

EVERYWHERE AT THE THRESHOLD

Chapter 1: A Shadow out of Space

Three thousand years ago the mad sage Kalim Nar-Hadod returned from his enlightened journey into the Diplathos. Sights unseen, knowledge unbounded, Kalim Nar-Hadod experienced things beyond comprehension at first, things that frightened the timid sergal. Though as he returned again and again, the unthinkable became rational. The world he knew gradually became more and more banal, a mutable clay that lay atop the shaper's wheel, waiting to be worked. He realized the wordless language of creation that lay between this and the other realm. Some may call it magic, but to Kalim, that would be a gross debasing of the truth. Compelled to learn, to understand, the scholar began to put his discoveries to the pen. At first a disjointed collection of maddening thoughts, rambling ideas and nonsense metaphors, though overtime he gradually coalesced these into a reasoned passage, codifying the chronicles of his journeys, his visitations to the realm of Diplathos.

Branded as mad by those who did not understand, and a great sage by those who listened, Kalim Nar-Hadod put to papyrus the total of his journey through the other-space. This grimoire he named the Kitaleaa. Written in an esoteric code to hide the secrets of Diplathos, the Kitaleaa was written in two methods, one was to describe the chronicle of Kalim's journey, a sort of guidebook. The other is hidden throughout its pages, which describes the intricate mechanism of eldritch science and mythos to open the gateway to Diplathos. Unfortunately during the Crusades, Kalim Nar-Hadod was executed as a heretic and took the secrets of Diplathos with him. The codex Kitaleaa remained hidden in a sandstone sanctuary with the Blasted Lands – a dry seabed turned into a desert. There, the text remained perfectly preserved for a thousand years.

During the Age of Enlightenment the codex was rediscovered by explorers looking to rob the tombs of ancient kings that lay buried across the region. While breaking through a well hidden barricade, the sealed shrine was unearthed and within lay the ancient grimoire, waiting for worthy minds to unfold.

The book passed from hand to hand, being traded across the old world to the new and back again until it found its way into the claws of theologian and scholar Schrader Munyios who took particular interest in it. The keen wyvern felt as though the book were waiting for him, as though it found its way to him by its own intervention. A coincidence? A purposeful machination? Believing the latter to be true, Munyios endeavoured to do his best to understand the coded text.

He had heard stories about this book fanciful legends. Tales that speak of a “mad sergal” who claims to have travelled to worlds beyond our own. Frightful anecdotes of leviathan horrors of indescribable nature. A world that cannot be interpreted in mere words. Lore such as these is what caught his attention in the first place and caused Schrader to search for the grimoire. Alas, despite his best efforts and venerable lifespan, the text remained as impenetrable as the fabled walls of Pax. Munyios began to fall into despair, fearing that the storied legends of this forgotten travelogue would remain that – myth, legend. At the summit of anxiety, where fear became paramount, Schrader's distracted thoughts were scintillating with distraction. Confusion and frustration clouded his perception, he shut himself in and closed the windows.

Night and day, he attempted cipher after cipher only to be accosted by failure. Then, one frightful night, while tossing in his bed, Schrader Munyios had a vision. A vision without words, symbols without meaning, colours without definition. Waking to a fevered compulsion, the wyvern

made a mad dash to the Kitaleaa. Individually, a cavalcade of nonsense, but in the reptilian brain of the wyvern, when put together they made an enigmatic and poetic sense. An array of comprehension assembled as a scaffold against the maddening grimoire. Flying the pages open he stared into them and found that they had begun to make sense! How could this be? By what sorcery does this come about? Was it delirium that his addled brain completed the puzzle during sleep? Or did the book *want* to be understood?

Yes, that's what it would be, he thought to himself.

Without rest, eat or drink Munyios worked hard to translate the Kitaleaa from its eldritch dialect into palatable words. This converted text he succinctly named the Codex of Wisdom. Upon completion Schrader shared his wisdom with friends who found the discovery to be eerily seductive and eventually, a compelling force, not to be denied. At the center of it all, was Munyios. He would later be known infamously at the center of a para-religious scientific sect known as the Didectheroi.

The Didectheroi saw themselves as the gatekeepers of wisdom, studying the works of Kalim Nar-Hadod as described in the translated Codex of Wisdom. The twin books, counterparts to one another were always kept side by side, hermetically sealed in a vacuum chamber to preserve them. For decades the Didectheroi tirelessly worked to unlock the secrets of the eldritch other-space, to find a way to open the door, to behold Diplathos by their own eyes. A generation would pass to no avail. Try as they might, something always eluded them, the proverbial key to the door and without it, that gate would remain steadfast, closed forevermore. Fruitless as it was, the Didectheroi gradually dissolved and faded away into obscurity. Once having thought himself the chosen one, Schrader fell into anger, wondering how the book could betray him so. Was he mad for thinking paper capable of callously withholding information, or was he simply too paravail of wisdom, too lacking to piece it all together?

Disgusted in himself, surrounded by empty chambers, and alone amid the dust of the Didectheroi, Schrader Munyios fell into a despair from which he would never recover; the passage of esoteric wisdom would once again slip into the annals of legend. On foreclosure, the assets of the Didectheroi were boxed, sealed and packed away. All the work sealed in crates, nailed shut, labelled "miscellaneous" and stored.

Chapter 2: Present Day, Present Time

It has been two thousand years since the Age of Enlightenment and the quiet demise of the Didectheroi. As the ages passed, the order and the twin tomes were all but forgotten by society at large. Only among the most crazed scholars of the occult remained cognizant of their legacy. Once such individual is Schrader, a wyvern long descended from the occult leader Schrader Munyios. The current day Schrader is a well-to-do, self made billionaire, owner of a private military, eccentric collector of all things occult and mythos extraordinaire. It stands to reason that with such interests, while looking into his past, this Schrader uncovered the story of his distant Munyios ancestor. Immediately intrigued and excited to be blood-related to such a legacy, Schrader at once began his search for the Codex of Wisdom and its counterpart the Kitaleaa. With money and resources being of little concern to the scaly wyvern, it was merely a matter of time before he got his claws on the stored box. Part of a collection of rubbish goods held by the Talini Museum of Antiquities pending an appraisal and review that never came for decades. The moment someone shows interest, the museum became aware of the item and were initially recalcitrant to the idea of a purchase offer. The establishment's reluctant rebuke of Schrader's request was only a small obstacle as the Talini Museum promptly acquiesced to releasing the boxes on the offering of a generous donation to the archive.

With the items in his possession, Schrader promptly continued the work of his distant ancestor. As the time would pass, he would section a portion of his private military off to become

the support staff of the Didectheroi revival. *Collared Raven*, Schrader's private military, would be the primary source of income for the Didectheroi branch. A number of additional shell companies were established to hold unrelated businesses in various industries to help supplement what would become Schrader's magnum opus. This would take time, it would take astronomical sums, but he would see this through. As Schrader's top researchers, collected occult scholars and his own knowledge and experience were put to the test, he slowly pieced together the Threshold Device. This secret mechanism is the technological realization of Kalim Nar-Hadod's sorcerous workings and the helix of science and wizardry, neither one nor the other. Whispers emerged from the Threshold Device, the chamber where it is kept experienced unexplained phenomena and swiftly came to be the heart of all superstitious chatter in the facility of its keeping. To Schrader, this was no setback, rather it only affirmed his progress and excited the reptile further. If such oddities were occurring, that means the Threshold is just waiting to be opened, but still, it eluded him, just as it did his great ancestor. The Didectheroi were closer now than they had ever been before, Schrader could almost feel the other world, bleeding out through the Threshold, but that key to open the gate was still missing.

Pentazer sighed as he sat uncomfortably on the hard, barely padded chair of the train. Even with his thick, jet-black fur, the sergal found them displeasing, as though they were designed to somehow be worse than sitting on concrete. The nineteen year old sergal has been struggling at University through his degree in fine arts. The pressures of both work and study have weighed heavily on him -stuck between long nights at the university or long nights in photo shoots at work. The young sergal has quite the physique and whilst exploring artistic avenues for work to supplement his student loans, Pentazer found himself a gig as a premiere model for sporty, racy male leotards. It's not unusual that he occasionally finds himself on the cover of a magazine, or on a billboard somewhere and every time he does, anxiety and embarrassment sweep over him. Even now he is dressed in the tight, form fitting grip of a sporty blue and white leotard that modestly encloses his hidden package in a comfortably shaped pouch. Despite the functional apparel for a thickly furred sergal, Pentazer wears a pair of cargo shorts over the waist of the leotard, to at least feel a more protected. With a heavy sigh, the sergal reclines back on his deplorable seat and draws his phone from his pocket.

"Damn, I wish they would at least give us more tail space, one of these days its gonna cramp," he mutters to himself.

It has been a rough week and by the time the sergal gets back to his off campus apartment it is late at night. The train stops at the station outside the high rise and Pentazer rises from his chair, with a quick stretch, the supple seams of his leotard show over the waistline of his shorts, garnering the femboy a few interested glances from other passengers. Nothing untoward comes of it, thankfully, and the sergal makes his way off the train, stowing his phone in his pocket along the way. Yawning he remarks to himself,

"I hate this. Classes during the day and modelling at night." His bright, green eyes turn up toward the high rise and the twentieth floor where his unit resides. "At least my bed is waiting for me and at least this semester is ending. Maybe I'll finally have time to sleep in."

After adjusting his backpack he stuffs his hands into his pockets, sulks forward and walks across the grubby parkade toward home. He had always hated this lot, fearful that one day he's going to step on a needle or some other sickening thing that would punch right through his paw pads.

Back in his unit, Pentazer closes the door behind him with his tail and sheds his backpack onto the kitchen counter as he passes it. Making his way toward the living room his belt comes off and his shorts fall to his ankles leaving him clad in only his sexy but modestly smoothed out leotard. This he wears all the way to his bedroom where he sits down at the edge of his bed. Bringing his hands up to his face he rubs the fur all about.

"Ungh! Maybe I can find another job instead of modelling. I'm sick of getting ogled by that lecherous cretin every photo shoot anyway."

The sergal, used to talking to himself in his loneliness, gripes about his photographer, a

feline who always gets uncomfortably close and is always looking for excuses to get his hands on the sergal when in a leotard.

“Fuck...” With practiced ease, Pentazer slips out of leotard and grabs the clothing up with his hand-like foot, passing it to his opposing hand. He then hurls it into the laundry bin, knocking aside a few other leotards that hang in the closet, filling the air with the wooden clatter of the hangers jostling about.

Pentazer turns his eyes down to the glowing, green light between his legs, where his gaze meets the peaking tip of his bioluminescent phallus, which gradually starts to emerge from his sheath as he looks upon it. An annoyed whine escapes his lips as his cock forces its way higher and higher until his full 23 centimeter erection is on full display, at least for himself. Grumbling, Pentazer grasps his shaft with one hand, giving into his urges, and lays back on the bed. Being quite the flexible creature he rolls onto his side and flicks his tail up out of the way before reaching down to gently rub his fingers across the diamond shaped perimeter of his anus. After sliding one of his claws, to the tip of his finger, into himself he stops and pulls it back out. Quickly rising to his feet, he crosses his bedroom to the chest of drawers, atop which he has a myriad of pleasurable toys, featureless sleeves and his newest addition, a furgonomically shaped prostate probe. He’s only used this once before, but with as needy as he’s feeling right now, he decides to try it again. After lubing up the toy, the young sergal flops back down on his bed and hoists his long, slender legs up into the air and spreads his lithe toes out, those glowing green toe claws acting like neon LEDs in the darkness of his room and matching the colour and glow of his cock flesh. Lowering his tail to expose the bright green underfluff of his lengthy tail, he lines the probe up with the tight pucker of his tailhole and tries to insert it. A hiss escapes his lips and his toes clench into fists as he pushes the strategically shaped object in, stretching his tailhole around it, until he crosses the widest girth where it slips in quickly, the rest of the way, almost slapping up against his perineum. This elicits a gasp of surprise from the sergal as he wiggles on the bed, feeling the device pushing against his taint and applying a constant pressure to his hidden prostate.

A lurid groan leaves his maw as he wraps one hand around his erection and the other grasps his chest fur. Steadily, Pentazer begins to stroke his glowing erection as he lowers his legs back down to the floor, over the edge of the bed. That long tail of his sweeps side to side across the floor as a steady pleasure builds up in his loins. Soon his swollen prostate pushes back against the probe which causes a new wave of ecstasy throughout his erogenous zones. Beads of clear pre from at the tip of his penis which he works down over his luminous shaft. Each squeeze of his sensitive cock, every piston motion up and down his shaft, the rough texture of the pads on his hands all enhance the sexual bliss that culminates in a climax.

“Aa-aahh, shit!” He breathlessly squeaks out to himself as an orgasm rushes over him. spurts of hot, sergal spunk shoot froth from that glowing dick and splatter across his belly and chest, painting the back of his hand with his hot semen. Each wave of release spurts a new jet of his white seed and after a brief moment of extreme pleasure and three or four ejaculations, the sergal goes limp and releases his penis. There he lay, slowly drooling semen from the fine urethral process of his member, letting the afterglow wash over his body. His fur, still matted in seed remains that way as he curls up on his side atop the bed, the anal probe still wedged up his furry ass. The cum-stains on his thick, luxuriously black fur will be a problem for tomorrow.

