

HSA-20: Ascendant

By Quixerotic

“I’m still me,” Clayton said. “As far as I can tell. Once I have the need to cum under control, I mostly feel like my old self. Except my dick is magic and can transform people into fetishized perfection. While I was looking for you, I learned some stuff. Apparently, I’m what’s called an ‘ascendant aspect’.”

From the log of Watcher Obidiah. February 10, 1959. Regarding events in second decade of the 21st century, exact year not yet determined.

Two young men walk up a stairwell. The stairwell leads to their apartment. They are not in a romantic relationship. The one in front is tall, athletically built, and conventionally handsome. His name is Clayton. Though he has been fit and handsome for his adult life, only recently has his true self manifested. He moves with confidence and determination, though these aspects are unnatural to him.

The one following close behind looks diminished and frightened. His name is Patrick. His eyes watch the shadows as though some beast might lunge from them and drag him away. He cannot see Us, but he suspects We are watching. He gives the same wary glance to the man in front of him. His caution is correct. Over the past weeks, both have been through hell, though of very different types. The diminished one, Patrick, was captured by a parasitic cross between a vampire and a succubus called "skeeters" by one HSA agent determined to make the name stick. (Addendum, We disapprove of this name. Continuing.) The other, Clayton, was captured as well. The 'skeeters' expected two easy prey. Instead, they caught one sheep and one dragon. The nest was destroyed. HSA Agents discovered the aftermath, but were unable to identify the survivors at the time.

Shift. Three weeks ago. Weeks of strangeness will follow. It is the day after their escape from the 'skeeter' nest. Both young men are reserved and dread the coming night. Patrick believes the creatures will return for him. Clayton, on the other hand, is plagued by new, intrusive thoughts. He senses these will intensify as the day goes along. Arousal distracts him unceasingly. His efforts to curb the impulse fail. Cold showers. Unpleasant thoughts. Monotonous activity. Physical pain. All ineffective. He is left to one option.

Shift. Night three days hence. The two subjects are in their respective rooms. Clayton has brought up numerous pornographic videos on his computer. He is stripped naked. Without the visual impediment of clothes, the changes to his physique are alarmingly evident. In comparison to images taken from earlier Shifts, he has added half a foot in height, several dozen pounds of muscle, and a proportional enlargement of general body structure. Additionally, as We suspect of any anomaly, his genitalia has been the focus of substantial metaphysical enhancement. It is now five inches above the standard average for human males. Clayton is alarmed by these changes, but feels no regret about them. In his weaker moments, he feels proud and even tones of relief. He will spend the hours until dawn of this night masturbating, producing twenty-one ounces of semen and achieving orgasm more than thirty times. Not all orgasms result in ejaculate. Refractory period is non-existent in any physical form. A minor debilitation of his urges occurs after orgasm, during which he is able to regain minor control of his thoughts.

The door is open. Patrick is standing in the dark hallway. He watches his roommate's chronic masturbation. He will retain no memory of this occasion. Shift. Five days after the nest. Again, Patrick watches as Clayton pleasures himself. They will both remember this occasion. Neither will address it for some time. It is unclear why this event remained in both of their consciousnesses. What is clear is that this memory jolts Patrick from his malaise, driving him to

brave the darkness and his disappearance.

Shift. Nine days after the nest. Patrick has been missing for two days. A keen need to find the his roommate burns inside of Clayton. It has grown in urgency since the first hour of Patrick's absence, but the feeling's similarity to hunger and its conflation with Clayton's lusts has left him in a dilemma of self-reflection. Neither young man identified as anything other than straight prior to the vampiric abduction and subsequent fallout. In the aftermath, Clayton found new questions as his appetite for porn expanded far beyond the usual short scenes of big breasted woman copulating with aggrandized penises. His old personality vehemently protested against the bizarre changes to his moods, but the ache to find his roommate grew worse with each passing minute. Note: At this juncture, both young men believe the encounter with the nest to have been significant as something other than a catalyst. They are incorrect.

Patrick is trapped by something considerably worse than parasitic demons. An inter-dimensional psychic feaster has been luring in locals to an abandoned bar. These victims minds have been shattered, leaving them as mindless batteries called Smilers. See HSA-304 for additional context. The host anomaly attempts to feed from Patrick, however, a psychic link between the young man and Clayton already exists. It is considerably stronger. This is alarming to Us. The creature responsible for HSA-304 is potentially millennia old, a world eater. For Clayton's claim to rival such an entity at such a nascent state troubles Us. Clayton finds Patrick. Unconsciously, he exerts control. The HSA-304 entity experiences a feedback loop that results in death. Patrick and Clayton are unharmed. They leave the structure together.

Alert. Causality interdiction. Identify.

Clayton and Patrick emerge from the abandoned bar. It is midday. Patrick moves with frustration and anger. His shoulder collides with that of a stranger. HSA Agent Deacon. Clayton apologizes. Accompanying agent, Agent Ross, advises Agent Deacon against further escalation. They are moments from discovering the dwelling of HSA-304.

Timeline terminates. We await additional information.

Patrick followed Clayton toward the apartment feeling like someone had taken hold of his heart and started to squeeze. The sense of panic wasn't helped by the sensation of being watched. Now that he knew how many things went bump in the night, he doubted he could ever make it down the street past noon without collapsing into a heap of nerves. Not that it mattered much. He expected his roommate to kill him shortly.

Clayton hadn't said anything since they left the bar district. Yet, Patrick felt as though he knew every thought in his friend's head. He could almost see them rippling off the bigger man. Primarily, Clayton was furious, which supported Patrick's theory that murder was on the list of evening plans. Other confounding emotions included jealousy — *which is insane, how could Clayton be jealous of the fucking Smiler Queen* — and arousal. Patrick figured he was enough of a social empath to recognize anger and jealousy. He had no idea how he knew what horny

looked like on another man, but he suspected it had something to do with either the blood sucking monsters or the mental parasite. *Or whatever my roommate is.*

Clayton stopped at the door and fumbled with his keys. After several awkward minutes of listening to his potential murderer and former friend fumble keys, Patrick realized that Clayton's hands couldn't hold the keys properly. "Give them here," he grumbled. "What happened to your hands?"

