

A Tale of Two Relatives

**Book the first
of the Chronicles of Incestria**



CSX

A Tale of Two Relatives

Copyright © 2013 by CSX

csxthepostartformartcollective.co.uk

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means without written permission from the author.

All characters appearing in this work are fictitious. Any resemblance to real persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

Dedication

To G, who's salty clam chowder kept us going through this endeavour. To J's graveyard virginity, lost to the winds of fate. To Cheri Verset, who inspired us to write. To the bants, for flying so true.

Table of Contents

Chapter One	5
Chapter Two	12
Chapter Three	16
Chapter Four	22
Chapter Five	31
Chapter Six	37
Chapter Seven	46
Chapter Eight	54
Chapter Nine	59
Chapter Ten	68
Chapter Eleven	74
Chapter Twelve	82
Chapter Thirteen	91
Chapter Fourteen	99
Chapter Fifteen	108

-Chapter One-

“A Fine Night to Have Sex with a Relative”

Slap, slap, slap.

The sound of balls slapping gently against Tobias Haberdashering's firm, well-toned, moistened buttockcheeks filled him with sheer delight, from his meticulously-groomed fringe to his quivering taint. Slowly but surely, mushy bruise-coloured bruises were forming where the swinging nut boulders had been pounding Tobias's thighs as remorselessly as Yorkshire McPudding, his dashing well-sculpted stepbrother, had been pounding his tight and puckered virginal bunghole. Tobias's own tiny and vestigial peenor had been bouncing feebly in time with McPudding's mighty thrusts for some time now, and Tobias could feel himself nearing climax rapidly.

The sunlight filtered lazily through the conservatory window and onto Tobias's face. Soon, thought Tobias, the sunlight wouldn't be the only thing covering his face. Tobias imagined with increasing degrees of ecstasy how good it would feel to have his beloved stepbrother's slimy and sticky man juices glazing his rotund and boyish face. He looked back at his stepbrothers chiselled visage, his firm Greek nose; his two eyes, no, not eyes, but limpet pools of pure beauty; his gentle dusting of 5 o'clock shadow that accentuated his right-angled jawline. *God*, pondered Tobias arousededly, *he's gorgeous*.

“Oh my god Yorkie”, exclaimed Tobias breathlessly (Yorkie being his affectionate nickname for his masculine and girthy

beloved stepbrother). “For the love of god fill me up like a goddamned spunk-filled water balloon!”

McPudding leant in close and licked Tobias's ear erotically. He too was close to release, and was relishing being in the home stretch. The two lovers, locked in a most sensual of embraces, gazed into each other's eyes. Tobias licked his lips whilst McPudding imagined licking Tobias's meaty rim. Each of them felt they were teetering on the brink of spewing their mayonnaise. Each penetration felt better than the last. It was going to happen, as it had happened so many times in the past! They would be locked in a cummy embrace! Any second now...

“Boys! Stop playing boys, Yorkie we need to go to the place we are going to for reasons! C'mon!” The voice of their shared (in more ways than one) mother and stepmother shattered their mutual euphoric bliss. Yorkie retracted his phallic phallus with a resounding *splortch* and hurriedly got dressed, leaving Tobias dazed and panting heavily on the now thoroughly unmade bed.

“Sorry about this hunny boo, gotta dash. You just keep your tight tight arse moist and ready for me when I get back”. And with that, McPudding was gone. Tobias, as was his experience for much of his life, was alone.

Tobias lay in the bed for what seemed like hours. He was still sweaty and covered in liquid lust. He dared to look down at his genitals and was greeted by the sight of two large swollen balls the colour of smurfskin. He tried to pleasure himself, but it was futile. He needed the sweet, intoxicating thrill of incest. He glanced forlornly out of the window, and in doing so saw the answer to his prayers. Outside, playing with her firm Year — titties with apparent glee, his biological sister Sofia Haberdashering sat on the verdant green grass of their garden.

Tobias stared at her nubile young nips for minutes, drool slowly sliding out from his mouth.

“Yes...yesssssssss”, he snarled, and set off out the door with an erection pounding into his fly.

*

Sofia smiled deliriously as she fiddled with her well-developed norks. She was a big fan of having jubbers and was fond of showing them off to anyone who wandered by. As luck would have it, at that very moment she saw her biological brother Tobias Haberdashering striding confidently over towards her. Swiftly revealing her meaty flesh sacs to him, she noticed a haggard and animalistic grimace on his usually soft and feminine face, accompanied by a growing bulge and wet patch around his crotchular region. “Urrrrgh me want sex now”, he screamed, his clothes falling off in one swift and seemingly-physically-impossible-but-not-actually-so-shut-up motion and his arms outstretching to grasp Sofia closely.

“What a coincidence”, chirruped Sofia. “So do I!” With that, she too shed her clothes and embraced her swarthy biological brother in a meaty and passionate embrace.

“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.

Judging by her contended silence, Sofia had not yet opened her eyes and witnessed the bizarre new world that had only just confronted Tobias's sight. Tobias's mind raced. Was this the work of the queer-bashers that had hounded him since he was a mere toddler? As sure as the day is wide, concluded Tobias. It seemed likely; only a couple years ago they had kidnapped him and forced him to be the group cum sponge in an abandoned warehouse for a period of five weeks (five weeks that Tobias had not entirely disliked, but this is beside the point). Tobias looked around, hoping to find something familiar with which to ground and orient himself, but could find nothing of the sort. A tree turned out, upon closer inspection, to be made entirely of marshmallow; what appeared to be the Sun consisted largely of

the smiling face of a baby; a duck walking past sat down and began sucking its own coiled duck dick right in front of Tobias. Once Tobias had finished masturbating to the sight, he stood up, but with such speed that his erect penis flicked a globule of spunk into his open mouth, which he relished.

Sofia stirred.

*

Sofia rolled over, her eyelids fluttering. Tobias was filled with terror. What would she think when she opened them only to see their surroundings had changed so drastically? Tobias knew what she would think: that he had roofied her and whisked her away to his rape dungeon again, as he had done a couple of times in the past. He couldn't have that, and had to find a way of blocking her vision and buying him some more time to think. In an instant, he lunged cock-first into her open mouth. Just in time, as Sofia's eyes popped open but were met with a widescreen view of Tobias's recently shaved pubic region. She sighed contentedly and got to sucking. Tobias knew that in a few moments she would have concluded the act and he would have to move, and in doing so show her the terrifying nightmare landscape that they found themselves in at this moment in time. Tobias had only seconds, and his natural instinct to cover his own raw pink babylike arse won out.

“Sofia I didn't roofie you this time I sweauuuuuungh”. Sofia swallowed with a winning smile and twinkle in her eye. She moved him out of her eyeline and saw with widening eyes the twisted hellscape around her. Tobias prepared for screaming or other such similar hysterics.

“I-it can't be true. The wise men, they said this place was only a myth...”

Tobias was puzzled. When Tobias was puzzled he grew aroused.

“Where the poops are we Sofia? I'm frightened”.

“This... I think this is the fabled land of Incestria”.

Tobias's eyes widened. He, too, had heard tales of this strange land, a sort of Eden for those incestronauts intrepid enough to find their way there. A rustling from a bush behind them shook them both from their state of reverent awe.

“H-hello?”

“Greetings, my fine feathered friends!” Out from the bush burst a nude man, his anaconda-like penis swinging respectably in the breeze and his well-defined muscles making Tobias more than a little bit jealous. His olive-coloured skin accentuated his rock-hard abs and, Tobias thought, he might just be the most attractive person he had ever seen.

“a/s/l?” inquired Tobias, instinctively remembering back his gay webchat days.

“I am the one known as Roomps, merely a simple traveller in this most magical of lands, much like yourselves”.

“That's the a and the l done, but you didn't answer the most important question. S?” Tobias eyed up this strange fellow, instinctively detecting that he could be a potential rival for Sofia's affections. That was not his only motive, however, as his focus on the question of 's' may have displayed. He felt a randiness the likes of which he hadn't felt in minutes welling up at the sight of this veritable Adonis, quite possible the pinnacle of beauty and of the masculine form.

“fraid not matey, I'm saving myself for marriage. There's my wife at the moment, right in that bush”. Pointing at the bush that Roomps had emerged from, Tobias was aware of a 10/10

supermodel laying in it, immersed in the sort of blissful afterglow that only follows the best of sex.

“I see. Tell us, is this the fabled Holy Land of Incestria? I cannot believe it to be so, but I do wish it”.

“Why, of course! You and Sofia, through participating in that most true of loves that only exists between two biological relatives, have both been transported to this land, as has been the way since Cain first had sex with, and then slew, Abel. Why, in Incestria, everyone is related! Bloodlines remain untainted by the inclusion of other partners, and the love that exists between you and your biological sister permeates every facet of this world! Is it not beautiful?” As he was saying this, the baby-faced sun shone gloriously onto him and he was basked in a whole new dimension of perfection. Tobias could feel his penis moistening already.

“But how do you know me and Sofia? We have never heard of you before, oh mighty and noble Roomps, but by god I wish we had”. He felt himself about to add 'semicolon close bracket' to the end of that sentence, because he was often an incorrigible faggot, but decided against it.

“Oh, but how you do know me! I have a feeling we shall be seeing each other again in no time at all, my little ducks, but before I leave hear this: you must travel down this Yellow Dick Road to reach Cliteropolis, the Paris of Incestria, and there you shall find all the answers that you seek. Tata!” And with that, he jumped back into the bush. Tobias, eager to stare at his glistening bod just a little bit longer, rushed over to the bush, but both Roomps and the woman had disappeared.

“Yellow Dick Road?” asked Sofia. Tobias walked over to her and had sex with her vagina in an attempt to relieve himself of the lust he felt from his encounter with Roomps, before

pointing out a paved road that went on as far as the eye could see and was, sure enough, paved with many dick-shaped cobblestones. “Ah, I see. Come on then, we must get to this 'Cliteropolis' on the double!” And so they left, arm-in-arm and dick-in-hand, their adventures only just beginning.

-Chapter Two-

“In Which Incestria is Described in Detail”

We would be remiss if, at this point in our tale, we did not attempt to describe the land of Incestria that our intrepid heroes now found themselves in.

Looking up into the sky, one was instantly confronted with something not entirely unlike an Earth sky, yet also noticeably different. The clouds formed themselves instinctively into great frescoes depicting every conceivable way in which two biological relatives could have sex. Brother on sister; mother on son; son on sister; mother on father; father on brother, sister and mother; mother on family pet. All were included in that great sexual waltz of the sky. Oftentimes one of these great works, the beauty of which far outstripped any Michelangelo or Van Gogh in Tobias's eyes, would be broken up temporarily by a bird bursting through, but would then reform into another incestuous depiction, likely more beautiful than the last. The aforementioned birds always flew in pairs, locked in a permanent embrace that formed in the womb, connected by their wings and genitals in a perpetually incesting union. The same was true of all the creatures of Incestria including, as often as they could at least, the human inhabitants such as our intrepid heroes who, whilst we describe Incestria, are shagging like dogs in the centre of the Yellow Dick Road, such is the way in Incestria.

That very road deserves elaboration as well. Some say it has always been in Incestria, whilst some say that it was built by some incestronauts whose names have been since lost to

posterity. Personally, it seems unlikely that any true incestronauts, and that is the only type of incestronaut who finds their way to Incestria, would be able to put off intercouraging their relatives long enough to create a feat of architecture such as the Yellow Dick Road. It is likely that the origin of that wondrous monument will never be known, but perhaps it is that sense of knowing nothing for certain beyond the fact that incest is thoroughly enjoyable that gives Incestria its magical charm.

The Yellow Dick Road stretches all over the land of Incestria, connecting every major location in the land together, from the Fields of Familial Fucking where all new arrivals to Incestria find themselves, to Cliteropolis, the Amsterdam of Incestria, its glistening and phallic skyline matched only by the beauty of its quivering and moist canal network. On the way, the Yellow Dick Road passes through such areas as Little Israel, where the Jewish incestronauts naturally congregated after their expulsion from Cliteropolis for reasons nobody quite remembers any more, and the great Queef Geysers, spewing their sweetly noxious contents into the sky as far as the eye could see. The Road loops back on itself twice, which allows Incestria to be easily drawn on a square or rectangular map. Dotted along the Road are various ancient bus stations, now little more than shrines to their builder, Jedediah Throckmorton, to the simple folk of Incestria. Some say that in their peak, one could travel the length of the Yellow Dick Road in only a couple of hours.

Much of Incestria is covered in forests, owing in no small part to the amount of seed that gets spilt per day. As it turns out, burying sperm in the ground leads to the rapid growth of large coniferous trees, the wood for which is both hugely robust and easy to work with, as well as aesthetically pleasing. On the north-eastern outskirts of Incestria, and stretching out for as far

as the eye can see or the foot can walk, are the Incestrian Lowlands, a great marshy expanse that is home to all manner of creature, from the unending mutant hordes to the Semenifors, their huge tendrils leaving deep gashes in the landscape as they pass. To the south-west, the scarcely explored Incestrian Highlands, a rugged and mountainous region home to all manner of unknown wonders.

The first sight of civilisation encountered by following the Yellow Dick Road from the Fields of Familial Fucking is Little Israel, a hexagonal city with high, uninviting walls and home to thousands of the most self-hating Jews in all of Incestria, or anywhere for that matter, with not a single foreskin between the lot of them. They do not welcome newcomers, being something of an aberration amongst the usually friendly denizens of Incestria, and as such have been largely left to their own devices. Midway between the mortal enemies of Little Israel and Cliteropolis lies the region of Whee's World, a sprawling monarchical warrior-society that maintains a neutral attitude towards the two warring factions, their only goal being to spread themselves out into the untapped Lowlands. In these, they seek to find willing, although that is rarely the case, converts to their king's cult of personality, and they are often brutal in their expansionist methods. Finally, there is Cliteropolis, the shining Mecca of Incestria. Home to almost seventy percent of all known Incestrians, the metropolis stretches on seemingly indefinitely. Ruled hereditarily by the aforementioned Throckmorton family, the city has seen nothing but unchecked prosperity for the last seven or so generations of Throckmortons, and the Throckmortons are rightly highly revered within the city, and even without.

Also deserving of mention is the mighty River Quiver, its lazily flowing contents inarguably the most viscous and sticky of all the rivers of Incestria. Legend had it that the Ones Who Came Before spend 40 days and 40 nights stood on the banks of that formidable river, masturbating each other furiously and issuing gallon after gallon of their collective emissions into that dry riverbed, which sat patiently awaiting with its metaphorical tongue sticking out. As such, it was widely considered good luck to kneel at the banks of the river and lap up a little bit before a childbirth, a death, or even some exams. Alas, many grow overexcited and overextended themselves, falling into the torrent and disappearing under the heavy flow, as many as two hundred in the past year. It was far and away the leading cause of death in Incestria, but plans of installing barriers were nixed after policymakers got distracted by having sex with each other and forgot about it all.

Such is the land of Incestria.

-Chapter Three- “To Die by Your Side”

Four days had passed since we were last with our friends but they had made poor progress along the Yellow Dick Road. This was not, it must be stressed, down to any fault in the road or weather, the former of which was in as perfect a condition as all Incestrian infrastructure and the latter of which had been unremittingly and gloriously sunny. It was, as one may have already surmised, the fault of the two's unquenchable humplust, as they found themselves rolling incestuously in the grass every few minutes, but diversions for incest hardly count as diversions in the land of Incestria.

Nonetheless, four days of sex and uneventful travelling had wearied our intrepid heroes, and they set up a rudimentary campsite off the road a ways, had a quick goodnight shag, and settled in for a long sleep. Tobias slept fitfully, tormented by strange and terrifying dreams of having sex with people unrelated to him. Their meaty cocksticks plunged deep into his sloppy man pussy with rhythmic efficiency, but it didn't feel as right as cocks in his arse usually did to Tobias. Compounding Tobias's poor negative state was the hole in his heart left by his beloved Yorkie, who he missed dearly. He would have given almost anything to be with him again, dancing the horizontal tango as they had so many times before. At least, thought Tobias, he still had Sofia, and the thought consoled him a bit. It was not enough, however, and he found himself unable to sleep. He sat

up for a few minutes before deciding to calm his spirits with a wank.

He unzipped his pants and pulled out his lil' buddy, and he began tugging at it determinedly. The delicate organ twitched at his touch but eventually relented to it, and he sat furiously stroking his Johnson with his lips curled up into a rictus grin. He decided he wanted a little more than a self-handjob and bent over double, distending his neck in order to take the full size of the thing into his mouth. So he remained for twenty minutes, a gently rocking autofellating Ouroboros. Sofia had, unbeknownst to Tobias, been awoken by the sound of vicious slurping, reminiscent of the sound of two people playing an intense game of tonsil tennis inside a tent on DofE whilst their mutual BFF lay centimetres away trying to dig deeper into his sleeping bag in a futile effort to escape the Lovecraftian horror of flailing limbs that lay besides him. She slipped her hand down her pants and began fiddling with her flaps. So the two were, each pleasuring themselves absent-mindedly, when they heard a rustling emerge from the pile of their backpacks.

"Mphfg", mumbled Tobias, in an attempted greeting that was garbled due to the fact that a cock was firmly implanted in his throat. The only reply was a strange, inhuman hissing, followed by the sound of light footsteps and a twig breaking as their mysterious companion darted off into the impenetrable darkness. "Urmphg", exclaimed Tobias.

"Who was that masked man?" asked Sofia, who had forgotten she was meant to be asleep.