Chapter 3: A Step forward into Terror

Over the next few weeks, Pentazer went about finishing his semester, and with the next term not available until winter, he has the whole of summer and autumn to focus on his modelling career, not that he is really into this prospect. The effeminate sergal spent much more time in modelling shoots for causal use leotards and one piece bathing suits but when his photographer started coming onto him and “accidentally” cupping the sergal’s junk, he was felt like it may be time to find a new career. Dropping his modelling role and finally able to wear a regular shirt and pants, Pentazer hit

the advertisements, looking for something to titillate his needs. Late one mid-summer's night, while perusing the more niche job markets, he happens across one that seems out of place. Instead of modelling or art related it was a job for a lab assistant with "no prior experience necessary," a very odd lack of credentials. Equally, a curious venture to be sure, especially considering the description indicates the need for an adventurous and enduring individual and agreement for a extensive NDA. While initially skeptical, Pentazer investigated the recruiter: *Welttor*. An enigmatic company with very little online presence, but with some vigorous searching, driven by the young sergal's boredom, a link to Collared Raven was uncovered.

"How very curious." Pentazer thought to himself upon discovery. "A mysterious company linked to a PMC?" His curiosity simply could not be satiated with that. Having little else to do these days besides getting felled by his friend Krieg and job hunting, he has the time to spare to look into it, and so why not?

Click! Application sent.

A few days pass in idle anticipation without variation in Pentazer's schedule, until at last, almost a week later, he finally receives a response in his email. A message from *Welttor* asking him to come in for an interview! The fur on his neck fluffs out with excitement. Reading the email felt sudden, frightening and exciting. Noting the time, the effeminate sergal has no choice but to wait eagerly for the appointed day. His waking thoughts are filled with dread and anticipation in equal measure as the time passes. A week passing without word from the sergal has the GSD Krieg wondering where he's been and if he's found a new modelling career. Unfortunately, distracted Pentazer never gets around to responding.

When the appointed day had arrived, the excited fluffboy sets about grooming himself extensively, making sure to use his best shampoo and conditioner across his entire body, brush down all his fur, then massage a subtle cologne into his coat. He then sets about polishing his claws on all four paws, ensuring that his the glow of his toe claws is unobstructed and bright. Gathering up his ID and wallet, slipping on his shorts and a tee, the black furred, femboy sergal set out to the train, eager to explore this curiosity. The uncomfortable seats weren't as bothersome today but he kept his tail coiled around his legs this time, hoping to keep his voluminous fur as clean as possible.

After three train changes and a bus, he finally arrives close to the *Welttor* building. Walking with haste, it only takes crossing a few city blocks before he reaches the compound and his curiosity is heightened, as well is his concern. Pausing at the end of the block he places his hands on his hips and looks up at the building. The tower is enormous, it must be thirty stories tall at least, and a stunning example of architectural brutalism at its finest, if finest could even be attributed to such a thing. It is akin to a great set concrete monoliths set down by the High Heavens, intersecting one another with enough offset to appear like multiple towers merging together. The most striking feature is that it seemingly has no windows at first, only a series of thin, vertical slits throughout the exterior that occasionally bend at 45 degree angles before continuing back to straight, perpendicular orientation. This visual immediately reminded Pentazer of the lines on a circuit board. As he cautiously approaches the building, he soon recognizes that set within the recess of these thin slits were the only windows in the building.

"Well shit, a mysterious company with little information subtly owned by a PMC, in a concrete building with no windows or even a company logo on it." He grimaces. "It's almost too predictably sinister." Taking stock of the parking lot, there does appear to be a lot of cars here, as well as the entrance to an underground parkade, so it clearly is an operating office, or so he hopes. This helps to dissuade a mote of the young sergal's concerns. Steeling himself, he runs a paw through the thick fur on his head and neck, straightening out his mane, before marching forward.

The entrance is a recessed corridor within the building, set back by a half dozen meters and lit by pot lights in the overhanging ceiling. Set against the walls to the left and right were what looks almost like movie posters, but they instead showed depictions of strange machines arrayed with pipes and conduits that he couldn't identify. As the sergal approaches the doors, they silently

slide open, allowing him inside. The foyer is an intimidating, gargantuan hollow with a sailing atrium dozens of meters in height, with concrete columns set against the walls featuring recesses between each one from which bright daylight shines down. No doubt the daylight emulation is sourced from hidden, full spectrum daylight LEDs. As he crosses the foyer floor, he immediately notices that there is no one else here but him. With every step Pentazer takes, his claws loudly announce him, clicking and clacking on the sleek cement floor, polished to a mirror shine. His long tail trailing behind him, like a snake through the air, sways with an elation that hides the the weight of his own anxiety, an anxiety that mounts with every passing step. The sound of his claws echoing off the walls, made his footsteps seem so much louder than they actually are, or that is how he feels anyway. Timidly, Pentazer approaches the reception desk.

“Ah, Hi-” His voice breaks the instant he speaks and he quickly coughs and clears his throat, allowing his natural bass tone to return. “Hi, uh, I’m Pentazer, er, Pentazer Temputus, I’m here for my interview?” Nervously, he swallows and looks up and around, noticing only then, the myriad of security cameras that are all trained on him. Second thoughts are beginning to build up in his gut, but before he can go back on his decision, the lady at the desk interrupts his dread.

“Ah, yes!” The receptionist, a female heron who must have been around the same age as him speaks in an chipper voice. “Right here. Yes, okay, looks like you need to agree to a drug and blood test first.”

Pentazer snaps his wedge shaped head back down to the bird and flutters his eyes. “A drug...oh, um yeah, sure.” He sheepishly replies.

“Delightful!” The upbeat young avian responds as she taps a series of papers on the desk into a uniform shape. “Please, go have a seat on one of the couches in the foyer. I’ll send for someone to collect you.”

Looking over his shoulder for a moment he turns back to the heron and nods, “okay, sure.”

Turning around, Pentazer returns to one of the cushions and takes a seat. His knees are pressed together and his hands grip them tightly, almost threatening to puncture his own hide with his claws, but he shifts to simply grabbing onto the fur and clenching that instead. Pentazer doesn’t realize that his legs and tail are trembling ever so slightly. The wait is agonizing. The silence of the lobby is as crushing as the void. The femboy can almost hear his own breathing and the sound of his feet, clenched into into fists, grinding their toe-knuckles against the hard floor. After some time, he can’t tell how long, a lioness in a lab coat approaches.

“Mister Temputus?” The feline queries as Pentazer merps in surprise, so lost in his thoughts that he had never even noticed her approach.

“Ah! Y-yes?” He stammers out then clears his throat again.

“Please, come this way.” The tall leonine indicates with a hand sweeping pass her. Not waiting for the boy, she turns around and begins to walk away. Swallowing his fears, Pentazer spreads his toes out, hops to his feet, and quickly scampers after her. Quietly, he follows the lioness through a security checkpoint and toward an elevator hall. The hall featuring four, marble tiled columns, each of which house four elevators elevators. It’s only a brief wait through the calling of the lift to riding it up to what seems like the third floor. When the doors open the interior is a little less horrifying. It resembles a cross between a typical office and a hospital all melded into one. Escorting the black furred sergal to a lab room, he is given a cup for his urine sample and after turning that over, has a quick blood sample taken from his tail. After this, Pentazer is told to wait in a new waiting room, this one resembling that of a typical clinic, though he is the only one there. Shaking with a bit of excitement but mostly paranoia, Pentazer pulls out his phone to text Krieg, only now remembering the canine asked where he’s been, only to find that his phone has no reception at all.

“Great.” He grumps to himself and stows the phone back into his pocket.

After a half an hour or waiting the lioness returns.

“Mister Temputus? Thank you for waiting, Mister Schrader will see you now.” Schrader? Pentazer thinks to himself, he has heard that name before, though he cannot place it immediately. Nodding, the young male rises from the chair and follows the lioness back to the elevator hall. This

time to a different column of elevators. This set invokes the use of a security card that the lioness produces from her pocket to summon the lift and to select the floor. Strangely, she stays outside the elevator and gently pushes the young sergal inside, with a small yelp. Pentazer turns about in surprise and looks back at her with a puzzled look on his face, pulling his long tail in behind him.

"Mister Schrader will be waiting for you in his office. Good luck." Another gulp of anxiety and with a clenched jaw he watches the doors close on the lioness, then the lift draws him upward. A heavy sigh escapes his lips and he leans back against the wall.

"Goddamn I've never felt so nervous in my life, it's like they built this place to scare the shit outta you."

The ride up is an agonizing wait but soon enough a soft chime announces he's arrived and the doors smoothly slide open with a hushed swish. Taking a step beyond, the doors begin to close and he quickly has to pull his tail out before it gets stuck – it wouldn't be the first time. The office is far and away beyond anything he expected. Deep red carpeted floor, black marble with gold veined walls and pillars, rich, red leather couches, black glass tables lit from within and at the back center, the head of it all. Seated behind a mammoth, black-crystal desk with multiple computer screens and strewn documents scattered atop it, is the wyvern himself – Schrader. The wyvern's eyes are already fixed on the sergal, even before he notices. When Pentazer does take notice he yelps again in surprise then tries to calm himself down. After crossing the office he stops near the table.

"Pentazer Temputus? Take a seat." The wyvern gestures with a wing-arm toward one of the plush, black leather, manager chairs opposite the table. Pentazer nods then looks at the chair and sits down, sliding his tail through the slot in the back. The chair is the comfiest he's ever sat upon in his life, cushioning him completely. He tries to stay professional and not comment. Schrader's eyes stay transfixed on Pentazer the entire time. An awkward silence passes and the young male sheepishly averts his eyes to the table, where he notices a few fashion magazines, all of which feature him on the cover, in various leotards or one-piece swimsuits. He blinks and finally breaks the silence.

"So, um-." Pentazer begins and at once Schrader cuts him off.

"Sorry, forgive my staring, Pentazer's ears perk and his head rears it's just that I've never seen a black sergal before, your particular breed are quite a rare anomaly in the species." Pentazer flutters his eyes as Schrader continues, "a fine specimen of the species, you are."

After a nervous nod, Pentazer replies with a meek "Thank you... I'm the only one in my family we know of that's black furred."

"It suits you well, especially complimenting those leotards you wear." The wyvern concludes, sounding like a spider speaking to a fly in Pentazer's perception. "So!" The wyvern claps the fingers of his wing-arms together. "I'm glad that you came and agreed to the blood sample, just a small precautionary test, I assure you, now then, it's a pleasure to meet you, let's get onto what you've come here for."

A long and boring interview transpires of mostly routine experience and eligibility questions that takes a little over an hour to complete. When finished, Schrader nods to himself a few times.

"Yes, my boy I think you are perfect, exactly what I am looking for." The wyvern states as Pentazer's ears perk and his head rears back, the thick mane of fur around his neck floofs out.

"What, I am? I mean, what?" The sergal stammers. Schrader chuckles and raises a paw to calm the young male from his freak out. Little does Pentazer know, the blood sample is all that Schrader needed. When Pentazer applied Schrader quickly learned about the femboy through his modelling career and immediately ran an investigation on him. A black furred sergal, a very rare sub-breed that has only a one in two hundred thousand chance to be born among sergal kind. Always jet black in primary coat, but with uniquely variant, neon secondary colours that always match – under tail, fetlocks, eyes, toe claws and as the story goes, the penis and vagina. In this sergal's case that secondary colour is green. Pentazer being a black furred sergal is only the tip of the revelation. The blood sample is what confirmed Schrader's hopes. When tested against the Threshold Device data, the synchronicity rate is a perfect 100% - Pentazer is a blood relative of Kalim Nar-Hadod, a black furred sergal whose secondary colours were also a vibrant green. Schrader's prior staring was out of fascination, wondering if Kalim Nar-Hadod looked just like

Pentazer all those thousands of years ago.

"Yes, you are. I'm prepared to offer you an annual salary of 65k with full benefits, pension and life insurance." Pentazer has to try to find where his jaw figuratively falls off and hits the floor at the proposal before him. Until now, Pentazer has been making below minimum wage, exclusively off his modelling, enough to manage living expenses, but not enough to support his dorm's rent, let alone tuition, that had all come from his student loans. Never would have the sergal expected to have such an incredible job offer even after graduation.

"W-well I... um." He stammers over his words, trying to sort out the chaos in his brain.

Schrader smirks and nods. "It's alright, don't worry, you're young, it probably comes as quite a surprise."

"Yes," Pentazer acknowledges, "I'm, yes, I mean, yeah, absolutely." Schrader raises his head.

"Oh? Delightful! Welcome aboard... is what I'd like to say right now, but there is one last thing I must test."

The sergal tilts his head. "What's that?"

The wyvern predatory grin spreads before he responds with, "a semen sample."

Pentazer gulps and sinks further into his chair. "A, what?"

"You heard me." Schrader confirms and also leans back. "And we'll take that test right now."

Pentazer shrinks back, feeling very timid. "N-now?" Schrader nods then pats the front of his desk with his fingers.

"Yes, now, come, take a seat." Pentazer is conflicted, he got out of modelling because his photographer was trying to get under his leotard, but he was also very creepy. Unlike his photographer, Pentazer's best friend Krieg, who is also a student at the same university, routinely sucks him off almost any time they hang out together. Thus, it's not that unusual to have lips wrapped around his glowing member, and Schrader is quite hot. Hot in a very terrifying way, but that seems to almost make the wyvern more attractive. Pentazer fidgets with his hands while Schrader waits. Finally, mustering up the courage, Pentazer stands, telling himself it's going to just be like Krieg, plus 65 grand a year. The young sergal circles around the table and approaches as the wyvern slides back on his specially designed chair, designed for his feral body. Pentazer then sits on the edge of the desk and shuffles back. He lays his tail over his lap, instinctively to keep it out of the way. The scaly slides forward and places his paws on Pentazer's knees, then gingerly takes the femboy's tail and holds it up in both wing-arms.

