

The ranch-style house was large, but with minimal security. Cameras so the occupants knew who was approaching, but no gate, no wall except for the fence keeping the quad bovines and equines from running off.

“You going to be with Royal Security, Mister Cartwright?” Elias asked. He just couldn’t stop teasing me about it. I’d explained why I wasn’t an Orr as part of the security company. Being identified as the owner’s son wouldn’t be helpful, but he just found it hilarious that me, a mighty Orr, had an alias.

“No.” I pressed the buzzer and immediately the door opened and a rhino that would make uncle Dietrich hire him on the spot and give his head trainer the boner to end all boners looked us over. “Wyatt Orr, I’m here to speak with your boss.”

“Mister Abraham isn’t accepting visitors without an appointment,” the rhino replied and made to close the door. I put my hand on it and it stopped. The man didn’t show the effort he put in pushing on it, but I could feel him trying.

I smiled. “Unless your boss wants to have to explain to the FBI why he helped a child molester and killer, he’s going to explain it to me. And if I don’t like his answer, he’s not going to have to worry about explaining anything to anyone. Ever.”

Elias raised an eyebrow, and the rhino reached for the gun at his hip. Texans and their guns.

“Let them in, Walter,” a reedy voice came from the man’s radio clipped on his other side. Radio? In this day and age?

The rhino wasn’t happy, but he escorted us to a bedroom and I heard the sounds of machines before I saw them. Joseph Abraham lay on a bed surrounded by them. He looked nothing like the pictures on the bio I’d found. There, he was a strong and proud man. Here, he was frail, still defiant, but without strength.

“You have some explaining to do,” I told him. Of course, I care that he’s dying. I can’t help that part of myself, but the man provided a child molester housing to select his target from and to perform his twisted rituals. I won’t let his old age influence me.

He raised an eyebrow. “Do I? I don’t think you’re the police.”

I stepped closer and the rhino interposed himself.

“It’s alright, Walter.” The rhino glowered but moved away.

“What kind of monster are you?” I demanded.

He laughed weakly. “Oh, that’s rich, coming from you, Mister Wyatt Orr, considering the things your family has done. You should clean your own house before you complain about how messy someone else’s is.”

“So you know who I am. Good. Then you know if you don’t answer to my satisfaction, there’s nothing that guy can do to keep me from snapping your neck.”

“Oh joy,” the man said. “Threatening my life. Look around. It’s already under threat.”

“These tell me you aren’t ready to give up yet,” I commented. “So you don’t want me to kill you. And to be clear, my house is clean. We don’t go around helping child killers.”

“Of course you don’t,” the buffalo said derisively and looked at Elias. “I don’t recognize you. Are you a Chouteau?”

I snorted. “You think I’d work with one of those assholes?”

“You know bout the Chouteau?” Elias asked. “The Society?”

“And the Thinkers, the Sisters, the Green man, and the others. I may be old, but I’m not stupid. When the world changes around me, I learn everything I can about it.”

“I’m Elias Johns. I’m helping Wyatt investigate the disappearance of five boys eight years ago.”

“He owns you, you mean.”

“I’m afraid I don’t understand,” the otter replied.

The old man rolled his eyes. “The Orrs own people. They don’t have friends, they don’t seek help. They demand it and if you don’t give it, they make you pay.”

I didn't contradict him, and the man seemed surprised.

"Your information isn't entirely accurate," Elias said, "but the status of my relationship with Wyatt isn't relevant. You provided housing to a murderer. I'm curious how you justify your actions."

"You think I knew what he was planning?"

"I didn't read anything about you coming forward with information," Elias said.

The man frowned at him. "I didn't think the police worked with people like him."

"Didn't you say he owns me? Wouldn't he not give me the choice?" Elias was enjoying himself. He didn't get to play around with truths during a normal investigation. But as nice as it was watching him, that wasn't why we were here.

"What did he tell you he was doing?" I demanded.

The buffalo turned his gaze to me. "What is the information worth to you?"

"You didn't just go there," Elias said.