"Same as happened to the rest of me," Clayton said in a tone of both pride and shame. He gestured blandly to his sculpted body as though everyone they'd passed hadn't nearly snapped a tendon as their heads turned to watch him. Patrick wasn't exempt. The only thing sparing him from gibbering like a fan girl over Clayton's biceps was the psychic whiplash of his previous encounters, his anger at Clayton for holding some secret from him, and his the amorphous blob of his own sexuality. The lock clicked, but Clayton grabbed the handle, holding the door closed. Patrick's hand lingered near Clayton's for a beat longer than natural. Patrick's ears burned as he jerked away, and it worsened when he saw the sheepish grin on Clayton's face. "Sorry," Clayton said. "I think I should give you a general idea of what to expect."

"I'm expecting Cody and his girlfriend, Whats-her-name —"

"That's actually one of the issues..."

"As to what condition I expect them in, I have no idea. Since you won't tell me what kind of creepy crawly you are, I've braced myself for anything between sacks of dismembered limbs, people with teeth instead of eyes, or maybe you've stretched open their skin to create a portal to hell."

Clayton scowl quieted Patrick. "What kind of fucked up shit did that thing put in your head?"

"Huh? She didn't put any of that in my head. She showed me my wildest fantasies over and over. Or she would have before you yanked me out of there."

"Goddammit, Patrick, did you not see what it really looked like? *That thing* was literally tearing into our world through a hole to suck your brain out of your head. But you think I'm the monster? You've known me for years!"

Patrick didn't think anything could have been worse than Clayton's yelling. He wanted to drop down to his knees and do anything to make it stop. At the top of the list was slurping Clayton's huge dick into his mouth. That realization sparked Patrick's innate fear of vulnerability enough to stoke his anger and keep him on his feet, but only barely. "The guy I knew wasn't...this. It's like someone fucking embossed you on reality. You're fucking seven feet tall. You could probably crush someone's head like a rotten melon. You haven't eaten in days that I've seen. Or slept. So, as far as I know, you're not Clayton at all." He took a step back, opened his mouth in a wide terror filled yawn, and slowly raised his finger at Clayton

while making a rattling sound in his throat.

The anger seeped out of Clayton as he watched the bizarre performance. “What is that?”

“It’s from a movie,” Patrick said, hating himself for making Clayton grin. “So, which is it? Teeth eyes or skin portal?”

Clayton’s moment of humor faded. His eyes cut to the door. “Neither. They’re Cody and Sarah are...well, they won’t look like themselves. You probably don’t remember Sarah enough, but you’ll be able to tell which one Cody is. They’re changed. I changed them. I didn’t mean to, but apparently its a thing I do, sometimes unintentionally.”

Patrick didn’t find any comfort in the way Clayton had said “changed”. He gave his roommate a reassuring nod and calculated his odds of making a break for it. They were low. He didn’t know if anything would stop Clayton once he put his mind to something. After all, he’d already tore Patrick away from two different types of demons.

Stooping, Clayton entered the apartment and waved for Patrick to follow. Inside, everything looked more or less as he had left it two days ago. The only thing unusual was the distinct scent Clayton and sex mingled together, though they weren’t quite distinct from one another in the first place. Clayton peered into the kitchen before calling out, “Hey, girls, come out. Patrick is back.”

Patrick was about to question why Clayton would call out for girls when they expected Cody and, at most, one girl. The thought died as two naked women bounced out of Clayton’s room. One had cherry red hair and the biggest tits Patrick had ever seen. The other had a pixie cut of neon blue and slightly smaller breasts which compensated for their competitor by having barbells through the nipples. Patrick barely noticed those details though as his eyes focused on the second biggest dick he’d ever seen, the one bobbing between the luscious thighs of the blue haired woman. Mouth agape, he made a clicking sound instead of forming any actual words.

“Master! We’re so glad your back. I know you told us to stay put, but we didn’t like sitting on the floor,” the redhead said. “I was going to stay, but Bunny thought it would be alright to go get in your bed and play. Bunny’s smart, and you said listen to her when you’re not around, so that’s what I did. Do I need a spanking?”

The other woman, Bunny, smirked. Patrick barely noticed as his attention drifted to movement below the woman’s naval. She was getting erect while looking at a fully clothed Clayton. The more Patrick took in the blue haired woman’s appearance, the more he saw things that he recognized. “Holy shit,” he finally managed to say. “Bunny is Cody.”

“Ooo! The new girl is smart,” the redhead taunted. “Bunny might get knocked down a peg. Then she won’t be all sassy when she’s filling Bambi’s butt with her dribbly cum. Mmm, Master, can I suck you off?”

To Patrick's horror, Clayton had already pulled down his pants. The python like dick flopped out, rapidly swelling to its full size. Clayton put a hand on Bambi's shoulder and pushed. She dropped to her knees and moaned as she wrapped her lips around the head of Clayton's dick. As she did it, Clayton made an embarrassed shrug. "It's easier if she can't talk. She went first, and her brain got a little too scrambled. Bunny's not that bad off, right?"

The blue haired girl had lapsed into a trance watching Bambi slurp the massive cock. She snapped out of it at Clayton's question. "The sum of the roots of any two sides of an isosceles triangle is equal to the square root of the remaining side," she recited before grinning and bouncing on her heels. One hand moved to tweak her nipple while the other lazily stroked her cock.

"Cody was a math major," Clayton said, as if that explained something. He moved awkwardly to the couch. Bambi scooted closer on the down strokes to keep up with him until she was comfortably wedged between his knees, tits squashed against his thighs, and mouth bobbing up and down on his cock. Bunny followed, draping herself on the couch beside Clayton. Her hand lightly stroked his chest. In an act that Patrick interpreted as comforting or reassuring, Clayton wrapped his massive paw around Bunny's dick and gave it a hard squeeze. The woman shuddered and thrust vainly into his vice grip as thin streams of cum splashed out onto her own thigh.

"Clayton! What the fuck!" Patrick screamed.

Bunny frowned as her orgasm was cut short. Bambi let the cock pop out of her mouth to glare at him pointedly before shoving her toy back inside. Clayton sighed, slid his hand around to cup Bunny's ass, and rested his head against the wall. "I was pacing around the house with balcony door open," Clayton said. "Worried about you, actually. About that time, Sarah was coming to visit Cody. She must have caught a glance at me or something because she showed up at the door." The woman wrapped around his cock gurgled in assent. "By that time, I was about to climb the walls. Jerking off wasn't working any more. It actually felt worse than doing nothing. Cumming in a tissue was felt like slamming my hand in a car door. Because it wasn't right, you know? I'm not supposed to waste my cum like that."

Bunny resumed her gentle petting of Clayton's bare chest. "That's right, babe. Your cum is for our holes. Our mouths, pussy, and asses." She lowered her mouth to Clayton's chest and nipped at him with her teeth.

