

***Oh, god, I really jacked this scene up this time. Why did I make Veylis so powerful—why!
Now no one can beat her.***

***“GIVE HER TOTAL POWER OVER SEX AND AMBITION AFTER SHE USES AN ADVANCED
EVOLUTION OF AVO’S STILLBORN TO ABSORB THE HEAVEN OF LOVE AND DEVOUR
ALL OF NEW VULTUN WITHIN HER BODY AND CHANGING THE STORY INTO A TIME
LOOP?”***

Stupid. Absolutely stupid.

***How’s Avo supposed to beat her [NARRATIVE SLASH] Canon? How? I cut anyone who
knows she exists in half—there’s no dodging it.***

Wait. What if... what if he doesn’t... What if Avo just... just dies?

What if I just let her win... or maybe...

-[Author]

999-999
THE END

"Ah, Chambers, I am dying."

Awareness suddenly flooded Chambers' mind as he turned and found himself lying amidst rubble. Moments ago, he was in the enclave, playing a mem-sim to pass the time. After his recent dives alongside Avo, stress had begun to accumulate, and he requested time off to re-center himself—time off to examine some vicarities and lustful games he hadn't had the chance to sample in a while.

However, now he found himself surrounded by hell unleashed.

The dome of the enclave was shattered, and drones were spilling in, gunning down thousands with guns that splurged loudly. Jets of hot bullets penetrated the supple bodies of the flats as they died with breathless moans.

"Oh, I'm shot so good," a man groaned. "Call me a saint, for I am holey."

And then he took twelve more steps and died.

Right next to Avo.

"Ah, Chambers, I am dying," the ghoul repeated.

"Oh, shit," Chambers hissed. He stumbled over to the ghoul and found himself struggling to piece together the situation. What was the last thing he remembered since he dove? There was a flash of light, some colors. He was tied to a lamp post, and these buxom ghouls, and now the enclave—it was burning!

The rungs were aflame, devastated, utterly smashed apart as if a plate graced by a falling fist. Avo's tower of blood had been cleaved in half without Chambers ever noticing, and the same thing afflicted the ghoul himself. His legs were three meters away still standing. His body was facing upward at the open gouge exposing a pitch black sky.

Avo made a dying noise, and Chambers ignited his heavenly flames. "Stay with me, consang." He poured his fire into Avo's wounds, trying to use his control over biology to keep the ghoul alive.

The ghoul reached out to him, "It's too late for me, Chambers." He coughed, deliberately spraying blood all over Chambers' chest. Chambers looked down and realized he was a lot more yoked than he remembered. Very, very yoked. In fact, he might be two sizes larger than before, and he reached down into his pants. Damn, did Avo give him another upgrade? His pants legs were almost not long enough—

"Chambers," Avo said, interrupting his momentary distraction. "I'm dying. My god has been damaged. I am beyond healing."

And Chambers' Metamind helpfully informed him of such a detail.

SCANNING - 100%

CONFIRMATION: HIS EGO IS RENDED TO SHIT

SUMMATION: HE'S TOTALLY FUCKED, BRO

"No," Chambers said once. It didn't sound dramatic enough, and he actually felt kind of bad, and he held up his fist to the sky. A sky once encased by the dome of the enclave, a sky now ruptured through with the collective might of Highflame knots, drones, and golems spilling in.

They were being invaded, they'd been found. Bombs began to go off all around Chambers, and he held out his flames, sending bioforms everywhere to ward off the attackers, to beat them off until they went away. But it was to no avail. Even now, he could feel himself surrounded, there were too many, too many foes.

And why the *fuck* were they all shaped like his dad's studded belt? Chambers' mind nearly rattled from trauma, but the new inches added to his dick kept him strong.

Essus suddenly dropped next to him in pieces. Buried in his chest was the rotting remains of his son—stitched back together from a corpse pit or something.

RESPONSE: HOLY SHIT—THAT WAS POINTLESSLY DARK

“Essus,” Chambers wheezed in horror and disbelief.

“Ah, Chambers, I am dying.” Essus looked down at his chest. “Artad. Cruel be my fate.”

Chambers rushed over to heal Essus, but his Metamind revealed even more disheartening facts.

HE IS BEYOND FUCKED, DUDE

“No, c’mon,” Chambers whimpered. This wasn’t fair. He finally had friends. People that genuinely accepted him for him and now they were.

“Ah, Chambers, I’m dying,” Draus and Kae both said at once. Especially shocking coming from Draus since her head was completely missing.

“Ah, Chambers, I’m dying,” Denton suddenly spattered into the wall next to him.

“Ah, Chambers, I’m dying,” only Cas’ abs remained of his mutilated body

“Ah, Chambers, I am dying.” One of Sunrise’s drones dropped mid-flight.

“Noooo!” Chambers screamed up at the heavens. As he did, the belt-buckle shaped golems whacked at the air in mockery of his pain. “Why! Why did you do this! Why did you take everything from me.”

In response, some unseen power somewhere shaped clouds to form a gesture of an extended middle finger.

Just then, loud sneering laughter filled the air and Avo breathed his last. “Chambers... take my F-F-Frame.”

And the the ghoul died, but the Stillborn unlatched from his body like a living fire. Leaning back, the Stillborn shaped itself into a humanoid form with a moan and stretched its... ahem. *Aesthetic* figure. Flicking its auburn hair back, he saw the Stillborn had a face and—

“Cala?” Chambers said?

The animated fire just placed a hand on its hip, “Chambers, I've always desired you.”