"I have no idea. Probably a deer or something. They have deer in Incestria right? Incestuous deer? Probably. More importantly, how long have you been awake?"

“Oh, a few minutes. I was flapfiddling whilst you slurpcocked”,

“Ah. Well, if we're both awake...” and with that, Tobias clambered over Sofia before penetrating her as deep as two inches, a new record, he mentally noted. Sofia's moans of pleasure quickly induced a lusty blindness in Tobias, who had already forgotten all about the strange encounter that had happened a few moments ago. His thrusting accelerated until he was hitting 50mph easy. Sofia's eyes glazed over and a small trail of drool ran down her cherubic face. Tobias was so distracted he didn't notice a shadowy figure walking up to their bags, bending over as if examining them before walking back off into the darkness. “This darkness may be impenetrable,” panted Tobias, “but by god you aren't.” With that, and a bellowing cry, he opened the cum floodgates and in seconds Sofia had gained five pounds. He rolled over next to her and, both panting heavily, they dozed off, smiling goofily.

*

That morning they were awoken by a beautiful sunrise, the warm light filtering through the canopy of trees above them and onto their softly sleeping faces. After a quick morning pick-me-up shag they were up and ready to go, and off they went, Tobias not noticing that his bag was ever-so-slightly heavier than before. After a short while they came to a fork in the Yellow Dick Road, with the right path signposted 'Cliteropolis' and the left, 'Queef Geysers'. Deciding that they were in no hurry at all to reach Cliteropolis and that they didn't know if they would necessarily be back here, they decided to spend the day at the geysers.

Stretching far off into the horizon, the majestic Queef Geysers rarely failed to take a witness' breath away, and Tobias

and Sofia were certainly no exception. With a sound like a pitch-shifted fart, one of the nearest geysers loosed a puff of fragrant yet salty air into Tobias's face. He dropped to one knee, taken off guard by the unexpected assault on his meticulously-groomed fringe, which he fixed with rigid automatism. The crisis of a mislaid fringe averted, he could now truly sample the queefy offering, which he found very much agreed with his sensibilities and brought back vivid memories of the time he had had Sofia queef on his tits for a number of hours. He took a firm grab of a supple boy titty and lifted it to his face in order to take a long whiff, and sure enough the smell of Sofia queef still lingered.

Looking around, Tobias could see the small, dog-like Queeflings darting in and around the geysers. Occasionally Tobias caught a glimpse of a Phallusaur, huge mile-long wormlike creatures covered in fearsome barbs that tunnelled a small distance under the surface of Incestria and were therefore visible rushing past geysers from time-to-time. Tobias, of course, did not know the specifics of these creatures, nor their names, but he had a gut feeling that one of those Phallusaurs tunnelling up his backdoor love canal would be an experience to remember, and made a mental note to maybe try it someday.

The heady aroma of queef soon left the two feeling lightheaded and drowsy, and although it was only midday they set up camp overlooking the field of geysers and fell asleep almost instantly. The next thing he knew, Tobias was feeling hands feeling around him, and then he was lifted from the ground. He snapped his eyes open and was about to emit a cry when something thick and heavy was slammed into his face, knocking him out cold.

*

Tobias awoke, bleary-eyed and sweaty-tainted, in an unfamiliar cave-like area. He was acutely aware of a sharp lightning bolt of pain that accompanied his every movement. Fleeting images of incests gone by shot through his head as he struggled to remain conscious. He looked down and was gripped by an indescribable terror at the drop below him. He was suspended at least a metre from the cave floor by chains attached to manacles around his wrists and ankles. He looked across to his right, partly out of curiosity and partly out of a desire to distract himself from the lofty heights he now found himself in. There he saw Sofia, looking as fresh as a spring ham, although also chained up to the wall. He was baffled as to what was happening when, as if in answer to his many questions, a group of strange bipedal creatures, haunched-over and draped in ragged and filthy cloaks, shuffled into the room. Eight in all, who then parted to allow a slightly taller of their number to go through, almost identical barring the Phallusaur skull he wore as some form of crown, it occurred to Tobias.

The strange creature hobbled up to Tobias, gave him a look over and emitted a satisfied hiss. At this, the other creatures became rowdy, stamping their feet rhythmically and screeching at each other.

“Who are you? Why have you taken us here?” Tobias stammered out the words, his mouth drier than a dessert. The creature did not reply or make any sign of having heard the question. It reached up and undid Tobias's wrist manacles, causing his torso to flop forwards and treating him to the nauseating view of the drop below. Tobias's heart raced and the sweat flowed in torrents. He tore his eyes away and saw the creature release Sofia. It walked over to the centre of the room and addressed its subjects thusly:

“Brothersssss! We have before ussssss two filthhhhhhy filthhhhhhy ssssspiessss, caught sssssneaking around by the geyssssersssss. But the quesssstion remains: what are we to do with them?”

“Let them go!” cried Tobias, attempting to use the skills he had learned during that year he spent at Ventriloquist Camp to project the opinion onto one of the creatures. Unfortunately, he was drowned out by the cries of the other creatures, all of whom were now chanting “Qituhojgb! Qituhojgb! Qituhojgb!” in unison. The king-like creature nodded, turned towards Tobias, and threw off his cloak. He looked much like a man, but with a sickly yellow pallor and what appeared to be the face of a giant rat. His whiskers bristled as he twitched his nose. His large, yellowed, and chipped teeth protruded from his mouth like two refrigerators from a beef curtain. He looked Tobias right in the eye.

“The ancient rite of Qituhojgb it is then”.

-Chapter Four- “Fisting”

Immediately a trolley covered in dildos, drilldos, buttplugs, anal beads and other such treats of all imaginable shapes and sizes was rolled in. Tobias even thought he saw a *Vergil the Drippy Dragon*TM somewhere in that extravagant panoply. His heart raced. Ever since seeing a friend given one as a birthday present he had dreamed of using one, and it seemed that today his dream may come true. The chanting intensified before reaching a crescendo. The king ratman raised his arms and the room fell silent.

“I am King Scotte, Lord of the Men-in-the-Tunnels! You and your wench are accused of espionage against our great civilisation! The punishment has been decreed, you shall suffer the ritual of purification, as all Men-in-the-Tunnels have, but through it you shall not achieve enlightenment but an endless suffering”. Then, as an aside to the ratman pushing the trolley he said “Prepare the long rubber glove”. Shuffling laboriously over to Tobias, he undid his foot manacles, causing Tobias to drop to the floor. During the plummet Tobias's entire life flashed before his eyes. He saw himself as a baby, suckling on his mother's teat. He saw himself as a young child, playing his favourite childhood game of 'close your eyes and suck on whatever gets put in your mouth' with his father. He saw himself as a teenage boy, sneaking behind the bike sheds with a long-distant third cousin, twice removed. He saw himself as he was now, falling inexorably toward certain death. Then he hit the floor and was

amazed to find himself still amongst the living. He looked up but the king ratman was nowhere to be seen. Suddenly, from behind:

“Eeny meeny miney moe, I wonder where my glove will go?” Presently Tobias became aware of something enter his back door. He felt a fist reach up, up, up, reaching deep into his colon. Suddenly it stopped before making a firm grasp of his prostate. It tugged and tugged, seemingly trying to pull it out of him, but then stopped, merely clenching it now. Then it released his prostate, gave it a little tickle, and withdrew entirely from his pink internal tube sock. “He has survived the first test. Good, I would not wish him to die too quickly”. The king ratman walked back in front of Tobias, the long rubber glove now faintly stained with a red-tinged brown. Tobias thought he saw a kernel of sweetcorn drop from it, but could not be certain, such was his state of bliss. The king ratman turned towards Sofia, who had been watching the proceedings with mounting excitement. “You are his wench, you shall perform the rituals.”

Sofia toddled over to the trolley and stood pondering its contents for a few seconds before finally settling on a unique corkscrew-shaped instrument made of glass or ice, Tobias could tell not which. She moved round behind him and, anticipating what was to come, Tobias thrust his rump skyward. Then he felt a sharp coldness in his colon as the object was confirmed to be ice. Sofia screwed it in, deeper and deeper, until it was all the way in, but kept going, eventually getting in as far as her elbow. Tobias convulsed with orgasmic spasms. This was of course not the most extreme thing he had ever had inserted into that special hole, not by a long shot, but it was certainly in the top ten.

Sofia pulled out the corkscrew object, prolapsing Tobias in the process. As he felt his rectum being pulled from his body he experienced the kind of bliss known only to an elite few. He

prolapsed a full metre, his distended colon slapping wetly onto the cold stone floor. The stretching of his digestive tract lengthened his vocal chords, giving his voice the low-pitched drawl he has always dreamed of replacing his usual high-pitched feminine whine.

Sofia returned with empty hands, but now wielding a fearsome-looking spiked strap-on. She picked Tobias's colon up off the ground and began thrusting into it with all the aggressiveness and animalism of an aggressive animal of sorts. There were a few seconds of latency between that and Tobias feeling it, as the signals travelled from the rectal nerves to his brain via his very external colon, but when they did they were extraordinary. Tobias felt more right than he had at any point in his life before. A little bit of willy dribble dropped onto the floor.

Sofia had bored of the strap-on, and returned to the trolley. She returned with the extra-extra-large *Vergil the Drippy Dragon*TM that Tobias had thought he spied earlier. As she sauntered back to him, his heart raced faster than Usain Bolt at the 1936 Summer Olympics. His penis swelled more with blood than Bolt's chest had with pride when he outran Hitler and ended World War II. Then he blacked out from excitement.

*

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!”

“I know we do, believe me I've tried. This goddamn cave is more secure than a kike's wallet”.

“I-what? Sofia, since when were you a racist?”

“Oh you big silly”, giggled Sofia. “It's not racism, it's nationalism. I don't hate minorities, I just wish they'd be separate from honest white folk”.

“Jesus, I had literally no idea. Like, this whole racism thing has come out of absolutely nowhere”.

“I can't see how, I've got a room full of Nazi memorabilia for heaven's sake. I know you know I do, we've had sex in there more than once”.

“Well yeah, that threw me initially, but Lemmy has one of them and he's not racist because he's in Motörhead”.

“Granted, collecting historical memorabilia doesn't make one a racist, but did it not give you an idea when I insisted on *sieg heiling* whilst I came?”

“Now that you mention it, I suppose it really should have been obvious to me. That's besides the point though, there has to be a way out of here”. It was at this point that Tobias glanced at the floor underneath Sofia, completely by chance. What he saw would prove to be his salvation. As Sofia's vag juices dripped down, they had burned a hole in the ground. Tobias remembered Alien, made a mental note to watch it again sometime, and then ventured a question. “Sofia, why are your vag juices melting the floor?”

“Oh, that's a thing now too. I have corrosive vag juices or something for some reason. Just roll with it”.

“Well I have an idea. If I can get you going enough you should be able to squirt it at my bonds and melt them”.

“Sounds like a plan. Talk dirty to me bad boy”.

“Okay”, said Tobias. He had never talked dirty to anyone before. There is a first time for everything, he reasoned. “We're sitting in a forest somewhere-”

“What forest? New Forest? I've been there once. I reckon I could visualise it”.

“It doesn't matter what forest, just that-”

“Of course it matters what forest! How do you expect me to buy, and by extension get invested in, a story where no time is dedicated to scene-setting? It'd be like a book set in a colourful fantasy land with a rich lore and filled with unique characters that doesn't have a chapter, probably chapter two or so, dedicated to describing the land”.

“I see what you mean. Yes, such a book lacking such a chapter would certainly be lacking a vital component. Right, so we're in New Forest-”

“Day or night-time?”

“Night. I slowly unbutton your blouse with my teeth, and it slips off to reveal your perky nips glistening in the sunlight-”

“Sunlight? Thought you said it was night”.

“Moonlight, sorry. I start lightly nibbling on those nips, meaty in texture and floral in taste. Before we know it you're on all fours and I'm doing you up the shitter”.

“Ooh, steamy, I like it!” Tobias saw that what was a drip had become a torrent.

“That should do it, aim it at my manacles then”. Sofia did as ordered, and the torrent was redirected towards Tobias's bonds, which melted almost instantly under the sustained assault. “Right, now I'll undo your manacles and we can be off-”

At that moment the sound of clattering was heard as a troop of ratmen approached the room. Tobias looked at the door, and at Sofia, and knew what he had to do. "I'm sorry Sofia, I need to leave. I swear I'll come back for you! I swear it!" And he ran off, the departure so heartbreaking and tearful that even his goofy and feminine run could not mar the sombriety of the moment.

"Godspeed, my love".

*

As he ran blindly through the halls, Tobias wept bitterly at the prospect of having to leave Sofia to be defiled by the rat king. The tears blinded him he barrelled heedlessly through the narrow and winding corridors. Suddenly he bumped into someone and was laid flat. He looked up, fearing a ratman had found him. In his terror a little bit of wee leaked out. He was greeted not by a ratman, however, but by a buxom woman wearing a steel bikini and nought else. Her hair flowed in frizzy orange locks which reminded Tobias of a film he had once watched and masturbated to. What was that film? *Home Alone*? No, Tobias remembered, it was *Brave*. He began salivating at the thought of that erotic masterpiece. His silent reverie was broken by a shrill cry.

"Oo are ye?" As if to drive her point home, the woman nudged Tobias's supine form with her bare foot. "Oo ain't a deader are ye?"

"No, no I'm fine. Who are you?"

"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. What are you doing here?” He looked her over carefully. She had certain ratty features, but not as prominent as everyone else in the place. “You're clearly not one of these ratfolk”.

“Ah well yeh see I've been here a foo years, or ah fink at least, it's hard to keep track y'know? That king rat, ye met 'im?” Tobias thought again about the rat king defiling the sanctity of his sister and rage bubbled within him.

“Yes. Yes I've met him. He has my sister, I need to rescue her! He's going to turn her into some sort of sex slave! He can't do that, that's my job!”

“Ah, and that should answer yer questins about why I's here. I were that before, but t'other day he just ups and frees me, don't say a word he don't. I always thought 'e was so sweet, y'know? The kinda guy ye'd settle down with. But now I know 'e left me high 'n' dry for some whore 'e found laying around, I'm inclined to be right angered”. Sensing a possible ally in the quest to rescue Sofia, not to mention someone who may know the layout of the twisting maze they found themselves in, Tobias's spirits soared.

“Fanny, I need to you help me rescue my sister! Please”.

“Well I dunno, I mean I only just met ye. I's not sure I trusts ye”.

“I implore you to reconsider!”

“Hmm. Well, okie doke. If that slut-”

“That's my sister.”

“If that...person is Scrotte's new squeeze, he'll probbers have taken 'er to the throne room. Follow me”. And off they went, Fanny forging ahead and Tobias following behind, through the

labyrinthine and claustrophobic tunnel network. Tobias was thoroughly lost in moments and relied entirely on Fanny to know where they were going. Suddenly she halted. “Oh balls, went the wrong way. Back we go!” Tobias felt the icy grip of a terror known only to a man in the operating theatre hearing a surgeon ask for a training manual seconds before losing consciousness. Nonetheless, Fanny seemed more confident in the route they were taking this time, which assuaged Tobias's fears somewhat.

After a harrowing couple hours, they emerged into the side of the throne room. Throne room was a generous term, it was a cave roughly the same size as the one Tobias had been tied up in, and the throne was an uncomfortable and edgy tryhard-looking monstrosity made out of what seemed like various swords. One sword prominently protruded from the seat in an approximately arseholey location. To the side of the throne, Sofia was chained, now also wearing a steel bikini like Fanny. Scrotte paced about in front of the throne, muttering to himself. Occasionally Tobias caught a snippet of his speech, and it was clear that he was fuming over Tobias's escape.

“Right Fanny”, whispered Tobias. “You get him out of the room for a bit whilst I free Sofia and we can meet up back here and-” Tobias stopped when he saw Fanny striding furiously out to the centre of the room.

“Oi cunt. What you think yer doin'? Think ye can just pump and dump me like a common slag?”

“Yep, I am king and whatnot and stuff”. Fanny was unperturbed.

“I'll have you know I'm a classy broad! Who this girl anyway? She ain't got nothin' on me!”

“She's the wench of a spy we captured earlier. He escaped his chains earlier today, do you know anything about that?”

“Hee hee, course I do silly. The silly sod ran into me in the corridor, 'e was in such a rush. He's over there behind that rock”. She pointed to Tobias in his hiding place and he gulped.

-Chapter Five-

“Not Enough Cocks in the Day”

“You, out from there”. Scrotte's voice bellowed as he beckoned for Tobias to emerge. As Tobias did so, Scrotte bristled. “You are proving to be far less worthy of my favour than your fine, fine sister, Tobias Haberdashering!”

“How did you-”

“Your sister finds it hard to keep her mouth shut, it must be said. I do my best to fill it up but it just isn't enough”. At the mention of her, Sofia fluttered her eyes coquettishly.

“You leave her out of this you...you...you turd-filled slag head!” Scrotte was visibly taken aback by this.

“Did you just say what I think you said?”

“Yes I did, goddamnit. What of it?”

“Are you twelve or just slow?” Tobias paused for thought.

“Neither probably”.

“Tell me, spy, who sent you to spy on we Men-in-the-Tunnels? Was it the Wheenies? Those Jewish jackals from Little Israel? Truly, all are envious of the limitless wealth my people possess!”

“I am no spy, you dirty rat. My and my sister are leaving, and if I have to come through you to do so, then so be it”. Scrotte eyed up Tobias, before reaching behind himself and procuring from God-knows-where two small daggers, one dripping in a viscous green substance and the other glowing with a soft red.