"Could you get them to stop that?" Patrick asked. He settled down in a chair with his legs pressed hard together to hide his own raging erection.

"Not really. They need it as much as I do," Clayton said wistfully. "Anyway, once I opened the door, Sarah was done for. I didn't know how to control what I can do, so it hit her full blast. She came right in the doorway, drenched her panties while her knees buckled and she begged for my cock. I wasn't thinking straight, so I did what she told me to do. Stuffed it in her mouth. The first wet, hot thing I'd fucked since all this started. I probably dumped a quart into

her right then. As I did, I kind of...well, Sarah wasn't my type, y'know? No boobs to speak of really. Thin ass. Good legs, though, and a pretty face. No offense, Bun-bun."

Patrick wanted to gag. Bunny flicked her tongue over Clayton's nipple. "None taken. I can't remember wanting anyone other than you." She rose high enough to meet him for a kiss. Patrick cleared his throat.

"Oh, sorry," Clayton resumed. "So, while I'm cumming down her throat. I have this mental image in my head. Hey, Bambi? Stop for a minute and do a spin for Patrick."

Bambi reluctantly obliged. She unsheathed the monstrous cock from her mouth, letting the tendrils of drool snap as she stood up and turned around. She wiggled twice, once to shake her tits at Patrick and again to make her ass cheeks slap together. Patrick noted that she didn't seem interested in what he thought at all, since each motion had a reciprocal action from Clayton's perspective. Bambi dropped back to her knees and pressed her face into Clayton's heavy balls. Bunny took the opportunity to occupy the still glimmering cock. Patrick was relieved when she did. *Someone has to be fucking him, it's only right.*

"She's exactly what I wanted. Once her belly had my cum in it, she changed. It happened quick. One minute she was normal Sarah, then her body puffed up like a marshmallow in the microwave. When it settled back down, this is what she looked like. A perfect wet dream." Clayton grunted as Bambi's tongue went to work between his legs. "Unfortunately, my thoughts were horny stupid. I wasn't thinking it directly, but once I saw the result I could see how she came around to it. I was so horny that I focused only on the wet, tight hole, fat tits, and thick ass. Intellect wasn't a factor. Dumb and hungry for cum is what I wanted in that exact moment. None of the bullshit that goes with a relationship or even a hookup, y'know. Just a body meant to fuck."

"You made her dumb as a doorknob," Patrick said.

"I didn't mean to," Clayton insisted with a growl. "Course by then, Cody popped his head out. Guess Sarah texted him from the sidewalk or something. He was looking for her and found us. His girlfriend on her knees in our doorway with my cock down her throat. He saw the whole thing, I think. Watched Sarah's body change. Before I know it, Cody is begging me to let him taste. I tried talking some sense in to him, but Bambi had other ideas. She'd kept some of my cum in her mouth. Before I could stop her, she grabbed Cody and pulled him into a kiss. I knew by then, dunno how, but I knew. Tasting my cum once was all it would take. Cody would never stop until he had more of it. The guy was going insane right in front of me. Stripped and started jerking it, but couldn't cum. I did what I had to then. Told him to get down and suck me off. While he did it, I imagined Bunny."

"These are your two fantasies?" Patrick asked. He attempted to convince himself that he wasn't destined for either path or that he might prefer one over the other. Either way, Clayton's answer would be useful.

“They weren’t initially,” Clayton replied. “I guess Bambi was. On a very basic level, anyway. She might be *anyone’s* base level fantasy. Anyone into girls, anyway. Or maybe anyone with a dick in need of a tight spot to put it in. Bunny is something else. I wanted to keep as much of Cody as I could. He was a good guy. We played video games together and shit. Seemed wrong to turn him into a cumslut with no other personality. Especially since I did it to his girlfriend.”

Patrick scoffed, “At least your moral compass is still in tact.”

“Hey, I’m doing my best at navigating a real fucked up situation, Patrick. Not like you’d have done any better. Shit, you’d probably have braindrained me into a cum slut just to wash your fucking dishes.”

“We’re not having the goddamn dishes fight again right now,” Patrick snapped back. The uneven layer of reality shivered as they both thought back to their former lives where the scene currently playing out would have been insane.

“Right, whatever. While Cody was getting spunk drunk, I focused on as much of the things I liked about Cody as I could. It’s not a great experience to have your dick down a guy’s throat while clenching your eyes shut and trying your best to remember what you found appealing about the dude’s personality. I needed some help with the sex part, though. Couldn’t ignore it, and I didn’t want to rob Cody entirely of his former life. Remembered some futanari porn I saw a few days ago. Some of that 3D stuff that—*isn’t* important. I pictured what I thought a real futa woman would look like and when I pulled the mouth off my dick, I had Bunny. Woman’s body from head to toe. Smooth from the neck down, as they say. Real tits, real ass, real hips. Softened the edges on her face. Blue hair, cause why not. It’s naturally blue, too. Grows that way. The changes are intent based. So, her ass is always lubed and ready to fuck.”

“Jesus Christ.” Patrick sunk his head into his hands. He was fraying, he knew. About to cum in his pants from the wanton display going on in front of him, not to mention the lurid descriptions of futanari fucking Clayton was offering up like he was recounting the score of a football game. “None of this answers the question of what you are.” *Or what’s going to happen to me. Bunny and Bambi don’t seem so bad off.*

Clayton didn’t answer for a while. Bunny pulled her mouth up to where her lips wrapped around the crown of his cock. As Bambi’s tongue worked, Patrick watched his roommate’s cock throb as cum pumped up its length and into Bunny’s waiting mouth. She gulped it down while her own cock jutted out, twitching without stimulation until small arcs of cum joined her previous emissions on her supple thighs. Patrick shoved his palms against his eye sockets and pressed, focusing on the tingling pain instead of the sounds of slurping and heavy breathing. Once it stopped, Clayton told the girls to go wait in his room. He even draped a blanket across his crotch for Patrick’s sake. “I’m still me,” Clayton finally said. “As far as I can tell. Once I have the need to cum under control, I mostly feel like my old self. Except my dick is magic and can transform people into fetishized perfection. While I was looking for you, I learned some stuff. Apparently, I’m what’s called an ‘ascendant aspect’. A common one, too, as these things

go.”

None of that meant anything to Patrick. He'd expected an answer to help cut away some of the worry in him. When it didn't, fatigue hit like a truck. He leaned back in his seat with a groan. “Now what? You build a harem of girls like them? Take any person you want off the street and make them a cum hungry slut?” He opened an eye and peered at Clayton. The fledgling demigod was hunched forward with his elbows on his knees in contemplative thought as though all the burdens of the world sat on his shoulders. “What happens to me, Clayton?”