"You're quite beautiful, you know that?"

Pentazer gulps. "Thanks, I... try to maintain my looks, I was a model after all..." Laying the sergal's tail across the table, Schrader expertly undoes Pentazer's pants before carefully pulling them off, which causes the black furred male to blush under his coat. Next, off come Pentazer's panties, something he's accustomed to wearing when not in leotards. Both the effeminate sergal's pants and panties are carefully folded, Schrader taking his time to do so, before placing them on the table, to the side. The wyvern spreads Pentazer's legs and takes a moment to examine his genitalia. A softly furred sheath and thickly furred balls are on full display.

Happily purring to himself, Schrader moves his snout in and sensually nuzzles Pentazer's sheath. It feels incredibly good to the young male, the smooth scales apply a nice pressure to his sex. The size of the wyvern and the power dynamic is weirdly erotic in its own way, which he's embarrassed to admit to himself. Schrader closes his eyes and continues to rub his nose, snout and face between Pentazer's legs, grinding the sergal's scent all over his own scaly hide. Schrader takes a deep breath of the sergal's scent directly from his balls and sighs with salacious satisfaction. It doesn't take long for the femboy's arousal to respond. Holding his elbows in each hand, arms across his chest, Pentazer holds his breath as his neon green erection slides forth from its protective housing. Schrader pulls his head back and admires the glowing cock. The light of the bioluminescent member reflects in the wyvern's eyes, which gain an expression like he's just found some long, lost treasure.

“Ah-hah, so the stories are true!” Schrader proclaims as Pentazer merps.

“Stories? What?”

After a brief chuckle, Schrader wraps his thumb around Pentazer’s erection, pinning it between the thumb and palm of the wing-arm. Pentazer responds with a pleased grasp, as Schrader beings to gently stroke up and down the femboy’s sensitive, luminescent organ. The effeminate male gasps and squeezes his arms tighter.

“Yes, yes, you black furred sergals and your bioluminescence, it extends to your sex organs, a glowing sergal penis, how delightful, it’s very attractive.” Pentazer flushes under his fur, Krieg was also pretty excited when he first discovered that Pentazer’s dick glows and spent almost the entire afternoon keeping Pentazer tied down and forced to endure repeated fellatio.

“I can’t wait to give you a taste.” The corporate overlord affirms before pushing the rest of Pentazer’s sheath down with that thumb to give the pseudoknot a squeeze. Then he moves his snout closer and drags his long, pink tongue across the ventral size of the sergal’s smooth cock. Pentazer merps submissively then closes his eyes tightly as Schrader coils his tongue around and around and around until the entire length of Pentazer’s erection is entrapped. Next comes his snout, pursing his lips along the exposed tip he slides his lips down over his own tongue and the captured femboy cock until the tip of his snout bumps into the sergal’s pelvis. Pentazer gasps again and uncrosses his arms, leaning back onto his paws to brace himself from the incredible pleasure. Gentle sucking sounds emerge from the sergal’s crotch as Schrader begins to bob his head up and down, that long tongue working over the penis diligently. Pentazer is surprised by the pressure Schrader’s tongue is able to exert along his shaft.

Clear pre begins to leak from the sergal’s member and onto the hypersensitive tongue of the wyvern. A sweet flavour that excites the wyvern, complementing the gamy taste of the sergal’s cock. Not that Pentazer would know it, but Schrader’s natural anti-microbial and debriding nature of his saliva is giving Pentazer’s cock a clean and polish that exceeds anything he’d have done in the shower.

Shuck, gluck slurp.

The faint sounds of fellatio fill the silence of the room as Pentazer tries not to pass out from occasionally holding his breath in suspense for too long. The feeling is incredible and soon he begins to tense up. As he does, Schrader brings his paws up to hold Pentazer’s thighs, forcing the femboy to keep his legs spread out. Sensing his climax is approaching, he doubles his efforts, rapidly stroking the sergal’s erection while sucking harder, grinding that slick tongue surface over Pentazer’s urethra and glans, heightening his pleasure even further. Expertly, the wyvern’s tail slides a glass closer to Pentazer’s ass without him noticing. The heavy breathing from the femboy is becoming laboured and he tries to hold himself back from release, feeling embarrassed how skilfully and quickly Schrader has brought him to release. Unfortunately for the young Pentazer, he’s no match for Schrader’s performance and he squeaks out in release, spasming on the table as convulsions overwhelm him. spurts of femboy cum shoot forth, splattering the inside of Schrader’s maw. The throes of Pentazer’s orgasm don’t dissuade Schrader, as the wyvern continues to suck on the effeminate male’s phallus, continuing to squeeze and stroke the coil of his sleek tongue up and down that cock. All the while, Pentazer twists side to side, his hips held down in place by the wing-arms on his thighs, as he ejaculates load after load of sergal semen. After swallowing down half Pentazer’s release, Schrader quickly moves one paw over to the glass and grasps it up, before popping his maw off the black-furred femboy’s penis with a loud squelch. Uncoiling his tongue along the way, he deftly captures the next ejaculation in mid flight with the glass before bringing the vial up to place the tip of Pentazer’s erection inside. Wrapping that thumb around the shaft he quickly jerks the sergal off the rest of the way, emptying the remaining release into the cup.

“Aahhh there we go. You are quite a treat, you know that, Pentazer? I may have to have some private sessions with you later. For now, this is exactly what I needed.” Schrader licks his lips, not confirming whether it was blowing Pentazer or the semen sample that he was referring to. Pentazer pants heavily and has to struggle to right himself and not to fall backward onto the table. He never really registered anything the powerful wyvern said, too lost in the spasmodic convulsions

of an intense orgasm followed by the mind-numbing afterglow. The sergal looks down at his glowing green cock, along with Schrader, one appreciating it, the other bewildered by how good it feels.

“Good boy. Well, you’re hired. By the way.” Schrader casually shifts topics from fellating the femboy to business as though this were no unusual occurrence. “It’s a good thing you’re a model for those absolutely stunning leotards, as the uniform for the project you’ll be working on is also a leotard! Convenient!” It isn’t, really, but it’s not like Schrader is going to admit the idea of keeping Pentazer in a leotard is more for his own pleasure.

“We’ll send for you in a month, until then, please send your bank information to us, reception will give you everything you need and we’ll forward an advance on your pay. The first of the month, we’ll bring you back and get you started.” Schrader speaks with confidence, however the reason for the one month delay is not for logistics, no, Schrader’s company has far too much alacrity for such a wait. It’s entirely to commission and prepare a set of special leotards for his new femboy assistant, the key to the gate that he’s been waiting for, Pentazer is the way to Diplathos.

“Now, I must be going, I need to take your semen sample in for calibra- I mean testing while it is still fresh. You may get dressed and leave when you’re ready.” Pentazer, still in a daze doesn’t have the cognitive capacity to ask what his spunk is being tested for. The wyvern turns around and leaves Pentazer alone in the office, exiting through a double door in the back.

It takes Pentazer a few minutes to collect himself and let his erection withdraw back into his sheath.

“I... just got a blow job from a corporate superpower... Krieg is never going to believe this.” Pentazer’s tail starts to wag across the table but he stops it as soon as his bright green under-fluff runs over the magazines. He looks over his shoulder toward them and picks one up. A portrait of him, in a high cut, fancy leotard, sprawled out over a satin sheet shroud, surrounded by rose petals. His fur specifically groomed to look as voluminous as possible. That was a formal wear leotard he modelled for, which he remembers being quite uncomfortable, designed to look better than it feels and it was hard to breathe in. Pentazer sighs and drops the magazine down then slides off the table then slips his bright red panties on and then his pants. After running his hands through his fur coat a few times he quickly circles around the table and jogs back to the elevator and rides it back down to the lobby. There he contacts reception, which is expecting him and provides him with a job brochure and numerous papers. Pentazer is forced to sign dozens of documents, including an NDA that is very intimidating.

Luckily the heron is able to succinctly advise him that it means “it would be in your best interest to never speak of what happens related to your work as it is all top secret on the order of national security under the department of defence.” The threat is frightening, but Pentazer gets the message. With all this things set, he returns home.

* * *

Pentazer quickly tells Krieg about his job and how Schrader gave him oral, but not what it his job entails, confirming that he’ll probably be assassinated if he does. Krieg insists on coming over to talk about it on the weekend which results in Krieg coming with his otter friend Schwartz and a ‘surprise’ for Pentazer. The sergal is strapped into Krieg’s surprise; an elaborate, and very kinky looking harness. He’s then stuffed with a fancy, vibrating anal plug specifically designed for sergal biology. Pentazer is then tied to the bed where he is interchangeably sucked off, jerked off and ridden by the two over the course of the whole day. Even when it’s over, they keep Pentazer in the harness but cuddle with him on the couch, giving the femboy gentle hand jobs into the night, only allowed to remove the anal plug when Schwartz and Krieg leave. Krieg later confirms that was to show Pentazer that some wyvern’s got nothing on him.

The remainder of the month falls back into somewhat of a routine, with Pentazer hanging out with his friends and no longer a focus on job hunting. The advance pay he received is quite generous and he even finds out that despite his 65k a year pay, he’s technically part time and can

continue university. It's almost too good to be true. The beginning of the next month, he's called by Schrader's Welttor, the car is outside to pick him up. Surprised, Pentazer quickly gets dressed and runs out to the parkade where a black SUV with mirror tinted windows is waiting. A sharply dressed great dane is waiting outside the vehicle and opens the rear door for the young sergal, as a number of onlookers exchanged whispers, wondering if the sergal is being arrested. Pentazer gets inside the luxurious interior and settles into the bucket seat.

Chapter 4: Through the Looking-Glass...

When Pentazer arrives at Welttor HQ, he's setup with ID cards and more documentation to read through, sign and be swept up in, then swiftly brought high up to the thirtieth floor. There he meets up with a chiselled hyena.

"Hey, my name's Jarl, Welcome to Welttor. I'm going to be your equipment coordinator here, making sure you're ready to go and such. We have a specialist who will be your main contact in your job. I'm sure I'll learn more about you soon enough."

Pentazer nods, still feeling dizzy from all runaround. "Come on, this is your private locker room." Jarl leads Pentazer down the hard floored hallway to a steel door.

"Your keycard will unlock it. Go ahead, give it a try."

Pentazer nods again. "Right.. okay." Stepping up to the door he fishes around in his pockets and pulls out the computerized card and waves it over the door reader. With a beep, the magnetic lock disengages and Jarl opens the door.

"Great! Okay, get in there." The hyena pushes Pentazer in firmly, but gently to not knock him over. "And strip." Turning around quickly Pentazer looks at Jarl with a shocked expression. Chuckling, Jarl follows up,

"Didn't Schrader tell you?" The hyena gestures at Pentazer with an open palm. "Your uniform leotard for this work? It's in the locker, so time to get changed. Don't worry, this is your private locker room. All your equipment is stored here, just get geared up by going through them one locker at a time, they're conveniently numbered too!" Jarl nods to himself. "I'll wait outside for you to finish up. You can store your things in here too, it'll be safe, don't worry."

Pentazer sighs and Jarl steps out, closing the door behind him before Pentazer can say anything. The femboy takes his time to explore the locker room, it's about half the size of his dorm and has a table, chairs, shower stall and a few lockers which are numbered and one larger one which has no number. Opening up the larger locker it looks like a storage place for all his things. Begrudgingly, Pentazer strips down to his fur and puts his things in the locker, keeping only his keycard, then closes the locker. Going to locker one, he opens it up and finds a number of spray cans and strange squeeze bottles with odd, probe like tips. Reading the instructions on the inside of the locker, he understands he has to spray his whole body down with the disinfectant spray. The most curious part is the squeeze bottle. After he reads the instructions for it three times he takes the bottle then sits down on the bench in the middle of the room. Carefully, he inserts the tip of the probe into his sheath and then squeezes the bottle. The probe tip opens up and stretches his sheath open, forming a seal between the interior ring and the nozzle, then gushes a cool liquid into his housing. With a shocked yelp he releases the bottle and the tip closes, while sucking the liquid back into the bottle. After a few panted breaths, Pentazer repeats the process four times until his genitals are properly cleaned. His penis feels a little numb right now, but this isn't the weirdest part of his experience yet.

Tossing the can and bottle into the bio-hazard waste bin, the femboy closes locker number one then opens the locker clearly labelled as "two." Inside is the uniform he had been expected. An elastic looking, satin textured, somewhat glittery, silver coloured leotard. He takes the one piece uniform off the hanger and turns it around, noting the thong back, that is designed to accommodate a sergal's tailbase, wrap around and flow up into the back of the leotard. He feels the material and it seems to have multiple layers to it. He also notices that this leotard feels quite heavy, most are

almost weightless, but this one feels heavier than all of his normal clothes combined. A curious expression moves over his face as he check the outfit; it is designed to pouch male genitalia and seems to have a barely visible, circuit like surface to the interior, but otherwise he can't see anything unusual about it. With a shrug, the young sergal steps into the leotard, threads his tail and pulls it up over his hips, then over his torso and puts his arms through the short sleeves. A few lights appear on the exterior surface of the apparel and he feels the leotard suddenly constrict around his torso, becoming tight to almost the point of discomfort, but not crossing that line. He feels it cup his balls and wrap around his sheath on the interior but on the exterior it smooths his bulge out to be indistinct. Turing to the full length mirror the looks at himself in the shiny, sci-fi singlet. The lights look like something he'd see on a computer, booting up. In fact, that's not far up as he reads, in reverse, that it is indeed starting up. After a few moments it reads out his heart rate, blood pressure, overall health status and even displays his name, ID and the word "Didectheroi" on the left breast of the outfit.

