“But you paint masterpieces like this all the time, this is just the first time you've noticed them for what they truly are.” There was a pause.

“Oh, right. Never mind then, Tobias and Sofia still aren't special.”

“Not at all. What if there were other post-artists out there though? Fellow genii who similarly make the artistic spectrum their bitch. What then?” Roomps waited a while to fully process the ramifications of this possibility.

“I don't know.”

“What if you and these people formed some sort of...post-art artform collective?” Roomps' eyes widened with joy.

“Yes!” he screamed. “And I shall call it...CSX! CSX the post-artform art collective-”

“Genius!” interjected Wench.

“No. No, it is not complete. CSX the post-artform art collective... .co.uk.” Wench's chair was bowled over by the sheer brilliance of the idea, and she found herself sprawled across the floor. Roomps did not notice, so engrossed was he in the potential for this new world. He paced around the room, mumbling to himself.

“You could write a book of your experiences, perhaps? A book of Incestria?” Roomps stopped in his tracks.

“Impossible, I have far too many stories to tell, a book would never be able to contain them all.” Wench was disappointed, the feeling that the world was on the verge of being deprived of something great weighing heavily on her heart. “But maybe...” said Roomps, pausing, gripped by an idea marginally more fantastic than the others that rushed through his mind. “Maybe a chronicle? Yes...the Chronicles of Incestria!”

-Epilogue 4.0- “Closure”

Tobias wandered the streets of Waist's World, the representative democracy that had emerged from the ruins of monarchical Whee's World upon the death of King Whee VI and the failure of a successor to replace him. It had been a bloodless transition and the Flesh Waist had experienced remarkable success in his campaign to reinvent the League of Wheenies as the elite protectors of all of Incestria. The Incestrians were witnessing an era of untold peace and prosperity and almost all memory of the dark days of the Troubles had faded. Truly, times were good.

Why Tobias was in Waist's World was known only to him. A few days earlier, he had received an anonymous letter at his cottage that asked him to come and meet the author outside the Wheenie Matchmaking Service building within a few days. Normally, Tobias would have ignored the letter and gone on with his life, but he felt he recognised the handwriting from somewhere. With that, he had left Sofia in the cottage, currently afflicted by a strange lethargy, and made his way to Waist's World. It was now getting dark and he was having some trouble finding his way through the twisting streets. Eventually, he found the Wheenie Matchmaking Service building and saw a figure standing outside it, shrouded in darkness. Tobias sauntered up. “Are you the one who wrote me this letter?” The figure was quiet for a long time.

“Yes.”

“I recognised the handwriting.”

“I thought you might.”

“Come on out of the darkness...King Whee VII.” King Whee obligingly stepped out of the shadows and Tobias looked upon his face. It was exactly the same as King Whee VI's before him, and King Whee V's before him. “They all think you're dead, you know?”

“I know.”

“What are you hiding from?” King Whee took a deep breath.

“It gets hard, sometimes, being king. I used to wish I could just be a normal commoner, going about my normal day normally. All the stressed of running a kingdom, of trying to do what's best for your subjects, even if they don't know it; I couldn't do it any more.”

“I understand. What are you calling yourself now then?” King Whee looked confused. “Well, I assume you're not calling yourself King Whee. What even is your first name, I don't think you ever said.”

“King is my first name. Did you think that all this time, that was just a title? Haha, that's gold.” Tobias blushed and looked at his feet. He wanted to change the subject of conversation.

“Why did you ask me to come here then?”

“Oh yes, don't worry. I haven't forgotten.” Tobias was prepared for what he assumed was a gift of some sort when King Whee floored him with a brutal uppercut. He reeled on the floor as King Whee spat at his feet and went back inside the Wheenie Matchmaking Service building with a “that has been a long time coming for far too long.” Tobias considered getting petulant and storming into the building after him, but somewhere, somehow, in a brief moment of painfully lucid self-awareness, Tobias knew that this was only the right turn of events. He gazed up at the stars in peace.