“What do you want to happen to you?” The replying question was cautious and loaded with different expectations of the answer.

“I think you've already infected me,” Patrick admitted. “I've had dreams about you. Since we came in the apartment, I haven't thought two seconds about the shape of Bambi's tits or how fuckable Bunny's ass looked. All I've thought about is whether you were getting the... pleasure you deserved. — Fuck! See! Your stink has screwed up my brain. This started because I got dumped by my girlfriend and wanted to go to a damn bar to get laid. I failed so spectacularly that I'm now in a negotiation with my magical roommate to keep some of my own personality.”

“I can take it back,” Clayton said. “If that's what you want, but you won't go with us.”

“Go? You're going somewhere?”

“There's a place for people like me. Didn't you listen? I'm a walking biological weapon. Nearly immortal with cum that can change people to whatever I imagine. Think what would happen if I just went on a spree. I could fuck people into monsters or something. Not that I would.” He paused and groused in non-committal noises. “The real danger is the unintentional shit. Like Sarah. Or you, for that matter. So, yeah, I can pull my influence. I did it before we walked in the door. Otherwise, you'd have been like Cody. But, if you're not bonded to me, you have to stay behind, and I'm not sure what will happen to —”

“What?” Patrick interrupted. He lurched up in his seat. “What do you mean you pulled your influence?”

“I mean what it sounds like. First thing I did after Cody was figure out how to make sure it didn't happen to anyone else. It's like flexing a muscle. You only had a little bit of it in you anyway. The mind worm took some, but I don't think much of it was there to begin with.”

Patrick's jaw hung open as his mind scrambled to piece together everything he'd felt since walking in the apartment. *Why wouldn't I want him to be pleased? He's my friend. He's clearly got a need that has to be addressed. Of course I'd want to make sure it got taken care of. Even if I had to be the one who did it. And that wouldn't have been terrible. With Bunny and Bambi around, the amount of ass and breasts to dick was still heavily weighed in favor of female flesh. Hell, by Bambi alone. It's not like Clayton is a dude anyway. He's...something more. Sex*

incarnate. Patrick jammed his thoughts to a stop. “Tell me a guy who’s attractive.”

“Huh?” Clayton said, cocking his head like a confused spaniel.

“Some guy who is conventionally attractive.”

“Does this have to do with gay panic?”

“Clayton, shut the fuck up and help me thing!”

“I dunno. Your ex always fawned over Billy Gentry, the baseball guy.”

Irritation at the memory aside, Patrick focused on the image in his head of Billy Gentry. The guy was athletic, tanned, and liked to roll his sleeves up on his uniform to better highlight his massive forearms. Patrick tried to imagine the guy naked, came up with an image of Clayton, pushed that aside, and generally succeeded in a rough manner of seeing Billy standing in the room with his dick hard. Patrick waited for some kind of emotional response, but felt nothing. Pushing the scenario further made him uncomfortable at worst, but the concept of pleasuring Billy Gentry in any way mostly seemed pointless. “So, you’re some kind of exception.”

“Huh?”

“There’s always some celebrity dude that other guys are like ‘yeah, I’d fuck him’. Except for me, it’s apparently this version of you.”

“And you’re good with that?”

“Fuck, no,” Patrick said, “but I’m more good with this than the cum sucking vampires or the mind worm. We were friends before all this. Hell, maybe best friends. So now I want to fuck you and — oh god...” The concept had been so difficult getting through his brain that he had no idea what Clayton would think. Patrick began building a wall around his feeble emotional state as quickly as he could. He’d only just managed to convince himself there was nothing aberrant about being attracted to a demigod. Now, that demigod might well reject him.

“It’s fine, Patrick,” Clayton said with a roguish grin. “I want to fuck you, too. Hell, I kind of want to fuck everything.”

Patrick swallowed down the lump of anxiety. “But, you’ll change me. Make me like Bunny?”

Clayton shrugged as though it was the first time he’d thought of it. “I don’t have to. When I say I want to fuck everything, I mean it. I’d suck your dick right now if you want. Did it to Bunny earlier. Took a minute to get the hang of it, but Bambi was giving pointers. Uh, anyway, I could just make you like me. Well, not exactly like me, but I could tune you up a bit. Cut the drinking weight. A good chunk of lean muscle. Add some heft to your package. Oh, and

eternal youth and all that junk.”

The grin on Clayton’s face was infuriating, but for the first time in over week, most of which was filled with maddened fear, Patrick felt excited about something. Except he hit on an immediate problem, “Uh, so, how does this work? Do I need to...you know, give you a blowjob?”

The demigod leaned back and gently tugged the blanket covering his crotch. Despite bizarrely significant progress in tackling issues of his sexuality, Patrick was still mortified to find his mouth watering at the idea of letting Clayton’s cock fill it. The blanket tented easily as the python beneath it rose to life. “You can if you want,” Clayton said. “I think that might be a big jump for you though. Actually, I had some time to think about how we’d handle this part. Sarah gave me the idea because she did it to Cody. The question comes down to which you would prefer. Straight from the tap or licking it out of Bambi.”

Something clicked in Patrick’s head. He was certain that Clayton’s enthralling influence had returned. “Intermediary sounds fun,” he answered with a smirk.

“Girls! You can come back now,” Clayton yelled.

Bambi bounced into the room, tits covered in cum. Bunny followed with her cock at half mast steadily dripping her thin brand of cum. Clayton yanked the blanket fully aside. His cock sprang up to its full glory and flung a strand of precum out for good measure. With a grunt and gesture, he moved Bambi around in front of him, pushed her legs together before she could straddle him, spread his own legs wide, and drew her down into his lap. It took one nudge for Bambi to get the idea. She shifted slightly and skewered her pussy on her master’s dick. Eyes rolling back in her head, she moaned wildly as inch after inch of cock sank into her. Clayton’s earlier disinterest in her mouth was gone, replaced by a fevered and lustful concentration on the jiggling ass wiggling down his cock. Still, he spared a glance at Bunny and said, “Patrick gets to play, too.”

Already aching with need to release, Patrick gasped as Bunny descended on him. She pulled away his clothes until he was sitting in nothing but socks. As she undressed him, she made certain to drag her studded nipples across his body at every chance. By the time she shucked down his boxers, his cock was a throbbing, angry purple, and his balls looked ready to pop. Bunny’s delicate fingers wrapped around his length and gently squeezed out a thick dollop of precum. She met his eyes as her tongue licked along her upper lip. “Mouth or ass?”