"Holy shit, this is the most space-age crap I've ever seen. I feel like I'm in some space opera video game."

The locker numbered "three" contains a harness that has a belt and crossed straps over his chest that would attach back to the belt on the rear. Belts run down the hips to meet straps that are clearly designed to belt around the thighs. All the material looks like kevlar with a plush interior side. There's what looks like attachment points for magazines, a gun holster and other indistinguishable anchors.

"What the hell is all this?" Pentazer removes the harness and carefully puts it on, closing all the straps across it and making sure its snug on his frame. "Am I going into stealth espionage action?"

Seeing as how that was the last locker, Pentazer slides his ID card into the designated holster on his chest strap then goes back to the door to the locker room. He carefully opens it up and peaks just his furry head out into the hallway.

"Jarl?" Pentazer calls out. The hyena is waiting there and steps over.

"Hey kid, all ready to go?" Pentazer responds with a shrug and opens the door all the way.

"I.. think so?" Jarl looks the sergal over then pulls him out into the hall to walk around him once.

"Yup, you look good, that looks great on you."

The femboy shyly wraps his arms around his middle. "Oh, thanks, this is kinda weird. This leotard feels heavy and what's with the tactical harness?"

Jarl chuckles in response. "The leotard has a lot of sensors, trackers and recording devices in it, plus it is also a type of armour, I guess it's tougher than kevlar, almost like polymer steel combat armour, though flexible, so doesn't stop the impact force, but would keep penetration from happening. Pentazer's jaw hangs open and Jarl holds up his paws quickly waving them side to side.

"You're not going into battle or anything, it's just a precaution." The sergal balks.

"Precaution, precaution for WHAT?" Jarl stammers and shakes his head.

"You know what? I'm just here to make sure you're supplied and properly outfit. Doc will be who you're working with and answering to, so let's just get you his way.

Pentazer huffs then nods.

"Okay, let's go." Dodging a metaphorical bullet, Jarl takes the effeminate male through the halls, passed a checkpoint and into a section of the building that resembles advanced labs. Large computer mainframes can be seen behind windows, other areas show numerous people at computers, other sections show ROVs being tested, or other machines being examined or worked on. There's another set of doors that show "Artifact Research" which is barred and behind armoured doors. Pentazer slows down to regard these doors but then hurries after Jarl.

After a walk, they come to a large lab that is filled with confusing and expensive looking equipment. There are a few large computer systems against walls which have people working on them, but overall, the lab is open space. There is a place that resembles the bridge of some advanced warship which occupies this floor and goes down to a lower floor. There are even a number of

angled windows that angle downward, but they all have steel shutters over them, blocking whatever's on the other side. Jarl leads Pentazer up to a rather tall, athletic looking dolphin with unusually red skin.

The cetacean is dressed as a stereotypical lab-scientist complete with the white lab coat, though no pocket protector full of pens. Jarl stops nearby and grabs Pentazer by the hips and picks him up then places him down between them.

"Hey Doc, here's the kid." The dolphin turns to the two then eyes Jarl.

"The kid? Ah, yes, you are Pentazer Temputus. I am looking forward to seeing your future unfold." Jarl stands straight behind Pentazer not wanting to interrupt the dolphin who tilts his head to one side and glances over the anxious looking, young sergal. "On a cursory glance, I believe you will do well."

Pentazer nods in confirmation.

"I am Siader, chief researcher and lead of the Threshold Project, which you will be the centrepiece to.

"I, um. I'm just an art student." Siader smiles and looks down at the attractive male.

"Which is perfect, you have an open mind and are unfettered by preconceptions. A tabula rasa is precisely what we need and with your creative experiences, you are ideal."

Looking passed Pentazer to Jarl, the tall aquatic addresses the hyena who is distracted with Pentazer's ass.

"Jarl, that's all for now, you can wait for Pentazer in the prep area." Jarl jumps to attention then nods quickly, turns on a footpaw and quickly leaves. Siader tilts his head side to side and evaluates the sergal then places a hand on his shoulder while the other hand reaches between those black furred legs to cup, gently squeeze and rub Pentazer's bulge. Pentazer merps as Siader gives him a few steady strokes then nods to himself.

"Yes, ideal. Alright, come with me." Still very confused, Pentazer shakes his head as the dolphin steps away before following after. "This is what you are here for, the culmination of a thousand years of research, that which you are sworn to secrecy. What none, not even myself would have thought possible has proven truth."

Pentazer stops next to Siader then looks up at the immensely tall dolphin, then to the command center and shutters before them.

"Uh... what is it? A bunch of computers?" Siader chuckles and places a hand on the femboy's head, giving his scalp a gentle ruffle and a few pets.

"No, this." Leaning forward, the cetacean grabs a leave and pulls it down. With a heavy clunk, the fluted shutters begin to slide upward, overlapping one another as they withdraw into the ceiling. What lay beyond Pentazer can't even really understand. It is a large chamber in a spartan, blue/white tiled room that must be about ten or fifteen meters in width and height. Occupying the entire rear wall is some kind of machine. Pipes and conduits twisting and turning around one another, reinforced panels of steel with large bolts, cables and tubes, vents shedding a falling white fog. All these things have a jumbled mass with a general direction, all orienting toward a single point, a door only slightly larger than a typical office door.

This door has no handle, rather it is a featureless plate comprised of all things; sandstone. It seems to have some kind of texture to it, possibly some type of cuneiform or simple patterning, but from his elevation near the ceiling, the femboy can't tell. Pentazer stands there with one hand on his hip and the other hanging to his side. He's unsure if he should be impressed or terrified, perhaps bewildered, he can confirm bewilderment.

"Soo..." Pentazer fills the silence as Siader slowly looks down to the slender male as Pentazer continues, "um... what is it?"

"This, my effeminate, young sergal, is the Threshold." Pentazer looks to the side, still not sure what that means as Siader elaborates. "It is a gateway that links this world to the next, a place liberated from the confines of the laws that govern energy, where those laws become suggestions. It is a place of limitless wisdom into the unknowable and the unthinkable." The sergal swishes his tail and gulps.

“Wait a second, did you build a hell portal? Like from that game?”

The dolphin briefly laughs but quickly silences his outburst.

“No, nothing so simple as that. If one could say hell is beneath, than what lay beyond the Threshold is *beside*. It is the realm of Diplathos, as described by the ancient sage Kalim Nar-Hadod three thousand years ago. I will leave the philosophy of the subject to Schrader if you wish to ask further questions, I am here for the revelation of science, to affirm my greatest creation’s functionality, to realize this-” Siader gestures to the Threshold device “-can bridge dimensions and redefine all that we know.”

This is all very heavy for the girly femboy; other dimensions and ancient lore all sound like the weird tales of a horror writer. Siader turns around to face the lab.

“Alright everyone, we’re going to begin the omega trials of the Threshold device. Get to your stations and prepare for ignition sequence.” The staff in the lab jump from their seats and quickly scramble to other locations around different devices, monitors or in seats at the command center around

Pentazer and Siader. “What do I do?” Turning back to the lithe male the athletic scientist gestures away.

“Proceed through the access corridor adjacent to the lab, you will find a lift that will take you down to the prep area where Jarl will be waiting for you. Once you are prepared, I will relay instructions to you from here.”

Pentazer wants to swing his tail around and grab onto it with his paws, to wring the length with his anxiety, yet he maintains his composure and instead just trembles gently. Siader smiles softly “it’ll be okay, my boy.”

After a not so reassuring nod from the sergal, Pentazer heads the way indicated to a pair of metallic doors that look like something out of a space ship. Above the doors is a glowing sign clearly indicating THRESHOLD ACCESS.

Pentazer proceeds through and takes the lift down to a staging area where Jarl is waiting. “Alright, let’s get you geared up.” The sergal tilts his head as the hyena picks up a 9mm pistol. “This is a RV&K T70P loaded with nine millimetre full metal jacket, ball rounds. It’s a polymer frame so it should be light weight but that will make it more difficult to handle for someone scrawny, like you. The recoil may be a bit of a challenge for you to control.” Pentazer gulps and holds his hands out before him.

“Wait, a gun? Why the hell do I need a gun?!”

Jarl loads a magazine into the pistol, pulls the slide back to chamber a round and then checks to make sure the safety is on then walks over to the sergal and puts the gun into his thigh holster. The hyena then grabs two more, elongated mags and loads them into the femboy’s belt.

“Each of these mags hold eighteen rounds, you may want to keep count in your head, if you have to use them.” The hyena continues.

“Wait, why do I need I gun?” Pentazer interrupts to question further as Jarl grabs a radio then turns back to him.

“Look, we don’t know what to expect and you need to be prepared.” The sergal balks at the statement.

“Prepared, you mean you want me to... the hell portal... WHAT?”

Jarl laughs, “yes, you, we have the key right here.” Jarl holds up a sealed vacuum tube that has a semi-clear white fluid in it.

“What the hell is that?” Pentazer queries.

Jarl shrugs, “your spunk. The gate will only open for you and this is a makeshift key.”

The femboy’s jaw drops as Jarl attaches the radio to his bandoleer. After equipping Pentazer with a few other survival items he checks him over, gives his crotch a gentle pat then escorts the effeminate male into the Threshold’s chamber.

“Okay kid, make sure that if you need to use that gun, disable the safety first, it’s on the side there.” Jarl points gestures to the side of an imaginary gun that he pretends to hold in his hands. Pentazer stammers in protest, but it’s mostly unintelligible mumbling, Jarl looks up to the windows

near the ceiling that is the command center and observatory before giving the thumbs up. Jarl hands the “key” to Pentazer.

“Alright, Pentazer,” Siader’s voice speaks out over the intercom, “please stand back from the Threshold. Jarl you may leave. Everyone prepare for ignition.”

The sergal is still feeling like the room is spinning around him in a daze as the process begins. A number of loud whirring dynamo noises can be heard coming to rotation behind the wall of machinery. Dials begin to flick, vector graphs pulse and other computer interfaces start to display streams of techno-babble that is all nonsense to the young sergal. Pentazer’s trance is interrupted when he feels like something is pulling him, almost like gravity is starting to change in the direction of the gate. This snaps the femboy to attention as he leans back to keep from falling forward. He can feel a strange sensation on his sheath and balls, even through the leotard, like an unseen wind is caressing his genitalia. Most disturbingly of all, he feels like the gate is familiar to him, he can barely hear a whisper in his ears, noises that barely resemble words. Yet, he can tell that they are words, further, he recognizes them. It’s a calling.

“What the hell, who’s saying that?” Pentazer cries out in surprise.

“No one has said anything, Pentazer. What are you hearing?” Siader’s filtered voice speaks. Shaking his head, the sergal looks back to the windows.

“I... I hear voices, I think... in the wind. It’s calling to me?!” Siader notes that there is no wind in the chamber, yet Pentazer’s fur is blowing about him as though there is. The dolphin turns back to the lab crew, muting the mic so he can address them directly.

“This is it, it’s working. Make sure all recording devices are fully operational.” Turning back to the intercom he disables the mute to reassure Pentazer.

“It’ll be okay, my boy, just relax and stay where you are.” Pentazer looks back to the sandstone slab. The cuneiform carvings on its surface are easier to perceive at this proximity, though as Pentazer observes them, he gains the distinct sensation that the stone slab is almost aware of his observation, if aware could even be applied to a non sentient, inanimate object. As though reacting to Pentazer’s recognition, the carvings begin to gain a faint golden shimmer to them, like a yellow light reflecting off the surface of disturbed water.

“The fucking symbols are glowing!” Siader doesn’t respond, but he checks with his own eyes, then looks at the cameras, IR, UV, Radio-Spectrometer, all reveal nothing, the sandstone is a slab of sandstone. Taking the intercom in his hand, the cetacean moves closer to the window.

“Alright, Pentazer, the ignition sequence is complete and the door is ready to be opened. Place the key in the slot next to the gate and stand back from the Threshold.”

Pentazer holds up the glass ampule holding his semen, the container has a mechanized valve at one end obviously designed for the receptacle adjacent to the door. Cautiously, he approaches the stone slab. As he draws closer, the pull feels stronger, the wind that blows his fur toward the stone increases and it almost feels like a hand is cupping his balls and sheath, gently rubbing and stroking them. It is a little challenging for the femboy to remain focused but when he is within tail’s length of the door and next to the device, he places the tube into the slot. As the mechanical end comes in contact with the machine, they click together and the tube screws into the slot. A hissing sound is barely heard over the immaterial wind, sucking the sergal’s semen into the machine. A few moments later the glyphs on the door glow solid gold, like molten steel. Even Siader can perceive this phenomena and watches with baited anticipation. Pentazer draws one hand up to his chest and grabs onto the leotard over his heart, clutching the fur underneath.

“Oh fuck...” His whimpers can’t be heard over the rising pitch of a sonic howl. As the sound gets louder, the glowing symbols grow brighter until the entire slab is one plane of near blinding, golden light. Then the light peels away, like paper under the flame, burning away from the center until the slab is gone. What remains in its place is an enigmatic corridor into a ghostly hall of alien architecture hewn from unspeakable material.