“En garde!” With that, he charged at Tobias, his remarkable speed catching Tobias off-guard. Tobias only managed to dive

out of the way at the last moment, Scrotte's red blade nicking his arm and creating a burning sensation that spread rapidly. He got back to his feet in time to dodge a second charge. As Scrotte charged a third time, he was prepared, and at the last second extended his arm, clotheslining the rat king. Scrotte swiftly got back up and wiped a small trickle of blood from his mouth.

“Something else Spanish!” cried Tobias, as he charged at Scrotte with all the intensity of a Mexican charging toward a border. Scrotte anticipated the attack and feinted left before darted right, driving his glowing dagger deep into Tobias's shoulder. Tobias roared in agony as his whole torso was bathed in an inferno. He made a mental note that he had finally solved that life goal of his: to feel how a lobster feels upon being cooked. Scrotte laughed, and drove the poisoned dagger down, but Tobias summed up all his strength and avoided the blow, wrenching the dagger embedded in his shoulder out of Scrotte's grip. He stood, slouching somewhat, gritted his teeth, and slowly withdrew the dagger. He pulled it out with no time to spare as Scrotte had lunged at him again. He deflected a blow that would have taken off a large portion of his face, followed by another, and then another. Scrotte swung again and Tobias rolled backwards. He thought he had escaped unscathed, when a few locks of hair floated down past his eyes.

Tobias felt for his fringe and, much to his horror, felt that it was damaged. His vision was clouded with red, the only emotion he could feel was rage. He barrelled towards Scrotte, unleashing a flurry of blows that sent the poisoned dagger flying across the room, planting itself in the ground mere centimetres from Sofia's moistened snatch. She snatched it up and gingerly wiped the poisonous coating off on a nearby rock, before inserting it into that aforementioned snatch. Blood flowed like so much vaginal

lubricant but Sofia cared not for the demands of the flesh and continued her thrusting. Meanwhile, the flurry of blows continued unabated against the now-defenceless Scrotte. The two of them disappeared into a crimson mist as Tobias tore Scrotte limb-from-limb. Finally, the clouds cleared and Tobias emerged, breathing heavily, and standing over the crumpled body of Scrotte, still twitching with the final vestiges of life. Tobias dropped the dagger and began unbuckling his belt. It was time, Tobias knew, to claim what he had won. Scrotte's eyes widened as he saw all-too-clear what was about to happen, but his frail and broken body could do nothing to help him escape.

Tobias flipped Scrotte over onto his front, although so extensive was the damage inflicted on him that it was difficult to recognise any sort of human form in that pitiful heap. Tobias pulled Scrotte's ragged trousers down to his knees, bent forwards, and began rimming. He lapped at the arsehole like a cat would lap at the most delicious milk it had ever tasted. Scrotte tried to cry out in protest but was too aroused to emit much more than a shallow yelp. Tobias continued, relentlessly eating out Scrotte's ratty man-pussy. After a while he withdrew, then plunged himself deep into Scrotte with renewed vigour. So this scene continued for some time: Scrotte prone boned by Tobias, a strand of drool stringing from the latter's mouth; Sofia entering herself with the dagger, a tool of pain repurposed as one of pleasure; Fanny, standing watching the proceedings with a sort of detached confusion. She saw Tobias dominating Scrotte as he had so often dominated her, and was filled with adoration for the noble stranger.

All good things must come to and end, however. After twenty minutes, 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.

Their silent reverie was broken by the sound of clattering from a nearby hallway as hundreds of ratmen, hearing the sounds of fighting and of fucking, came to have a better look.

Tobias stole one last glance at the crippled mess that had once been the king of the rat people, congratulated himself for a job well done, and freed Sofia, the pair reuniting with a kiss. They regrouped with Fanny, who showed them the door that would lead to the surface. As soon as they crossed the threshold, the door slamming shut behind them, their pursuers burst into the throne room and were greeted by the nightmarish sight of their king, beaten and ruined, in the centre of the room. The alarm was sounded and all able-bodied ratmen called to-arms.

As they ran, the trio passed many corridors, branching off in an impenetrable labyrinth of subterranean tunnels. Some contained ratmen who, startled at first, soon joined the mob chasing them. The numbers swelled to the point of many being trampled to death, such was the single-minded determination to seek revenge for the defilement of their king. Eventually the seething mass of angry ratmen was snapping at the heels of our intrepid heroes, and one wrong move would invite certain death. Then Tobias tripped.

As he lay he saw the furious rat torrent round the corner a small distance from him. Fanny and Sofia stared on in impotent terror. Tobias turned to the side, eager to not linger on the sight

of his charging doom. It was in this action that he discovered his salvation. Lying a few metres away was a pile of barrels filled with gunpowder, used by the ratmen to mine out the tunnels they called home and left to rot when their use was over. Tobias saw the fuse snake its way around the floor towards him. Tobias conjured up the most arousing images he could: Sofia in the lingerie she had so invitingly worn for his birthday, the parts left to his imagination infinitely more thrilling than those visible; scat play with Randy from school when he was but a wee lad; cartoon dragon porn. He succeeded in making himself so hot that he could light the fuse with a mere touch of his dick. He rolled over and lit it, got up, and ran back in the direction of the exit, Fanny and Sofia joining him.

The fuse reached the barrels just as the first of the tide of ratmen reached that point in the corridor. The explosion tore all those on the first few lines to pieces, those closest reduced to little more than a cloud of gore, the force of the blast amplified by the tight confines of the tunnel. The walls shook, and the vibrations were felt throughout the system. Paying little heed to their fallen comrades, the next ranks of ratmen surged over the scattered and broken chunks of flesh that seconds ago composed their allies. No sooner had three or four ranks emerged from the smoke-filled haze than the structural damage inflicted by the explosion took its toll on the integrity of the tunnel, and deep cracks shot across the walls and ceiling. In seconds the tunnel collapsed, crushing thousands of ratmen and trapping many with no hope of escape, doomed to die a far slower and more awful death. Those only just spared from death by falling rocks were nonetheless crushed, by those behind them who couldn't halt their stampede in time. All told, as many as seven thousand ratmen, almost eighty percent of the males, perished in that

terrible event. Within a generation the ratmen has all but died out, a black mark on Incestria's history to be sure.

Hearing the explosion and feeling its vibrations, Tobias congratulated himself once again on a job well done. "That'll show those damned dirty rats not to follow me!", he thought to himself. "Bet they're reeling after that bang, and I probably got a few as well. Hah!"

Finally, Tobias could see a glimmer of light at the end of the tunnel and knew they were within reach of freedom. They hurried on until finally they burst out into the blinding sunlight. When they had regained their vision, they were greeted by a vast panorama of the Queef Geysers. Fanny stared, dumbstruck. "Well ah'll be gosh-durned. Dem's some right pretty 'oles". The trio stared into the distance for some time, savouring the fresh air they'd been deprived of for so long like a vegetarian butcher craves their dinner of tofu and self-righteousness. Suddenly they heard a scuffling behind them and turned round to see a group of ratmen, the survivors from the front of the charge, emerge from the tunnel. However, they stopped as soon as they entered the sunlight, hissing and pacing about as their eyes burned. Slowly, dejectedly, they turned around and shambled back into their destroyed world, their hopes, dreams, and in many cases, family and friends crushed beneath so much rock. As the last ratman stared at Tobias, so utterly focused on him that he did not notice the pain the sunlight caused his eyes, Tobias thought he could see a single tear welling in his beady eye, but in an instant the ratman had turned around and had, too, been swallowed by the darkness.

-Chapter Six- “Never Has There Been a Tale of More Woe”

After the mournful departure of the vanquished rat people, our intrepid heroes returned to the fork in the road. Here they saw a burning bush. As they sat and considered what it might mean, Roomps burst out of it, this time not naked but dressed with impeccable fashion sense, as one would expect from a personification of perfection such as he. “Ah,” he said. “I see you have met the good and fair King Scrotte. How is he doing these days? I tell you, I haven't had a nice drink with him in far too long. It really is amazing what he managed to do with the place in such a short amount of time, it really is disarmingly homely”. Tobias removed his tongue from Sofia's warm and inviting mouth to answer him.

“Good and fair?! He wasn't good or fair! Granted, he did do pleasant things to my posterior, but he also tried to steal Sofia away from me! Good and fair? Not at all! And so I raped him and buried his civilisation, as any red-blood American would have done”. Tobias punctuated this point with a puff of his chest and a flail of his arm, accidentally punching Fanny in the face. She stared, hurt, before reasoning with herself that Tobias only hits her because he loves her. Happy with this explanation, she returned to her previous activity of fantasising about having sex with this glamorous hunk of man-meat who so unexpectedly appeared from a bush mere moments ago. She dreamt that he broke off conversation with Tobias and asked her out, to which she emphatically said yes. She pictured telling her parents the

news, and their claims to have predicted it. Then she realised her parents had died in the raid in which she was captured by the ratmen, and felt a bit sad. Then Roomps did a slight involuntary twitch that she, in her inebriated state, interpreted as a wink towards her and she was over it and gushing again.

“You...buried them? How...” Roomps was visibly shaken by this news and reached behind himself for something to support him, but found nothing and fell backwards, although such was the grace that permeated every facet of his being that he pulled it off and made it look intentional. “Even the children? My god...” Roomps sat staring into the distance, the thousand-yard stare of a pornstar wondering what their parents think of their life choices as a hairy, overweight old man rails them from behind. Eventually Roomps calmed himself. “I will forgive you, for you knew not what you were doing, but please, allow me to tell you the tale of Scrotte and the Men-in-the-Tunnels, so that you may comprehend the ramifications of your acts”.

“Rammyfickations? Them's sounding an awful lot like queer words”, said Tobias, affecting a Southern drawl he couldn't pull off, adjusting a ten-gallon hat he didn't have, and sticking his fingers contentedly in a belt he wasn't wearing. If Tobias possessed even one iota of self-awareness, he would have most likely killed himself right then and there in order to restore honour to his friends, family, and anyone he had ever interacted with even a little bit, but he did not so he did not. Nonetheless, he sat on a rock as gestured to do so by Roomps, and Sofia eagerly sat on his lap, positioning herself so that Tobias's pants bulge would line up perfectly with her pants recess, as she had done so so often before. Fanny was in too much of a daze to perform even the simplest of tasks so remained standing,

occasionally stirring when she was so overcome by Roomps' presence that she forgot to breathe.

“As I'm sure you have surmised, all inhabitants of Incestria were once inhabitants of Earth, much like yourselves”, began Roomps. “Scrotte was no different. For his ratlike appearance he was shunned by his parents, who couldn't even be bothered to give him a name. He took his name from a childhood nickname bestowed upon him by some school friends, and by school friends I mean children who beat him up for looking like a rat but whose beating were comparably less severe than those of the other children. Occasionally one of them would even leave Scrotte some rubbish to chew on, alone, in the basement in which he was kept by his parents. The rubbish, combined with the bucket of fish heads that had appeared a few years back and each morning since in his basement formed his diet until he turned fifteen. Then he had a realisation, that someone must have been placing the bucket of fish heads for him each night whilst he slept. Overjoyed at the thought of someone showing him mercy for the first time in his miserable ratty life, he stayed up that night hoping to catch a glimpse of his guardian angel. He stayed up for hours, and just as he was about to give in to the idea that the bucket was just something that he shouldn't ever question lest it leave him, the trapdoor to his basement opened. He was too excited to notice the pain that the light flooding in caused him. Questions flashed through his mind, questions like “who is this saviour of mine?”, “why have they done this for fifteen years and expected nothing in return” and “I wonder if it's cod or haddock this time”. As the spectral figure placed the bucket on the ground, they glanced over at Scrotte's bed only to find it empty. Panic visibly set in and they scanned the room

intently for him, but he was too submerged in darkness to be seen by non-rat eyes.”

“So he had a little bit of a rough upbringing, so what? I had that too! Once, when I was at the randiest I’d been that hour, my mum had the audacity to say she wasn’t in the mood, and that she had a headache. I was heartbroken, at least until I saw Sofia doing some nude yoga and relieved myself into her hair. Sorry, what were we talking about again?” Roomps glared at him, and his intense and firm gaze caused Tobias to visibly shrink into his own body like a floppy-fringed tortoise.

“Well this stranger, after looking around and finding nothing, they assumed the worst, that Scrotte had escaped and ran away. So they collapsed to the ground and wept. Scrotte saw this and was deeply touched, sadness being half of the emotions he was familiar with, the other half being unhappiness. He slowly made his way around to the crying figure until he was directly behind them. He swallowed and slowly reached out a hand to touch them, hesitantly, as if he was as afraid of what might happen as he was excited. He placed his pale hand, with its sharp yellow nails, on their shoulder. The tears instantly ceased. They turned around slowly and saw the arm on their shoulder, bathed in light as it was, receding into the impenetrable blackness. “Please”, came the voice of a girl, trembling slightly with fear or, perhaps, trepidation. “Please come into the light so I can see you, big brother.” At this, a bolt of terror shot through Scrotte and his arm shot back into the shadow. Who was he to think himself worthy of polluting the sight of an angel such as this? Yet he had to, for if an angel was what she was, who was he to disobey a command from her? So he shuffled, uncertainly, into the burning light. The girl recoiled instinctively as his mottled, whiskered snout came into view, but regained control of

herself. As he stood fully in the light, pinpricks of pain covering his body, he was in holy rapture. He could not see this woman, blinded by the light as he was, but to him she was beauty personified. He felt her hand on his face, a gentle and mournful stroke, and felt complete. She withdrew her hand, and he felt empty. Suddenly, a cry came from above. "Time for bed everyone", came a voice that initially baffled Scrotte, until he recognised the voice of his mother. "I'm sorry Scrotte, I need to go. I'll be back tomorrow night with another bucket, I swear it." As she turned to go up the steps he summed up the courage to croak a few words. "Please", he spluttered, unused to speech after fifteen years of silence. "Tell me your name". The girl paused at the top of the trapdoor, looking in, still bathed in radiant light. "It's Linda", she said, before closing the trap and leaving Scrotte with the silent darkness that had been his only family for fifteen years."

Tobias was sat with his head in both hands, pouting like a small child and disappointed that people weren't paying attention to him at that moment in time. Sofia was transfixed by Roomps' story, delivered in that smooth, authoritative voice of his, and Fanny had been playing with her self deliriously for some time now. With a slight, respectable cough to clear his throat, Roomps continued.

"Scrotte spent the whole day alone with his thoughts, and they tormented him so. He could think of nothing but his hopeful meeting with Linda that night, but doing so made the seconds that passed so slowly, like treacle through a choirboy's arsehole, that much more excruciating. Finally, the trapdoor opened. Linda had made good on her promise, and even had the bucket of fish heads with her, as well as a lamp with an extension cord snaking off into the house above the trapdoor. She closed the trapdoor

and turned the light on, sitting besides Scrotte as he delved into his bucket. He asked her why she had done this for him over the years, and she replied that one day, a priest came to her school and gave the year an assembly on the virtues of helping others. Then came the parable of the Good Samaritan which made a lasting impact on her. She set out then to dedicate her life to charity, and after a couple years had created no less than three hugely successful charity organisations and irrevocably improved the lives of millions, if not billions, of people. But one day it dawned on her that all this was for naught if she were to overlook the wretched and pitiful that lived right at her own front door, or rather, beneath it. She began preparing a bucket of fish heads each night before bedtime, when everyone else in the house was busy, and discreetly leaving it at the bottom of the steps into the basement. In doing so, she had undoubtedly saved Scrotte's life, as a diet of discarded rubbish will only sustain a man (or ratman) for so long. To begin with, the excursions were kept short, a quick in 'n' out job, but after a while she could spend upwards of an hour sat on the bottom step, gazing at her sleeping brother. And in doing so, she came to love him”.

“She came to love him? She came to love her rat-faced brother, who ate nothing but fish heads and rubbish? Bollocks I say”, interrupted Sofia.

“It's really not that far-fetched. I mean, look who you've come to love”, and he motioned over to Tobias who was too absorbed in his sulking to notice the shift in conversation.

“I suppose you have a point, do carry on.”

“Well, she may have come to love him, but she knew that it could never work. A charming and charismatic young entrepreneur, loved the world over for her philanthropic works, and a sickly ratlike creature that had spent the last fifteen years

living in a basement, it just could never work. Nonetheless, she was content to merely be with him, to talk, to discuss, to confide in. And he did not view her much differently, although his love was based more on a form of religious awe that she inspired in him. They sat there, in that damp and musky basement, until the wee hours of the morning, whereupon Linda had to reluctantly leave him so that she could be discovered sleeping in her bed in a few hours, her late-night visits to her brothers able to exist in secrecy or not at all. However, she returned the next night and the event was repeated, first for a week, then a fortnight, and before long months were passing, punctuated by the pair's night-time rendezvous each night, without fail. Linda could feel her resistance to him cracking with each meeting, but she could not stop herself from seeing him. Then, one fateful night, as they sat beside each other baring their souls, a chance readjust left Scrotte's hand overlapping Linda's. The two of them looked at the rebellious appendages, then to each other, and then with a rush of activity found themselves laying on the cold stone floor with Scrotte on top. "No", murmured Linda, "we can't, we just ca-". Scrotte had swooped in with a kiss and silenced Linda's protests. He felt her tense up, as if trying to summon her willpower for one final fight, but then went limp, all resistance drained as she returned Scrotte's passionate kissing with some of her own. She had given into her desire entirely, and the two remained locked in that embrace for some time. Eventually, the clothes came off and things moves up a notch. Once they were done, both panting with exertion, they looked around to find themselves in Incestria, as you two did and as countless others had done before and would do after. I saw them arrive and explained to them about this place before sending them on their merry way".