He made a valiant attempt to answer, but all the words clogged in his head. Any hope of giving a verbal response disappeared as Bunny’s tongue slid out and flicked along the underside of his cock. She repeated the motion, pressing the full flat of her tongue against the underside of his dick and slowly licking up his length until she drew away the oozing precum. She gave him a wink, let go, and turned around.

Suddenly, he was looking at her erect cock pointed straight down while she pulled apart

thick, luscious cheeks to show off her asshole. With a primal grunt, Patrick snapped out of his paralysis, grabbed her hips, and yanked her down. He'd never fucked a girl in the ass before, and he supposed that was still true as her hole relaxed and let him slide into her. In his desperate need, he barely registered a difference other than the tight ring of her sphincter squeezing all the way down his length. On the second stroke, he recalled Clayton mentioning giving Bunny a permanently lubed ass. He guessed that's what made sliding into her as easy as slipping into a wet pussy. Feeling the wonderfully tight sensations mingled with the squeezing, wet warmth of a pussy drove him wild. His hands moved up Bunny's tight body to her breasts. He felt her moan and lost his little remaining control on the third stroke.

Erupting into Bunny's ass cleared out his head like it had been knocked empty by a wrecking ball. When his body stopped the pleased clenching of the most intense orgasm he'd had, he came away with one salient thought. "Clayton, when you do you magic body reshaping thing. Make my ass like this."

"Way ahead of you bud," Clayton grunted in response. Bambi continued to moan wildly as her whole body quivered on Clayton's length. She yelped as his arm pulled her down fully, and she made a sound like a dying cat as he emptied his balls into her. The cum overflowed her, gushing out around the plug of Clayton's dick until it ran down the back of Bambi's thighs. One large sigh of satisfaction later, Clayton delicately lifted Bambi off him, picking up her whole body like it weighed nothing. He positioned her on her knees bent over the back of the couch and gave her ass a hard smack. "You're up," Clayton said with a grin.

Nervous and somehow also impatient, Patrick crawled across the room on his knees. Bunny followed. She moved beside Bambi and pulled apart the other woman's ass cheeks, giving Patrick a clear view of the overflowing pussy as it gave up its transformative cream. Clayton remained nearby, eyes shut in concentration. Patrick thought it would be better to leave him to focus, otherwise he might wind up with some kind of bizarre third boob. He caught the alluring scent of Bambi's body, experienced a final moment of hesitancy, and then fell into his fate.

His eager mouth pressed into her folds tasting both her and his roommate. He lapped and sucked and moaned. With each drop, he felt his body pulse with uncanny heat, but he didn't care. The only thing that mattered was keeping his face buried in the wonder of Bambi's cunt. He only stopped after realizing he'd forgotten to breath for too long and the sparks in the corners of his vision weren't a manifestation of his joy but oxygen deprivation.

Patrick rocked back onto his haunches as strength rippled through his body. Bambi and Bunny both grinned at him, and Clayton beamed with pride. "Well?" Patrick asked.

"You look hot as shit," Bambi said. "And your tongue was totally licking my happy spot."

"A little bonus," Clayton explained. "See, mine does it, too." He stuck out his tongue, and it kept coming well beyond what was natural. It caused a shiver to run through the three

disciples as each of them imagined it slithering into their orifices.

Patrick extended his own, amazed that he hadn't noticed it. He moved back enough to put light on his crotch. "Oh, wow," he muttered. His dick swelled to nearly the same size as Clayton's with the girth to match. His light touch sent pleasant ripples of warmth down to his core.

"Right," Clayton said with a clap of his hands. "Take that thing for a test drive while Bunny and I shower. I would say you two should join us, but we live in a terrible tiny apartment. Not for long though."

Patrick stood up to his new height. He looked at his body with full disbelief. Then, Clayton's words clicked. "Wait, we're going somewhere?"

Agent Deacon had come to detest the odd diner. He hated the clinking bell above the door the most. It grated against his nerves when the door opened and added a few extra jingles as the door shut behind him. Agent Ross shambled along behind him as they entered the brightly lit and overwhelmingly red themed room. The smell of coffee perked them both up, at least.

At their usual table in the middle of the room, Beaumont sat with an assortment of things arranged in front of him. Two books, identical except for the covers, one being green and the other blue, a steaming cup of coffee sitting on a saucer which Beaumont might have brought along with him, a pen, a notepad, and a large, open pocket watch. The quirky man stared at the watch while one of his hands drummed across the cover of the green book. He looked as though he were building up the courage to open it when he noticed the agents and brightened. "Ah," he said, quickly shuffling the two books out of sight. "You're early! How fun."

Ross went to the table and slumped into his usual seat. Deacon went behind the bar and grabbed the carafe of coffee. He expected to see the cook, but the back of the diner was empty. He hooked two cups on the fingers of his other hand and joined the others. Beaumont smiled and waited as he poured for himself and Ross. "We finished up the check on the burrow."

"Nothing. Cleared out years ago from the looks of things," Ross said. "Another dead end."

Deacon sat down. Five days ago, he and Ross had stumbled upon a gang of Smilers in the back of an out of business bar. Before that, they'd found the remnant of a nest of skeeters. Both incidents linked to an unknown anomaly that was their original target. Almost three weeks on the job, and they'd found nothing other than the thing's aftershocks. "We're out of leads," Deacon said. "And the thing's gone quiet. If you consider quiet to be not killing other anomalies and leaving the messes for us to clean up. Maybe it got wind of us and moved on."

"It's unlikely," Beaumont said diplomatically. "However, I can offer some assistance."

“About time,” Ross grumbled.

Deacon agreed with the other agent, but wouldn't have said it. The HSA had sent a paper pusher to manage them for this job, supposedly because one of the Watchers had predicted a link between the anomaly and Deacon. Beaumont was a nice guy, but occasionally, Deacon got an off feeling. He attributed it to some connection with the Watchers. As a new agent, he'd seen one of those freaks. Eyeless, pale “men” who could see things related to anomalies. Most of them looked like they'd left the apple behind as they stepped out of *The Son of Man*. Beaumont had an eerily similar vibe to him, and Deacon didn't think it wise to rile the man, no matter how placid Beaumont looked on the surface. “What my distinguished colleague means is that we'd welcome the help,” Deacon said.

The green book returned to the table. “Are either of you familiar with the Grandfather Paradox?”