“Holy fucking, shit!” An explosive surge of pressure washes out from the portal and the air goes immediately still. Pentazer takes a step back and the fur on his tail stands on end. Siader grabs the mic quickly and calls out, to reassure their vital subject.

“It’s alright Pentazer, this is what we were expecting to see. Please proceed. I’m switching to radio comms.” A little bit of a lie on the dolphin’s part in that statement, but the girly sergal doesn’t need to know. While he was hoping something would happen, precisely what form it would take was entirely a wonder.

“O-okay...” Pentazer stammers out he straightens up, takes a deep breath, steels his resolve and walks forward, through the dimensional gateway.

Chapter 5: and Into the Breach

On the other side the air is humid and warm, feeling like that of a tropical climate. Pentazer wearily looks back over his shoulder and watches the portal close behind him, the ring of light collapsing inward with incredible speed until only a stone-like facade remains. Pentazer yelps in horror and rushes back to it, hammering his paws on the stone.

“NO! WAIT!” He turns around quickly and presses his back to the wall, his heart pounding in his head. “Oh my gods, what the fuck, no, this can’t be happening. This is not happening, oh shit, oh fuck, oh no!”

Panting hard and fast he scrambles for the radio on his harness and knocks it off the latch in his panic. The adrenaline pumping through him gives him the reaction speed needed to grab the radio before it hits the ground.

“Phew...” holding it up to his snout he clicks the button. “S-s-siader.... Jarl... anyone, please? Is anyone there?!”

Nothing, not even static responds. The anxiety somehow culminates in to an overwhelming zen. It is almost as though his panic and terror has reached such a climax that he exists in a strange state of surreal ambivalence.

As the femboy’s breathing slows he attaches the dead radio to his harness, gulps and then unholsters his gun with his left hand. Turning it to one side he flips the safety switch with his right hand and grasps the weapon with both paws, emulating the sort of pistol grip he had seen police use on video. He now takes stock of his situation. All he has is his semi-armoured leotard, harness with some equipment attached to it, his gun and his trembling body. The sergal gazes first at his immediate vicinity and then to the sky. He cannot ascertain whether he’s inside or outside. The compound is vast, at first seeming similar on a scale similar to a colossal sports stadium. However, instead of walls or bleachers, the compound recedes into the eerie, light green, humid haze and out of sight.

The floor is some kind of terracotta material, crimson and slightly porous, but unlike the baked variety, he can feel his paw pads sinking ever so slightly into the floor, despite it looking like baked clay. There are incredible columns scattered without uniformity throughout the pavilion, all holding up great rafters of colossal stone, or what appears to be stone, featuring carvings similar to what he saw on the sandstone slab. The tops of all these columns are overgrown with lush alien flora of purple and red hues, rather than the green he would expect from a jungle. What is even more bizarre is that all these columns, while appearing to be a red stone do not look like they were fabricated. Instead, it looks like every column is organic and was grown from the ground, having weird ribbed surfaces and strange tube like growths that weave in and out of them. Yet they also look to be fired clay. This whole plaza bares this enigmatic bio-lithic fusion architecture. As his eyes slowly move upward to the light shining down from above, between the biolithic rafters, he sees strange roots holding down some levitating masses. These all have irregular shapes and look like masses of fungus with tendrils of roots that keep them from floating away.

Beyond these hovering pods is the sky itself – one bereft of atmospheric haze, no blue sky, but rather a shifting kaleidoscope of oily colours that gradually undulate, fade and become vibrant like shifting water against a mostly black backdrop. Occupying half this sky of ethereal phlogiston is a colossal blue Jovian with a Saturnian ring of glowing, neon green fire, swirling about it at a cosmic pace.

The sergal shakily checks his gun again and nervously speaks to himself, if only to well his

“Okay, so it’s not a hell portal, at least I don’t think it is. Now, you stepped through a dimensional portal into some weird alien place, you’re alone, your radio doesn’t work and you don’t know how to get back. What do you do?”

"I guess the only thing I can do is see if I can figure out anything by walking around."

“Nope. Not going down there. So this is some kinda mega structure, I guess. Looks like whoever built er... grew this place or whatever went all out. Hmmm...”

As the sound approaches he begins to make out the edges of conversation. He slowly lifts his head up but keeps both paws tightly wrapped around his muzzle. He can't see anything as the recess is slightly deeper than he is tall, but as they, whoever or whatever they are, draw closer, the conversation becomes clearer.

Pentazer squints. He can hear them, but it's gibberish as far as he can understand. Still, the conversation continues as the two, as it seems there are two distinct voices, stop near the alcove.

“ኢ ልሳኝ ሳይገባኝ ርክብ ሳይገባኝ? ልሳኝ ይሄን ርክብ ይገባኝ ሆኖ ገላግላለሁ።”

The more he listens the more he gets a general sense of questions and answers in conversation. He closes his eyes as his brain begins to ache, it feels like fingers are reaching into the meat of his skull and rearranging his insides. Tears start to form at the edge of his eyes. The pain is unreal, the worst migraine he has ever experienced. To stop himself from crying out loud he digs his claws into his snout and begins to shake.

“𑖦𑖫𑖫𑖫 𑖫𑖫 𑖫𑖫 𑖫𑖫 𑖫𑖫 𑖫𑖫 𑖫𑖫?”
“𑖦𑖫𑖫𑖫 𑖫𑖫 𑖫𑖫 𑖫𑖫 𑖫𑖫 𑖫𑖫 𑖫𑖫 𑖫𑖫, If it really is the sAge, *the chronicle is unfolding* AND THE SYZGY IS UPON US.”
“The prince has returned and the convergence... it's really going to happen?”

Somehow, through the pain and confusion, the conversation steadily transitions from a series of incomprehensible sounds to barely intelligible sounds, and then into comprehension. Pentazer opens his eyes and looks up, the fur around them matted. The pain of his head has subsided into an agonizing throb but no longer feels like knives. How? How is it that he can understand them?

“Of course, do you doubt the Wise?” One voice demands, a stern tone in his voice.

“No! O-of course not!” The other voice responds, trying to sound more confident than the shaking tone would imply.

“Good, just be careful what you say, sometimes. The Flow may take notice.” That gruff voice states with finality.

Soon enough the two step away and when all is quiet once again, the sergal climbs out of the recess and sits on the edge. His feet are wet but nothing awry seems to have happened to them, much to his relief. The femboy takes a moment to settle himself, his throbbing head is exhausting and distracting, but when he lifts his head up he has a bizarre sense of direction and looks immediately toward a particular place. There's nothing immediately there, but he knows that it's the direction of the Throne and that he's not too far away from it. For a brief moment he can sense an unseen air current around him and just as briefly, he can see the sky weaving down into the world around him, moving through everything and over him. When he blinks, the sensations all end. As much as he refuses to accept it, he can't help but feel like he just witnessed the Flow. Rising to his feet, Pentazer resumes his journey, this time in what he somehow knows is a conceptual version of west. All the while he questions how he even knows that this direction is what he thinks it is, there is no polar orientation here but there is the orientation of the Flow and he knows he's travelling with it. How he knows this? He is too frightened to question.

Eventually the sergal's stomach begins to gurgle with hunger. He brings his hand to his belly and presses it inward.

“Quiet! I can't... I can't, I need to get out of here.” In a few minutes of walking, Pentazer comes to a hall of murals. There's some epic saga playing out on them and his curiosity insists that he give them a closer look. Placing his paw on the surface he feels over the contours of the bas relief and walks slowly along them. There's a series of odd carvings along the top and bottom frame of the murals which he is compelled to look toward every so often. On his fifth glance he recognizes the Common Tongue!

SCHISM OF ALPTHOS AND DIPLATHOS. Pentazer mouths the words but says nothing. When he squints his eyes and looks closer and he examines the words. No, they're not in the Common Tongue, they're part of that alien cuneiform on the door and that he's seen throughout this temple complex. He slowly moves his eyes to the mural and timidly speaks. There is no narration he reads, rather he knows the story, and as he speaks it, he feels more like he's retelling a tale that he never knew until now.

“As punishment for their hubris, The Flow split the realms and isolated Alpthos in a marble of purity. Concrete became the law, as steel became the word and the Wise were shunted away. Perfection of form and function defined Alpthos-” Pentazer's slow narration is interrupted as another voice completes it for him.

“-as Diplathos faded from memory.” The sergal pivots around quickly and tenses up, hearing the masculine voice. He sees gargantuan figure of an avian flanked by two canine looking guards on one side and two feline looking guards on the other. An eagle, or the figure of an eagle. It's hard to tell as whomever or whatever stands around a meters away is head to toe in ornate armour that Pentazer can only describe in his head as power-armour. The material has a brushed gold surface with silver trims. Standing over two and a half meters tall, this immense bird's brown wings and

white tail are the only part not clad in armour. The helmet even encloses the beak and has glowing yellow lenses for eyes. The obscuring outfit is form fitting but looks highly articulate, as high tech as it appears magical. Pentazer immediately jumps back and smacks himself against the mural. Turning his head to the canines, wearing similar though not quite so elite-looking armour, the bird addresses them.

“Retrieve the Prince the Throne awaits.”

The two canine and feline armoured foes approach with steady determination. Pentazer shakes his head.

“No! Wait!” Pentazer commands. Curiously and much to Pentazer’s surprise, the canines, stop and look to one another in confusion, then back to the eagle for confirmation. The tall eagle shakes his head then points directly at the sergal. The four guardians look back to the smaller femboy and resume their advance. Pentazer’s heart skips a beat and he reaches down to grab his gun. Drawing it quickly he points it at one of the soldiers and pulls the trigger. The initial bang sends rings into his ears, but he does pull that trigger over and over until the weapon is silent in all but clicking sounds. He’s not even sure if he hit any of them, he could have sworn he saw sparks glancing off the armour but they advance without concern. He looks down at the gun, smoke rising from the muzzle, then back to the approaching warriors.

A whimper of fear escapes his lips and just as they approach he tries to push one of them back. A surge erupts from him, he can feel The Flow redirect and change course, momentarily swirling around him before rushing outward. The ceiling and the floor ripple outward like a heavy stone throne into a still pond as a shock wave of photonic refraction blasts forth from the sergal’s paws. The four soldiers are sent hurtling through the air with surprising speed and sail past the eagle, slamming into the wall almost twenty meters away. Pentazer, not even hesitating to question what the hell had just happened, turns and runs away.

As he does he feels The Flow coursing around him and he notices one of the doors in the hall of murals begins to glow. Ribbons of oily, prismatic and shifting light course forward, manifesting from the air itself, to join at the door. Its surface turns a radiant gold, much like the gateway from earlier and he runs toward it, throwing himself into the light.

Chapter 6: The Prince in Black

Pentazer stares up at the unlit panel of a fluorescent light directly above him. Daylight flows in from his left, consciousness takes hold and he sits up quickly. The sheets fall down his front, revealing that he’s completely naked. He pulls them back up over his waist and looks to his right, seeing that a nurse has taken notice of his rousing and has quickly run out of the room. Moments later, multiple nurses, orderlies and doctors enter. They take stock of the sergal and cautiously approach him. Pentazer’s ears lower down as he sheepishly dips his snout. A terse exchange happens with more questions directed to Pentazer than he can answer and none forthcoming in return. Despite his nakedness, his sheets are withdrawn and he’s given a full physical on the bed in front of all the nurses and doctors. When they approve that he’s in good health and “apparently salient again” they call for Dr. Siader. The effeminate male is kept under watch until the immense dolphin shows up an hour later.

“Pentazer? Do you understand me, boy?” The cetacean queries, looking over the lithe body of the luxuriously furred and effeminate young male.

“Of course I do! What the fuck happened? Where am I?” Pentazer yells back at him for such a ridiculous question.

Siader holds up his hands to calm the black furred sergal. “Relax, you’re in a hospital. We’ve been watching over you for the passed two weeks.”

This elicits a merp of surprise and Pentazer’s gasp. “Two... WEEKS?” He questions.

“Yes, after you returned through the Threshold, you were delirious, speaking in tongues and showing fear and hostility to everyone around you.” Siader states in a rather matter-of-factly manner and continues, “after we subdued you, you were brought to this hospital and kept under

constant surveillance.”

Pentazer wraps his arms around his torso as he listens, slowly lowering his head to look down at his sheath, or more in the general direction than at his sheath.

“You spent most of your time asleep, only interrupted by brief, frantic moments where you would awaken and convey some gibberish before we had to subdue you again. It was clear enough that you were speaking some other language, identifiable through pattern recognition. We even recorded some of it...”

Siader holds up a voice recorder, which causes Pentazer to turn his attention toward him as the dolphin presses play. He can hear his voice, screaming in panic, speaking quickly, full of fear and madness. It's not the Common Tongue he's yelling out, but he understands it with all the comprehension of a mastered second language. His screams are about Diplathos, that the Flow is inside him and that it is in his brain. By response he reaches up and gently rubs his head. It no longer hurts, but he feels like there's another layer to his mind now, as though his consciousness has been within a single room his entire life and only now did he open the doors and windows of his mind-prison to uncover the vastness of the astral-scape beyond.

“When I was in the Other World, in... Diplathos, I kept feeling like something was doing something to my brains and it got worse and worse with every hour until I finally heard someone speaking. They were speaking that language.” Pentazer points to the voice recorder but Siader keeps his eyes on the femboy. “And after a bit, I could understand what they were saying, I could read the weird writing on the walls. It all made sense to me.”