-Next Time On- *The Chronicles of Incestria*

Yorkie McPudding, Tobias's step-brother, lay on Tobias's bed, his legs hanging over the edge. He had popped around to visit the Lakpos, in the hope of getting to fill Tobias with his toothpaste of love. Nobody had replied to his knocking, but the door was unlocked, and that usually meant the Lakpos were having a quick shag amongst themselves. Yorkie let himself in and looked around, but nobody was home. He waited a while for them to come home, but an hour went by and there was no sign. He made his way up to Tobias's room and found his laptop. Now, he was searching Tobias's files for any indication of where he may be. It was tough going, as Tobias insisted on using *Windows Vista*, but he made his way through terabytes of porn starring Tobias and Sofia, *League of Legends* stuff and all the French electropop that he could manage. He gave up the search and began browsing, using the *Internet Explorer* that Tobias always insisted on using, without even using *AdBlock*. He looked through Tobias's bookmarks, which mostly consisted of increasingly awful porn and store pages for *Apple* products. Then he stumbled upon a link to *Ancestry*, and dived in. Tobias had clearly started using the service, but had gotten bored or been so aroused at the thought of all these relatives and had only gotten as far as a couple generations back. Yorkie decided to kill some time by playing around with the service for a while, having once worked through his family tree as far as a few millennia back.

It had been a couple of hours and the sun was starting to go down. Yorkie paid it no heed as he continued to build his family tree. He was now back a few millennia in the past, when he

noticed a family member of Tobias had a remarkably familiar name. Yorkie looked deeper, and before long, the realisation hit him like a sack of bricks. Four millennia ago, he and Tobias shared a common ancestor. Yorkie struggled for breath as the ramifications swum around his head. He gasped and blacked out, falling off of the bed with a crash.

Yorkie opened his eyes blearily. He was no longer in Tobias's bedroom, but some sort of field. He looked around, but there was nobody to see. He did, however, catch sight of a yellow road leading away and into the horizon. Yorkie shrugged. He began following the road. *Tobias must have come here*, he reasoned. *I'll find him, and make him mine and mine alone.*

*

King Whee VII was on cloud nine as he hugged Sarrah. He hugged her hard and he hugged her fast, their breaths growing shorter and more rapid as they continued hugging. King Whee felt something welling up deep inside him as he drew Sarrah close. Something he hadn't felt since his encounter with Raychil a long time earlier. He drew a sharp intake of breath and shot his seed onto the ground, then withdrew from the hug. His face was red, as was Sarrah's, and they lay beside each other in the afterglow.

*

Maybe you find out what all that Whae'les stuff was about? I mean, that seems like it's hinting at some more source of adventure, so maybe they go to a land of giant bird people in the third book? That could be cool, I guess.

*

The Flesh Waist looked over the formidable contraption, the Wheenie scientists and technicians scurrying about wherever he looked. Unnatural energies pulsed from the device as reality was warped by its terrible power. The lead scientist looked up from his clipboard and pushed his glasses up his nose. "Do you like it,

sir?" The Flesh Waist put his hands on his hips and smiled proudly, nodding slowly.

"I love it." Loose Lucy the comedy whore sidled up besides him and rubbed a hand on his chest. She purred in his ear.

"What is it, Charles?" He rubbed his hands together in excitement.

"This, Loose Lucy the comedy whore, is a time machine!"

*

Before long, King Whee and Sarrah decided to get married. They had a small ceremony, with only their closest friends invited. Everyone of note was there, bar Tobias, for obvious reasons. Sofia had been invited but had felt unfit for travel, claiming she had been feeling under the weather lately. As the priest encouraged them to speak their vows to each other, King Whee heard a van pull up outside the church. He thought nothing of it as he took Sarrah's hands in his and spake the holy vows. As he lifted her veil and went in for a kiss, gunshots shattered the peaceful atmosphere. Everyone looked over at the large church doors as they swung open and a band of bearded men wielding AKS-47Us. One had an RPG. King Whee recognised their leader with a gasp. "Who is it, Whee?" Before he could answer, the leader of the group addressed at the assembly.

"We are warriors of the militant al-Qaeda cell Wa Alaykumu S-salam Mouthafuqq-a, I am Mubeen bin Abu Ibraheem, and we are here for King Whee, our very greatest and most unspeakably ancient nemesis!" As the room erupted into chaos, the bullets began to fly and the bodies began to fall.

*

A character you don't encounter until the third book and another unknown character get up to some stuff. There's no reason you'd know what it is and it won't make much sense to you now, but in the next book it'll all make sense and it'll probably be your favourite bit.