“Do you greet all new arrivals or something?” asked Sofia.

“The two ventured off towards Cliteropolis together, but when they arrived, the residents took one look at Scrotte's rattish features and refused him entry. He begged Linda to leave him and to enjoy her life in Cliteropolis, but she countered that without him, she could not possibly enjoy her life, no matter where she was. So they left, and set out to find a place to call home. After a time they found themselves at the Queef Geysers. “It's beautiful”, said Linda, and that was all Scrotte needed to know. They set up a tent and surveyed their new home. After a while, a child was born. Then another, and then another. Incestria works in mysterious ways, and it had decided that Linda was to be blessed with pregnancies of only a number of weeks. The flipside of this, however, was that each child inherited the same ratlike features of their father. Linda considered this an acceptable compromise, and before long their tent settlement has blossomed into a tent city. Then, one day, tragedy struck. Scrotte returned home with a hunting party to find the place ravaged. Body parts were strewn all around, along with fragments of tent. He rushed to what had been his tent, and in it he found a mortally wounded Linda propped up against the bed. He cradled her in his arms as the life faded from her and wept like he never had before. After a while, the hunting party appeared at his tent door, harrowed and terrified. Scrotte saw that they needed a leader, a father, and so decided then and there that he would be whatever they needed”.

“Ah, like carrying on his sister's legacy, I like it”.

“Yeah, just like that. So they searched the camp for any sign of who or what was responsible when they found a large hole leading to an underground tunnel. Having nothing to fear, they entered the abyss. For days they followed the tunnel, lined with

bones and the occasional bit of rat flesh, slowly losing hope of ever finding a way out, when they stumbled upon a large room in which a huge phallusaur lay coiled, staring at the intruders. Surrounded by it were hundreds of scared rat people. Scrotte could hear their terrified cries and was filled with a paternalistic need to protect them. He charged at the phallusaur, which lunged at him in turn. As the phallusaur's huge head crashed into the ground he darted to the side and clambered up onto it. The barbs dug into his flesh and pumped him with toxins but he cared little. The two were locked in a deathly embrace for hours, neither gaining the upper hand, until finally Scrotte bested the beast and hacked its head off. The beast slumped to the dusty floor, twitched violently a few times, then lay still. Scrotte rolled off the beast's corpse and collapsed, exhausted by the fight and riddled with venom. When he came to, he found he had been patched up by his children, who presented him with the skull of the beast as a sort of rudimentary crown and crowned him their king. Ratmen poured out from the tunnels to see him, and in the time he had been out, they had reproduced enough to create a huge society, and had repurposed the Phallusaur tunnels for themselves, even turning its nest chamber into a throne room as best they could. Scrotte looked over his new dominion and vowed to do anything he had to to ensure the safety of his children, and if that meant dealing harshly with outsiders, then he would have to shoulder that burden”.

A tear rolled down Roomps' defined cheek at the thought of the utter destruction wrought upon the rat people, but he swiftly brushed it away. Sofia looked mortified at the ground. Fanny continued playing with herself, having not heard a word. “But how do you know all this?” inquired Sofia.

“Let's just say I have my sources”, said Roomps, before bidding them all adieu and disappearing back into the bush he had come from, which was promptly reduced to ash.

“Come on Tobias, let's go. There's nothing for us here.” At the sound of someone paying attention to him, Tobias perked up. He got up they three of them walked off in the direction of Cliteropolis, Fanny having stopped playing with herself the moment Roomps left.

-Chapter Seven-

“Dick S'mores”

Tobias, Fanny and Gina had been walking for what felt like hours, occasionally stopping for Tobias to top Sofia up with a mouthful of cum, and before they knew it the sun was setting. “It’s getting dark!” squealed Sofia. “We should find a place to set up camp”. They swiftly set up camp at the side of the road and settled down for the night, Fanny keeping watch outside.

“Hey Sofia”, whispered Tobias. “You haven’t been the same since Roomps told you that story earlier. C’mon, we may as well have a good time tonight”.

“No good letting a good shelter go to waste, I suppose”. replied Sofia, seductively. Tobias mounted Sofia. His soldier of love entered Sofia’s warm clit, that’s right, he smashed it right open, and he began to thrust, harder than ever before. Her vagina was as smooth as a baby’s bottom. Tobias had a thing for baby’s bottoms and the mere thought of one sent him quivering with dick aneurysms. Sofia’s tight clunge lips sweetened as her vagina filled to the brim with Tobias’s cock. “Easy there big boy, my fragile flesh clam won’t last much longer at this rate!” Sofia exclaimed. Tobias eased off and sighed. “Are you okay?” asked Sofia. Before a response could be given, Tobias pulled two biscuits out from his arse and placed them over his penis.

“Sofia”, said Tobias, “take a bite of this tasty dick s’more”. The s’more was dripping with marshmallow that had inexplicably appeared out of nowhere and Tobias’s hard phallus filled the centre with its meaty goodness.

“This looks good enough to...eat”, seduced Sofia. She took a bite. Her biscuity lips caressed Tobias’s bleeding trouser snake, making her lips ravishingly red.

“I love your luscious lips”, toyed Tobias. And with that, they kissed. The Haberdashering siblings made out some more and did a couple of anal blasts, you know, standard incest mating routines, and then fell asleep in the arms of one another. Fanny kept a faithful guard outside the whole night, and Sofia's turbulent mind was soothed.

*

The trio travelled for many a day, over all forms of terrain from tundra to taiga. Each night they would set up camp, Fanny would squat outside and stand guard like an obedient dog, and Tobias and Sofia would sample each other's carnal delights. It was during one of these occasions that Fanny, hugging herself and shivering in the bitter cold of the night, decided to join the two lovers in the tent to siphon body heat from them, if nothing else. She brushed aside the tent flap and saw Tobias brushing aside Sofia's tentflaps with equal gusto, only using his tongue to do so. Sofia locked eyes with Fanny who stood dumbstruck at the tent opening. Feeling a draught blow through his taint, Tobias looked up from his delicious meal of vaginal juices. “Fanny! Fanny come and join us! I was just thinking I could do with a pegging whilst I munch on Sofia's hairy muff, the box of strap-ons is over there”, and he gestured to the heavy crate that Fanny had willingly lugged around on their journey without ever question the contents of. She walked timidly over to it as Tobias bent back down to continue his devouring. She flipped the latch and opened the lid, only to be assailed by a seemingly endless collection of phallic objects. She rummaged for just the right tool for the job, literally in this case, and found what could only be a

*Vergil the Drippy Dragon*TM concealed at the bottom. Pulling it out for a closer look, she looked over at Sofia who snapped herself out of her delirium long enough to mouth the words 'birthday present' to Fanny.

Fanny hid the object again and pulled out a more modest twelve-incher before strapping it on and positioning herself behind Tobias's bent-over form, aiming the false penis with all the precision of an in-flight plane refuelling operation. She made some minor adjustments to her dick azimuth and when she was finally happy with her angle of approach, she let loose a mighty cry of "BLOOD 'N' THUNDER!" before plunging arsewards with all the force she could muster. Judging by Tobias's gasp of surprise, that was a substantial amount of force indeed.

The wind blew the tent flap closed, cocooning the three lovers in a capsule of sweat and lust and hiding whatever may have happened away from the prying eyes of observers such as ourselves. What followed the next day, however, was the start of a period in which Tobias and Fanny were what could be described as 'a couple', although both refused to admit it even as they walked hand-in-hand and slept tongue-in-arse. Such are the frustrations of irritating faggots in love.

*

The wind blew softly through the leaves. Yorkie blew softly the Tobias. Then hardly. Then softly again. Then hardly. This constant changing of blowjobular speed made Tobias's heart race. Sensing that his partner was close, Yorkie achieved a respectably rapid pace of 145 thrusts/min, although Tobias was done before a minute had elapsed. Yorkie almost swallowed the home-made yoghurt, but stopped himself when he saw an opportunity to share even more intimacy with Tobias, and he moved up Tobias's toned yet adorably doughy body, leaving a

fine trail of spunk like some sort of jism snail, before clamping mouths with him and guiding the payload of funk until his ready and willing oesophagus using his tongue as a delivery system. Tobias happily swallowed the gift and continued to-

Tobias woke up suddenly. He looked around him, forgetting briefly where he was and why he was in a tent, before signing mournfully to himself. He looked down at the raging erection he now possessed, a regular morning glory made doubly fierce by the forces of arousal, and felt the pain of being blueballed by a wet dream. He signed again and began stroking his member, released a third and final sigh as he released a cloud of killer bees from his penis and all over Fanny's sleeping face, only instead of bees they were sperm and instead of being killer sperm they were just regular sperm.

Tobias missed Yorkie, and not all the sex with Sofia and Fanny in the world could change that fact.

*

One day, whilst they were travelling, our intrepid heroes came across a lone house a little ways off the road. Having worn out more than a few of their sex toys by now, they unanimously decided to search the place for more. Maybe even a fourth compatriot, thought Tobias, considering how well the last one had gone, and he winked at Fanny as though she would have been able to hear his thoughts and know why he was winking. To her credit, she smiled and nodded along, assuming Tobias was just his usual too-horny-to-function self.

The house was dilapidated, the wooden shutters on the windows having rotted and fallen off in places and large parts of it having been claimed by cobwebs. Tobias looked closely at one of the webs and saw an intricate image of a penis formed by its many glistening strands, at which point a spider, about the size

of a fist and with eight dicks for legs slid into his view. Tobias was too contended at having seen the penis in the web to fear the spider, however, and moved on.

Suddenly, he heard a scream from Sofia. Pulling his cock out as was his instinctive reaction to women screaming, for whatever reason, he ran off to find her. As he did he saw the cause of the scream: hanging from a rafter in the ceiling of the building was a young woman, a noose around her neck. Underneath her, a chair lay on its side, and a few drops of blood from where the rope rubbed against her neck had dried. Judging by the state of the house and the decomposition of the body, Tobias surmised that this had happened some time ago. He became aware that he had begun stroking his crotch without thinking about it, and stopped himself lest Sofia or Fanny think he wanted them to kill themselves in order to better get him off. Well, he thought, it'd be an interesting thing to try it, but to do so would be to use up Sofia or Fanny once and for all, and that was a price too high for our Tobias.

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
encountered a great warrior. A gallant man and a brave hero, he soon won
sworn to celibacy by his own warrior order. Nonetheless, I eventually broke
and he spent the night with me. However, whilst I anticipated a night of pas
content to sit with me and merely talk. Even when I hinted at my true inten
should begin intercourse right now, he replied enigmatically with an infuriat
became day, and he was discovered in a bed with a woman by his fellows. T
and he was executed for his transgressions.*

*You might be thinking that this suicide is to do with my shame at being
but it is more selfish than that. I regret not getting him to put it in me more*

ever known. All feeling, all sensation, everything pales in comparison to the him and I bring. But I know it can never be. He is dead, and with his body d his apparently huge Johnson. And, it would seem, so does my spirit, and no

So goodbye cruel world, and if there is an afterlife, I wish only that I sha and that sex will be allowed there.

As they read the note, the three of them (although Fanny only as an act of corycatting, 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. They decided to remove the woman's corpse and to give it a proper burial, and once this was concluded and the house had been thoroughly searched for sex toys, they lit a fire that soon engulfed the wooden building, leaving nothing but ash, and went on their way.

*

The fire flickered in the centre of their camp as it slowly died, and Sofia sat beside it talking to Fanny. They nattered about things unimportant to this story, such as who had seen the longest pube in their time, and Fanny asking Sofia if Tobias would prefer it if she put a cucumber or a deodorant can up her vagina for him. Tobias lay away from them, sleeping soundly on his rollmat, the night warm enough to not bother with the tent. He dreamt dreams of Yorkie, as he had been doing a lot lately, and as much as he enjoyed the sensual nature of the dreams, they only served as a reminder that he may never see his beloved step-brother again.

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.

As he made his way through the forest he had fled into, he felt his strength rapidly fading from him. He continued on without purpose, as he had nowhere to go. His city, his entire life's work, now lay in ruins. His children had all been either killed, imprisoned in the rock or had fled, disappearing into the vast underground tunnels of Incestria, as likely to become the meal for a passing Phallusaur as they were to simply become trapped and starve to death. He had nothing to live for and nowhere to live it, for if no place would accept him when he first arrived in Incestria, what were the chances he's had better luck now? So he ran headlong through the forest for no reason beyond that if he stopped, he would not be able to move again.

His strength continued to drain, and he eventually consigned himself to run until he could run no longer, and when that time came to call it a day. He could no longer run, and so walked as far as he could, eyes to the ground, before collapsing into the dirt. He struggled to get up, but could not. He tried to crawl, but realised the futility of the effort. He let loose a torn sigh, followed by a coughing fit that left blood flecking his lips. He saw a tree stump a few metres away and made a superhuman effort to reach it and prop himself up against it, looking up and now realising he found himself within a clearing. He was afforded a beautiful view of the stars and the moons, for Incestria had two, and he silently thanked the clouds for not coming out that night.

He lay there for hours, thoughts of his children weighing heavy on his heart, as were thoughts of Linda, his queen. He

thanked a god he had never before believed in that in his darkest moments, at least she had shown him what kindness was, and with it the light that had pulled him out of his abyss and given him a chance. A tear welled in his eye, and he blinked it away. It rolled down his scarred face, pausing momentarily at his chin, before dropping off to the floor. His hand hung limply beside it. He had died.

-Chapter Eight- “Friends with Detriments”

Tobias awoke to the salty smell of a fishery in the summer heat that he had awoken to the past few nights, as Fanny squatted on his face in order to rouse him. Usually he would have returned the gesture with a few darts of the tongue, but as he extended his dripping wet muscle he was seized by a sudden disgust at his actions. He gave a few token, half-hearted laps, before pushing her off of him and sitting up. Fanny looked dumbfounded, and a little insulted, whereas Tobias looked appalled. He 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?”

Tobias 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. “Cor, I'm such a stand-up guy, letting Fanny know I can do better than her and all”. Sofia, awoken by the ruckus, asked Tobias what was going on. “Don't you see Sofia? I can do so much better!” He skipped up and down, and whilst Sofia lamented losing Fanny, who had

become somewhat of a friend during the time they had spent together, she was glad to be rid of the competition.

“Damn straight you can. Now spread those legs wide, big boy, I feel like playing a tune and the only instrument I can see laying around is a rusty trombone”. Tobias did as ordered, his face jubilant at the realisation that he could do better, mixed with the glee at being played like a brass instrument.

*

It was mid-afternoon, and the two partners had decided to split up in order to forage for food. Tobias was walking through the forest, admiring the sunlight scattering through the canopy above, when he saw a beautiful young woman laying spread-eagled on a blanket and completely nude, her rich skin bathed in radiant sunlight filtering through a break in the trees. She lay, absent-mindedly playing with herself, and seemingly unaware of Tobias's presence. He inched closer to her, his rapidly inflating erection beginning to pain him as it fought with his shorts for dominance. As he came to within a few meters of her, she spoke without stopping what she was doing or looking at him. “My, that's a fine cock you've got there son, be a shame to let it go to waste don't you think?” Tobias looked around, wondering if she was perhaps talking to somebody else. No, they were alone. He shrugged and moved towards her, knelt down, brushed her hand away and entered in.

She flung her head back in delight, the sunlight accentuated her natural beauty. She had the look of an Ancient Greek muse, worthy of Byron or Da Vinci. Tobias thought that she may well have been the most gorgeous girl he had ever seen as he plunged his dipstick rhythmically into her orifice and checking the fluid levels of its contents. They were high, as she was slicker than an oil slick with a Magnum, P.I. moustache. Despite the technical

proficiency of her appearance, it was doing little for Tobias. He could not quite put his finger on it, both literally and figuratively as all ten were currently probing his rectum, but there was a certain *je ne sais quoi* missing from the experience. He asked her name in an attempt to kindle the flame through conversation.

“No, it's embarrassing”, replied the mysterious aphroditic beauty.

“Oh, come on, look at my physical appearance coupled with my personality and really every facet of my existence when you get down to it, do you think I care about embarrassing?”

“Fine. I'll tell you it on one condition”.

“Hit me”.

“You must close your eyes”.

“Sounds completely legit, agreed”, and he closed his eyes tight whilst still thrusting.

“My name...is Attractiveunattractiveattractiveunattractive Scene Girl”.

“Bit of a mouthful. Why are you called that?” She let loose a cackle.

“Have a look for yourself!” Tobias opened his eyes and did so. The young and vibrant girl had been replaced by a dry and wrinkly old hag. A hag who still had Tobias's dick retained in her now unfathomably droopy wizard sleeve of a vagina. She smiled a grim smile, revealing a crooked and largely-incomplete row of yellow teeth.

“W-what happened?”, stammered Tobias. It was followed by another cackle.

“You fool! I am one of an ancient race, a race of shapeshifters! For centuries I have lain here, ensnaring travelling adventures such as yourself cockfirst in my warm and inviting poon, then at the peak of their excitement have revealed my true form! You can see the remains of those that came before you all

around, so overcome with the shame of it they were". Tobias panned his view around the area and saw that yes, there were corpses all around him. He had noticed these earlier, but had thought nothing of it. He looked closer at some of the bodies and saw that they had all died of self-inflicted wounds. One lay with his skeletal hands still clasping the hilt of the sword he had run himself through with, another had his skull dashed over a rock, and still another had seemingly pulled his own head off in a remarkable feat of suicidal strength. Hanging from a few of the trees were other bodies, eerily reminiscent of the woman Tobias had seen a few days earlier.