Ross sighed, “Oh good. Sounds like this will be a simple explanation.” Beaumont opened his mouth to continue while Ross slurped his coffee and held up a hand. “Grandfather paradox is when you have someone who is their own grandfather. So, I travel back in time, fuck my own grandmother to get her pregnant with my father, who then has me. But, how can that be since I had to exist in the first place in order for the source of *my* existence to exist?”

“Succinct, if rather vulgar,” Beaumont said with a tight smile. “At the core of that concept is retrocausality, the reversal of cause and effect. Humans experience time going one direction and frame causality around that. Watchers don't. For them, time flows in both directions depending on which way they happen to be looking. Think about the sun. We know the planet rotates and so the sun sets on one side and rises on the other. For those going the usual way in time, that means it sets in the west and rises in the east. If you were experiencing time in the other direction, though, it would rise in the west and set in the east. Otherwise the day cycle would be identical, accounting for variation in matters of celestial locations.”

“What does this have to do with our anomaly?” Deacon asked. “Is it living backwards and that why we can't find it?”

“No, this is about why and how you two are involved in this at all.”

Deacon's nerves rattled. “You said my name came up with one of the Watchers.”

“It did,” Beaumont said. He tapped the green book. “These are the notes of Watcher Obidiah. Well, volume seven, at least. Watcher Obidiah was one of the very first recruited by the HSA. He passed away in 1974, fifteen years after observing the events we've been living for the past few weeks. In this account, he sees the object of your hunt, but he sees you as well. In fact, the two parties have already crossed paths.”

“Goddammit,” Ross said. “So you made us our own grandfather?”

“If you would like to attempt avoiding causality altogether, please be my guest,” Beaumont said as though he were telling a child to attempt to pluck a star from the sky. The blue book returned, sliding on top of the green one. “*Carathai-Engal*, that’s what the dying Smiler called our target, remember?”

“You found what it means in the Watcher’s diary?”

“No, I knew what it meant the moment I heard it,” Beaumont answered. His voice was soft and kind, but tinged with a steely resolve. “It’s an inhuman language, but it translates as ‘ascendant god’. This book is a reference text in the HSA library that contains several essays on the Ascendants. Are either of you familiar?” He waited for them to shake their heads. “Anomalies vary in their strength as you know. Ascendants are the second highest level threat, and the HSA deals with very few of them. Our sister agencies have a heck of a time dealing with their versions. Ours are rather simple if caught early, and Watcher Obidiah gave us a good road map of finding them. The HSA concerns itself with only one Ascendant variation, which takes on gender respective forms. We refer to them as Ascendant Adonis and Ascendant Aphrodite.”

“Ok, good, so we’re not our own grandfather, but you have had us hunting a proto-god,” Ross said with a grim laugh.

“Ascendants are not gods,” Beaumont continued. “They lack the ability to alter reality to any significant degree. Any alterations they do make to space-time or space-time function is temporary. However, they can exercise great control over existing matter, particularly that which aligns with their ascendant path. The path in the case of HSA ascendants being that of sexual desire in a variety of forms. Thus ascendants, at minimum, have the ability to manipulate human bodies to remake them in a manner which can be called the personification of sexual attraction.”

Deacon let his cup clink against the table, “Beaumont, that’s all a great lesson which I’m sure will help further our emotional understanding of the situation one day. Right now, though, all we need to know is where this thing is and how to destroy it.”

Beaumont folded his hands together on top of the table. “Agents, I have made many sacrifices to lessen the brutality of our work. I am not here to destroy the ascendant. I am here for the same reason I have been at six other similar cases predicted by Watcher Obidiah. We are enacting a policy of appeasement. The ascendant, his partner, and his brides will be transported to an isolated location where they will continue to draw in the path’s energy, delaying the rise of other ascendants while harming no one.”

“Fine, then who is it so we know who to transport,” Deacon said.

Behind him, the little bell over the dinner door chimed.

“You won’t have to worry about any of that,” Beaumont said with a smile.

The people who walked into the diner looked like they had jumped off the front of a porn VHS. At the front of the group was a muscled underwear model wearing a t-shirt and a pair of gray sweatpants. Agent Deacon thought the young man looked vaguely familiar, but couldn't place him. Which should have been easy since the guy would have caused any woman within a ten yard radius to tear off their clothes. The man moved with an awkward gait, as though he wasn't familiar with his own body. His steps landed too heavily or too lightly. His arms dragged out of sync with his gait. Yet, with a roll of his muscular shoulders, he would slip back into a natural rhythm before the slide back to awkward started over.

Deacon's attempts to place the man's face evaporated as his focus turned to the two women. They each sported bright red lipstick and heavy eye makeup. One had a shock of blue hair while the other had curls of red rolling over her shoulders. The blue haired woman wore an old t-shirt that looked meant for a toddler. It stretched obscenely across her heavy chest, forcing her nipples and their piercings to press visibly through the fabric. The other wore a man's button up tied underneath her massive rack. Her tits threatened to jostle free of the flimsy shirt with each step. They both wore men's boxers as shorts. Their thick asses filled out the backside of the boxer briefs, but the blue haired woman also filled out the front with a sizable bulge.

As he once again tried to grapple with any salient line of questions, his thoughts stopped altogether. He'd figured the first guy was the ascendant, awkward and uneasy in a newly refined body. As his own body thrummed with energy and attraction, Deacon realized how wrong he'd been. The man who ducked his head down to clear the doorway radiated sensuality. He'd not bothered at all with a shirt. A bare chest, smooth and bronze, rippled with defined muscle as he moved with impossible grace. A pair of pajama bottoms squeezed around his hips. They only reached his knees due to his height. His thighs and ass stretched the fabric to its maximum and still did nothing to hide the monstrous thing between the man's legs.

Eyes like crystallized starlight looked right at Deacon. Deacon wasn't ashamed of his body. In fact, he'd never thought much about it at all. With those eyes bearing down on him, he wanted to scrape his own soul out of the rotting chunk of meat that he'd managed to pilot through life so far. He saw everything about himself and hated each part. Big things, like the gauntness of his frame, were easy targets and blared in his mind like air raid sirens. But a thousand other, smaller things each squeaked its own protest at existing. The mole on his inner arm, the splotch of sun damage on his left shoulder, the wispy hair around his nipples, each oversize pore on his nose, his patchy facial hair — each of them raised their voice in pure outrage, affronted that they would have the gall to exist in the presence of something so perfect as the man strolling casually into the diner.