*

The ghost of the ghost of Queen had inexplicably managed to trick a girl into giving him the time of day, and found himself embroiled in a hot date at the Thorpistani cinema. As he walked beside the girl, who was a pretty girl and everything, it wasn't even like she was a fuggo, he gazed deeply into her eyes. She recoiled, perhaps beginning to realise what situation she was in. They passed a photo of King Torps and the ghost of the ghost of Queen scoffed. "He thinks he's the king around here or something." The girl visibly trembled as the full weight of her mistake dawned on her. The ghost of the ghost of Queen reached down into the back of his pants and withdrew a filthy penny with a loud and unsettling *pop*. "I put this penny up my arse when I was five, and I've kept it there ever since." He watched the girl, who was attempting to flee. He laughed and pressed the penny into her forehead; much to everybody present's disgust, it stuck. "I'm so fun, right?" She didn't answer, as she was too busy vomiting. They arrived at the cinema and the ghost of the ghost of Queen immediately ran off to buy an ice cream. The girl seized the opportunity to run, but the ghost of the ghost of Queen noticed and caught up with her. "Hehe, a fleeing friend! I've always wanted a fleeing friend! Mummy said she was daddy's fleeing friend." The girl remained silent and started directly ahead in terror. The ghost of the ghost of Queen noticed that the date wasn't going perfectly, so he shoved the ice cream into the girl's face. He smeared it all over as she tried to fight him off, and then covered her mouth and nose with it. She scrabbled for breath, but he merely laughed maniacally and held the ice cream steady. She was rewarded only with lungs full of frozen dairy product for her troubles, and was soon quite dead. Only then did the ghost of the ghost of Queen remove the ice cream as he slowly caressed her. *Hehe, oh my*, he thought. *Saucy devil, straight to the naughty stuff are we?* He smiled to himself as he

dragged the body back to the cave in which he had been living, undoubtedly to perform nefarious and unspeakable deeds.

*

Molesworth had been searching high and low for his wife but had been unable to find hide nor hair or her, or the kids for that matter. He had had all manner of exciting and unimaginable adventures in the course of his journey, however, and these were sure to be relayed to you, the reader, in a third book. You would be able to find out how our intrepid hero, the true protagonist of the *Chronicles of Incestria*, found himself contractually obliged to have sex with a girl without a brain and only narrowly managed to escape from her in time! Learn exactly how and why Molesworth came to see his wife's boobs, and how big they were! All this and more could be yours; it's all there in the third book of the best-selling *Chronicles of Incestria* series.

*

Roomps sat in the armchair of his vast, well-stocked library, clad in a smoking jacket and supping from a pipe every now and then. He was reading one of the most influential philosophical works he had ever read; a work that had entirely redefined his previous notions of sexuality, politics, religion, history and various other words. It was called the *MANifesto*, and it was truly Earth-shattering. Anyway, maybe Roomps does something interesting in the next book? I don't really know, but he's a pretty interesting guy, he probably does. I bet he gets up to some right bloody shenanigans, some right royal chicanery and tomfoolery. Hijinks, you could call them. Cor, I bet they're really good.

*

Meanwhile, Tobias sat in the rocking chair in the small countryside cottage he shared with Sofia. He sipped from his fruity cosmo and sighed contentedly. Admittedly, Tobias had bought the cottage under the belief that he was paying a fee to join in a cottaging, but he was still quite happy with the house.

“Tobias?” He looked over at his sister, standing in the doorway. She looked as beautiful as the day he had met her, before he had even arrived in Incestria, at home as they were siblings. He remembered his old home, an objectively inferior place if rated on incest potential, yet he looked back on it fondly.

“Yes, Sofia?” She came into the room and lay a hand on his shoulder. He reached up and grasped it. He knew what was coming next.

“Tobias, I'm pregnant.”

“Fabulous news! Soon I shall have a new relative to shag.”

“That is not all. I also have AIDS.” Tobias jumped backwards.

“What?! When did you find this out?!”

“Like a minute ago, they're at the door. Charles apologised for missing the housewarming party and brought a gift. From the looks of things, it's another *Vergil the Drippy Dragon*™.” Tobias took another breath and his heart resumed beating.

“Someone should probably tell them that their acronym is stupid.” Tobias laughed inwardly at what was apparently, to him, a joke. Then he laughed again, this time at the thought of people having AIDs, because Tobias is terrible. Tobias finished off his cosmo and rose to greet Charles at the front door. Sofia rubbed her belly, and felt a kick.

*

However would all of these disparate plot threads that had been artificially left dangling be resolved? For the answer, tune in next book — same Bat-time, same Bat-channel!

-And Now for Something Completely Different- “Prosopagnosia”

“Just describe the guy for us, if you wouldn't mind.”

“I can't.”

There's nothing to be afraid of. Nothing will happen to you.”

“No, I can't.”

“Come on, what are you afraid of?”

“It's nothing, I-”

“Then tell us what he looked like!”

“I can't! I don't remember!”

“Don't remember?”