"Do you see? Do you see what your lust hath wrought? Now, take your life li- wait, what are you doing?! No! Stop that and take your life!" Tobias had taken in the scene and, with a shrug of his shoulders, returned to the previous job of thrusting into the now dry as a desert, old and used-up hole. He had taken Attractiveunattractiveattractiveunattractive Scene Girl aback with his actions, but Tobias now felt invigorated. Attractiveunattractiveattractiveunattractive Scene Girl's change had transformed what had been to him tired and uninteresting sex into a new sexual frontier to cross, or at least, considering his grandmother's advanced age, a rarely-experienced one. Tobias found it exquisite, determining that women are much like fine cheese in that they only get better with age. The fact that her vagina was much like sandpaper on his dick did not lessen his enjoyment of the moment, if anything enhancing it as it brought with it fond memories of Yorkie's home-made sandpaper condoms, the only condoms Tobias had ever been able to stomach.

Attractiveunattractiveattractiveunattractive Scene Girl had not anticipated this turn of events and watched in horror as her

plan backfired and Tobias appeared to be thoroughly enjoying himself. Finally, he finished inside her and pulled his rapidly wilting member out, its surface largely scraped away. “That was fantastic”, he panted, “thank you very much. I’ll be on my way now”. And so he got up and walked off, a skip in his step that was not there before. Attractiveunattractiveattractiveunattractive Scene Girl lay baffled for a while. For hundreds of years, her plan had reliably led to her victims doing themselves in, but now everything she thought she had known had been turned upside-down. Eventually, the shame at a plan gone awry led her to pluck a sword from one of the bodies around her and commit sudoku. So ended the tale of the dastardly, though initially beautiful, Attractiveunattractiveattractiveunattractive Scene Girl.

-Chapter Nine-

“Juuuuuuuuuden!”

Unperturbed by the events of the afternoon, Tobias arrived back at the camp by the evening. After a quick meal of berries and roots, he got straight down to the important work of sexually pleasuring Sofia. He began with a light spot of anilingus, followed by a blowjob and then a couple hours of intensive snowballing and felching. Then it was night, and Sofia slept beside him as he sat up, barely illuminated by the feint light of the stars. He was busily playing with his foreskin, the complete intactitude of which he was mightily proud of and always had been. He had once been in a contest at school for the 'most intact foreskin', and had only lost out to first place by the fluke of the winner being born with two penises, and therefore double the intactness. He pulled it away from his penis, stuck his finger in it and toyed with it like a Chinese finger trap. He flicked it repeatedly, emitting a slight girlish giggle each time. Suddenly, there was a flash, and when his vision returned, he saw that it was day and that his penis had been violently circumcised. He was terrified, both at the loss of his perfect intactness, and with it roughly fifty percent of his dick mass.

He shook Sofia awake. He told her what had happened, and she shared in her brother's pain at the loss of that meticulously-cultivated piece of skin. They looked around the camp fruitlessly, until Tobias sat down dejectedly. Presently he felt a slight stickiness where his hand touched the ground. He looked closer at it and saw a patch of translucent goo with a slight

ghostly glow to it. He called Sofia over, who examined it closer, before smearing some on her finger and giving it a lick.

“Hmmm. Why, if I'm not mistaken, that seems like ectojism! Look, there's more over there, maybe if we follow the trail it'll lead us to whoever took your foreskin!” Tobias was heartened by this discovery and, after the camp was dismantled and packed away, he and Sofia set off following the trail, which led them further down the Yellow Dick Road, in the direction of Little Israel. It was a long journey, and Tobias was losing blood rapidly through his wounded penis, although regular applications of Sofia's saliva did stymie the flow somewhat. Eventually they came to the huge and foreboding gate that marked the entrance to Little Israel. Two men wielding spears attached to their long and curly sideburns and wearing long black overcoats emerged at the top.

“*Oy gevalt* Mordecai, vee haff guests!” shouted at the face of his compatriot, standing next to him though he was.

“*Oy vey oy vey* Isaac, do dey not know dat eef they stand by dose gates like dat dey vil make my poor sick grandmother veak vith fright?” shouted back the other one. He then looked down at our heroes. “You dere, vat ees eet dat you vant?”

“We demand entrance into your city, and to find out who it was that stole my foreskin!”, shouted Tobias back, pointing at his bloody crotch stain for emphasis.

“*Oy vey, oy gevalt*, he shouts so loud Mordecai, eet hurts my ears so. But he bears de mark of de Juden, vee must let him in. Open de gate”.

“*Oy gevalt*, always vith de commanding and de yelling”. Mordecai shuffled over to the gate control and unveiled his wholly foreskinless penis before inserting it. He rotated it ninety degrees in the hole, which caused it to click, at which point the

gears creaked into use as the great gates began their ponderous swing outwards. “Oy vey, do dey haff to be making de gates vith all de loudness?”, he lamented, covering his ears with his hands. “Oy vey, my hands are so varm, my ears are burning up!”

“Thank you, strange creatures”, shouted Tobias up to them, and then him and Sofia walked through the gates and into the city. What stretched out before them was an endless sea of small huts, identical in their construction. On each doorframe was smeared a dark substance, and Tobias wondered what it was until he was someone smearing a butchered lamb carcass on their door. He was taking in the sights when he heard a voice from behind him.

“Oy *gevalt*, always vith de standing right in front ov where you vant to go”. Tobias looked around and saw a man standing impatiently behind him. The road was wide enough for ten men standing shoulder-to-shoulder, but Tobias did not want to bring this up and moved out of the way of the man, who with a nasal cry went past and about his day. Tobias saw another man sitting on a bench, almost dozing off. He approached him.

“Excuse me, could you tell me about this place?”, he asked.

“Oy vey, always vith de interrupting someone when dey are busy!”

“I’m sorry, I didn’t think you were doing anything. I’ll be on my way”.

“Oy *gevalt*, dey ask a qvestion but den dey run off before you can even answer eet. I am Ezekiel Goldenstein, and you are in Little Israel, home ov de Unmazel Tovs, de unhappiest Jews in all of de world”.

“*Mazel tov*? Doesn’t that mean happy birthday or something?”

“Oy vey, dat ees simply vhat ve trick de *goyim* into thinking. Eet actually means 'happy Jew' in Jewish.”

“I see. Who is your leader? I need to speak to him about someone stealing my foreskin”, again punctuated with a gesture to his steadily spreading bloody crotch patch.

“Oy vey, always with de incessant questionings. He lives in de centre of de Hexagram, like a Jewish Pentagon”, and the Jew pointed towards a large building that looked almost out of place against the backdrop of identical buildings that surrounded it.

“Ah, thanks a lot for the help Ezekiel”, and with that Tobias turned to leave.

“Oy *gevalt*, he does not even give payment for de advice he ees given”. The Jew held an outstretched hand in front of Tobias's face. Tobias sighed, and rummaged through his pocket for some change, finding only a couple of 1p pieces. He placed them in the Jew's hand. “Oy vey! *Shekels*! It ees like Hanukkah and Passover haf come early!” Tobias looked at the happily skipping Jew before walking off. As we walked away, a couple of Jews came running headlong past him, almost knocking him and Sofia over. He turned around to see that Ezekiel had been lost in a throng of thick black overcoats and sideburn-spears as at least twenty Jews fought to the death for the prize of the shekels. Tobias shrugged and walked on, towards the Hexagon.

Tobias and Sofia arrived at the entrance to the Hexagon, guarded by two sad-looking Jews wielding fearsome sideburn spears. They stared past Tobias and off into the distance, not seeming to register his presence. He stood, waiting for then to address him, but nothing happened. He cleared his throat, and still nothing. He asked one of the them, “Excuse me, can I come in?”

“*Oy gevalt*, always vith de ambushing you vith qvestions and de loudness! Vhat do you vant to go een dere for?”

“I am told that your leader is in there, and I need to talk to him about the theft of a certain body part of mine that I was quite fond of”. Again, punctuated with a gesture downwards.

“*Oy vey Mort*, he has de mark of de Jew! Vee must let him een. Open the door”. The other Jew unveiled a crudely-circumcised cock and thrust it into a hole in the wall, twisting it with a click as the gateman done before. The door slid open, and Tobias walked through, followed by Sofia. They found themselves in a huge six-walled hall, the only feature in it being a throne on a pedestal in the centre of it. On the throne sat a strange and shapeless form, emanating a slight unearthly glow. When Tobias stared at it to try and get a better look, it seemed to change, always tantalisingly close to being visible yet at the same time not. Tobias moved towards the centre of the room with Sofia. He stood before the throne and waited. There was no reply, so he cleared his throat. Again, nothing. Tired of being ignored in this city, he addressed the amorphous presence with a tinge of anger in his voice.

“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. He had always assumed they were a fantasy, but the evidence was now right there before him. Hailing from an alternate dimension where he had once been a sadistic Jewish lawman, he was driven insane and declared that since homoeostasis and other functions essential to living constituted work, all were guilty of breaking the Fourth Commandment to 'remember the Sabbath Day, and keep it holy'. He encountered two witches, who transformed him into something not quite human, and certainly not Jewman. He enacted righteous vengeance upon the perceived sinners until he had killed everybody in his world, and when the job was done crossed over into our universe to continue his rampage. He was eventually stopped and banished to Incestria under mysterious circumstances, and built up his nation of Little Israel, every stolen foreskin making his cloak larger and converting one more soldier to his cause.

“T-the Phantom Foreskin”, stuttered Tobias. “But foreskin or not, I'll never join you or your lackeys! Your plan will fail!”

“Foolish *goyim*, my plan does not care if you stand vith me or lay vith de dead, my people shall march on the Promised Land of Cliteropolis regardless and crush those *schmucks*!”

“I don't know what this Cliteropolis place is, or who the *schmucks* that inhabit it are, but I do know one thing and that is that I have always hated Jews!”

“Wait, you have?” asked a shocked Sofia.

“Oh, like you can talk, lil' Miss Stormfront. I remember your white pride display in Scrotte's dungeon”.

“Fair point, fair point”. Tobias turned back to the Phantom Foreskin.

“Fight me irl fgt, 1v1 right here and now unless you're too much of a pussy!”

“Oy vey, de *goy* vishes to die, den so be it. Once I am finished with you, your little *shiksawill* come to love the circumcised penis”. With that, he seemingly blinked out of existence, only to reappear behind Tobias and deliver a swift Jew punch to the back of his skull. Tobias was sent sprawling and very nearly knocked unconscious, but he stayed with it and got back up. He ran in the direction of the Phantom Foreskin, but he again disappeared and then emerged to deliver Tobias another blow from behind. This continued for some time, the Phantom Foreskin slowly whittling away at Tobias and Tobias falling for the same trick over and over again. Then, Tobias had an idea. He slowly moved his back against one of the six walls. The Phantom Foreskin disappeared from his sight, then there was a loud crack behind him, and he turned to see the Phantom Foreskin laying in a crumpled heap on the floor, a large splatter of blood and ectojism on the wall.

He wasted no time, and pounced on the Phantom Foreskin. The creature wailed as it clawed at Tobias's face in a desperate attempt to get him off of him, but Tobias was implacable. He reigned blow after blow onto the Phantom Foreskin's skeletal face, bloodying his knuckles on his sharp cheekbones. No matter how much damage he did, no matter how hard his punches, he seemed to have no effect. If anything, his hands were coming off worse than the Phantom Foreskin was. The Phantom Foreskin swiped a clawed hand and caught Tobias on the side of the face. Blood stung his eyes. The Phantom Foreskin put his bony hands around Tobias's neck and began choking him. Tobias grasped the

hands fruitlessly, but his eyes were bulging and he was turning blue. In the commotion, however, he saw that the Phantom Foreskin's cloak of foreskins had come undone, revealing a skeletal creature submerged in a cloud of sickly green pallor. Around his neck, however, 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 final cry of resistance, and then bursting into nothingness, his cloak floating slowly to the ground. The room was silent, save for Tobias's harsh intakes of breath.

The two made their escape from Little Israel as soon as possible. They were not pursued, the Phantom Foreskin's disappearance not yet being discovered, but nonetheless made haste to the exit. After leaving the city in their wake, they made camp once more besides the Yellow Dick Road. Tobias wept as he cradled the foreskin that had once been his, having recognised it quickly as one would recognise their child and torn it from the cloak before they left. His tears dripped into his hands and the foreskin bobbed along the top of the water. He felt his nose, which had been steadily growing in size since the loss of the foreskin, and lamented his inevitable transformation. Sofia placed a hand on his shoulder and he looked up at her. "Tobias, I think I have an idea that might fix it. You remember how I freed you back in Scrotte's dungeon? Well they're less corrosive now and more glue-like, and I think it could be worth a shot". Scarcely had she finished talking when Tobias pushed her over and mounted her. Sliding the ragged fleshy ring over his exposed bell end and then the entire dick ensemble into Sofia's quivering muff. It was indeed a thicker and more viscous muff than Tobias was used to, but he persevered. A few minutes later, he felt his nose, and sure enough it was receding. He pulled out and stared in awe at his now perfectly-intact penis, before thanking Sofia with a continued dicking. By the time he was done, his nose was back to its normal buttonish size and he was overjoyed; he slept well that night.

-Chapter Ten- Tobias is a Fruit

Once again, the couple's journey was happily interrupted by Roomps' emergence from a hedge. "What are the haps my friends", he inquired. Tobias, instinctively aware that Roomps was a potential competitor for Sofia's, and any other woman that Tobias had designs on, and even a few men's affections, although Roomps would politely decline any sort of homosexual activity, perfectly content to allow others to do as they saw fit but having no personal desire to, replied snappily.

"Friends?" He turned to Sofia. "I don't like him very much. Let's kill him". Sofia shook herself from her aroused daze long enough to admonish Tobias.

"Sit down!"

He replied with a high pitched "Eeyah" and sat down on a tree stump, the action accompanied by the squeaking of the squeaky shoes he had been wearing since finding them laying by the side of the road shortly after leaving Little Israel. He sighed.

"Oh, again with the squeaky shoes", complained Sofia.

"Worry not, my dear. I understand that he feels threatened by my presence as I am his superior in every way. I'm very used to it, it happens to everyone I associate with. In fact, we just had sex whilst I was talking. It was the best sex you ever had". Sofia became suddenly aware that she was laying spread-eagled and naked on the ground, and that he she had indeed just had the best sex she could remember. Huh, thought Sofia. "I see you must have been through Little Israel, how did you find it?"

“Tobias got his foreskin stolen and I think we killed their king, but the worst part for me was all those filthy kikes”.

“Sofia, you can't just say things like that! Jews are people just as respectable as you or I. It's perfectly fine to poke some good-natured fun at them and their broad caricatures, but winners don't do all-out anti-Semitism. Think of all that Jews have given us. Jews like Bernie Madoff, who revolutionised the financial system; Leon Trotsky, who created one of the most successful and prosperous nations in the world; and Ariel Sharon, who brought a lasting peace to one of the most turbulent regions in the world and did it so gently and lovingly. Truly they are noble people and deserving of respect”. Sofia considered this, and whilst she would usually have replied with the usual white pride rigmarole, here Roomps' charisma and persuasiveness served to instantly cause her to renounce such views and accept people of all race and creed as her brothers and sisters.

“Is it true that everyone in that city was once like us, but had their foreskins stolen and were transformed? There were so many of them”.

“It is true. Well, mostly true. I once knew a Jew who was nothing to do with that rabble. He was transported here after his father the Rabbi kissed his penis better following his circumcision, which was enough for the powers that be to transport them here. I met them at the Fields and sent them on their way, and before long they'd made it to Little Israel and settled. The baby grew into a boy, and then into a man. Ari Steinberg was his name. When he was twenty or so, he saw the Little Israelis bulldozing a village, including the orphanage and the puppy emporium, and was disgusted. He fled from that city and swore never to return. Within a week he was impoverished,

never taking the time to learn the skills of thrift needed to survive from his father. He returned to Little Israel in little more than rags, and was killed by the Little Israel Defence Forces who thought he was threatening them with his waving. Poor guy, but what're you gonna do?"

"Hang on", said Sofia. "That must have been a long time ago, do you greet all new arrivals or something? Just how old are you anyway?"

"It's been nice seeing you two again, but I'm a busy man and I must dash. Farewell!" And with that, he disappeared back into the hedge, leaving Sofia unsatisfied and Tobias with a great weight lifted.

*

The man was bent forwards over the table, legs apart, wrists bound with thick leather straps, pinned like a starfish. His ankles were similarly in bondage and he was largely immobile. The door creaked open and filled the room with blinding light. When the man's eyes grew accustomed to it, he could see no hint of who had opened the door. Then, he felt something slide up his rectum and knew that whoever it was was positioned behind. The man cried out but the attacker took no heed of it. The assailant continually pounded the man's shitter until it was red and raw, but still kept going. The bound man eventually gave in, pressing his face dead-eyed into the surface as the other man had his fun. Finally, the violator was done, and he pulled out of the violatee's now sticky asshole. He hummed a contented hum, evidently proud of his work. The bound man mustered the strength to speak. "W-who are you?" The other man walked around until he stood in front of the bound one, cock level with the bound man's eyes. The man then squatted down to be eye-to-eye with the bound man. He could see that the anal intruder had

a round and boyish face, with an adorable button nose and a meticulously-cultivated fringe.

“The name's Tobias. Tobias Haberdashering”, and with that Tobias turned and left the room, laughing, closing the door behind him and leaving the bound man in darkness.