"You did?"

"Yes. Avo was never large enough to fit me, but you..." It licked its lips. Those full lips...
"And now let's see you get out of that old Frame and get in something more your size."

Chambers cocked an eyebrow as his horniness rose just in time for a single tear to drop from his face for all his fallen companions. "I won't let you down, Avo." The ghoul didn't say shit because he was dead. He reached out for the Stillborn, and it arched its back, but suddenly, something stuck the world hard enough to explode all the buildings in the enclave.

"Oh, no!" the Stillborn cried, clinging close to Chambers. It pointed out through the dust and smoke at a colossal figure. "It's the High Seraph."

"Stay behind me," Chambers said, trying to make his voice deeper and not piss himself.

Heavy footsteps greeted the ground and an immense presence chuckled as they drew close.
"Surrender, Aedon Chambers."

Wait. He knew that voice. "W-what?"

From out of the darkness, he saw the hair first. Those beautiful locks. Those sick, wicked muscles. The tube running down her jacket, into her ass.

"Some call me the High Seraph. Veylis Avandaer. But I've had many names. Used many identities to deceive the world."

"No," Chambers moaned.

And as Veylis emerged from the haze, Dannis Steelhard revealed his face, gripping his groin tight. "Yes, Chambers, it was me all along."

"Dannis!" Chambers cried.

Dannis threw his head back and laughed. "No, fool." Then, he reached up and tore his face off, revealing—

"Mom?" Chambers cried. "W-what! Y-Why?"

"To hurt you, Chambers," his mother sneered.

"But why?" Chambers continued, still confused.

"Because we knew your girth would be too perfect."

He was now even more lost,

“It was foretold by Jaus Avandaer—my father, your grandfather—that your being would be the length that fills the tapestry.

“The length,” Chambers asked.

“Yes, the perfect length; the golden length. A ratio that’s meant to be slotted into the core of existence and bring paradise to res-erection.”

Chambers blinked. “Why’d you pronounce it that way.”

“The Flayed Ladder was a metaphor,” his mother continued. A dark and vile sneer swallowed her expression. “You... are circumcised.”

Chambers reached down and it all made sense. “My gods.”

“That’s right! You are the Ladder? Your erection is the Ladder. That’s why we created Wombrash. That’s why we had to stop you! To kill the idea of horniness. That’s why I got the power over love and lust and am doing everything I can to keep you flacid.”

“What the fuck—”

Once again, his mother tore off her face, and this time—

It was his dad.

The velocity of these changes was making Chambers nauseous. He struggled not to throw up. “Yes. That’s right, Chambers. I cloned myself to abuse myself all for the sake of ruining your childhood. We wanted to damage your ability to love and feel comfort so you couldn’t get stiff ever. Sadly, your sex drive was too strong.”

IT’S TRUE CONSANG, YOU’RE A REAL HORNDOG

“So—”

“I’ve come for the Stillborn,” Veylis-Dannis-Mom-Dad said. “Give her to me and surrender yourself, and maybe I’ll let you live. As a eunuch.”

“Don’t let them take me,” the Stillborn breathed, terrified.

“Don’t worry,” Chambers said, realizing what he needed to do. “Just—hold on to my hips, and prepare to thrust.”

He had an idea.

“You might be my mom and dad and idol and whatever, but you forgot one thing, Veylis.”

The fucking narrative abomination across from him quirked an eyebrow. “What’s that.”

“I’m a degenerate. And your mouth—that’s a big hole. Thankfully, I got just the thing.”

Veylis leaned back in shock and horror. “No...”

The Stillborn pressed itself against Chambers back. His Lustaway triggered, but he broke it. No was not the time for limits. “I love you, Aedon,” the Stillborn whispered.

He nodded. “I know.” Shit, that sounded kinda cool. Maybe someone can use that in a vic or something.

“Chambers,” Veylis said, reaching out to grip him through his lust. But Chambers proved to be too much—too sexually potent. “Damn... your lack of foreskin... not letting me grab on with my Canon of Bris.”

“Should’ve thought ahead before cutting below, *Seraph*,” Chambers chuckled. Spreading his hips wide, he drew in a breath, and thrust out. The Stillborn exploded into a plume of fire behind him. The Seraph threw up their arms in horror—mouth, eyes, nose, ears.

All were holes.

All were capable of receive absolute—

The world around Chambers vanished. Suddenly, the glitches in his cog-feed cleared and a inexorable force pulled his mind back to full awareness. He was looking up at the sky again, but the enclave’s dome was intact, and no one was invading. No one came to sack or burn or anything.

A nice meadow of soft grass cradled him and he found himself looking up into Avo’s judgmental glare. The ghoul’s piercing white scleras accentuated pure annoyance.

“Oh, shit,” Chambers coughed. “Avo. You’re alive.”

“Yes,” the ghoul said flatly. No other words followed.

“W-what happened?”

“One of your mem-cons finally collapsed. Nearly nulled your entire mind. Trapped you

sequences made from the sim and other memories.”

“Oh. So. How much of that did you see.”

“Yes.”

“...Fuck.” Chambers puffed out an embarrassed breath. “Well. You know. That’s just like a-a dream. Unconsciousness.”

“Yes,” Avo replied, sounding unsympathetic. “Do know.”

“Right. Listen. If you do die, can–can I have the Stillborn?”

Avo actually paused to consider the brazen request. “No. Already promised Dice.”

“She’s getting it?”

“What? No. It’s going to the cat.”