“That's right. The guy just had one of those faces, I suppose. It was so forgettable, I kept looking up and thinking I had a new customer.”

“Damn. Okay Ms. Scott, that will be all. Thank you for your time.”

“It's my pleasure. I'm sorry I couldn't help, but I do hope you catch the guy.”

“You and me both, Ms. Scott. You and me both.” The detective led Ms. Scott out of the interrogation room and stood in the open doorway, watching her walk away. He turned to go back into the precinct when he bumped into his partner.

“Watch it, McNulty.”

“Sorry, I was miles away.”

“You'll certainly wish you were in a second, buddy.”

“What do you mean?”

“The mayor's got wind that none of the seven witnesses could give us anything on the perp. Apparently he's going berserk; best prepare for a reaming.”

"I'm sure it'll be fine. Me and the mayor seem to see eye-to-eye."

"Wish I could say the same. Damned fool's always getting up in my shit over this, that or the other. Just the other day he brings me into his office to call me a loose cannon, as if I don't get enough of that from the chief. I swear, I don't know if I'll make it to my retirement in three days or if I'll just shoot myself before then. Or shoot them? That'd probably work just as well."

"The chief is an all right guy, you just need to cut him some slack."

"Maybe you're right, McNulty. You'd better hope you are, he's on his way over right now." McNulty looked over his shoulder; the chief was making his way towards him with strong, purposeful strides.

"Later, partner."

"Later." His partner turned and departed, leaving McNulty and the chief alone.

"McNulty."

"Chief."

"It's the mayor, he wants to talk to you in my office."

"How is he?" The chief sighed.

"He's pretty pissed, but you'll be okay. You and him have such good rapport, you know that? I think it's because you're such a restrained cannon, you're always getting the mayor off my ass."

"I just do my job, chief."

"I know, but bugger me if you don't do it well."

*

"What do you mean 'none of them could remember what the guy looked like'?"

"Exactly what it sounds like I mean, sir. We interviewed all seven witnesses, and they all said the exact same thing; the guy

had an almost remarkably unremarkable face. None of them could recall a single detail.”

“Not even the bank teller? She must have been staring right at him.”

“Not even the teller. For all we know, this man is the most pathologically average-looking man in the world.”

“Goddamn. Goddamn, goddamn, goddamn.”

“Calm down Mr. Mayor, sir.” The mayor took some deep breaths.

“How many times have I told you not to call me sir, McNulty?”

“Sorry, sir. I suppose I just can't get past my unwavering respect for the chain of command.”

“I know you can't, and it's why you're such a damned good police. Do we have anything to go on, anything at all?”

“Nothing. We got prints, but they're close matches to about two hundred different people. Even his DNA is frustratingly indistinct. The man wouldn't stand out if he was alone.”

“Damn.”

“Damn's about damned right, sir.”

*

He splashed the cool water on his face and looked up at himself in the bathroom mirror. Everyone he had ever known, in some small measure, looked back at him. The man possessed an incredible asset; that of the single least memorable face in all the world. The longer one looked at it, the more it seemed to resemble everybody they had ever seen in some small way, from the positioning of the eyes to the width of the nose, but never did it settle on a single recallable face. It was, with no hyperbole, the natural equivalent of a scramble suit. He looked into the reflection, blinked and started, having briefly thought a stranger was looking back at him from his own bathroom. Despite having had twenty years to get used to his condition, the man had never

fully grown accustomed to it and could still occasionally catch himself out. These instances did not annoy him, rather, they encouraged him in his reliance on the unrecognisability of his face for the committal of crimes. He glanced in the mirror, through the crack of the bathroom door and onto his bed, where three overstuffed duffel bags lay on a pool of assorted bills. His latest haul had been a particularly huge one, totalling roughly a million and then some, and he was still working off the adrenaline buzz. He wondered why he still felt the thrill of evading capture when, as the last twenty years of success could attest to, the chances were so slim as to be nil. Using his extraordinary gift, he slid in and out without leaving the slightest impression. Truth be told, it was all starting to bore him.

*

McNulty opened the front door and stepped into the inviting warmth from the freezing cold of another winter evening. He rubbed his hands together before slowly and stiffly removing his coat. When done, he made his way into his living room where his wife sat curled up before the blazing fire, engrossed in a book. He walked up and gave her a kiss, then had a peek into the dining room. The table was laid, but there was no food on it. For a moment, he feared that he had been so late that his wife had eaten without him, but this notion was dispelled when she rose and walked over to the kitchen, withdrawing two plates of food and placing them in the microwave. McNulty smiled. "I'm sorry I was late, you didn't have to do that."