The man awoke with a start. He sat up in his regal bed, drenched in sweat. His breath was heavy, and he murmured to himself. “No, no. Not the filthy thoughts. I have been naughty. I must be punished. Naughty naughty, filthy dirty thoughts”. He got out of the bed and walked over to a menacing-looking chest propped up against a wall. He flipped the lid open and drew out a large purple dildo wrapped in barbed wire. “Yes, the Barbed Wire Dildo of Punishment. This will suffice”. He bent over the bed and went to town on his anus with the self-flagellating implement. It did not matter to him who this Tobias person was, he cared only about punishing himself for his impure thoughts. King Whee V was a principled man, after all.

*

Our intrepid heroes shagged their way further into the land of Incestria. On one occasion, they stopped briefly at a fruit and veg stall that lay beside the Yellow Dick Road. The merchant greeted them joyously, with arms outstretched. “Travellers!” he said. “Welcome to my humble fruit and veg stand, feel free to browse my wares. I think you shall find my prices quite, quite reasonable”. Tobias browsed the plethora of assorted fruits and vegetables, some he recognised and some he didn't. He slowly built up a pile in his arms of various items that piqued his interest. Cucumbers, bananas, a squash, some eggplants, another cucumber. He was making the transaction with the jovial merchant when he heard a weak female voice. He looked at Sofia, but she was busy admiring a pear. He looked at the

merchant, but he realised he had been looking at him when he heard the voice. He was baffled, when he heard it again, this time stronger, and clearly coming from the mound of fruit. He reached in and pulled out a large watermelon, normal in seemingly every way except for the human face etched on one side. Its eyes squinted in the light, and when they reopened, Tobias saw that the creature had pupils but no iris.

“I thank you, stranger, for saving me. I know not my name, but I know my story and will tell it to you. I was once a woman, young and Welsh, when I ran afoul of a local gypsy. I had bored of cow-tipping and so tipped her caravan for a laugh. Little did I know, her haemophiliac baby son was in there. They had to clean him off the walls with a spatula. She cursed me to be stuck in the body of a watermelon for all eternity, and here I am”. Tobias pondered the strange creature he held in his hand. She smelt strongly of manure, having presumably been pulled up from the ground, or wherever it is that watermelons come from, only recently.

“Very well. I would like to buy this watermelon, my good man”. The happy merchant clapped his hands together before eagerly taking Tobias's money and shaking his hand, concluding the deal. “Due to the smell, I shall call you Poopy”.

“I am in no position to argue with you. Fine, Poopy it is”. Under her breath, she muttered “You five year old”. She was bemused when Tobias showed her Poopy, and the three of them went on their way again.

*

Tobias pounded remorselessly into King Whee's urethra. King Whee lay sprawled on the altar, his arms and legs tied. Tobias was atop him, the tools of increasing size that he had used to loosen up King Whee's urethra laying beside him. King

Whee wailed in pain as Tobias thrust deeper and deeper, before emitting an animal grunt and issuing spurt after spurt of semen into King Whee's own balls. They swelled from the size of pennies to the size of tennis balls in an instant. King Whee lay his head back as Tobias once more exited the room.

King Whee shot upright in bed once more. Again, he was dripping with sweat and panting hard. He wasted no time in going over to the dark and foreboding chest, this time withdrawing a dildo coated with sandpaper. "This will not be enough", he said to himself. He reached back into the chest and withdrew a small bag of white powder and an ampoule of a clear yellow liquid. He coated the dildo in the powder before squirting the yellow liquid on it, which dissolved the powder. "Yes, the Sandpaper, Salt and Lemon Juice Dildo of More Punishment. This should be enough". He bent over, and began punishing himself.

-Chapter Eleven-

“Whee's World”

As the three of them travelled, they came across a number of burnt down houses. Some were devoid of any sign of the previous owners, though some had body parts and the occasional corpse laying around near them. Tobias wondered what had caused this when they came across another ruin, seemingly like all the others. This time, however, a man sat on a rock next to the house, weeping. Tobias went up to him and placed a comforting hand on his shoulder. “What happened here?” he asked. He looked down instinctively at the man's crotch and saw a large bloody stain. When he spoke, he spoke with a high-pitched voice.

“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. He turned back to the man.

“The Fire Princess? Who is this Fire Princess you speak of?”

“Nobody knows, only that she has hair that burns with the fire of her rage and leads a warband of over a thousand barbarian women, killing males wherever she goes, be they human or animal”. Tobias considered this, and shrugged.

“If I see this so-called 'Flame Princess', I'll snuff her out”.

“That was a shit joke”, said the weeping man. Tobias sneered, then he picked up Poopy and walked back to the Yellow Dick Road with Sofia.

*

They were not walking long when they heard a rustling from a shrubbery to the side of the road. Sofia braced herself for the nigh-uncontrollable arousal that was sure to come and Tobias began a peremptory pout. Out burst Roomps, his well-formed and formidable kielbasa swinging merrily in the breeze. “Yo yo yo what up”, he said in what may seem in print form to be a cringeworthy attempt at speaking in ebonics but was in spoken word utterly convincing. Sofia was drooling giddily already and, though he did not know how he could tell this from her watermelon form, Poopy looked equally aroused.

“What do you want, Roomps?” asked Tobias petulantly, like a child, and avoiding eye contact. Roomps was unfazed by this, as he was by all things except those that truly matter, as he had long ago achieved Enlightenment.

“You are near to entering the territory of Whee's World. You must know a thing or two before you do so, or you will surely meet with disaster”. Tobias snorted in derision.

“I'm sure I can handle that”.

“Please, stop”, interrupted Sofia. “Tobias sucks as a fighter, a child could beat him”.

“It's okay, I have come to live with my presence making his sort uneasy. It's often hard being so perfect. Not overly hard, you understand, but a little bit”.

“I can imagine”, said Sofia, before returning to her aroused daze.

“King Whee V rules Whee's World with an iron fist. The League of Wheenies are an extension of his will, elite troops who serve his orders unquestioningly. All in Whee's World are sworn to celibacy as a result of Whee's own insufficiencies with females. So that he is not the only person in the land who had not had sex, he forces all under his control not to either. This has led to a city with a rapidly dwindling population, not helped by the social awkwardness that his influence has wrought resulting in the leading cause of death in Whee's World being loneliness-induced suicide”.

“But if he is celibate, how did he come to be in Incestria?” asked Tobias.

“That may be the saddest part of his tale. After striking out one too many times in the normal world, although by striking out I imply he struck at all, which is not quite accurate, he learned of this land of Incestria, where all are brothers and sisters and are free to have sex the way god intended. Being too awkward to pluck up the courage to ask his mother, his only relative who acknowledged his existence, to have sex with him, he instead devoted himself to studying alternative ways of reaching Incestria. He eventually managed it via an elaborate ritual involving the drinking of a virgin's blood, which was easily done by simply cutting his arm and licking it. He emerged bleary-eyed into this brave new world, but when he came across his first woman, he realised he was to have no more luck here than he did in the normal world. No-one quite knows how, but within a few

years he had established Whee's World as a major player in the Incestrian political scene, and with the League of Wheenies kept thousands as virginal as himself”.

“Hmm. How easy is this 'King Whee' to deal with? My last two interactions with rulers in this place have gone poorly to say the least”.

“You're in luck there, as King Whee will fold in an argument like a house of cards in a black hole. You may well find that he grants you everything you want in an attempt to stop having to interact socially with you, even before you've asked for anything. It is not him you must worry about, but the Iron Waist”.

“The Iron Waist?”

“The Iron Waist. He is King Whee's second-in-command, a great warrior with a tortured past. He usually deals with visitors on the king's behalf, as the palace custodians tired of having to clean up the puddles of terror-piss”.

“How am I to deal with this 'Iron Waist'?” Roomps was about to answer, when he suddenly jerked his head to look further down the road.

“Uh-oh, trouble”. Tobias followed his gaze but saw nothing, and when he looked back, Roomps was gone with nothing but a slight rustle of the shrubbery. He looked angrily at Sofia, who was slowly recovering from her daze.

“I see the way you look at him. I'm a man, too, you know? I go pee-pee standing up!” Sofia could not have been through as many golden showers as she had been and not know that, of course, but she just sighed.

“Tobias, you know you're the only man for me”. Suddenly a voice boomed from further down the road.

“When you girls are done kissing, I've got some ass-kicking for you!” The two looked startled at the intruder. They saw a

man wearing heavy armour plating over a silk undercoat. On his right shoulder was a huge and fearsome pauldron, spikes jutting from it every which way. Around his waist was padlocked an immense iron chastity belt.

“The Iron Waist, I presume?”

“That is I. His Royal Highness King Whee V has decreed that you are to be summarily executed for crimes against the kingdom of Whee's World. I am an extension of His will, and shall carry it out with haste”. With that, he juttred his shoulder forwards and charged at Tobias. Tobias managed to narrowly avoid the murderous spikes but the shoulder barge caught him in the face. He was flung backwards and nearly trampled, but managed to avoid the Iron Waist's legs and get back up. He spat blood from his mouth and wiped it from his nose.

“Hah, I'm bleeding, making me the victor”. The Iron Waist charged again, and Tobias dodged out of the way in time, leaving the Iron Waist to tumble to the ground, face in the dirt and arse in the air. Tobias took position behind him and began thrusting. Each thrust was accompanied with a soft squish and a metallic clang. “I can't penetrate his armour! It's bending my dick to a right-angle!” The Iron Waist threw him off and charged again. This time Tobias was not so lucky in avoiding the spikes. Pain shot through his shoulder and his arm went cold. The Iron Waist straightened his back and Tobias was lifted off his feet. He was bleary-eyed with pain when the Iron Waist flung him forward, the spike sliding out of the gaping wound with a sickening sound. He lay on in the dirt as the Iron Waist stood over him and blocked out the suns. He knelt down and pushed a spike slowly into Tobias's throat. Tobias croaked with the last of his breath. “Wait. If I'm to die, at least tell me your story!” The Iron Waist paused, then removed the spike.

“Very well”, he boomed. “I was once known as Charles Lockmart, son of Jeremy Lennards, the most famous of all Incestria's adult film stars. Even at a young age, I was disgusted by his ways. Not even starring roles in his films could pacify me. Sex was all around me, but I wanted none of it. One day, I fled in the middle of the night. For months I travelled, until one day a Wheenie scouting party found me laying in the forest, near starved to death. They nursed me back to health, and told me of their noble vows. I knew then and there that these were kindred spirits, and as soon as I recovered, I joined them. I had an innate skill for combat, and over many moons rose to the second-highest rank in the Royal Army, the right-hand man to His Royal Highness King Whee V”. The Iron Waist took a deep, mournful breath. He composed himself again. “It all changed after the Battle of Nip'to Bar. We were expanding into the Incestrian Lowlands, bringing the purifying light of His glory to the mutant tribes that dwelled there. I was in charge of the initial raiding party. We advanced under the cover of the perpetual night of the Lowlands and took them by surprised. My men and separated and went house-to-house, slaying all we encountered. The fifth house was to contain my obliteration. Laying on the bed was a wench of such beauty like my eyes had never seen before or since. I tried to resist, Whee knows I tried, but I could not resist her tender touch and embraced the vagoo”. Vagoo was a word unique to the Wheenie lexicon, but referred to what you or I would call a 'vagina'. The Iron Waist paused again, evidentially tormented by the memories of his serious crime. “We shared a sweet night of the most tender lovemaking. Before I knew it, it was morning. My men searched for me and stumbled upon me and the woman laying in our post-coital bliss. They took me away, and I know not what happened to her. Presumably she was

slain where she lay. I had broken my vows, however, and disgraced the Wheenies. As punishment, I am made to wear this belt as a constant reminder of my sins". A tear rolled down his cheek. He wiped it away, and then knelt down by Tobias again, jabbing him in the neck with the spike. "Now, it is high time for you to die".

"Stop!" Sofia yelled. "Stop it! I know what happened to you, it's not what you think!" The Iron Waist paused, then looked up at her.

"What are you talking about?" Sofia fished into her vagina, where she tended to store all of her knick-knacks, as Tobias had discovered much to his dismay when she went through her 'sharp objects and salt collection' phase. She rummaged and finally pulled out a crumpled note.

"We saw this woman you speak of, her name was Jessie! You have it all wrong, you never had sex or broke your vows. What you thought was sex was nothing of the sort, but you didn't know any better. This note explains it all!" The Iron Waist considered this.

"J-Jessie? She's alive? My god, all this time I've wanted to see her again, to experience the great rhapsody that the Wheenie Priests speak of; that of the fabled Friendzone! I've dreamt of one day meeting her and being a complete doormat, someone she'd be happy to describe as 'like a brother to her'. Tell me, where is she? How is she doing?" The Iron Waist's mind was abuzz with excitement and possibilities.

"She...she's just fine", said Sofia, hurriedly stuffing the letter back into her carrying pouch. "The important thing in all this is that you never actually broke your vows, and that's what we should be focusing on here". The Iron Waist steadied himself.

“By Whee, you're right”. He paused, and stared into the distance. There was a click, and with an earthshaking clang, the chastity belt fell to the ground. Charles Lockmart fell to the ground before lifting up his now-bare buttocks and assuming the position. Tobias picked himself up, before slowly undoing his belt.

“There's only one way this ends, and I can't say I'm not going to enjoy it”. He rolled up his sleeves as his trousers fell around his ankles and he stepped over them. He positioned himself behind Charles, as Charles' world faded tastefully to black.

-Chapter Twelve-

“We're All Wheeners Deep Down”

It was still a ways to Whee's World, and the trio were slowed down further by the sorely limping Charles Lockmart. Tobias had indeed done his job well, and had the smile of a man content. One night, as they had set up their camp, Tobias found himself alone in the tent. Sofia and Charles sat outside by the fire, discussing Jessie. Sofia had planned to break it to him that she had died, and no doubt Tobias would not be able to sleep when it happened for Charles' weeping. He huffed at the prospect, before deciding he might as well have a little masturbate. As he stroked his johnson merrily, he heard a voice. “Psst”, it whispered. “Psst, Tobias. Sofia might be busy, but you needn't pleasure yourself tonight”. He looked around, before he noticed Poopy laying on the tent floor, buried under a pile of clothes. He continued stroking.

“Poopy? What do you mean?” The watermelon looked hurt.

“You know how you love to stick fruit and vegetables up your orifices?” Tobias was about to feign ignorance until he realised he had a cucumber up his arse.

“Maybe”.

“Watermelons are a fruit”. Tobias looked the watermelon over. He admired her voluptuous curves.

“You want me to stick you up my arse? Well, why didn't you say so?” With that, he reached over and picked her up. She suddenly protested.

“No! That's not what I meant at all”. He gingerly placed her on the floor. “What I meant was, if it feels that good putting fruit and veg into your body, imagine how good it must feel putting your body into fruit and veg”. Tobias considered this. True, he had never tried having sex with a fruit or a vegetable, always content to be the bottom in the relationship.

“Won't it hurt you if I cut a hole in your side?”

“No more than an earring would, and any pain would be worth it. Do you know how long it's been since I felt the soft touch of a dick in me?” Tobias pondered. Indeed, he had been selfish in never considering how much other people needed dicks in them, only focusing on his own recent dick entries.

“Fair enough. Here goes”. He pulled out a small knife and cut a medium-sized hole in the side of the watermelon. She wailed in pain but held it in, biting down on some of the clothes she had been laying in earlier. He placed his penis, which had slowly recovered from the encounter with the Iron Waist and was now bent at about a thirty degree angle, in his hands, before gliding it into Poopy's moist and glistening watermelon flesh. He was hit by a glorious sensation of cold that did nothing to cool the burning in his loins. He thrust in and out, the tent filled with sounds of wet squishing. Poopy moaned a watermelony moan of pleasure as Tobias dug out clump after clump of flesh with his angled shovel dick. He went through all the positions, even doggy style somehow. Finally, with a guttural moan, he loosed his seed into Poopy's dug-out fruity body. The creamy white mixed with the bright red and he was instantly reminded of the early 20th century Russian Constructivist artist El Lissitzky's classic *Beat the Whites with the Red Wedge*. He plucked a seed of Poopy's, the black of it covered by the whiteness of Tobias's spunk, from his Jap's eye. Poopy sighed exhaustedly.

“Tobias, that was the best lovin' I ever had”. Tobias smiled proudly.

“Shh. Mama, you gonna wake the rest of the bitches”.

“What other bitches? There's no-one else here”. Tobias feigned being asleep so he would not have to answer her. Poopy sighed again and dozed off.

That morning, Tobias awoke to the sound of slurping and birds chirping. The slurping reminded him of being awoken by the sound of a pair of lovers necking intensifyingly in the midst of DofE whilst their number one best friend in the world was mere inches away, hoping without hope that maybe he would have the luck to up and die of a brain aneurysm before having to sit through much more of it. He shuddered, hoping that he would never have to endure such horrors, before stepping out of the tent and into the bright sunlight. “Morning all. What's for breakfast?” He yawned and wiped some sleep from his eye. Sofia turned around, her chin dripping.

“Watermelon”. Tobias's heart sank. Sofia had clearly been more jealous of the shared attention than he had though. He looked on the bright side; at least he had had sex with Poopy before she was eaten. With his mind at ease, he sat down and tucked in to the delicious watermelon, its natural sweetness now tinged with a unique saltiness that only added to the taste.