"You don't understand the situation," I told the man. "I'm not paying for the information. The absolute best result you can expect is me to leave here satisfied you were used and weren't colluding with Wanna Be."

The man beamed. "I have something you want. So I have the power here."

I looked at the closest machine. The controls for the breathing assist that was keeping the man alive. The on/off switch was nicely marked. I flicked it off, then held the rhino by the neck as he came to turn it back on.

"In your research on my family, did you read up on one of my fathers? Arthur. I didn't get to meet him; he was murdered outside a child's hospital. So I read up on him." The man's eyes grew wide. He was already gasping for breath. "I have an affinity to learn stuff and as part of learning about my dead father, I read a good number of medical books. I'm no doctor myself, but I know enough to know which of these machines can hurt you the most if I turn it off. This one will kill you if I let it go on long enough." I flicked it back on and leaned in to look into the man's eyes. "So don't think you have anything resembling power here. I'm an Orr, I can live without getting what I want out of this meeting. You can't."

The man's fear was muted by weakness and pain. He might even think I couldn't see it. "You don't scare me."

I flicked the machine off again.

"Then you don't know my family as well as you think you do."

"Wyatt," Elias said. "You can't do this."

The smile I gave him wasn't pleasant. "I can, and I am. You knew what it might come to when you agreed to help."

"He's an old man. I have no problem with you doing anything you want to Wanna Be, but he's just someone who was used."

I flicked the machine back on and Elias thought he got through to me. The old man couldn't speak if he couldn't breathe.

"Rich folks aren't used, Elias, they use people."

The old man let out a weak laugh. "And here you are, using him."

"I am." He knew it. He might not understand how far I'd go, and if it got to be too much, he'd leave. I looked down at the buffalo. "You see, the big difference between you and my family is that we have no problem admitting to the kind of assholes we are. We're not worried about appearing nice. So when we are, we mean it. When we aren't. We're just being ourselves." I reached for the machine's switch. "I don't feel like being nice right now."

"Wait," the man said tone desperate.

I smiled. "Good. We finally understand each other." I let go of the rhino and he immediately swung at me. I had him on the floor and was standing before the rhino understood he was unconscious from his head impacting the hardwood. "So, Wanna Be?"

The old man looked like he'd try for a deal again, but as I reached for the switch, he said. "He told me his name was Steven Mullen. He's a jaguar. I didn't try to find out if it was his real name. He promised me a cure for this." He motioned to himself, the machine around them. "I'm

dying, have been for a long time.”

“And you believed him?” Elias asked.

“You wouldn’t?” the buffalo replied. “Have you looked around? Magic is real. Why wouldn’t I believe him?”

“There are others who offer proven methods.” He nodded to me.

“And become his family’s slave? I didn’t make it to where I am by bending over for other people.”

“No, you inherited your wealth,” I said. “He said he’d keep you from dying. I’m guessing you found out he lied to you when he just up and vanished after killing the boys.”

“He didn’t lie,” the buffalo said. “He’s still perfecting the process. That’s what he told me when he left. The police were starting to pay too much attention, and there’s only so much I can do to get them to look elsewhere.”

“He’s trying to perfect what, immorality?” Elias asked in disbelief.

I thought over the symbols, the ones in the building and the ones at the farmhouse. Eight years of evolution. It gave me an idea of where Wanna Be was heading with them, and they still made little sense. They weren’t aiming toward any symbols I recognized.

Of course, I’m not an expert on magic. But I do know one.

I checked the time, did the conversion. It was very early in Kenya. If I had the luxury, I’d call him directly. Instead, I call the palace.

“Odinga Residence,” an official sounding woman answered in Swahili.

“This is Wyatt Orr, of the San Francisco Orrs,” I answered in the same language. “Is the King available?”

“It is late here, Mister Orr.” She was still speaking Swahili, which told me she wasn’t pleased.

“I know, and I offer my sincerest apologies. If I was in a position to wait, I would have.”

“I will see if he is willing to speak with you.” Singing replaced her. I was on hold.

“Who are you calling?” Elias asked. The buffalo was watching me intently. Did he understand Swahili?

“Fred Odinga. If anyone can tell me if those symbols mean anything, it’s going to be him.”