"No, it's fine. I wouldn't want to eat without you, and I know that you have late nights now and then as a policeman, but it doesn't bother me one bit." They kissed again, and McNulty was struck by the realisation that he truly didn't understand what his co-workers meant about when they complained about their wives nagging them about their work lives. Someone had even said something about his wife asking him to choose between the job

or her; this seemed entirely alien to McNulty, whose wife had always been hugely supportive of his career and respected his choices. Reflecting on it, McNulty couldn't remember his wife having ever really nagged him. He chalked it up to statistics as he sat opposite her and they tucked into their meals; surely, every now and then, someone was bound to get married to a woman they got on well with. "How was work?" That was another quality that McNulty had always admired in her; she always seemed genuinely eager to hear about his day.

"Tough. You hear on the news about that bank that got hit this afternoon?"

"I did, I figured you'd end up with that."

"You were right."

"I thought it was strange, that the guy did it in broad daylight and without any sort of mask or anything. I assume you caught him within minutes?"

"I wish. No, this guy...he's odd."

"Odd how?"

"Well, you said it yourself. He sticks up this bank, in broad daylight, no mask or nothing, witnesses all around. Thing is, not one of them can remember a damned thing about him. The man is like a ghost, he's so average."

"Huh, that *is* weird.. Have you got any ideas on what to do?" McNulty sighed.

"Not a damned one."

*

The man strolled up the broad marble steps along the front of the bank. The huge, elaborate façade welcomed him as he stepped through the revolving door and entered the building, the deafening silence punctuated only by the occasional sound of a customer whispering in order to be heard over the din. He made his way to the end of the queue and waited for his turn to be served, keeping a wary eye on the paltry few guards positioned

around the room. One of them was engrossed in his mobile phone, another seemed to be asleep. Finally, the man heard himself being called up to the counter. He arrived and slid a note under the screen. The teller, a middle-aged woman with a distinctive scar above her right eyebrow, perhaps from a chickenpox affliction early in her childhood, took a step back and her eyes widened. She had a small brown freckle on her otherwise bright green iris. The man always found that he noticed every tiny distinguishing feature of people he encountered, no matter how insignificant, as though he was vicariously living a life of recognisability through them. She looked afraid and he softened his expression in response; she seemed to regain her composure. She stood up and disappeared for a moment around back, but returned carrying a large satchel. She opened the screen and passed it over, her hands visibly trembling. The man grabbed it and walked out, past the sleeping guard, through the revolving door, down the stairs and away.

*

“Would you like a doughnut, McNulty?”

“No, thanks, I'm trying to watch my weight.”

“Don't worry about it, they're diet doughnuts.”

“Oh, then I will have one after all.” McNulty picked a chocolate number and bit into it as he surveyed the bank lobby before him. His partner had taken a middle-aged female bank teller aside to interview, but McNulty could see from his face that it was proving entirely fruitless. He made his way slowly along the lobby, towards the counter. Running his hand along the wood finish, deep in thought, he noticed a scrap of paper laying on the clerk side of the screen. He reached over and grabbed it before scanning it. A bog-standard robbery note, but for one thing: there was a name at the bottom. *John Doe*. He was playing with them. McNulty threw the piece of paper away in frustration.

*

The man sat in his armchair before the television, watching the 24-hour news. His bank job had been the top news story of the day with the news bringing in everyone from criminal psychologists to the winner of a reality show a few years back in which members of the public competed to eat the most human excrement for their thoughts on the event, tentatively labelled 'crime of the week' by a number of outlets. To the man's mounting frustration, the anchors continued to say that police had no lead as to who the perpetrator was, despite him putting his name on the note he had handed to the teller. He had been aware at the time that it was perhaps a foolish move, but he had simultaneously begun feeling an overriding sense of stagnation in his day job, and he was eager for a little extra thrill, even if it meant a risk of capture. He would have to try something else to get their attention.

*

"McNulty!" screamed the police chief.

"Sir?"

"Get in my damned office this instant!" McNulty duly did as he was told. There were three chairs in front of the chief's desk; one was for McNulty, the second contained his partner and in the third sat somebody McNulty didn't know, a police of no more than twenty years old. "Sit down. Damn, all this construction work going on outside has be shouting all the time just to be heard."

"What's this about, chief?"

"You all know what this is about." McNulty paused.

"The bank man."

"Damned straight, the bank man. He's a ghost, and I need him exorcised. McNulty, you're heading a task force assigned to catching this guy, along with your partner. This rookie will join you, try to learn the ropes. He's straight out of the Academy, so be gentle with him. Now get outta here."