*

Finally, they arrived at Whee's World. The towering, phallic towers twitched wistfully in the breeze, mimicking the twitching of Tobias's penis in Sofia's puckered arsehole outside the gate, as they had gotten distracted whilst they waited for Charles to get them into the city. Finally, the great gates slid open as Tobias's penis slid out of Sofia's now-sticky hole. Charles went his own way, whilst they decided to explore the place. Freud would have

had a field day with King Whee's creations, every building was in some way phallic or vaginal in nature, and all were constructed with perfect symmetry, arranged in order of size with the largest in the centre and the smallest on the outside. The soft smell of loneliness wafted gently on the breeze. The ground was permanently wetted with the tears of many a night spent alone. As they walked, they passed many empty and derelict houses, a testament to the rapidly dwindling population of Whee's World. Suddenly, they heard a voice behind them. "E-excuse m-m-me". They turned and saw a man clad in light armour and leather, with a large spiked pauldron on his right shoulder, much like the Iron Waist had. He trembled and averted his gaze as much as possible. "E-excuse m-m-me".

"What do you want?" asked Tobias.

"C-could you please c-come with m-m-me, His Royal Highness King Whee V would like t-to see you". Tobias looked instinctively at the man's crotch and saw he was urinating.

"Very well", and the guard sighed a sigh of relief, before leading Tobias and Sofia to the Royal Palace.

King Whee sat upon his throne with all the regality of a fish on a brick. He was surrounded by a permanent moat of terror-piss that scented the whole room. He shrunk visibly when Tobias and Sofia walked in. In front of him stood Charles, sorely. He greeted the two. "His Royal Highness King Whee V has decreed that you are to appear before him as you are now and state your tale for him to hear and consider not executing you afterwards". Tobias noticed Sofia waved at him with a wink, causing Charles to blush. Tobias wondered if maybe he wasn't the only one getting laid that night with Poopy. Tobias straightened up before addressing the king.

“I am Tobias of Haberdashering, and this is my biological sister and portable cumrag Sofia Haberdashering. We were transported to this realm engaging in that most pure of acts that is love between two biological relatives. We have been through much, we destroyed the city of the rat people, killing the rat king Scrotte, and I think we may have killed the Phantom Foreskin. We seek only to make our way to Cliteropolis and maybe find a way home”. Tobias paused, as King Whee had become so terrified that he began weeping uncontrollably. Charles walked up to him and patted his back, whispering in his ear that everything was going to be okay. Eventually, King Whee composed himself, to a degree; the trail of piss remained flowing. He whispered in Charles' ear, who repeated so Tobias could hear.

“Aye, the tales speak of a great keep high in the Munge Mountains, wherein lies the secret to returning to the normal world. No denizen of Incestria has ever wanted to leave, and as such the keep has fallen into legend. Maybe, if you were to find the keep, you would be able to return home. However, you are not to leave Whee's World. You have inconvenienced me with your presence, for I shall have to drink much water to replace all that I lose in piss and tears. To repay your debt, you shall be sent to work until death in the Great Spunk Mines. King Whee V decrees it!” Tobias's heart sank. Then he saw as King Whee's eyes left the floor in front of him and began following something to Tobias's side. He looked and saw a royal maid, the skimpiness of her outfit a testament to the sexual frustrations of the Wheenies. She was undeniably beautiful, and Tobias watched with increasing erections as she went about her business, and then looked to Whee with even more increasing erections as he tracker her every move. An idea formed in Tobias's mind.

“Charles, come here. I have a proposition”. Charles shrugged, and moved over to Tobias. Whee began weeping again. “Ask His Highness if we would be allowed to leave if I were to get him a night alone with that maid he has his eye on”. Charles chuckled.

“Hah, that’s Raychil Dickson, the purest maiden in all of Incestria. You’ll never manage it. But very well, I shall inform His Royal Highness King Whee V of your proposal”. Charles moved over to Whee, comforted him again, and whispered the proposal in his ear. Whee looked over at Tobias, and then back to Raychil. He considered the offer, and then nodded. Charles stood back up. “His Royal Highness King Whee V has decreed that if you were to manage this feat, you would indeed be given your freedom. You have precisely two days, whereupon you shall be sent to the aforementioned mines. His Royal Highness King Whee V now decrees that he would really like it if you would leave because he grows uncomfortable”. The guards led Tobias and Sofia out of the palace, and Tobias tried to figure out how he was going to get Raychil to agree to the plan.

*

Via Charles, Tobias arranged to have a lunch with Raychil. She showed up to the café in a billowing, overly modest dress. Tobias gulped, he had his work cut out for him. She sat opposite him, her eyes darting around nervously. “Thanks for coming here at such short notice”, said Tobias, trying to break the ice.

“Can we just cut to the chase?” Tobias was taken aback by Raychil’s forwardness. “I can’t be away from the royal palace for too long, or the matron will be furious”.

“Alrighty then. I need King Whee’s blessing for me and my sister to leave this place and continue our journey on to Cliteropolis, and hopefully home. The only way I get that is if I

get him a night in bed with you". Tobias looked at Raychil, trying to gauge her reaction. She was emotionless. They sat, paused awkwardly, before she broke the silence.

"I don't follow".

"I need you to sleep with King Whee".

"Sleep with? Like the Iron Waist does when King Whee has a bad dream and can't get back to sleep? I can do that".

"No. *Sleep* sleep with him. Like sleeeeeeep with him".

"I still don't follow". Tobias sighed.

"I need you to have sex with King Whee".

"Sex?" Tobias promptly bent Sofia over and demonstrated for Raychil. "Oh god, you want me to do the most unclean of acts? To soil my soul for all to see? I will have none of it". Raychil stood up, her chair flying backwards with anger. Tobias was too distracted by Sofia's meaty snatch to notice Raychil storming off, but once he and Sofia were finished, he realised what had happened.

"That's unfortunate. Sofia, I think it's time for Plan B".

*

King Whee was draped in the most regal of royal robes. He made his way slowly into the royal bedchamber, his eyes briefly darting over to the punishment chest laying in the corner. He looked over at the bed and saw the form of a beautiful woman laying on it. The lights were off in the room, and he could not see her clearly. He reached for a torch, when a soft feminine voice wafted over from the bed. "Leave it off, my king. I want you to love me in the dark". King Whee acceded and began walking towards the bed. The woman moved around the bed seductively, beckoning him closer. He was tugged forward by the sheer force of his boner, like some sort of sexual dowsing rod. As the woman moved briefly through the thin crack of

moonlight let in through the window, King Whee caught a glimpse of supple, sculpted breasts, and a round, firm arse. As he stood by the side of the bed, the woman stopped pacing around and turned away from him, raising her rear high in the air. His eyes slowly accustoming to the darkness, King Whee took notice of her gentle, puckered anus and slowly swinging penis, at the top of which were two round, hairy balls.

“Mmm girl, your dick looks so good”. King Whee licked his lips, he was going to savour this sex. He moved his own penis closer to the woman, then came. The substance dribbled miserably from his tip, collecting in a pitiful puddle on the royal floor. He then climbed slowly into the bed before beginning to weep and urinate uncontrollably. This continued for a few minutes before King Whee let out a gleeful sigh, lit a cigarette he pulled out from beneath his pillow, and basked in the afterglow. “Baby, was it good for you too?” The flickering of the burning cigarette briefly flickered the woman's face into view, and there was no mistaking the face of Tobias. King Whee paused briefly, then said “Huh, women look like your best friends when they're naked? Why did nobody ever tell me that?” Following this, he fell asleep almost immediately with the contented smile of a man who has just lost his virginity. Tobias remained in the doggy position, confused and disappointed by the turn of events. He had envisaged a night of passionate loving as he impersonated Raychil, and had abstained from having sex with Sofia for a whole hour in preparation. He made his exit from the room as quickly as possible and went to meet Sofia to make up for the experience.

The next day, 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.

-Chapter Thirteen-

“Chlamydia-a-a-a-a”

As the two walked, they saw a man ahead sitting on a rock. They reached him, and he looked up at them. He immediately greeted them, exclaiming “Hello friends! I am known as Kwinners! May I join you on your journey and be your best friend?” The two averted their eyes and hurried past. Kwinners watched them shrink into the distance, sighed, and then killed himself.

*

They finally arrived, at long last, at the majestic wrought-iron gates of Cliteropolis. Tobias pressed a buzzer to the side of them and they swung open with the silence of well-oiled hinges. The view of the cityscape slowly expanded before them, the skyscrapers vying for control of the skies, the Labian Gardens stretching onwards as far as the eye could see. Truly, Cliteropolis was the Helsinki of Incestria. They walked the streets for a while, wondering why they were so empty. They heard noises and cheering coming from some distance away so gravitated towards that. Eventually, they came to a scene of immense celebration and jubilation. Throngs of people lined the streets and rooftops, women leaned out of windows and waved handkerchiefs, children darted around the legs of adults. Through the centre rode a procession of extravagant parade floats of all shapes and sizes. Each one rounding the corner led to an increase in the intensity of the cheering, until it reached a fever pitch as a float carrying a smiling and waving man wearing a large and

flamboyant sash trundled by. The man looked over his people as they roared in appreciation. Roses landed at his feet until the float was all but coated in them. A few women ran out of roses and began throwing their babies and cats at him. Tobias tapped a reveller in front of him on the shoulder. "Excuse me, who is that man?" The man turned to him and eyed him up suspiciously.

"Why, that's the Right Honourable Lord Mayor Hussthaniel Throckmorton, Esquire. You're not from around here, are you?"

"No, we've only been in Incestria for a while. We just came from Whee's World, and before that Little Israel". The man visibly shuddered at the mention of Little Israel. He looked around before seeing one of the many armoured men Tobias had seen walking around wielding fearsome pikes, who Tobias assumed to be the city guard.

"Help! Help! He's from Little Israel! Help!" At the sound of his cries, the city guardsman rushed over, followed shortly by many of his fellows. They looked Tobias and Sofia over, then jumped on them, handcuffing them in one swift movement. They led them away to the Cliteropolis police station, where they spent the night in a cell.

*

The next day, the two were brought out from the cell and summoned to meet the Lord Mayor. They could hear the sound of his adoring public through the walls of the prison station. He stood before them with a self-assured confidence that belied his sense of security, here in the bosom of his people. He greeted the pair with a smile and a handshake. When he spoke, his voice had a melodic quality to it, and Tobias got the impression that he was the sort of man who would be in a band and be the only one with singing ability. "My city guard have told me about you two. Let me just say, it's not looking good. Little Israeli spies, huh? I had

thought we were done with those pitiful whiners after the Massacres”. A city guardsman came up and handed him a cup of tea. The man was little more than a boy, and when the mayor thanked him and patted his shoulder paternalistically, he ran off with tears of joy streaming down his face, exclaiming that he would never wash that shoulder again.

“You have it all wrong!” cried Tobias. “We have spent weeks, if not months, trying to get here to Cliteropolis, seeking a way of returning home. Over the course of our journey we have encountered many strange sights and people. The Phantom Foreskin stole my foreskin, so we went to Little Israel to get it back and ended up killing him a bit. We just made our way through Whee's World, and are finally nearing journey's end. Please, oh Lord Mayor, have mercy on me and my jizzrag of a sister”. Hussthaniel pondered this briefly, before waving a hand at some of the city guardsmen. They hurriedly removed the handcuffs from the two, and Tobias made a mental note to ask to borrow them for him and Sofia to use later that night.

“You must be telling the truth, for none can stand to lie to me. You are free to move where you please. If I may be of any more assistance, do not hesitate to ask me”. Tobias remembered what King Whee had told him back in Whee's World.

“We have heard tale of a keep, high in the Munge Mountains, wherein we could find a way home. Could you help us find it?” Hussthaniel paused.

“I am late to the opening of another orphanage, come meet me at the mayoral mansion in two days and I shall tell you everything you want to know. In the mean time, you may have a room in the Throckmorton Towers hotel overlooking the River Quiver. Farewell!” With that, Hussthaniel left the police station, flanked by his personal retinue of city guard. Tobias listened as

the cheering outside intensified, before dying off as it faded into the distance, the crowds following Hussthaniel away.

*

A day had passed, and still a day remained. Tobias was growing bored. Sofia was filled up with semen by that point and was drying out on a sunlounger after draining herself. Tobias was taking a leisurely stroll down by the banks of the River Quiver. He ambled pointlessly along, kicking a pebble before him, when he heard the faint sound of music. He walked further in the direction of the sweet and heavenly sound. He saw a rock jutting out from the river, and atop the rock sat a beautiful nude woman, her legs replaced with a large fin, the scales glimmering in the sunlight. She sat seductively, eyes on Tobias, singing her bewitching tune. Tobias stood on the bank, staring, dumbstruck. Slowly, one foot lifted and landed in front of the other. Then, the other foot. He took steps, uncertainly, towards the woman. She blew him a kiss, and whispered in a voice that Tobias felt he could hear in his own head. "I am Melodica, come to me big boy, we can have all kinds of fun". Tobias nodded as a single strand of drool draped itself out from his gaping open mouth and he continued shuffling forwards until his foot landed in the river. He struggled to lift his foot back out of the sticky, viscous substance, and finally managed to, before placing the other foot in it too. Slowly, he felt the current dragging him downwards. Scrabbling at the bank, the soil fell away from his grasp. He was in up to his shoulders by now, and still Melodica sang her sweet song. The river covered his face, his mouth reaching futilely towards the sky before it, too, was engulfed. Tobias's lungs were filling with the creamy, salty substance. He made his peace with god and closed his eyes, when suddenly an arm shot through the surface and grasped his wrist. It pulled him out of the river and

dragged him up onto the bank. He spluttered, and his vision slowly cleared and allowed him to see Sofia standing over him.

“T-thankyou”, he coughed. Sofia perked up as she realised he was fine.

“Better do some mouth-to-mouth anyway, just to be safe”. Tobias nodded in assent, and they began slurping at each others tonsils. Melodica huffed and jumped off her rock into the river, disappearing instantly in search of new victims.

*

Tobias sat opposite the Lord Mayor in his mayoral villa, sipping delicately from a cup of chamomile tea. He had just finished regaling Hussthaniel with the tales of his and Sofia's exploits in Incestria. “You have heard of Throckmorton Keep? Indeed, it does exist”. Hussthaniel got up and walked over to the window, looked out over his city and the cheering crowds down below, and took a deep breath. “When my great-great-great-great-great-great-grandfather Jedediah Throckmorton came to Incestria, he had nothing but the clothes on his back and the sweat on his brow. From this, he built up a small-time bus business, but from this came the wealth needed to build this grand city. It was the first permanent settlement in all of Incestria, you know? For the first time in history, the incestronaut diaspora had their Promised Land. They flocked to the city gates, and it prospered. It was a time of great exultation in Incestria, and the Throckmortons have been venerated ever since”. Hussthaniel paused, winced, and grabbed his genitals in pain. “Alas”, he grunted, “all is not perfect for we Throckmortons. The old family curse affects us even nine generations down, that of the perpetual chlamydia. It is only a minor inconvenience, thankfully, but the people needn't know of it. It would only weaken their trust in their leaders infallibility.

Where were we? Oh yes, Throckmorton Keep. They say my great-great-great-great-grandfather Thaddeus Throckmorton went mad with power and had the keep built, before retreating to it and dying alone as a reclusive hermit. The Mad Mayor, they call him. They say his final days were dedicated to trying to find a way out of Incestria, and some claim in hushed whispers that maybe he didn't die up in the keep, merely disappeared. Nobody has laid eyes on the keep in four hundred years, due to lack of interest, but I have no reason to doubt its structural integrity. I would wager that it still stands as strong as the day it was built. Maybe Thaddeus did manage to leave this place, poor deluded old man. Personally, I can't imagine ever wanting to leave this fine land, but if that is your wish, you might find something awaiting you. I can arrange for an escort for you two to be ready in a couple days, I wouldn't recommend going alone. The Munge Mountains can be very treacherous, and the denizens of them are used to scare children in bedtime stories”.

“We thank you, Hussthaniel Throckmorton. We would be happy to stay a couple more days in your fine city”. Hussthaniel turned around to face Tobias with a smile, when suddenly the building was shaken by a huge explosion. The smell of smoke wafted into the room and the sounds of shouting and metal clashing could be heard outside. A guardsman barged through the door, his cuirass covered in blood.

“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.

“If I see this so-called 'Flame Princess', I'll snuff her out”.
The guardsman sneered at Tobias.

“That was a shit joke”, he said. At that moment, a ragged blade burst through his chest. He looked down at it, stunned, and then went limp. The blade slid back and the corpse fell to the floor in a heap. Standing in the doorway was a muscular barbarian woman, coated in blood and breathing heavily. She released an Amazonian warcry and stormed towards Hussthaniel. He picked up a sword of his own from a mantelpiece just in time and deflected the blow before running the barbarian through. As she slumped to the ground, he turned back to Tobias.

“You'll hang for this treason, Tobias Haberdashering! Damn you!” He charged at Tobias, but Tobias darted out of the room and ran down the stone corridor as fast as his little legs would carry him. Scenes of battle were all around him, bodies lay torn apart on the ground, blood stained the walls and floor. Screams and the sounds of combat echoed disorientatingly throughout the building. He ran past rooms with opened doors and saw glimpses of slaughter on a massive scale. He turned his eyes to the floor and ran on, heedless of the carnage unfurling all around him. His only thoughts were of Sofia, who he had left in their hotel room. Tobias finally emerged from the mayoral villa into the cool night-time air. All around him, barbarian women did battle with the city guard, who were hopelessly outmatched, but fought a brave losing battle. Tobias turned backwards and saw the shadow of Hussthaniel projected on the wall of the corridor. He set off immediately through the courtyard, darting through the battlezone with the nimbleness of a ferret. Explosions in the

distance tore through the darkness of the night sky as messily as they tore through masonry and flesh.