“And your brain, is it hurting now?” Siader questions. Only a shake of Pentazer's head comes as a response. The dolphin considers Pentazer's explanation then places his hand on the sergal's slender thigh. “Alright, now that you're back with us, we need to discuss what happened.”

“No I-!” Pentazer begins to protest and turns his head away. As he peers out the window of his fifth story hospital room to the city beyond he can't help but feel a curious draw back to that place, to Diplathos. It was terrifying, but more than terrifying it was fascinating. He knows he should be revolted, he knows he should be abhor to the idea of another dimension full of frightening things but instead he feels a powerful urge to go back, a sense that he's left something unresolved that gnaws at him.

Sighing, he hangs his head and slowly turns it back toward Siader. “Alright.”

“Excellent, not here though. Let's get you dressed and we'll bring you back to the Welttor building for a debriefing.” Siader pats the young male's leg then stands up. “You look well, Pentazer, all things considered. I'll meet you back at the office.” The athletic cetacean turns about and leaves, instructing one of the nurses to fetch Pentazer's things and to take good care of him as he leaves.

On the way back, Pentazer checks his phone noticing multiple texts and calls from Krieg and Schwartz. He solemnly runs his thumb over the surface of his phone, scrolling through the messages of concern. He feels responsible, guilty but what can he say? Even if he weren't sworn to an NDA from an organization that probably would kill him if he spoke, who would believe him? He'd sound like the same lunatics that talk about UFOs and hold up their hands and state “Aliens!” No he can't. All he does is text both his friends back to advise them that he's okay and was in hospital, and that he'll explain later.

When Pentazer gets back he's taken to what looks like a conference room and sat down with Siader and amazingly enough, Schrader who is also present. Pentazer explains at length, everything that he experienced in Diplathos, answering questions to the best of his ability. He learns, through the exchange, that he was gone for the same period of time he was in Diplathos and that the Threshold, while still active, suddenly opened up again and the sergal came hurtling through it. He was in a panic and speaking the other language the entire time where he did not respond to anyone positively. Schrader hides his excitement, but he has found exactly what he was looking for. Affirmation. This is it, the young sergal sitting across from him is the one, not only the spitting image of Kalim Nar-Hadod, but Diplathos has recognized him, calling him the prince. It's just as Kalim's Kitaleaa indicated. In his time, the sage was an honoured guest and sage of Diplathos, but

the sergal was a victim of the crusades and never fulfilled his grand design. Pentazer's ability to speak and read in fluent Tolmaeic will be an incredible asset and if his story is right, it seems that Pentazer can also manipulate the Flow, just like the Wise. Despite his concerns, Pentazer surprisingly is eager to return, though this time he hopes to be better prepared. The portal seems to close behind him, but if he can figure out how to open it reliably, he can resolve his greatest concern.

Over the next few weeks, Pentazer would make trips into Diplathos, slowly mapping the way as he goes. Each trip is a harrowing experience as he struggles to find a way back each time, desperately trying to avoid the temple guards whenever he returns. Each time he spends time in Diplathos, that pain returns to his head, and each time it subsides, something has changed about him, he can see The Flow more easily, gain more 'remembered' lore and on occasion have better control of manipulating The Flow. Pentazer begins to understand it is a otherworldly quantum field of knowledge and information, of time and possibility, and of potentiality. It does not answer to anyone, for some reason he seems attuned to it, but he cannot understand why. Whatever the case is, he knows it has something to do with this Throne and the increasing presence of the temple guards on the look out for him. It would appear that they're becoming increasingly aware of his return trips and are increasing their guard as a result.

At first the young femboy needs to have his semen extracted in order to activate the Threshold and pleasurable has assistance in producing it, though after a few trips, he seems to be able to open it just by willing the door to open while his hand is on the sandstone surface. Though he remains the only one able to traverse it. Siader and Schrader have taken on a side project using Pentazer's semen samples to try to create a 'Kalim Emulator' that will, in theory, allow anyone equipped with it to also cross the Threshold. What at first exciting, as Pentazer feels like he is part of some epic adventure, like the first into space, he gradually changes his opinion. Oddities begin manifesting in his personal life. He is seeing Diplathos in the shadows, hearing voices when he is alone, and occasionally seeing entire rooms shifting into a form like that of Diplathos. As classes begin to resume in the winter, Pentazer opts not to take up the next semester, much to the surprise of Krieg and Schwartz. His friends show increasing concern over Pentazer's growing paranoia and withdrawn lifestyle, something the effeminate black-furred sergal awkwardly laughs away before changing the subject.

* * *

One mid-winter's morning, Pentazer is at home in his new apartment, paid for by his new income of the job he only has to spend a few days at per month. He sits sideways across an arm chair in his living room, panting heavily, his bioluminescent erection gripped tightly in his left paw while his right grabs onto his own balls and gently squeezes them. The hand like footpaw of the sergal grips the base of a semi-firm horse dildo which he has half way up his ass and slowly pulls back and forth as he jerks himself off. The pleasure washes over him from the combined sensations of his erogenous zones, the only sound in his room being the gentle fapping noise of the young sergal's bliss. After a short while he clenches his jaw and pulls his lips back, exposing the few sharp, hooked teeth that sergals have and he hastens the speed that he slides his rough paw pad up and down his glowing dick. While he keeps his eyes closed, he suddenly feels imminent danger. Quickly, the sergal's eyes snap open, his mind in a dazed mixture of pending climax and alarm. His room resembles Diplathos but he's not alone this time.

A four metre tall monstrosity of eldritch design is looming over him. The thing has base of legs with too many joints that surround it like a flower, too many for him to count in such a short period of time. These many limbs that have hands for feet join at a trunk like stalk that balloons out into a swollen middle, covered in a ribbed, chitinous flesh. The top half of it features a canopy of long, spindly arms. This weird fleshy tree-thing towers over the sergal who scrambles back against the chair, pressing his back to it, while one leg remains slung over the arm and the other is firmly planted on the ground. He grabs onto the back of the chair with one hand and the other holds onto

the chair's arm. The dildo slides out of his tailhole and flops onto the ground when his footpaw is no longer holding onto it.

"AAAHH!!!! Who-what, no! This, this is impossible! You can't be here!" Pentazer panics as pre dribbles down his erection. He has no idea what this creature is but it seems very interested in him. A stalk extends out from above the entity, purple with a slick, slimy surface covered in throbbing veins. The stalk aims down at Pentazer and opens up like a flower, revealing a bright, orange-red light that shines down on him, emitting a ray of light that is visible through the faint haze in the room. Pentazer can feel the light on him, an eerie sensation like water constantly rushing over him, or wind, but neither.

With the sound of creaking branches the creature lowers one of its spindly, lanky arms down toward the femboy and extends its long, fingered, fleshy hand, moving for the sergal's neck. Pentazer gasps and clenches his eyes shut as it wraps its fingers around his throat, but instead of choking him, it just holds him for a moment then slowly releases his neck. Pentazer cracks his eye open just in time to see the hand reach for his penis. He yelps in surprise as the creature grabs ahold of his erection tightly, almost too tightly. Tensing up he slams his head back against the couch with a dull thud.

"Agh!" another one of those spindly arms reaches down and grabs the dildo Pentazer was using on himself. He gulps and watches with a bizarre curiosity, almost feeling like an observer to his own predicament. The creature looks over the silicon horse-cock then presses it back against Pentazer's tailhole. The sergal eeps with concern before yelping in pain as the entity shoves the entire horse cock up Pentazer's ass, filling out his bowels with the dildo. The insertion is hard and swift, causing a jolt of pain to cascade up through his body, but it subsides after few moments. The creature doesn't move further, simply holding the horse cock in place, fully jammed up inside the sergal with one of its many hands. The other, wiry hand tightly gripping the young male's penis, flexes its grip, working its fingers around that glowing flesh like some wonderful toy it had just discovered. A third hand moves down and grasps Pentazer's thickly furred throat again, this time squeezing ever so slightly, not enough to cut off his breathing, but enough to be threatening.

As Pentazer's fear begins to peak, the horror draws yet another one of its canopy arms down toward his face. Once again, Pentazer closes his eyes expecting something horrible, but instead he feels his fur being petted. Gradually, he opens one eye then the other to see the creature still staring at him with that one glowing eye-beam. It gently strokes the fur on his head, taking one of his ears up in its hand to rub the inside and outside like he were a pet. Another hand moves down to Pentazer's chest and begins stroking his fur affectionately, another strokes his thigh. Confusion mixes with his fear-boner and a bit of curiosity.

The creature squeezes Pentazer's throat a little more and he reaches up to hold onto its wrist with one of his paws. As he grabs onto the leathery wrist, the horrific tree-arm-thing rattles the girly boy's attention as it begins to move its grip up and down the femboy's erection while moving the dildo back and forth in his rear. Pentazer's eyes widen and he gasp-chokes from the sudden surge of pleasure. The creature's vice grip keeps him very still as it gives him the most terrifying handjob of his life.

It's slow at first, moving its leathery hand up and down his glowing phallus, working his pre over his own cock-flesh either intentionally or inadvertently. It pauses on occasion to simply rhythmically squeeze the male's dick while thrusting the toy in his ass. Then it pauses the thrusting to slowly stroke his erection, alternating back and forth or occasionally doing both at once. After an agonizingly slow pleasure session that takes a few minutes, Pentazer's body is unable to hold out and he can feel himself on the precipice of climax. His toes curl together into fists and his eyes close tightly. Sensing this, the horror speeds up its attention, jerking the sergal off quickly as his body tenses. He curls forward slightly, which the creature permits, before spreading himself out as much as the chair will allow. The effeminate male groans in orgasmic bliss as the creature hilts the dildo up his ass and continues to frantically jerk him off. spurts of sergal spunk splatters over Pentazer's chest fur and, arms of the monster and its hand, a long and powerfully drawn out climax that was built up over many minutes. Each spurt of his release is joined by the spasms from the lithe

sergal's body, shuddering his arms, legs and tail, or the twisting of his hips as much as the creature would allow.

As the last ejaculation of sergal semen dribbles from his urethra, the creature stops stroking him. It pulls the dildo out of his ass and gently squeezes his cock, moving the light of its eye-stalk to focus on that glowing prick. Pentazer, too dizzy from his mind wracking orgasm is still dazed in the afterglow of his release to notice the creature's change in disposition.

The entity releases the sergal completely, except for grasping his soft, furry scrotum. At first it rolls his testicles about a few times, like coins in a purse before it squeezes his balls hard enough to bring Pentazer out of his euphoric high.

Opening his eyes, Pentazer grunts out "ngh, wha-what the?"

Suddenly, the creature releases his balls and lashes out, grabbing his wrists and ankles in its spindly arms, pulling him up into the air. Additional hands reach down to grasp onto the sergal's torso to support him.

"AIEE!!" Pentazer squeals out as it turns him about like a small doll. The creature grasping his ankles, thighs shoulders and wrists, turns him face down and bent over as though he were laying across a stool. Another arm grabs his tail and painfully yanks it straight upward before the semen soaked hand moves behind him. The creature stuffs one of its long, leathery fingers into the femboy's ass and pushes down on his prostate. Mercifully that finger is lubricated by the sergal's own seminal fluids, so the intrusion is not as rough as it could have been. Pentazer yelps from pain and pleasure and one of those many hands reaches around below him to grab onto his semi-flaccid penis, squeezing and kneading it until he's hard again, at which point it begins frantically jerking the sergal off again. The fapping sound fills the air, louder in the sergal's ears than his own struggling. Pentazer flinches and squirms, the pleasure is good, but his cock is quickly starting to feel sore from how tight the grip is and that he has just climaxed. As the young sergal tries to draw his thighs together the creature squeezes them and forces his legs to spread out more than is comfortable, eliciting a grunt from the femboy. This further exposes his genitals which gives the horror a better grip on his abused penis. Eagerly it forces Pentazer through another handjob and anal fingering until he groans and weakly shudders. A meager climax dribbles his semen across the fingers of the horror.

"Please... Please, stop, it hurts!" Through panted breaths, the effeminate male begs the monster to stop but instead it grabs onto his scrotum again from behind his legs and squeezes his balls. The hand wrapped around his erection begins rubbing its lubed thumb against his hyper-sensitive urethra. Pentazer yelps and tries to fight back against his captor, but the grip on his wrists, ankles and tail are too firm and he can only meagrely struggle in the air. After massaging his glans for a moment, the monster begins jerking the femboy off again, with no regard for his pleasure or pain. Pentazer's toes spread out and in an odd form of apparent affection, the creature interlinks the fingers of one hand with each footpaw. The monster gently strokes the back of the sergal as it vigorously masturbates him. The fapping sound is matched now by the whimpering of the tormented, young femboy. With the fingering, his scrotal massage, the handjob, the petting and the partial pressure around his neck, Pentazer is treated to a whole body, sexual horror show. He tries to thrash about, a desperate attempt to free himself, but the monster is much too strong for him. After a few moments he relents and simply pants heavily. A few minutes later, Pentazer closes his eyes and quivers. His knees drawing together as his sore erection oozes out another weak orgasm. The creature brings one hand up to capture the dribbling sperm in its palm. As Pentazer despairs he hears a crackle of energy, a clan of metal and then a bolt much like a laser pulse from sci-fi. The creature's arms sever as a blast of yellow rushes by, too fast for Pentazer to identify.