“Wouldn’t the Thinkers know too?”

I shrugged. “I haven’t fucked any of the Thinkers I know.”

“You’ve had sex with the Kenyan king?”

I rolled my eyes. “I had sex with him before he was crowned. It’s only been ten years.”

“Wyatt?” the lion came over the phone. “Man, it’s been a while; how are you doing?” I made out moans and grunts, but they grew faint and realized he spoke English.

“I hope I’m not interrupting anything important.”

“Nah, just resolving complaints between people. Frank can deal with them for a while. How can I help?”

“Can you look at some pictures for me and give me your professional opinion?”

“Send them.” I did, and a minute later, he spoke again. “What am I looking at?”

“I’m investigating a serial killer and he left those symbols behind. The ones in blood were under a month ago, the scratching was eight years.”

“I never took you for someone caring about stuff like this.”

“Obsidian Black put me on the trail and they wouldn’t have done that without a good reason.”

“Who?”

“Right, you wouldn’t know about them. They’re the hacker who took over for Emerald.”

“Wasn’t she one of Merlin’s people?”

“Yeah. No one’s sure who Black is, or even if they’re with Merlin or another faction. All I know is that they don’t bug me without reason. I know those aren’t sigils, but can they be symbols from another faction?”

“I don’t recognize them from anything I read, except for one.” I received a file. A zoomed section from the bloody wall at the farmhouse. “That looks a lot like a symbol I saw in a book years

ago. But it shouldn't be possible."

"Okay, the only times I've known you not to outright say something, it was really bad news."

"Do you remember the stories about Sahataan?"

"Oh, you have got to be fucking kidding me."

"Look, it could be a coincidence. Sahataan is no more, we know that for sure."

"But someone took his place." Someone related to me on top of that.

"Yes, but Damian has never been seen on the earthly plane. He killed all of Sahataan's followers in his coup, which left him with no one to power him."

"But that doesn't mean he died. Our god starved for a long time, the way gods count time, before the Society found him. So it's possible I'm dealing with the fucking god of sacrifice?"

Fred didn't say anything, which made Elias's stare hard to ignore. He took out his phone, and I grabbed it out of his hand with a shake of the head. The glare he gave me was not happy.

Fred let out a breath. "Okay, dealing with gods screws up calculations, but it's one symbol among a lot that are nonsense. It's possible it's just luck. Or maybe your killer came across something online. A lot of junk appeared online after Diamond, and among all of it, there's a few gems. It's nearly impossible to prevent truth from finding its way now that people are actively searching for it. I miss the days when no one believed in magic."

"So your expert opinion," I said, fixing Elias with my gaze, "is that this isn't a sign Damian is involved."

"That's correct."

I raised an eyebrow and the otter nodded. I handed him back his phone. "Looking at what's there, do you think the guy's getting close to accomplishing what he set out to?"

"Set out to?" Fred is quiet. "No, that's basically meaningless... oh, you're with someone and you don't want him to realize..." He chuckled. "Man, I miss those days. But no, this is junk. The one thing you need to consider, and this is an outside chance on the same level as your uncle appearing next to you for a fuck. Is that if he's magical, his perseverance could empower what he's doing. Magic isn't science. The Hertz kid proved that it's possible to change what we think are laws of magic."

I glanced next to me before I could stop myself and shuddered at the idea Damian might be there. He might be related to me, but no one in my family thinks of him as such. Even before he made himself a god, my fathers had disowned him for taking over the gray church and going to war against us.

"Okay, I'll keep this in mind. Thanks, Fred. If you ever make it stateside, let me know, I'll make space in my bed for you and your brother."

"Yeah, if I can ever escape my palatial life, I will visit you." The next part was muffled by his hand. "You're the one insisting I need to stay here for my safety. I had no say in it, so don't be surprised if I look for a way out anytime you aren't fucking me." He was back. "Anyway, Frank's being an asshole again. I gotta go and plug it." He disconnected.

The buffalo couldn't hide his eagerness.

"You said he left," I said, putting my phone away, "did he say where he was going?"