After a few minutes, Tobias arrived at the front door of Throckmorton Towers. He sighed a sigh of relief as he saw the light still on in his and Sofia's room. Then a hunk of burning rock hurtled over his head and into the building, the massive explosion shredding the bottom three floors of the building. It teetered uncertainly on its damaged foundations, before collapsing downwards like a house of cards. Tobias watched in awestruck horror as the building crumbled to nothing before his eyes. He collapsed to his knees and began weeping.

-Chapter Fourteen-

“Don't Park on the Hard Shoulder”

Tobias was a broken man. The love of his life had been crushed before his eyes. He no longer had any desire to go to Throckmorton Keep, for there was no reason to go on without Sofia. He heard a voice behind him, which did little to snap him from his silent reverie. It was a woman's voice, almost like the voice of anger itself.

“Oi you, wankeh! Look upon me works, ye tighty, an' despair!” Tobias recognised the voice. He turned slowly and saw Fanny standing with legs apart, a bloody mace in her hand and her billowing red hair blowing in the breeze. She snarled at Tobias. “Ye can do better can ye? Ye can do better?! Good luck with that, what wiv 'er bein' dead an' all now. Dick”. Tobias looked mournfully at what he had turned Fanny into. It dawned on him that all of this was his fault, all these deaths were blood on his hands. He cried again. Fanny screamed as she rushed towards him, and Tobias closed his eyes in anticipation of the blow that would end his suffering.

It never came.

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.

"Mister Mayor!" cried a voice from a nearby street, and Tobias looked to see Raychil standing at the front of a throng of aghast onlookers. Before he could ask how she had come to be in Cliteropolis, another flaming boulder crashed into the crowd, shredding people like so much soggy tissue paper and enveloping the crowd in a haze of fire. Fanny turned back to Tobias, her face now smeared with Hussthaniel's blood and brain matter. She screamed again, and charged at Tobias, mace held high. He again closed his eyes and waited for the sweet embrace of death.

It still didn't come.

Starting to feel a form of death blueballs, Tobias irritably opened his eyes again, just in time to see a swift blur of motion as Fanny was shoved aside by a mighty force. 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. The city guard and Wheenies mopped up those they could, caught their collective breath, and tended to the wounded. It would take years before Cliteropolis was restored to its former glory, thought Tobias, but some scars would never heal. Tobias looked over to Hussthanial's body and mourned the loss of one of Incestria's greatest men. A group of men wearing city guard uniforms but in all-black emerged from the shadows and surrounded the body, before picking it up and disappearing back into the shadows with it. King Whee watched them go, before turning to Tobias.

“I imagine they'll take him to the Throckmorton Crypt. It is truly a shame that it had to happen to so good a guy, but I suppose now the League of Wheenies shall have to take over custodianship of Cliteropolis, at least until an heir can be located. It is a good thing we have experienced such a swell in numbers since the celibacy oath was lifted, it is a new dawn for us my friend. A new dawn”. Tobias did not listen. He was standing over the body of Fanny, and a tear dropped from his nose onto her lifeless body. No, he thought. He had been so wrong. He could not in fact do better, all this was his fault because he thought too much of himself. He looked at the body and felt an overwhelming sadness and guilt. Tears blinded him and he knelt down beside it. He began undoing his belt, and pulled down his

trousers. He then slid Fanny's corpse out of her warrior's garb. King Whee was appalled. "Good god man, what in the shit are you doing?" He visibly retched at the sight as Tobias parted Fanny's lifeless buttocks and plunged his turgid cock deep into her arse. Through tears, he shouted to King Whee.

"I was wrong the whole time! I couldn't do better at all! Oh god, all this is my fault, and it's all because I thought I could do better when I couldn't. Fanny died angry and alone because of me, this is the least I can do for her, in death. I've already lost Sofia, I can at least have Fanny before I jump into the River Quiver and end it all!" King Whee couldn't hold it in any more as a little bit of faecal matter was dislodged from Fanny by Tobias's fierce pounding, and he vomited directly over the two. It mixed with the tears, blood, brain matter, sweat and faeces to form an awful broth, but Tobias was unaware of it as he continually delved into Fanny's dead backdoor nether regions. He became suddenly very aware of his actions and, too, voided his dinner all over the scene. To avoid staining these pages with the author's stomach contents, we won't even go into what he did next, but when he was done and issued his seed with a grunt, he thought he felt Fanny give a final twitch of pleasure, but this was of course foolish as there was nothing but a stain where her head had been. King Whee had fled long before this time, and Tobias was left alone. He knelt for what seemed like hours, pondering the course his life had taken as he tried without luck to clean his penis. It was the sort of dirty that needs bleach, and even then that might not have been enough.

Tobias stirred. He slowly made his way to his feet, then lumbered off, in the direction of the Munge Mountains. He had decided, he would return to the normal world without Sofia. It would be tough to keep going, but he still had Yorkie, and his

mother. He would endure. The tears ran down his face, nonetheless, and before long he started running. His muscles seized up and he felt the burning sensation as he pushed them to their limits, his breaths coming out as ragged gasps, but he relished the pain. He found salvation in it. He only stopped when he heard a sharp shout from behind him. "Tobias! Tobias, stop!" He stopped, and turned around. There, standing behind him, was the voluptuous form of Sofia. She was lightly dusted with crumbled masonry and her shirt was torn, revealing her juicy breasts, but to Tobias's eyes she still looked as good as the day he had first seen her, when she was brought home after being born and Tobias hurriedly consummated the birth. Tobias's tears stopped, and he smiled. He also grew an erection.

"Sofia? I thought you were dead!" Sofia ran over to him and buried herself in his arms, nuzzling him like an adorable puppy. She gazed into his eyes and they shared a lovers' kiss.

"When the building started to come down, I thought I was doomed. Then I noticed I was secreting rubbery vag juices, and managed to form a protective shell in the nick of time. The rocks just bounced off, but when I thought it was over and re-emerged, a final rock came and landed on my head. I was out cold, and when I awoke, I saw you walking away from some mangled corpse, and so ran after you. Oh Tobias, it was horrible, I hope we're never apart like that again". Tobias nodded, and then performed cunnilingus on Sofia until climax. The pair then walked, hand-in-hand, through the ruined city, out of the small back gate, and into the Munge Mountains. Tobias looked up and swore he could see a faint Star of David formed in the clouds above, but blinked and it was gone. He shrugged it off and continued on. Home was within sight.

The Munge Mountains towered over the pair as the winds sliced through their clothes like icy knives piercing to their very bones. They huddled tight, and regularly had sex for warmth, but Tobias had already lost a finger to frostbite and feared losing something more valuable. Throughout the journey, they felt a strange mix of utter loneliness and that they were being watched. More than once, Tobias could have sworn that he saw something dart behind a rock out of the corner of his eye. He eventually chalked these up to his imagination, but he was not entirely convinced by this explanation.

The two sat around the tiny fire they had lit for warmth. Night had fallen, and they could hardly see more than a few feet in front of them. They had been trekking in the mountains for a good week by now, and Tobias was beginning to show the signs of malnourishment, his ribs visible from his side and his belly slightly distended. Food was scarcer than scarce up in the mountains, and they had been living off of lichen for the most part, which was far from nutritious. Sofia was spared much of the brunt of the hunger thanks to the regular food supply of Tobias's cum, but even she was beginning to weaken. Tobias knew that if they didn't find Throckmorton Keep in a few days, they would surely perish. The thought brought him no comfort, for they had seen no signs of habitation the entire time they had been in the mountains. They were as dead as Fanny had been and as barren as Tobias's grandmother, which he greatly appreciated as it allowed him to forgo condoms.

The pair were tucking into a meagre dinner of moss and pebbles when they heard a twig snap behind them. Tobias stood up and gazed fearfully into the impenetrable blackness. "Who's out there?", he shouted, his voice trembling. He knew that he would be unlikely able to fight in his condition. There was no

reply. "Sofia, get behind me", he said, and Sofia obeyed. They waited, Tobias standing protectively before Sofia, and Sofia gently rimming him from behind. Finally, when they had begun to think they had imagined the sound, another twig snapped. "Show yourself!", shouted Tobias. Slowly, a figure emerged into the dull light of the fire. The figure was that of a man, hunched over and hobbled, but with a face with mole-like features. It was not a mole-human hybrid like Scrotte, more an exceptionally ugly and twisted human into whom animal characteristics could easily be imbued. "Who are you?" The man initially recoiled at the sound of his voice.

"Molesworth is I, what are you and your...delectable companion doing in my mountain?" As he said this, his eyes lingered lecherously on Sofia's breasts. It seemed as though he was wholly unaware that she had a face. This raised Tobias's ire greatly.

"Your mountain? We seek Throckmorton Keep, we have no interest in the mountain. Are you alone up here?"

"Aye, I haven't seen another person in two hundred and thirty five years. I feel a loneliness that is unthinkable to most men. I make do though". His eyes still did not leave Sofia's chest. "Hey, watch this!" He pulled his tongue back and squirted two thin streams of saliva, perfectly hitting each of Sofia's love beanbags. "I've had two centuries to master that, and no-one to show it to". Tobias was furious that he had defiled his beloved.

"And it should have stayed that way. What do you want with us?"

"Oh, nothing much. I only ask that you allow me to camp with you two for a night, just to feel some human companionship once more". Truly, Molesworth was utterly pitiful in every way,

and Tobias couldn't bring himself to deny the wretch his one wish.

“Fine, but just the one night, and only I get to have sex with Sofia”.

“Oh, but I thank you! This is the happiest I have felt since I found that rock twenty-three years, four months and twelve days ago that looked a bit like a person's head in the right light”.

“My god you're depressing”, muttered Tobias. Molesworth limped further into the light, and Tobias saw that his face was mottled with hundreds of freckles, to the point where it was hard to tell if he had pale skin with brown freckles or brown skin with pink freckles. “It's about time we went to sleep. You can sleep outside the tent, okay?”

“Of course, of course, whatever you say, new best friend”. Molesworth lay on the rocky ground beside the tent with a smile covering his face. He shivered intensely, but did not mention it. Tobias and Sofia slipped into the only barely warmer tent, had a nightcap of sex, and then dozed off.

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.

*

Before them stood the mighty Throckmorton Keep. Hussthaniel had been correct, it still stood as tall as the day it was built, the centuries having had seemingly no effect whatsoever on the building. Behind them they could see all of Incestria, all the way to the Fields of Familial Fucking and Cliteropolis. In front of them, the columned façade loomed and they felt massively small in its presence. Sofia held Tobias's hand tightly, afraid of what they might find inside. They walked up to the huge, ornate oak doors, which were slightly ajar, and opened them with a deafening creak. They stepped in and took in the huge and immaculately-maintained grand hall. In the centre of the room stretched a huge table, on which was laid a banquet fit for a king. A huge fireplace at the other end of the hall crackled, and in front of it, on a chair facing away from Tobias and Sofia, sat a man, regal in posture and cradling a goblet with one hand and his chin with the other. Tobias was shocked, he had expected to find the building in disrepair and deserted. “Who are you?”, he asked. The man stood up, and Tobias felt he

recognised that marvellously-toned arse. Before he could place it, the figure turned to greet them. It was Roomps.

-Chapter Fifteen-

“In Which Our Tale, Regrettably, Comes to an End”

Tobias gasped. Sofia salivated. Roomps perfected. “My friends! Welcome to my keep, I'm ever so glad you didn't starve to death before you found it. I don't quite get how you didn't, but I shan't pry”. Tobias composed himself.

“Your keep? This is Throckmorton Keep”.

“And I, a Throckmorton. Thaddeus Throckmorton, to be precise”. Tobias gasped again, a fly was sucked in to oblivion and he choked slightly.

“Thaddeus Throckmorton? But you must be about-”

“About five hundred years young, yes. Five hundred and three, to be precise”. Tobias noticed that Roomps sure didn't look it, his appearance like that of someone in their prime.

“But you died, Hussthaniel told me so!”

“Ah yes, my great-great-great-great-grandson. He never did think very much of me, or so I hear. The Mad Mayor, he called me. What a dick. Ah, but I can't stay mad at him”. It was true. Roomps, through achieving enlightenment, no longer experienced petty emotions like anger and hatred. It was just one of his many wonderful qualities. “They called me mad because I wanted to leave Incestria. Mad! I was hardly even irritated”. Whilst it may appear that Roomps had mistaken the intended form of 'mad', this was in fact an utterly intentional joke. Tobias and Sofia bent double with raucous laughter, so hilarious was the joke paired with Roomps' masterful delivery. He continued, “But

leave Incestria I did. After eighty years in this keep, I discovered a method for opening a portal to the other world. I was amazed, I had begun to think it could never be done. It was also a far more efficient than the ritual King Whee had used to get into Incestria, not needing the virgin blood that is so hugely scarce in Incestria, and I didn't even have to stick anything phallic in my arse. I made my way through to the other world immediately and remained there for a few days, living the good life. Eventually, I returned to Incestria to find the keep in disrepair. I fixed it up and ventured down to Cliteropolis, which had seen huge development since I had last seen it". Rumps paused briefly to place a walnut between his rock-hard pecs, cracking its shell like it was nothing with a single tense. "I found the Lord Mayor and told him who I was, but he told me that Thaddeus Throckmorton had been dead for decades. He had me arrested, but I managed to charm the guards and made my escape, back to Throckmorton Keep. I have seen six Throckmortons come and go, the perpetual custodians of Cliteropolis. Hussthaniel may be gone, but there will be another to replace him in due time. They say our line shall never die, and I don't know if that's true, but it affects me not. I am no longer a Throckmorton. After my adventures in your world, I began to wonder if there were more dimensions out there. I experimented, until finally I cracked the formula. The entirety of space and time were my dominion. I soared the celestial plane and dived through intelligence itself. Labels like 'Throckmorton' and 'human' were stripped from me, and I became nothing. From that, I emerged as Roomps".

"If you're really some sort of omnipotent deity who can bend all reality to his will, prove it". Roomps smiled, and Tobias's hand formed into a fist, his arm rose above his head, and then drove down into his small sensitive balls, which were completely

exposed, his clothes having disappeared. He spluttered and reeled from the blow, falling to the floor and curling up into the foetal position. He wept the tears of a baby and began coughing up blood. Sofia winced and was about to rush over to help him up when Roomps waved his hand and she abstained. Tobias's fist rose up again before thrusting with all its might back into his balls. He punched himself in the testicles again and again, harder and harder. He could feel them hanging loose in his scrotum, the tubes having been severed by the blows. Still, he pounded at his genitals. He struggled to his feet and held his hand out, into which a crowbar materialised. Tobias attempted to cry out, but before he could, he drove the crowbar into his nuts. He wailed on his genitals for as long as ten minutes, every now and then pausing to reach his hand out and receive a new implement. The crowbar was replaced by a baseball bat, which became a nailbat, which was succeeded by a chainsaw. He held his hand out and an entire great white shark apparated out of thin air. He squealed as the shark bit down on his crotch region and tore the entire area out. The shark disappeared and Tobias lay on his back, his legs held on tenuously by the few fibres that remained attaching them to his torso. Then he stood up, entirely healed and not feeling the pain of the preceding assault on his bollocks. "Okay," he said, evidently somewhat traumatised by the ordeal, "I believe you". Roomps smiled, a point well-proven, before speaking again.

"I sensed that in a vast amount of time, two heroes, or perhaps one hero and one heroine (the sense was not overly specific), would appear in Incestria, and it would be my duty to guide them through this world. I knew that they were destined for greatness, and that they would herald a grand change, and so for hundreds of years I met every new arrival and tried to guide

them safely along, trying to ascertain if they were the ones foretold of in prophecy”.

“What does it all mean? Me and Sofia haven't shifted the paradigm, we are no chosen ones. We just want to go back home. Is this going to be one of those prophecies where it turns out that meeting us changed some major figures imperceptibly, but that those changes would have severe repercussions, or something like that?” Roomps laughed.

“You mean 'Sofia and I', and no, nothing like that. I knew you two were not the prophesied ones after you butchered the rat people. After that, I was only helping you out of an inherent desire not to see you die. I suppose I shall have to keep waiting for these heroes, but no worry, I have had much practice at it”.

“Oh”, said Tobias. “That's a little bit disappointing, I thought I might be part of something huge for a moment then. With that all out of the way, can you show us how to return home?”

“Of course, it's very simple”. Roomps walked over to the pair, then past them. He opened up a box that had been laying on the table all along, and withdrew from it a large wicker phallus, large enough for two people to fit within. He presented it to the two. “Here, climb in this. We burn the giant wicker phallus with you two inside it, copulating”. Tobias looked at the phallus, then Sofia, then Roomps, then back to the phallus. He shrugged, and began clambering in, followed by Sofia. They got busy immediately as Roomps watched, both used to exhibitionism. The phallus burst into flames, but the flames did not hurt. Tobias and Sofia felt no heat but that of their ferocious coupling. The room began to spin as reality tore itself a new arsehole. Tobias just had time to ask Roomps a question, “if you were living here alone all that time, how did you do this ritual?” Before Roomps could answer, the pair were gone, sucked through an inter-

dimensional portal. Tobias was disappointed in the lack of an answer, but thought to himself that maybe it was better not to over-analyse it, and that it was best this way.

*

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 negligée. 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 fingerbanging Sofia. Mrs. Haberdashering, demonstrating remarkable flexibility, bent over and began sucking on Tobias's balls. The three gyrated in their intercoursular 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. 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.