The monster howls and drops the sergal to the ground after losing its grip on his torso and tail. Pentazer collapses and immediately tries to crawl away into cover, behind the couch. He grips his paws over his ears and presses them to his head. Shivering with fear he huddles against the back of his chair, semen oozing out of his spent cock before the flaccid, glowing member withdraws back into the safety of his sheath.

Howls, thumping and thundering noises fill the air – the cavalcade of battle unfolds out of sight behind him, causing the sergal's heart to beat in his ears. Silence eventually falls over the chamber that was once his living room, then the heavy sound of footsteps approach - armoured footsteps. Pentazer slowly releases his head and cautiously lifts his snout, gazing upward to meet the visage of that armoured eagle peering down at him once again. It holds a weapon that looks like a mix of a lance and a rifle in one, with one talon and reaches down with the other toward the sergal, offering its hand. Pentazer takes a moment to process this and timidly reaches up to place his paw in the giant bird's grip. After a brief silence, the armoured eagle pulls the sergal up to his feet.

Chapter 7: Path of Exaltation

Pentazer is not prepared for this encounter and finds himself captivated by seemingly heroic arrival of this enigmatic eagle. While previously he fled, this time the armoured avian rescued him from a traumatizing molestation. That strange warrior slings his alien gun-lance over his shoulder and releases Pentazer's hand.

"Who are you?" Pentazer stammers out, as his ears fold back as he looks up at the metallic visage, glowing eyes peering down at him. Through the silence, the eagle reaches down and sweeps Pentazer off his feet by placing his left arm over the sergal's tail then swinging it down to his knees. As the young male merps and falls back, the eagle catches his shoulders with his opposite arm. Sheepishly, Pentazer holds his paws over his furry chest and looks down his front. His fur is still matted in places from his cum and the fur around his ass is still matted from the moist fingering he had received. From behind the beak mask a hollow voice speaks out. Curiously, one that speaks Common rather than the alien language of Tolmaeic – of which Pentazer become as fluent in as a mother tongue.

"I am Alcander, Yafzahav Mundahsu." The eagle responds in both Common to start and then the Tolemaic for there is no direct translation. Pentazer immediately recognizes the words. Though they do not directly translate into the Common Tongue, their meaning is clear enough – The eagle is some kind of exalted warrior, a high caste soldier. Something like a Legionnaire officer or a Daimyo. The girly, black furred sergal finds himself swooning in the situation, cradled in the arms of this dashing, tall and majestic warrior like a princess. He can't help but feel enamoured.

"I'm...er, I'm Pentazer." The sergal quietly responds, keeping his eyes averted from the piercing gaze of the power helmet. "Thanks for rescuing me."

"Stay calm, my Prince, we are not here to harm you." The eagle turns on the spot and begins to walk away from the former living room. The heavy footfalls of his armoured talons clanking on the eerie biolithic floor.

"Where are you taking me?" Pentazer queries, as he does he can feel the eagles grip on his arm and leg tighten, but he makes no move to escape, feeling safe in this bird's grasp for reasons he cannot understand.

"To your throne." Alcander responds, unhelpfully.

Pentazer remains quiet and simply grasps his right wrist tightly and turns his head to the direction they travel. Alcander carries the sergal for quite a lengthy walk. Passing through corridors and along elevated causeways through the uncannily familiar temple complex. As they travel, other, lesser Mundahsu stand at attention and bow their heads as the two pass. Monsters, as far as Pentazer can tell, also seem to yield to their passing. After some time, Pentazer finally speaks.

"What's going on, why are you calling me Prince?"

"Because that is what you are. You were able to cross the Schism without the aid of the Alpthos mechanism. The blood of the Wise flows within you, it is what brought you back to Diplathos. You can step over the Schism by your own Wisdom, just as the Sage could. There is no doubting it."

Pentazer pieces it together in his head, the way he was able to return when he felt trapped, the occasional emergence of Diplathos, layering itself with reality in his day to day life, has this

been his doing? What did the Threshold Device do to him? The sergal rolls the idea in his head over and over, but gains no answers. After another hour of walking he begins to see the Flow coursing around them, moving in the direction they are, converging on a corridor atop a hundred steps at the end of a grand hall. He can feel it, the presence of the Throne, just as he can feel that the Throne is aware of him. The Throne, aware? He tries to parse this realization to no avail. Half way across the hall, he turns his head back to Alcander.

“What’s going to happen to me?” Pentazer timidly asks.

“You will grow Wise,” Alcander cryptically responds. Pentazer sighs and looks back down over himself; soon they ascend the stairs and cross the threshold. The room beyond is an ornate, circular biolithic chamber with rounded walls. The architecture ensures there are no right angles anywhere but the frame of the portal itself, something tells Pentazer that this design is defensive in nature, to seal or protect. The room must be almost thirty meters in radius alone with a vaulted ceiling a good five meters high. Standing aside the open doorway are two Yafzahav Mundahsu armed and armoured just as Alcander is, only the one on the left appears to be an Anubian jackal while the one on the right looks like some kind of sabre toothed cat but with a long, fox like tail. Half way between the entrance and the throne is a basin of shimmering silver liquid that resembles elemental mercury. Flanking it are two of the same tubular stalk entities with many arms arrayed like flower petals that he saw earlier. Their glowing eye stalk transfixed on the sergal. Pentazer tenses up upon seeing them but his vision is drawn beyond them, to the center of the chamber.

A heart-like object sits at the middle of the room with tightly clenched, light pink and ribbed exterior. An amaranth hued, fleshy looking material comprises the majority of the heart shape, with throbbing veins, arteries or roots extending up to the ceiling and down to the ground. These roots grow a quarter of the way over the surface and floor in every direction, burrowing into the biolithic material at various distances. Overall, it looks like some twisted tree stump growing from the floor and ceiling meeting at the center, where this ribbed heart slowly flexes. The feeling that the throne is watching him, through an eyeless vision is unshakable.

Alcander approaches the basin and Pentazer snaps his attention back to the two creatures. He starts to struggle.

“Do not struggle, the Wizen Exarchs will not hurt you, unlike their unenlightened masses.” Alcander assures Pentazer as he slowly lifts the sergal up and offers him to the two tuber-like horrors. Though not entirely convinced, Pentazer simply sighs and relaxes, as it’s not like he can do anything about this anyway.

The sergal is exchanged from the eagle’s talons to the many arms of the Exarchs. They gingerly hold Pentazer spread eagle, including his tail, as far as they can while supporting his back at his rump and shoulder blades. Their grip is firm, but not painful and while they pull at his limbs, they do so only to keep him stretched out, but not over his limit. As Pentazer feels a pair of hands reach behind his head to hold it up he finds himself actually becoming slightly relaxed. Cautiously he watches the two Exarchs as they examine him in detail, from his toes to his nose and everything in between. After they appear to be satisfied they lower the sergal down into the mercurial substance. He feels his skin tingle and then warm up as the fluid permeates him. While alarming, he can’t help but feel his muscles begin to relax. The creatures immerse him up entirely, forcing him to hold his breath for a moment until they draw him back out and hold him spread eagle again. As Pentazer takes a few deep breaths he looks over himself. None of the material seems to have stuck to his coat and the cum stains that had dried on his fur are gone. The creatures lower a sponge of some kind into the basin which has the ability to retain the material. They then proceed to wash every centimetre of the sergal’s body, including the inside of his ears and the surface of his anus. The one holding his legs seems to take an especially long time cleaning his genitals, to the point that he feels arousal growing in him. Embarrassment crosses the young male as he watches his glowing tip begin peaking out of his sheath. Though much to his surprise, neither of the Exarchs react to the penis. After a slow and methodical bathing, Pentazer is lowered down to his feet on the opposite side of the basin. He only now notices that the basin has been placed at a barely visible seam at the half way point of the chamber. The seam in the floor is mirrored by one in the ceiling

and as he takes note of this, he finds that the Exarchs don't pass this line, only tow it. He gets the feeling that this bathing ritual some how was related to him being allowed passed this border.

Chapter 8: Throne of Salience

"My Prince, my Prince, you have returned at last." A cavalcade of voices, soothing, calming, masculine and feminine that blur into an androgynous and of powerful presence arises from the heart at the center. "Now is the time to sit upon your throne." The voices speak in both Common and the language of Diplathos in unison, and yet is easily understood by the black furred sergal. As voice instructs, the ribbed surface begins to twitch then gradually peels open, revealing each of ribs to have been a tight grip of bone like tentacles. Their flexible, sleek surface opens up to reveal a fleshy hollow within, moist and humid, clear fluid excreting from the walls into beads that course down the flesh in rivulets. It reminds him of a hungry maw, salivating on the anticipation of a meal. Across the surface of the interior are a series of vaginal looking orifices, five in total, arranged in a pentagonal formation. Interspersed between them are a number of tighter looking sphincters. Pentazer swallows as he looks over this terrible thing. This is his throne? It looks like it could be rather comfy, but it's far more horrifying than inviting.

"Who, what are you?" The sergal wrings his paws as he tentatively takes a step closer, to get a better look, or so he convinces himself. Truly he feels drawn to the throne, somehow, as though a compelling force were pulling him closer. Similar to what he felt when the Threshold first opened.

"I am the Throne of Salience, the final artifact of the Wise. I have waited here for over two hundred cycles, or three thousands years in Alpthos, as your former people would ascribe. Former? Pentazer thinks to himself, dwelling on that word. "You are the Prince and I am the Throne."

"Why do you call me Prince? I'm just a sergal, an art student. Er, former art student."

"You are enlightened, the blood of the Wise flows through you. Your great ancestor Kalim Nar-Hadod a Wise sage built this temple to house me, you are his blood, you are the blood of the sage, you are Wise." Pentazer begins to wonder if Wise means more than he thinks it means here. "And you are the key to the Convergence. Now, you must sit within your Throne and take your place here in Diplathos."

"Here?" The sergal gulps. "Wait, take my place? But, my home is back on Arkad."

"No, where you dreamed is not where you awaken. For two hundred cycles you slept, and now that the Syzygy is upon us, it is time for you to wake up, young Prince." The voices command and as they do, a number of vibrant red tentacles emerge from seams behind the pink-hued ribs. They lash out at Pentazer with serpentine speed, coiling around his midriff, thighs and tail faster than he can react. The femboy yelps in surprise and finds himself plucked off the floor before he knows what has happened. He twists himself side to side and flails his legs.

"Wait, let me go!" The effeminate male cries out, but the Throne of Salience does not heed his plea. Instead, it draws him toward the bed of undulating, amaranth coloured flesh. As he looms over it, the tentacles turn him around and then pull him back against the throne with such force it knocks the wind out of him. As Pentazer gasps, the tentacles move from his torso to wrapping around his arms and legs, moving them into a semi spread-eagle formation. He turns his head side to side and down to look at his arms and legs, noticing that they're all aligned with the labia folds of the erotic looking lips. The sergal gulps, fearing what he anticipates next, only to be rewarded with confirmation. The orifices at his footpaws distend, projecting themselves out from the flesh of the Throne's interior then slowly slide forward toward his long toes and then slowly push themselves over those finger-like digits. A cringe forms over Pentazer's face at the sensation. It feels like his toes are sliding into a hot, slimy pouch, a squelching sound announces the insertion followed by the gentle sucking sound of the erotic maws slurping on his feet. With each suction the tube swallows a few more centimetres of his feet, gradually working their way up to his ankles, then over his shins. He watches in morbid fascination as the tubes swallow his legs up to his knees, before screwing his eyes shut tightly. The interior is slick and somewhat loose feeling and finally they work their ways

up to his mid thighs before the sucking stops. The interior then clenches and he feels it press in around his legs, holding them firmly within as it draws them down, inside the throne, bending his legs back at the knees. He feels smaller versions of this maw latch onto each of his toes as smaller tendrils weave between them and up around his ankles, further anchoring his legs inside their tight, wet prison. With those limbs secure, the fleshy interior begins to pulse in waves, translating up and down his legs, delivering the most incredible massage to his limbs he's ever felt. Pentazer takes a deep breath when the process finishes and opens his eyes again just in time to watch this process repeat on his arms, finishing with them being held out in a T-Pose to his sides, each finger swallowed and tendrils coiled between each knuckle and around his wrists, just as his feet were. Like those limbs, his arms are treated to the same massage. Last is his tail, which is given the same treatment, ending up with the feeling of it being coiled around behind him in a wide C curve. As each limb is secured, the large, red tentacles withdraw from him, leaving him secured in the mouths of those massaging worm pods.

As though this weren't enough to secure the young male. Those smaller sphincters he saw earlier, between these large worm-maws push out like erect nipples. To his middle-left, one of the sphincters spreads open as tentacle pushes out. This tentacle is smaller than the ones that had manipulated him into the throne and moves with a more measured pace, now that Pentazer is restrained. The pseudopod wraps over his midriff, penetrating the identical, nipple-like sphincter on his right side before pulling taut like a wet, muscular seat belt. The ones over his shoulders spew forth tentacles in the same way that then loop over his shoulder before penetrating the orifices at his pits, before pulling tight. Lastly, the openings at his hips extrude their tentacles that loop over his pelvis and penetrate into the unseen nipples below the base of his thighs, yanking his hips against the Throne. Now that Pentazer is completely secured he begins to pant lightly, a mix of fear, curiosity and arousal flowing over him. For a short while, he's left to just experience the massage on his limbs and the wet flesh pressed firmly up against his back. While his restraints are tight, he finds everything to be disturbingly comfortable. He finally looks down and notices that his erection has fully emerged from his sheath. It seems like this was more erotic than he expected. Embarrassment consumes him as he gazes out from the Throne of Salience to the chamber, to find that he's alone. Everyone has left, including the basin in which he was bathed. The door he had crossed is also missing!