Beside him, Agent Ross was a gibbering idiot who had dropped to his knees even before the ascendant turned that steely gaze on him. When the ascendant did shift his eyes, Deacon was left reeling. He stepped back and fell over his own chair, thudding to the floor. The bell over the door rang again. The girls giggled as they shucked off their clothes, and the extra young man eagerly drew one of them into a passionate kiss. Deacon's head throbbed. He'd hit it on the floor, but he grabbed hold of the pain using it to push back whatever had hit him when the ascendant entered the room.

“Ah, you must be Patrick,” Beaumont said, interrupting the man’s make-out session with the topless redhead. “I was pleased to hear of your recovery. If it’s not too much trouble, I would like to chat about your experiences prior to your return to the fold, as it were.”

“I do what *he* says,” Patrick answered. His hand snaked into the boxers of the girl writhing against his touch.

Beaumont bowed politely and turned to face the tower of sexuality that continued to glare down at Ross. “As promised, your two new recruits.”

Something audibly cracked. Ross’s arm jerked up, but his hand and the gun in it dangled uselessly. Ross screamed out an inhuman sound of fury. “You fucking traitor!”

The giant’s face contorted with concern. “Did they not know what this was?”

Deacon had been mostly free of the ascendant’s spell as long as he kept his mind focused on the pain and his eyes off the splendor of the near-god. The voice wormed its way past the meager defense, warm and inviting. It spread down through his body causing a strange tingling to radiate out to his fingertips and toes.

“No,” Beaumont answered. “That was not part of the arrangement. Nor will it ever be, unfortunately. Left to their own devices, our agents would work themselves to death. The retirement program isn’t my purview, but for the most part I agree with it. Look into their memories. See the things they’ve faced. Or simpler, judge this one by his actions when facing you. His first instinct was to strike. Their judgment is volatile and uneven. Remember what Patrick went through for the span of a week? They’ve been living through that for years. You can give them mercy, Clayton.”

Clayton looked back over his shoulder. “What do you think?”

“More holes to fuck!” the red head squealed before Patrick pushed her shoulders down for her to slurp his full cock into her mouth.

Patrick took a more balanced approach, “This guy has a point. If they have seen more shit than I did, then it’s a matter of time before they go bananas. What normally happens to these agent guys?”

“Last year,” Beaumont said, “thirty-seven agents left service. Two retired to seclusion, eighteen were lost to anomalies, six outright mortalities, and the remaining eleven are currently imprisoned indefinitely while waiting evaluation. Evaluation, in this case, returns almost a one hundred percent extermination rate. I believe its a way to pad out the numbers over time, but it works less and less as the backlog fills up.”

“Yeesh, rough line of work,” Patrick said between low gasps as the woman bobbed along

his cock. “Dunno. Kind of a trolley problem where the options are fucking or death. I mean, obviously fucking is way better, but that guy seems really eager to make an argument the other direction.”

Clayton’s gaze returned to Ross. “He’s afraid of losing himself. He has been for a long time. He thinks of himself as this husk of protection he’s woven around his soul to keep back madness. *That husk* is what he doesn’t want to lose.”

Tears continued streaming down Ross’s haggard face. His mouth gaped open while his upper lip pulled back in a rictus sneer. His eyes strained to stare daggers at Beaumont, violently avoiding any glance at the marvel of man looming over him. Beaumont gave a tilt of his head to the man, “Couldn’t have put it better myself. Well, then if you’ll excuse me, I’ll leave you to it. Don’t worry gentlemen, the usual severance package will be fully enforced. Once you’ve had time to acclimate to your new roles, I’ll come visit and see if we can’t put this bad blood behind us.”

Deacon slid himself upright against the end of a booth. He wanted to shout or protest or do anything, but it was taking all his concentration to not rip off his clothes and throw himself before the Adonis. The blue haired woman drifted over to him and slid down to sit beside him. Her body called to him as she rested her head on his shoulder. His cock hardened to steel in his pants as his breath and heart both rattled wildly in his chest. Across the room, Clayton knelt down before Ross and took the man’s head between his massive hands. They looked like a living Renaissance painting.

“Want to know what he’s telling your partner?” the woman beside Deacon asked. “Clayton is telling him to picture his ideal self. Once he does, it comes to the surface in a bunch of layers. None of us are one version of perfect, after all. I was his second, and he still got enough about me right. Always wanted a smooth body, big tits, and a fat dick. Just didn’t know how to put it into words. The question is, Mr. HSA Agent Man, what is your idea of the perfect body for sex. I’m Bunny, by the way. The other chick over there getting railed by Patrick is Bambi. She’s got cum for brains. Used to be my girlfriend. She wasn’t that bright in the first place. But she was Clayton’s first, so his cum cannon blew out everything except Bambi’s need to fuck. You can be like her, you know. Dumb, happy, and eager to fuck isn’t a bad way to live.”

As she talked, her hand lightly moved along Deacon’s leg, getting closer and closer to his own erection as it painfully pushed against his clothes and bloomed a sticky spot. Bunny’s own dick had wormed out of the boxer’s Y-flap, sticking out as an aberration in conflict with the rest of her feminine body. Still, despite its length and girth and the beading precum at the tip, Deacon couldn’t shake the feeling of it being feminine. More of an enormously disproportionate clit than a cock, perhaps. Either way, his mouth watered with the need to suck it. He got as far as lifting his shoulders from the wall before Clayton called to her. “Looks like I’m up. Don’t worry, big guy. We’ll have plenty of time to play.”

She hopped up from the floor and left behind most of her clothes. Deacon was treated to the fantastic view of her ass as she pulled down the shorts and stepped out of them before

heading over to Clayton. She knelt down beside Ross's prostrate form. The other agent's expression had softened, but he still looked wary as Bunny took his lips gently against hers. Her hands pulled at Clayton's pajama bottoms. He helped by simply tearing them off of his body. The reveal of a demi-god's dick caused a fresh lurch toward the mindless void. It wasn't only the two unchanged humans affected either. The two women and Patrick all stopped moving, entirely stunned, as they took in the glory of Clayton's throbbing cock.

Clayton caressed the side of Bunny's face, and she stirred from the stupor. Her lips opened with a sigh, and she took the head into her mouth. Her tongue swirled around the massive glans, teasing along the flared crest and into the slit at the tip. Heavy balls pulled up against Clayton's body and cum surged down his length as if on demand. Everyone knew the second it hit Bunny's tongue as her body let out a wild noise of need, and she sheathed as much of him into her throat as she could while her hand worked furiously at her own dick, spilling out a small load of cum into a pool between her knees. Clayton merely tapped the top of her head to remind her of her job. She pulled away with a wet rattle and, with cum coated lips, turned back to Ross.

