

The space inside the sarcophagus was a scintillating mess of black and shimmering rainbow, the beetles rushing over each other at the sudden shock of having light cast on them. Sykes heaved the enormous stone lid further aside and held it up, his half skeletal face peering around the rim “Fakkin Scarabs is it? Fancy name for Dung Beetles more like, some people will pay money for anything.” The opossum snorted and strained against the weight of his load “And why the bloody 'ell do they keep em in this? Plastic works too ya know!”

“Ugh...do you even know the first thing about REAL ritual magic? Hmm? The Scarab is a very potent spirit of the rising sun and creation.” Absinthe used a long brass scoop to fish out a mass of the struggling insects and pout them into an earthenware jar. “And I happen to think its very a appropriate zoo-morphism. Now keep your end up its dropping!”

Sykes snorted and watched her get another scoop of the insects “Yer, yer Ill keep it up, Undead strength and all that! Heh! As for any cosmology based on the sun being a ball of shit, well...let me just say, I’m stayin' with out of it.”

The bunny goat snorted again, sealing the jar she held while shaking off an escaped scarab angrily “Its a kind of parable, you dolt! I am not debating this with you, maybe you should study more hmm? Wouldn't hurt to know some more about the job you know, idiot rodent.”

Sykes dropped the stone lid of on the crawling mass, a loud crash echoing through the stone basement they were standing in. The symbol of the god Khepri adorning the wall above the tomb “I'm a fuckin' Didelphimorph, you stupid cow! Maybe you should read a book yourself! What's next on the list anyway, freezing me balls off down 'ere!” he picked up his battery lantern and looked around with his one remaining eye, the shadows reflecting off the empty socket on the other side of his face.

Absinthe turned around, the huge purple ears on her head twirling with the weight of the large gauge piercings in each as she moved. She clomped off to shove the jar of beetles into a creaky old shopping cart before inspecting the clipboard tied to it. “Hmmp. Your favourite. Baby tentacle monsters, times three.”

“Three? Fuck me, does this geezer know how big those things get when they grow up? Some people have more money than sense.” he scratched at his crotch and headed off down into the ostentatiously Egyptian styled exit to the room which opened onto a much more ordinary red brick corridor. “That's in the secure wing.”

Absinthe followed tutting and swaying her hips as she pushed the cart “I know! That's why I have the hand of glory, dumb ass.” The pair moved into a large storeroom containing tall wire racks of various strange jars and boxes reaching to the ceiling. Row after row of occult supplies, mystical ingredients strange desiccated creatures and even stranger devices.

A disused sign leaning sideways against the far wall read 'Ashrams Quality Oddities.' The warehouse had provided mail order to the demonology and witchcraft community for over one hundred years, though the pair had only been employed for the past six months after a spectacularly bad stint as cultists. Ashram had helped them obtain some closure from rather nasty transmutation and asked for service for a year and day, plus dental.

The secure wing was behind an enormous chain bound door with rusted locks the keys for which had been destroyed on installation. Luckily the Hand of Glory, a dried and pickled arm from a

hanged man, could open any lock. Security was oldskool around here. Absinthe held up the hand, its fingers opening from a fist into an open palm, the locks clicking and shuddering and one after the other each one opened. The pair entered, still bickering.

“Wot you got against tentacle monsters anyway Abby? Why only last month you were getting pretty intimate with one.” Sykes and winked with his one eye at her “Maybe spell-casting is not for you?”

Absinthe blushed under her white and fur, almost stopping to slap the possum “What?! I just mispronounced one of the seven syllables of the name of the outer god...anyone could do it! And YOU! Hmfh! You didn't do anything to help me!” she bristled at the memory of it.

“Ooh well, I just though maybe a few orgasms might improve your mood so I let him have his way with ya a few times.” Sykes smirked lewdly as he started trawling a small net through the monster tank “I do seem to remember you sounded like you were enjoying it.”

“Why I...I.. You are the most disgusting creature I have ever come across!” she huffed and blushed even more, the memory of the event and of Sykes watching with keen interest making her feel embarrassed and slightly aroused. “That thing could have killed me! And you were no damn use were you?”

Sykes fished out one of the tiny tentacle beasts, its stubby coils reaching up and wrapping around his arm, exploring it as he fished for the next “Those gods are just horny perverts not killers...and you DID have a smile on your face for whole week, don’t think I didn’t notice, luv.” he laughed again and shook his head. “Dirty goat.”

“Boat! These ears ain’t for show you know..” she took her turn to gather another one of the tint squealing monsters and dumped it and the first one into a murky jar of water. “Well this is the last item on the list then I am clocking out so I don't have to listen to your filthy mouth any more.”

“Heh! Sounds like you need a few rounds with him again to loosen up, Abby.” The possum peeled the final creature of the side of the tank and dropped it in the jar.