As McNulty stepped outside of the chief's office, the sight of the precinct full of fit, in-their-prime police officers filled him with a burning pride in his police force, so unhampered by bureaucracy as it was.

*

The man went through the motions; entering the bank, checking on the guards, walking up to the counter, handing the teller a note. The teller dutifully left to fetch a big bag of money. Once the transaction was completed, the man made his way out. He stashed the bag of money in his car, a Focus, and then made his way back into the bank. He leant against the wall and watched the chaos unfurl.

*

"Is there anything to go on? Anything at all?" asked McNulty.

"Not a damn thing. Teller can't remember a thing and the prints are the same story as ever." McNulty thought about this. His eyes scanned the room; the teller sipping from a mug of tea by the table where she'd been interviewed, the guards being chewed out by their supervisor, some guy leaning off to the side. McNulty swore under his breath. Then he watched with indifference as the leaning man get up from the wall and make his way over to the bank teller.

*

The man had grown sick of standing as conspicuously as he could in the middle of an active crime scene and not being noticed, so he made his way over to the bank teller, sat behind a small table where a policeman had interviewed her a few moments ago. He stood before her and cleared his throat. She glanced up, but no flash of recognition appeared across her face. "Yes?" she asked. "I told you people, I don't remember anything about him." The man felt an irritation welling up inside him as

he made his way past the assembled policemen and returned to his car.

*

McNulty sat in his study, light pouring in through the partially open door but the room otherwise bathed in darkness. He sighed and rubbed his eyes, having just drawn yet another blank with regards to the bank robberies, the perpetrator of which had now been christened 'the Savage Average' by the media. He reached into the draw under his desk and withdrew the hip flask from within. He looked longingly at it, like a long lost friend, before unscrewing the top and taking a number of deep gulps. The taste of Fanta was refreshing after a hard day's work; McNulty had always kept a novelty hip flask filled with fizzy drinks around, but had never had a drinking problem. He jumped as the door swung open and his wife walked in. "How's it going?" McNulty sighed.

"Not well. I'm just drawing blank after blank, I don't know what to do." His wife came over to him and placed a hand on his shoulder.

"I've been thinking about your situation lately. I think I have an idea."

*

"McNulty!"

"Sir?"

"Get in here this instant!" McNulty did as he was told immediately. The chief was standing, looking out of his office windows. "Damned noisy construction."

"They should be done in a few days, sir."

"Dammit McNulty, hand in your badge and gun." McNulty was startled.

"But sir, why?" The chief looked set to blow.

"Why?! So I can send them off to cleaning, of course!" The chief wandered over and pointed at McNulty's badge. "I can't

have my favourite police looking scruffy, now can I?" McNulty sighed a sigh of relief.

"Will do, sir. Did you get my request to hire outside help for the bank robberies detail?"

"I sure did. If it was anyone else, I wouldn't hear a word of it, but I trust you. He's waiting for you down at reception. Now get out of my sight."

"Will do, sir. Thanks." McNulty got up and turned to leave when he remembered something. "Oh, and thank your wife from me and mine for that peach cobbler the other day, it was divine."

"I'll remember to. You know, I envy you and your supportive wife, McNulty. Mine keeps telling me to leave the force, but I just can't do it. It gives my life meaning, you know?"

"I do. I'm just lucky that my wife is so appreciative of that fact, I suppose."

"You lucked out, McNulty. Now go catch me a bank robber."

*

Smith stood before the counter. The police receptionist put down the phone. "What can I do for you?"

"I'm looking for a McNulty, is he in?" The receptionist tapped some keys into the computer.

"He is. He should be here in a couple minutes, he knows you're coming."

"Thank you." Smith blinked, and the receptionist was now an entirely different person. "McNulty?"

"On his way."

"Oh. Thank you." Smith blinked, and the receptionist again. "McNulty, I presume?"

"I told you, he's on his way." Before this could continue, a voice came from down the hall.

"Smith! Come here please." Smith looked over and saw a policeman waving him over. He said goodbye to the receptionist

and made his way over. He reached McNulty and kept on going, having forgotten who he was making his way over to in the sea of identical police uniforms. McNulty was prepared for this, and called Smith again. They finally met and shook hands.

“McNulty?”

“That's me. Smith?”

“Aye.”

“My wife told me about you. I think you might be able to help us solve a case, if you'd come with me.”

*

Smith sat behind the table as McNulty and his partner briefed him on what was going on, nodding and smiling. When they were done, the rookie interjected. “What was it you said you had, again?”