"How close is he to succeeding?"

"That isn't how this works," I told him, smiling. "You want something, you have to pay for it. Where did he go?"

"He said there was something in Denver that would help him."

Denver. Why, oh why, wasn't I surprised? I nodded and leaned to his ear. "The guy conned you. He was never doing anything magical. He's just a sick bastard, and you're one too, for thinking anything is worth the life of children."

I reached for the switch as I watched the despair fill his face, then stopped. The news was destroying him. If I killed him, I was ending his suffering. The guy didn't deserve that mercy. I left him there.

"Denver," Elias said, once we were outside.

I nod. I had my reason to visit Eddy, but what were the odds I'd be able to avoid his father?

"I can go there with you."

I shook my head. "I doubt Bodenman will let you. That's Brislow territory."

"I thought the Cormorans were the official head of Colorado and the area."

"They are, but whoever runs security is who you have to worry about. In Colorado, that's the Brislow family. You know Bodenman is in their elder's bed, right?"

"Yeah, they go way back. From before there was a Brislow family is my understanding."

"He and my family have a history. We also have one with the Brislow. My visit there won't be fun."

"You guys are going to have sex. That sounds fun to me, no matter how angry it is."

I smiled. "It's the rest of my time there that isn't going to be fun."

At least Eddy would make a lot of that bearable.

I came awake to more than the memory of pain. The back of my head hurt, my back was sore. I was crumpled at the bottom of an uneven cavern wall. The first thing I saw on opening my eyes was the giant stone dildo that was the cause of the pain in my mind.

Flash of claws in the darkness, tearing at my core. At my very essence. Beings violating me in ways that couldn't be done to a physical body. Watching the few hopes I had come undone at my own, twisted, hand.

Then, being pulled out. The sense of outrage at what was being done to me, to His follower. I felt a comfortable embrace for nowhere near long enough, then this reality.

My first attempt at speaking was a groan, not one of my best one either.

"Don't touch that," I finally managed.

"He's whole," Fiona said.

"That isn't good," Jeb answered.

I looked up at them, kneeling before me, and I closed my eyes as I sighed. "You have got to be fucking kidding me." She was touching my hand when she pressed it to the stone. With magic, that counts as contact unless precautions are taken. Jeb wasn't touching me, but what brother wouldn't come to his siblings help if she cried out in pain the way my throat felt like I did.

Okay, what brother, other than mine, wouldn't do that.

That would be contact right there.

When they said whole, they meant I was still myself.

They weren't anymore.

One of the things imprisoned escaped through them. The only reason I didn't join them was that I'm owned by someone with stronger claims, and an unwillingness to share me with some other god's creation.

Some other god's follower's creations.

"Give me a minute here," I said, as they shifted. "I'm still processing."

"Very well," Jeb said.

I focused on the memory of that touch, that embrace.

Unlike Eddy and the other from the Society, my family doesn't have rituals where He claims us and we, in turn, claim Him. Eddy tried to describe it to me, once. The deepness of that connection as he had sex with Him. The momentary understanding that we were truly not alone, that we were cared for so profoundly that it wouldn't end when we died. I didn't argue with him; I envied him.

I felt tears fall.

"Is he broken?" Fiona asked.

"I don't know," Jeb answered. "He seems more resilient."

"Someone helped him," she said, displeased. "Maybe we should leave him be."

I wiped at my eyes and looked up. Their eyes were fixed on me. What should be white was black. What should be colored is bright red, and the pupils were white. It was very disconcerting.

"You're very considerate," I told Jeb. "Thank you."

The smile he responded with stretched the donkey's lips so far they should rip off. The teeth they exposed were in the process of sharpening. "You are welcome. It isn't because I will disembowel you that I can't give you the time to come to terms with it."

"Is the question what are you, or who are you?" I asked.

"Aren't they the same thing?" The donkey tilted his head, and the skin ripped, exposing spines. "Or has the world moved so far from its origin it has forgotten how it works?"

"Names have power," I said. "I had someone go off on a rant on me just a few days ago."