“You will call me Absinthe and you will keep your nose OUT of my sex life.” she fumed and sealed the jar shut, putting it in the cart and heading for the door “Lock up, its the least you can do.”

“You don't know what your missing, darlin'.” he sassed back, watching her ample rear as she shuffled off. He had always wondered what it would be like to take her, and having seen her in action with the outer god realised it would be an experience worth trying.

The door to the secure wing took about fifteen minutes to close and was a laborious and tiring job, Sykes was grumbling as he closed each rusted lock. At the same time he found it hard to forget the noises that Absinthe had made when she really got into the tentacle gods attentions. Giving her a little attitude adjuster again might prove fun.

Once the door was secure he pulled out the rolling staircase beside the shelves in the main warehouse, skittering up them with his ragged tail dancing behind him. He picked out a curved red phial, along with a length of flexible black pipe. The possum stowed them under his arm, before making his way up to the winding iron staircase to their living quarters. This consisted of the store front, a rather drab area with only a few glass cases of oddities the tourists liked to buy. Behind the counter were a series of rooms partitioned from what used to be a warehouse built on top of the underground dungeon.

As an opossum Sykes loved this design since the roof was very high and filled with metal support beams. It was easy to clamber about and hang from as was his habit. He did this now, scampering up the side of the building and making his way into the rafters in the darkness above the lighting. From here he could see each of the partitioned rooms like a little maze below him. Absinthe was in her room and clomping about in her own grumpy manner, as usual.

The possum clambered over till he was above her and watched, sensing he needed to wait for the right moment. She was slipping out of her work trousers to reveal black laced panties, preparing for a shower, this was something he could enjoy while waiting. He did like the curve of her ass, and that short tail of hers, the girl was ample but the shape was extremely attractive. He licked his bone maw and watched as she pulled off her t-shirt, those large breasts contained in a similarly black lace bra. "Yer those are a nice pair, darlin...." he murmured to himself, running his claw down and rubbing at the front of his pants as he watched her get naked, the shower already running and steaming up, helping him remain hidden.

She stepped into the shower, her large hooves making a clattering sound on the white tiles there, hot water splattering down over her body and making her fur stick to her, emphasising her curves even more. She turned and ran her hands along her spiked ears which reached all the way down to her ass, letting them both get well soaked in the water. Sykes moved closer and slipped off the rail, wrapping his thick prehensile tail on a strut, he lowered himself down into the rising steam.

With a deft paw he unstopped the phial and sprinkled it down into the shower, the heavy droplets transforming to steam themselves and mixing into the mist. From here he could smell the scent of her, though she was too concerned with her ears to notice either him or the contents of the phial. It was a powerful aphrodisiac which was now abundant in the steam and air around her, one thing Sykes had forgotten was that he too as in this cloud as well.

The opossum shimmied back up, a fire in his belly which was only increased by getting a better view of that hot piece of ass down below. It seemed the potion was quick acting on both of them as Absinthe had given up on her ears and was running her hooves over her erect nipples and biting her rabbit like teeth into her lip. Her hips swayed and she ground herself against thin air. Her fingers moved down over her belly and she spread her legs, working on herself slowly and tentatively. Such a sight had a profound effect on Sykes, the possum pulling off his shirt and his slipping his trousers down, realising just how much he wanted her, and right now.

His own claws moved down his scarred torso, over the ripped flesh on his white pelt and down below, wrapping a paw around his length, already full and thick. He stroked himself, leaning over the girder again using his tail to stay connected. "Mm fuck yes darlin' you go for it." he whispered. Her soft moaning bleat came up from below as she worked her hoof around her clit, the nub of flesh soaked wet and hard to the touch. She shivered, arching back and gasping, she looked up suddenly opening her eyes and seeing the horny possum only a few feet above her, working his cock. She paused in shock then screamed, realising what she was seeing.

With a snarl she ran out of the shower cubicle, gasping in full on anger "You vile and voyeuristic freak! What the fuck are you doing up there?!" she stomped into her room, and huffed, heading for her towel. Suddenly she felt her legs tangle and she fell face first, breaking the impact with her arms. She looked back to see both her legs held open by a rigid spreader bar, making legs inflexibly open. "What the shit?"

"Instant shackles darlin'." Sykes dropped down to the floor and scampered naked over behind her "A little invention designed from our employers catalogue." he took his time to examine her wide open legs and that luscious ass of hers. "You look ready to take anything down on all fours like that,

and so wet, ain't ya."

Absinthe tried to stand and growled "You get out of here...fucking dead rodent freak" she growled out. The opossum pounced over her, snarling his skeletal maw and grasping his claws into the rings at the end of each of her ears. He yanked back hard and making her head jerk up and her gasp in pain and slight pleasure at his dominant move. "Listen darling, you want it, I can smell you want it and I can feel your heat from here..." Indeed, as crude as it was put, the possum could feel how hot she was and how ready to be mated. The undead beast pushed his hips down and dragged his length along between her ass cheeks, hot dogging her as he yanked her back again.