The agent didn't resist, but welcomed the bizarre kiss. As soon as he had a taste of Clayton's transformative cum, he abandoned the second hand method and went straight to the source. Straining his mouth open, Agent Ross took the cock into his mouth and did his best to coax out more of the delicious spunk. From the man's wide eyed reaction, it took little effort. Bunny's naked body slid up Clayton's side. Her hand squeezed his heavy balls, and cum poured into Ross's waiting mouth. A few seconds later, the man buckled backward gasping for air.

Ross's body pulsed like a bomb had gone off in the man's gut. The air around him distorted as his clothes exploded off of him, disintegrating into dust. The wave broke around Clayton and Bunny, but Deacon was treated to several bits of denim raining down on him. For a split second, a naked and nearly formless body sat in the middle of the overturned diner furniture. A beat later, the body unfurled changes in rapid succession. Ross's dick shriveled to nothingness with a small splurt of cum. His balls drew back inside while hard-nippled breasts sprouted from his chest. Bones shifted and muscles changed as his body grew more feminine. All of this seemed expected and encouraged by the observing ascendant. Everyone gasped when the splotches of gleaming black appeared on Ross's body.

It spread like an engorging amoeba. From the shoulders, the texture spread around the neck and up over the bald head. It crept down over the eyes, and Deacon worried it would seal off the mouth as well, effectively suffocating Ross in his own skin. It stopped below the nose, leaving an even line between pale skin and the glisten of black latex. It went down the body at the same time, covering the heavy breasts, wide hips, and thick ass. The tips of the fingers didn't end in nails, but pointed skin of latex. The feet, however, did separate out individual toes in gleaming rubber. The creature spread its legs to show slippery folds of a brand new pussy that promised a very unique experience for anyone to fuck it.

The process took less than thirty seconds. The creature that Ross had become arched its back into a feline curve as it gasped down its first breath. It didn't creak with movement, but

Deacon found his mind supplying the sound anyway. It moved around to its knees as a sparkling chain and collar formed around the perfect neck. Black lipstick painted the transformed man's lips as they parted and a husky female voice spoke, "This one thanks you, Master. How may I serve?"

"Welcome to the team, Rosa," Clayton said. "Start by giving Bunny a blowjob."

Deacon's stomach clenched as the ascendant turned toward him. The whole world vibrated as Clayton approached. Behind him, Deacon's former partner was gleefully blobbing her head back and forth along Bunny's cock while Bunny herself lazily twirled the end of Rosa's leash. Yet that wasn't enough to tear Deacon's eyes from the swaying cock making its way closer by the second. A thick glob of cum oozed from the tip, and Deacon knew it was the drop that would turn him into the freak he wanted to be.

"Deacon?" Clayton asked with a beguiling look of boyish charm. "Are you ready?"

The agent answered by releasing the last hold of mental concentration. He lunged up and licked away the cum, swallowing it as time slowed to a halt. Deacon realized that something similar had happened to Ross. The explosion of change was an instant to the observer, but Deacon knew as the others slowed that he would experience every microsecond of his change.

Warmth spread out from his core. Tendrils of it wormed into his chest. Everywhere they touched sparked with tiny prickles of pain. Cells cracked and died while others rapidly split and reproduced. A deep ache rattled through his bones as they changed, not only to a more feminine alignment, but in overall structure. The vision he held in his mind was specific enough that Clayton filled in the rest of the anatomical requirements. Fresh feelings of pulling pain radiated through Deacon's arms as the bones grew strong enough to support half the body's weight for long periods. Muscle spread along the back, aligning in patterns entirely inhuman, but practical and neat. Millions of years of evolution done in less than a second.

Deacon's cock shriveled, but it was no great loss in his opinion. His testicles drew up inside of him before withering into nothing. Their leftover matter was repurposed into new reproductive organs while the external skin folded together several times before splitting. The maw of aching emptiness that appeared inside of him hurt more than any of the other changes, but still more sensations kept a wail from escaping his throat. Pressure built across his chest. The muscles between his shoulders thinned to make room for new cell growth that bulged out from the body. Long, thick constructs lined by nearly invisible folds in the tissue jutted from the tips of new breasts, not two but four. Once the growth started, it ballooned from flat chested to four swinging boulders that dragged Deacon to all fours. Still he didn't move fast enough to stop the first drag of his new teats against the ground. The tiny pressure caused a gush of milk to run out, leaving streaks beneath him.

Hips flexing, Deacon's rear raised up with need. His wobbling ass spread apart to advertise both eager holes to the world. The last pieces of Deacon faded as strong hands took hold of each cheek and the blunt head of a perfect cock wedged between new, dripping folds.

Bubbling up from the disintegrating muck of Deacon's consciousness was a new name and a new identity. *Debbie. Hucow for her master.* Clayton sank into her entirely in one shove. His balls squashed against her outer lips as the head of his cock tickled the opening of her womb. He fit exactly and banished the feeling of emptiness. Debbie looked over her shoulder at him and gave the only command she thought Clayton might accept, "Breed me!"

*Informal Memo Re: HSA-20
To Director REDACTED and the Council of Sub-Directors,*

I am pleased to report another successful resolution of a burgeoning ascendant. Ascendant Clayton along with five disciples has been transported to the Olympus facility and successfully integrated with other inhabitants. On site HSA personnel report a new peak of function for the siphoning instrument, but I will leave it to their report to give further information.

Agent Deacon and Agent Ross have been decommissioned from service with spotless records. I commend them for their professionalism right up until the moment of their retirement. I have already approved dispersement of benefit packages. On a personal note, I believe this to be a great success in the efficient use of HSA resources as appeasement opportunities. I will follow up soon with a request for a more aggressive expansion of the initiative.

Unfortunately, this brings us to the end of Watcher Obidiah's notes regarding the Ascendants. While his words have guided us to this point, we now face a future of unknown possibilities. The effort at siphoning energy into the Olympus facility is proving fruitful, yes, but in my personal experience, I am not certain it will be enough. Therefore, I submit that it is well past time for a new Watcher to be elevated. If the concern is chronological stability, I would be happy to discuss lending my assistance on a more direct level.

Finally, I have some questions about the budgeting for this project. I have reviewed the estimates, but they still bill me at my consultant rate rather than my rate as a department head. Sub-Director REDACTED, if you don't mind, please clarify this for me as it affects my withholding, and we all know what a mess taxes can be.

*Sincerely,
Beaumont*