"Hence—"

"But when enough people know that," I cut him off. "They come up with ways around it. We're clever that way. So I can tell you my name's Wyatt. I can even tell you my Name's Wyatt Orr and that isn't going to do you any good."

"Really?" Fiona said, grinning that muzzle distorting smile of theirs. On her, the spines around her neck were pushing through the skin and fur even as she didn't move. "Then Wyatt Orr, rip out your throat for me."

"No, thanks." I smiled at her surprise. "Even in my family, and no matter what some will tell you, we are not the smartest ones out there. We understand what a name can mean. Honestly, I think everyone to deals in magic gets it at least on a subconscious level. Otherwise, when I told you my name, I'd have conveyed the sense of what it means at the same time, instead of just the sound of it. We all do that. So it's got to mean something and looking at you two. I'm thinking we came up with it as a survival mechanism."

"That is interesting," Jeb said. "I don't remember my prey ever being the eloquent."

"Times change. So, is it what or who?"

"We are the creatures of the deep," Fiona said, her voice taking on a raw edge to it that made me think something was happening to her throat. "The things that came before the light, we fought the maker of the world to stay and feed on its creation. We—"

"No, you're not."

Her eyes grew so wide in surprise it reached cartoon level. Only eyes weren't meant to do that, so ruptures appeared and clear fluids seep out.

"You would question us?" Jeb asked, more curious than offended.

"There are no monsters that came before. I'm not going to claim to know if the gods created the world, or the world created the gods, but there are no bogeymen, no slenderman, no monsters, unless a follower created them. You, are someone's creation. Unless you are that someone, twisted by the power you were privileged to have. That's also happened a few times."

Jeb leaned forward, far too close to my liking, and because of that it took a second to realize it was only his head that moved. I hoped there was nothing left of Jeb and Fiona in there, because if there was. They are going to have horrible hospital bills by the time this was over.

"You seem very sure of yourself."

"There's this thing called the internet. If you go back in that, I'll show it to you. It's filled with lies and half truth people tell each other to seem smarter or because they can't stand who they are. But us, magic folk? We've been using it to talk, compare notes. Over the last twenty years or so only a handful of factions haven't taken part, and it is amazing what you'll discover when you work together. So yes, I am sure of myself. Because people way smarter than me did the work and shared the result. So I'm going to ask again. Is it a what or a who?"

"What does it matter to you? Are you one of those who needs to know who eats them?"

I shook my head, and it didn't ring, so I'd stalled long enough. "As much as I don't like fighting. I do like to know who's ass I'm going to be kicking." I was fast enough he didn't react in time. Strong enough the punch sent his head to the side, stretching the neck

even more and exposing more spines. I was up with a knee in Fiona's face, then running, slowing only long enough to pick up the gun she dropped when she got a new tenant.

I checked the cartridge, seven bullets left out of fifteen. Large caliber, at least .44. That could do a lot of damage against most people, but I doubted it'd do me any good against those two without some help. I reached inside my jacket and cut myself on the metal shards of the pen I kept there.

Did the power surge, as something tried to take me over, do it? Some reaction to the power they came from causing the cum it held to explode? The only god I know we had some adverse reaction no longer exist, and that was mainly hatred, not combustion. No telling what Damian will cause, but I didn't get much of a 'sacrifice' vibe from these two, so I don't think I had to worry about him inheriting them.

First order of business, my phone and calling reinforcement. Then go for my spare pen, get writing on a bullet, and hope I got the syntax right because I didn't think I'd get more than one shot at this.

I saw the pinprick of light at the end of the tunnel, then I felt something fly by me and I threw myself to the side. It crashed ahead, rolled and got to its, no, her feet. She was still mostly Fiona, although her shoulders were now bony with spines jutting from them. Her head and torso still mostly her. The lower legs had rippled the pants and fur, exposing black bones.

I raised the gun. If she was not done changing, this might work.

I fired, and her chest exploded open. There went her heart, if she even had one before all this. She stared at me, staggered, and a scream of rage behind me pointed out she wasn't alone. I ran before confirming I did any lasting damage. I needed power to finish this. The kind I wrote, not had in me.