“Prosopagnosia. You might know it as face blindness, I think it was in *Arrested Development*. Faces are all indistinct blurs to me, and as soon as I look away, I forget them.”

“You're just what we need, Smith” added McNulty.

“I'm flattered, but I must say, I'm not sure I fully understand why.”

“It's simple. This bank robber can get away with just about anything because nobody can remember his face and comparing footage of him to our databases brings up thousands of possible matches. You, however, can't remember anyone's face. You have to rely on other things, too subtle for us to pick up on, such as gait and physical demeanour. If I'm right about this, he should appear as unique to you as anyone else would to one of us.”

“I see. And if you're not right?”

“Then I don't deserve this badge, clean or dirty. Now, let's go over the camera footage of the previous banks he's hit to try and familiarise you with his body language.

*

“You see that, how he walks with a slightly more pronounced swing in his left shoulder than the right?”

“No, not at all.”

“As I thought. You face-sighters always blind yourself to the subtler details.”

“Face-sighters?”

“Oh, my apologies. It's a derogatory name for you people in face-blind culture. I'm not facist though, I have loads of face-sighted friends.”

“Face-blind culture?”

“There are dozens of us. Dozens!”

“Calm down, Smith. Do you think you could pick him out if you saw him walking about?”

“I'd bet my face-blindness on it.”

“Excellent. My partner has been dealing with this aspect of the plan, he'll brief you.”

“Come here, I'll fill you in.”

*

The man looked up at the bank façade. He sighed; another easy job. It was almost as though they weren't trying any more. He had resigned himself to being perpetually unchallenged in his bank robberies, his great boon becoming a reviled detriment. He was trapped in a prison of his own unremarkability. He walked through into the lobby, noting the two softly dozing guards, each one older than the other. There was no line. *At least this'll be quick*, he thought. He made his way over to the counter, thinking that the bank seemed strangely empty, considering it was the midday rush. Besides the bank staff and a young couple milling about off to the side, he was alone. He was half-way between the door and the counter when he froze; the hair on the back of his neck shot up. The teller motioned him over, but he remained still, straining his ears for something, he knew not what. He

heard a shuffling of feet from behind wall and the penny dropped.

*

McNulty was pressing his back against the wall, watching the man in the reflection from a window. His gun was drawn and he held it pointing upward. Suddenly, in a flurry of movement that shattered the eerie stillness that he had grown accustomed to, the man bolted. He reached the doors as McNulty reacted to what was happening and ran after him. As he made it outside of the bank, he scanned left and right for the man. Nobody stuck out. His partner, the rookie and Smith rushed out and joined him. "Smith, where is he?" Smith shot his eyes left and right, then pointed at man nonchalantly walking away.

"There he is!" McNulty looked, but could see nothing about him that reminded him of the man. He shrugged and ran after him, trusting in Smith's face-blind abilities. They rounded the corner as the man darted aside into a nondescript warehouse. They stacked up on the open doorway and caught their breath.

"I'm gettin' too old for this shit", panted his partner. He leaned against the wall and his voice rasped. McNulty eyes his gun; it was practically an antique.

"You ever fire that thing, old man?"

"Yeah, once..."

"Oh. Did you accidentally shoot a kid or something?"

"No, no, nothing like that. I shot a bad guy and saved the day, it was pretty sweet. Just never had a chance to use it since then."

"Looks like you might get one last chance to before your retirement."

"Yeah. I can't believe I'm only two days away from retirement."

"Me neither, old buddy. Me neither. Let's go in, we're wasting time." His partner nodded and they filtered into the

warehouse. As their eyes accustomed to the darkness and darted around the decrepit warehouse, their ears tried their best too penetrate the deathly silence. McNulty signalled forwards with his hand and his partner went ahead. The others followed. Before long, they came to a corridor with two doors, one on each side. McNulty signalled and his partner peeled off right with the rookie in tow. McNulty and Smith went left and found themselves in a vast hall underneath slowly rusting scaffolding. McNulty looked across when a rustling drew his attention. He saw a leg disappear around a corner and a piece of metal clattered to the floor. He motioned to Smith to stay at a distance and ran after. Rounding the corner, he saw a glimpse of the man running up a stairwell, the warehouse ringing with each step. McNulty ran up after him and found himself on the scaffolding, precariously held up by near-gone girders. He began running across, parts of the heavily rusted walkway falling away under his feet. As he was running, a gunshot ran out through the warehouse. His heart sank.