"You are gonna feel every inch of this possum up inside yer honey. You know you want it." he grinned and bucked in, his balls rubbing right against her sex. She moaned and closed her eyes, gritting her teeth but with a bright red blush "Fuck You. Mnnh Fuck...mnnnh You." she growled again but a more aroused one than angry. She pushed back against him, feeling soaked between the legs. Sykes positioned his hips and yanked at her ears again, using them like reins to control her, he pulled her hard and made his shaft drag right along her pussy, the thickness sliding against her clit.

Once again she groaned out louder, ending in a sharp little bleat as he leaned down and grinned at her, licking her neck "Say you want it..."

Absinthe gritted her teeth and frowned "You are a bad bad..mmnhh.. bad possum." He continued to grind against her back and forth, pulling her head right back, his bony maw at her exposed neck, nipping and biting and tugging. "Say it Abby. Say you want me in you." Again she closed her eyes and moaned out, shivering and gasping hard. She shook her head again and sucked in a breath. The opossum raised his tail and increased his pace, back and forth with his throbbing his cock against her slit and dragging the head over her clit again and again. Both their juices dripped from them, the teasing so intense it was almost painful, then softly she gasped "I want it. Yes I want it."

With a growled low snarl, the arched back and yanked again on her ears, her spread legs dragged across the smooth floor as he impaled her, the zombie possum chittering out in pleasure as he felt her heat and tightness spreading and taking him in. She opened her mouth and moaned out at the same time, grinding and pushing back till he was all the way inside her "Mm fuck yes. Balls deep in a sweet boat." he teased, grinning with pride, his hips starting to rut with powerful movements.

"Rrrf fuck you, you piece of shit." She butted his bony snout with her horns, both ferociously needing this and ferociously pissed off at the dirty beast that was boning her at this very moment. "Damn that feels good but you are gonna get a hoof to the balls after this!" she hissed out, trying to butt at him again. Sykes grunted and laughed "So long as I get to empty them into you first I don't mind."

His claws released her ears moved up and grasped onto her shoulders, letting him take her with even more speed and depth, those sharp digits pressing in hard then harder, drawing blood as he raked them right down her back. The possum was starting to pant at the treatment that tight boat pussy was giving him, snarling hot right in her ear. He felt rock hard inside her, the ridged length dragging in all the right places by her entrance making her whimper and bleat with pleasure. She quite liked the rough treatment not complaining when he lowered his maw and pressed his sleek body to hers, rutting with sharp thrusts and simultaneously biting into her neck, holding on fast.

She felt blood trickling down her neck as well, shallow wounds from the zombie as he licked and smeared his saliva over her, tasting her blood and teasing his hungry drive for flesh with her sweetness. "Mnnh you ever fucked a zombie before...damn you taste good girl.." he growled and squirmed against her, that saliva from his boned maw infecting her system with his necrophage. She

felt a strange tingling on the wound and a similar tingling deep inside her where his length pushed and filled her. "Fuck...you bastard! Are you infecting me?" she snarled and squirmed under him, trying to buck him off but still under the effect of the potion, she couldn't quite make herself stop him.

"Don't knock it till you tried it luv, Grrf.." he closed his eyes and his whole body shivered as he felt himself getting close to release, his tail flagging up almost vertically. "You are gonna make a nice Zombie when I am finished with you.." he panted harder, feeling her own sex squeezing and milking at him as she was similarly near orgasm. "Mnnhh! No! Ahhh..Don't...do that to me.." she tried to get out, but already her body was over the edge into an unstoppable climax. She started panting and moaning out arching her head back and letting out a series of harsh cries.

Sykes opened his maw and bit down into her, breaking the skin and sending a shower of blood into his mouth as he prepared to infect her from both ends, his claws holding on fast and keeping her under him as her tightness twisted and tugged at his shaft, he screamed in pleasure as he came hard inside her, the necrophage entering her bloodstream from both ends. Absinthe felt the powerful orgasm rock her body at the same instant as the dizzying power of the undead curse surged through her. She grunted and shuddered as Sykes pumped his hips into her rapidly, feeling him shoot a few powerful gushes of his seed into her, the possum snarling and whining loudly at the sensation.

She collapsed down, feeling the power of that magical strength pass through her, the first blush of raw hunger along with it. She snorted and flipped around, sending the possum sprawling as she turned on him, picking him up with one hand and slamming him flat on the floor. "Now I see what you mean about the strength of the Undead." He tried to struggle but she seemed more than able to keep him immobilised "Now lets finish this my way." Absinthe leaned down and forced a kiss into his maw, keeping him held fast.