I made it outside as a wail of misery filled the cavern. Maybe I did real damage after all. And pissed Jeb off. Way to go me.

The folks would be proud.

I saw my phone in the sand, grab it as something screeched in the cavern and made my fur stand on end all the way to the tip of my tail. That was not a good sound. The phone was off, which was odd. I didn't remember turning it off, just locking it.

I looked to the cavern's entrance as I turned it back on. Another screech came from it and my body twitched in reaction. That was the sound of something scraping against the stone. Nothing scraping against stone should make that kind of sound.

The phone still wasn't on. It couldn't be out of power. The way the magic was written inside it, it could run for a week without being charged, and it had been slotted not even however long ago I got here. I ran to my bike and slotted the phone in.

Nothing happened.

Well, a head poked out of the cavern, but that wasn't what I was hoping for.

My bike wasn't starting. It wasn't even registering the phone. It was as dead as it.

I realized the head was half the size of the cavern entrance.

I was so glad I went for mechanical latches instead of powered ones for my saddlebags. I opened the one on my side and grabbed the pen case. The screech happened again and the jerk it caused in me was so violent the case flew out of my hand.

Fuck, how was it doing that?

I grabbed the case out of the air as I heard stone crack. It was stuck in the opening. I smiled. It got itself stuck in the fucking opening.

I stopped smiling. It was fucking big enough it got stuck in the opening.

I opened the case, took the pen and got myself horny to activate it.

I'm an Orr, there are no situations where I can't think of someone to turn me on. Topping Wolf will do it if nothing else manages it. I paid for it afterward, but it was so worth it.

I removed the clip and took the bullets out. I wished I'd known if it was a who or a what. Generalities don't lend themselves to high power results. The more you wanted to

affect the more you had to disperse that power.

Even ‘what the bullet hits’ fell under generalities.

Bigger bullets would also have been nice. My penmanship wasn’t the smallest. Orrs don’t really to anything small. Before I could write on the first bullet, a chunk of rock the size of my head nearly hit me. Used to be Jeb’s freed a...something from the cavern opening and was grabbing another chunk. I ran for the Jeep and made it behind to the thud of the stone impacting the other side.

I wrote. I needed to harden the bullets, so they’d stay intact after impact. Power increase, mainly kinetic, since that was behind the bullet’s damage. I threw in some mass increase, because this was a situation where more was better. Something of another Orr saying. More is always better. Velocity would help too. Connectors between the sigils and the bullets. Controls.

Parameters.

“Fuck.” I kept forgetting about parameters. I wanted the magic to kick-in on impact, not when I pressed the trigger. There. Now to reload them in—

The jeep shoved against me so hard I nearly dropped everything. I kept hold of the important stuff; the bullets and the pen. “Fuck.” Why had I held onto the pen? I needed to put the bullets in the cartridge. I dropped it, grabbed the cartridge. Went to put the first bullet in, and realized my hand closed over them. Had I smeared the writing? Were they still in the right order?

I put them in as a rock the size of my bike flew over me. I didn’t have the time to go over anything. If it had rocks that large to throw, it had to be nearly out. I picked up the gun, slammed the cartridge in, pocketed the pen, and stepped out from behind the Jeep.

I jumped right where I came from, as a rock landed where I’d been. That thing was half the size of the Jeep. I ran for my life before it threw anything bigger at the Jeep.

Used to be Jeb wrenched itself out of the now much larger cavern opening.

Did they have seismic sensors in the area? Would they come investigate or do the sensible thing and tell the residents to evacuate?

“Why couldn’t I have been born to a normal, well adjusted, sensible family?” I leveled the gun at Use to be Jeb and fired. The impact wrenched its head to the side, and when he looked at me again, I saw it, right between its eyes. I aimed again, and he screamed at me.

My hands trembled. There was something in that scream that defied reality, wanted to break it and I had to wonder at the person who would make such a being. Or worse, become it.

I steadied my hand, and Used to be Jeb jerked as it broke out fully. I waited, and he— it?—looked at me again.

The second bullet hit the first one.

Way to go dad and your gift.

It ran at me, and I ran away.