*

The man felt his heart pumping as his arm ached from the recoil, the pistol heavy in his hand. He looked over at the policeman as he collapsed, clutching at his chest from which blood was bubbling out of at an alarming rate. The man looked down at the pistol and threw it away in disgust. He heard footsteps and shouting coming nearer and he looked side-to-side in fear. He was cornered. The only route available was straight out of the window. He swallowed and walked towards it, his feet reluctant but unable to stop. He reached it, ran a hand along the frame, pushed the window open and peered down. He was easily twenty-five feet up; the wind chilled him to the bone as it whipped along the wall. He sighed and looked back. The policeman had stopped moving. The voices and footsteps were

growing louder. He looked back at the window and threw himself out of it.

*

McNulty rounded the corner just in time to see the man disappear out of the window. He staggered to a stop and stared, wincing as he heard a muffled *crack*. His eyes fell upon the fallen policeman and he rushed over to the body. As he cradled it, his partner placed a hand on his shoulder. The rookie had been way out of his depth, and had paid with his life. "Goddamn", said his partner, slowly shaking his head. "He was anywhere from thirty to forty years away from retirement."

*

McNulty, his partner and Smith exited the warehouse, McNulty carrying the rookie's body. They heard a hubbub around the corner and walked over. Splattered on the ground was what was partially recognisable as a body, although it had been severely disfigured by the fall. A sizeable crowd had formed and the trio pushed their way through. As they looked over the body, McNulty's partner leaned towards Smith. "Is it him?" he asked. Smith sighed.

"There's no way of telling. Without any body language to witness, I'm just as blind as any of you. We'll never truly be able to tell if this was our guy or not."

"But we'll know it was, right? You were sure it was him we followed into the warehouse?" Before Smith could reply, a police car barrelled down the road and stopped beside them. The two policemen stepped out and began ushering the crowd away. They saw McNulty carrying the rookie's body and called up an ambulance. McNulty stared at the man's body.

*

The rookie's funeral was scheduled for the next day. McNulty stood alongside his wife, both dressed in black. His partner stood on the other side of him. As the priest droned out

the service, McNulty's partner leaned over to him. "How you holdin' up, pal?"

"I'm fine."

"Look, don't beat yourself up about it, okay?"

"I'm not."

"Buddy, it wasn't your fault!"

"I know."

"Don't blame yourself! His death wasn't on your hands!" His partner placed his hands on McNulty's arms and began shaking him back and forth.

"I know it wasn't my fault! I'm entirely squared away with what happened!"

"Goddamn McNulty, we can't afford to let a police like you destroy himself over this!" McNulty brushed his partner's hands off of him before he could be shook again, acutely aware as he was that they were disrupting the funeral.

"By all means, Father, go on."

*

McNulty lay in bed with his wife, having returned from the funeral only a couple hours prior. They had been discussing his job. "How does what happened to the rookie make you feel?"

"What do you mean?"

"It's just that some of the guys were saying that their wives have been asking them to leave the force for some time, but that after what happened to the rookie, they've all gotten spooked and been more insistent. They're saying things like 'I'm tired of waiting until late at night for you to get back, not knowing if you will.'" McNulty's wife laughed and stroked his face.

"I married a police, I know what I'm in for. It's a terrible thing, what happened to that rookie, but I'm aware that that's part of the job, and if you weren't risking your life, other people would be dying. I made my peace with it a long time ago." McNulty ran a hand through her hair and smiled.

“The guys just don't know what they're missing.”

*

Two days passed, and it was time for McNulty's partner to retire. McNulty lounged back on the beach lounge, the sun on his face and a beer in his hand, enjoying the retirement party. He watched as his partner received gifts from the guys; twelve watches in a row. He smiled as his partner beamed with each successive one, the avid watch-collector he was. He looked over at his wife talking with the other wives, initially the only non-dour one of the lot, but her optimism was infectious and soon the lot of them were laughing and kicking back, the pall of the rookie's death having been washed away with enough wine. McNulty looked around, seeing the chief and the mayor talking animatedly to each other about who-knew-what. Smith had been talking to the same person over and over for the past hour, thinking them a different person each time. McNulty chuckled to himself. Then he saw someone he didn't recognise, perhaps a police from out of town? As he stared, the stranger's face seemed to fleetingly resemble a number of McNulty's acquaintances, but never settled on one. A gnawing feeling was eating away at McNulty, but before he really noticed it, his wife appeared on his other side and pulled him to his feet to go and dance with her. He stole one last glance back at the stranger, but they were gone. He shrugged and began to dance.