I’m an Orr, not an idiot.

I had the head start, it had the better traction in this sand. Next generation, we need someone who can fly to be born. You hear me Whitney. You give us someone who can fucking fly. I’d demand teleportation, but it isn’t anywhere near as cool as flying.

I got behind an outcropping of stone and turned to aim.

Oh fuck, it was a lot closer than I thought. It opened its mouth for another reality wrenching scream and when it closed it, I put a third bullet exactly where the other two were.

I was running again. I aimed for rockier terrain. I needed the footing if I was going to maintain something resembling a lead. I ducked as I heard the whistling of air and turned as the stone flew where my head had been. As I’d hoped, it had to stop running to throw. Bullet number four went in with the others.

I was running again. Unfortunately, rocky ground means the mountain. I really hoped



Used to be Fiona was dead, because that was where headed. If it had trouble getting out, getting back in should hold it in place long enough for the last two bullets.

I didn't landed on my back as I turned to get into the cavern. The ground was littered with rubble, so much for sure footing; but Paul's gift kept me on my feet. I lined a shot and decide against it. I couldn't miss. I saw the grooves its body made against the wall of the cavern. From the looks of it, it grew larger as it moved to the exit.

I passed Used to be Fiona. Still dead, so that was good. Hopefully Used to be Jeb was pissed enough not to consider the trap this place was for something its size. The mountain shook as it entered and nearly all the light vanished. But there's just enough so that it, and dad's gift, meant I could make out its head as it forced its way in. I could even tell where the bullets were when it stilled to glare at me.

The flash from the gunshot was blinding in this situation, but I heard the bullet impact the one before it, and I backed up to give my eyes time to adjust. That spine curling screeching happened again as it forced itself deeper into the cavern. That was good for me, except that, you know, it was blocking the exit. I might not be able to get around it once it was dead.

"Problem for after it's dead."

I saw enough to make it out again, but not the details. Like where the fuck was its head? It moved, wrenched itself forward and let in just enough light I saw the glint and I fire at it.

Fuck, I hoped that wasn't one of its eye.

The impact against the other bullet confirms I wasn't screwed, and I smiled.

I backed up again and suddenly foot flew out from under me as I stepped on something. I was on my back, my head rang and my hands were empty.

"Fuck!"

That was a bad idea. The echo made my head ring even louder. "Kick in already," I wished for dad's gift and then my head felt better. Would another fuck be worth it for the chance I'd get a stronger version of his gift? There was no such thing as too much healing. Right?

I rolled on my stomach, looked deeper into the total darkness. I could sense the giant dildo, but it didn't provide light. Where the fuck had the gun landed? I wasn't going to find it lying here like I was waiting for a good top.

I put my hand down, and it landed on something cylindrical, large. Not the gun. I found the switch and light came from one end.

In this circumstance, something better.

I illuminated head of me and saw the gun. A screeching behind me and I looked, then ran like my life depends on it. Forget that; it did depend on it. How the fuck had it gotten here this fast? It had trouble getting out.

Magic asshole. It wasn't like the thing only worked in your favor. I grabbed the gun and shone the light, looking for cover. The only object in the room was the twenty feet tall dildo. I was not hiding behind it.

It had nothing to do with it looking like it could be a dildo. I have nothing against them. Some of my best friends are dildo; well, okay, my brothers. The problem was that I'd have to lean against it to line up a shot and have cover. I was not touching that thing again, ever.

If I wasn't going to go behind, I might as well stay where I was with it at my back. Nothing could exit it without being touched, right?

I was so fucking tired of this place already.

I crouched, illuminated the entrance and—

Blessed Balls and Cum!

Its head was barreling toward me.

I fired and threw myself to the side.

I made out the sound of the bullet impacting the others, then the detonation deafened

me. I rolled on my back and I watched it collide against the giant dildo and melt against it; no, into it. All that was left were the fragments of seven bullets tinkling to the stone ground.

“Really?” I yelled at the dildo. “That’s all I had to do, fucking get them to touch you again? Couldn’t you have left me that message when you were busy with the psychic torture?”

I was so fucking done with this place.