"What, where did everyone go!?" Pentazer almost squeaks out.

"None are worthy to witness the coronation of the Prince, this place is secured, safe, sealed from Tindalos and just for you." Pentazer shakes his head then looks up, not really sure where to look, other than toward the Throne.

"I almost hate to ask, but, what happens now?" The young male fearfully inquires.

"Now, my Prince, we will begin." The Throne cloyingly states. Pentazer is not sure how he likes that non-answer. Sensing Pentazer's frustration, the Throne delivers.

From an unseen angle below, a thin, crimson tentacle sweeps up into view. It pauses to give the sergal an opportunity to get a better look, satisfying his curiosity. It is as thin as a USB cable and comes to a fine tip. That tip opens up for a moment then, as the tentacle begins to lean closer, the opening closes up. His heart beats faster as the tendril moves toward his penis.

"No.. wait!" Pentazer grimaces and clenches his teeth tightly, pulling his lips back as the tip of the tendril finds his urethral slit then slowly slides in. He clenches his fingers and toes inside their hungry sacks, which bends with the digits, keeping them fully swallowed. Pentazer groans luridly as that slimy tendril pushes in further, sliding in at a centimeter every two seconds. As it descends, the thick, semi-clear, pink mucous like substance that covers it spills over his penis, slowly oozing down the shaft's exterior. The process is gradual, letting his penis acclimate to the intrusion. With the cock angled toward his face, he can see the distending flesh on the ventral side of his erection from the tendril, spreading his insides in ways he never imagined. He can feel every movement as it pushes his urethra open, working its way to the base of his erection. When it reaches that point, his cock throbs, bouncing lightly, which the tendril moves with, not restricting his penis in movement. He tries to twist his hips, but the tubes holds his legs still and the tentacles strapped

over his hips keep him held in place. It doesn't seem like the tendril is finished there, he can feel it descending into his body, deeper and deeper, going into places he never felt before. The wiggling appendage finally reaches the femboy's bladder where it drains the contents until empty. The weird feeling of assisted relief is rather unnerving but then he feels the tendril pumping something back into him. He can feel his bladder tingling from the creepy sensation of whatever the fluid is. It seems to fill his insides back up to a neutral state before withdrawing and sliding into his ejaculatory duct where it holds position. There, the sound rhythmically pulses in girth like the slow beating of a heart.

"G-gods, what the hell was that?" The black furred sergal gasps out.

"Only the beginning." The Throne of Salience responds, in an almost chuckling manner.

Moments later a much thicker, crimson tentacle rises up from the same unseen place as the urethral sound. Pentazer's attention snaps to it and as it follows the same path as the tendril in his penis. As it angles toward him, he can see why. The urethral sounding tentacle leads back into this much more girthy tentacle. A pair of tight, muscular bands are wrapped around it, reminiscent of the muscular bands of the trachea. The head of the tentacle is just beyond these two bands and appears like a floral bud with three, tightly closed flaps. At the center, the tendril invading his urethra emerges, like a long tongue.

"What is that!?" Pentazer yelps out in surprise and fear, watching the bulb approach his now painfully hard erection.

"The instrument of our coupling, my Prince. We must be joined in order for your body to become the proper vessel of your Wisdom." The Throne of Salience sounds seductive, satin words caress his thoughts in revealing and erotic ways. His erection throbs in response, he would be oozing pre by this point, but the urethral sound is drinking up, having aligned itself perfectly to catch any of the sergal's sexual fluids. "I can sense the need from your body. Though your mind still wrestles with this, your blood calls for this." The sergal blushes under his fur and adverts his eyes, unable to deny that this feels good, if frightening. As the pod draws to within thirty centimetres of his glans it stops then the loud, wet sound of something sticky and gooey peeling is heard. Pentazer's ear twitches as he turns back toward it. He observes as the pod's three petals slide back, revealing their salivating, light pink interior. At the nexus of the flanges, is a tight, circular sphincter of dark red. A constant, slow flow of viscous, semi-clear, pink fluid drools from the hungry orifice. The two petals on the left and right side of the tentacle stalk are broad, muscular but quite soft looking. The third, situated in a triangular formation at the bottom, has its own, similar dark red valve. This is the one that opens first, as a thick, bulbous shape pushes down along the underside of the tentacle, distending it in a similar way to his bulging urethra. The emergent mass pushes open the sheath-like tip and large, pink phallus emerges. The glans have thick barb like nubs, back swept and multiple medial rings like an equine. The tentacles large cock glistens with moisture as that same semi-pink lubricant as the maw and urethral sound's fluid. Pentazer's ears fold back and he gulps.

"C-coupling? Wait, I don't think I'm ready for this!" He breathes quickly as the throbbing, prehensile cock angles itself below his furry balls.

"Your body is ready, even if your mind is not." The sultry Throne of Salience coos to Pentazer. After giving him a moment to appreciate his predicament, it takes action, slowly extending the pink dick toward his tailhole. It prods under his balls at first, then grinds down his taint toward the femboy's anus. The tentacle penis then pushes gently against his tight hole. The sergal flinches as it pushes and pulls back steadily, working itself in a few millimetres at a time until it has spread his anus out enough to get a centimetre inside. At this point it commits to the job and spreads the femboy like a turkey. Pentazer yelps and clenches his eyes shut as it slides in, spreading his bowels around the invader as it drives deeper and deeper into his body. The slick, throbbing phallus doesn't slow down as each ring pops in and works its way against the inner walls of his rectum and into his lower intestines. When over forty centimetres of that pulsating cock is shoved up his ass it finally pauses, perfectly aligning one of the rings with the position of his prostate, applying a constant pressure to it. This causes Pentazer cock to push just a little bit further out,

getting just a bit harder than before. It feels a little strained, but more need overcomes him, than discomfort. Despite his tailhole and intestines being stretched out wider than they have ever been before, the fluid covering the tentacle-cock seems to be loosening him up and relaxing his anal muscles.

“Oh fuck, oh gods!” Pentazer gasps as he’s penetrated, opening his eyes only when the phallic tentacle has stopped advancing. He feels very full right now, in addition to the creepy sensation of the tentacle throbbing in diameter the same way as the urethral sound does.

“Aahh, yes, my Prince, my Prince, how I have waited for this moment.” The Throne shudders around him, in apparent pleasure. “Now to sheath your glowing sceptre and seal our coupling.” The Throne of Salience’s innuendo is pretty clear, which is only affirmed by the tight, red-ringed valve at the core of the tentacle opening up. As it does, a glob of that pink fluid spews out and drops onto Pentazer’s balls. Inside is another set of “jaws” if they can even be called that. A bright pink ring that slides out along the urethral tendril, a transparent red flesh leading back into the stock. The young sergal gulps as he watches the partially transparent tentacle descend toward his penis. It’s circumference is fairly small, only about a centimeter in diameter, whole, but it doesn’t even hesitate as the bright, pink ring pushes itself over the tip of his penis. Pentazer’s limbs all tense up, a moan escaping him, as that tentacle descends his needy erection. The tight ring is almost too tight, applying an uncomfortable pressure on is already distended urethra and the erect flesh of his cock. Behind that ring, the interior of the tentacle has a distinct, dense, ribbed texture to it, which sends weaves of pleasure through the sergal’s body as it sleeves his penis. The tentacle stretches around the girth forming a tight, half centimetre thick, second skin around him. As the ring passes over his pseudoknot, the sergal whimpers in pain, the tightness being too much on his erection, but then it slips passed and pushes his sheath down, positively snapping around the root of his knot. This causes the sergal’s eyes to bulge open, as the ring squeezes firmly on the narrower diameter of his knot root, sliding just slightly into his sheath to complete the seal, ensuring no part of his erection is exposed. Panting heavily, Pentazer’s eyes fix on the tight sleeve encapsulating his penis. The glowing light of his bioluminescent erection is filtered by the semi-transparent, red flesh of the tentacle, giving a strange, muted glow to the sleeve. Heart racing in his ears, Pentazer relaxes his fingers and toes, which are rewarded in squeezes and vibrations along his entire limbs that return to the steady massage a few seconds later.

“Yesssss,” the Throne hisses. “Your key belongs in the gate, and now it is so. How I have waited to feel your warm spire within me. Pentazer can only open his maw, breathing heavily in response. He can feel his fluids being sucked away by the tendril still inside his urethra and now also inside the tentacle sleeve. “My Prince, my Prince, do not worry. I will go slowly, as you are still full of fear and trepidation.” The Throne gives the young sergal a moment to acclimate to the sleeve over his erection and the huge cock in his ass. After the throne has had enough foreplay, it goes to work. First, the phallus in his bowels begins to piston back and forth while the large stalk tentacle gesticulates in response. Pentazer grunts as he feels the phallic spear pushing back and forth, causing his insides to spread and contract steadily, his own tight flesh squeezing around the tentacle as it fucks him in slow and steady movements. Each thrust is long and drawn out, ensuring three of the rings pop over his prostate with each movement forward and back. Pentazer squirms on the Throne but it’s not done with him yet. A gasp meets the feeling of the sleeve moving on his erection. He closes one eye and tilts his head, keeping his gaze on his captive erection as the entire sleeve squeezes his member hard enough to make it narrower before relaxing to the tight sleeve before. With the form fitting, thick flesh over his erection, every motion is felt as it begins to stretch backward, grinding a dozen small ribs over his glans and dozens more over his shaft as it pulls back, tightening up around his penis. It then relaxes, causing the elasticity to stretch out, forcing all those ribs to slide back down his erection. Pentazer’s body quivers from the intensely pleasure the throne forces into him.

“Ah, shit!” He flinches and his purple/red tongue slides out the side of his maw. Half an observer and half the victim, he watches the sleeve match the rhythm of the tentacle fucking his ass. Pulling back and tightening, squeezing his penis to a narrower diameter, then relaxing back down.

Each movement make him feel like he's slowly thrusting in and out of the most expertly designed onahole ever made. A loud squelching sound punctuates each up and down motion of the sleeve over the sergal's precious sex organ. The powerful, pleasurable sensations of being thrust in and out without moving are overwhelming. He tries to move, to struggle, but all he can do is faintly wiggle as the throne fucks him up the tailhole and milks his cock with expert precision. It goes slowly, each movement taking seconds to pass, an agonizingly slow pleasuring of the prince. After a few minutes of this, the Throne can sense Pentazer is growing closer to climax, reading his body like an open book. It then slows down the ministrations of the femboy and finally stops, leaving the young sergal panting hard and fast.

"What, why did you stop!" Pentazer pleads, then snaps his jaws shut, realizing what he just said. Was he enjoying this? Is his brain so addled that he wants this to happen to him?

A chuckle emerges all around him.

"I said I would take this slowly, I've waited ages for you, I will make sure our coupling is methodical and steady." The Throne seductively taunts its young ward. It waits until it feels Pentazer's arousal subside to a mellow high, Pentazer showing some signs of frustration, before it then begins thrusting in his ass and clench-grinding over his erection again. The sergal moans gently and closes his eyes as he's forced to endure the pleasure washing over him again. Ribs of that sleeve rubbing over his invaded urethra, popping over his glans and tightly tracing the contours of his penis, back and forth. The sound in his dick begins to lightly slide back and forth as well, in the opposite direction of the sleeve, but only enough to be felt, never enough to leave the back end of his ejaculatory duct. The tentacle up his ass rubs its rings over his prostate with calculated accuracy, the barbed head grinding against the textured interior of the sergal's rectum. Back and forth it thrusts in unison with the penis milking. This time it only takes just over a minute for the throne to feel him near his climax and once again, it stops, letting the sergal's high die down. The moment he reaches the valley of his arousal, the throne resumes pleasuring him. On and on this goes for nearly ten minutes, leaving the sergal in agony. Finally, as Pentazer nears his peak and anticipates being let down again, he notices the sleeve milking his shaft doesn't stop. He blinks and looks down at his erection, watching expectantly as pleasure overwhelms him. A soft cry of orgasmic release escapes him as his entire body convulses in the Throne's grasp. He twists side to side in small motions, but enough to cause the tentacle on his erection to tilt side to side with his movements. He is barely able to buck in his restraints, undergoing the throes of orgasm, much to the satisfaction of the Throne of Salience. Pentazer's semen is voluminous in release, having been built up for such a long period, he's extremely horny and a significant amount of his cum pumps out. While the urethral sound sucks up most of it, there's so much spunk that it slips around the tendril and splatters out the dilated urethra, flooding into the sleeve as it continues to slide up and down the femboy's cock. The tight, pink cock-ring clasp firmly around the root of the sergal's pseudoknot does not prevent the flow of his semen, as the precious fluid is drawn up from the sound, deeply inserted inside the young male. Pentazer's breath holds as the Throne sucks away as much of his seed as it can, continuing to stimulate him through the release and into the hyper-sensitive post-release state. Pentazer gasps and pants hard as the sleeve steadily tightens and relaxes, pulling on his cock. He tries to pull his arms forward to grab onto it, to stop him, but he can't move.

"Ah-gods! Stop, please!" The sergal begs, but the throne does not comply, at least not right away. It continues to thrust in his ass and pull on his cock for a few more seconds, over-stimulating the femboy, before finally relaxing. This leave Pentazer in a panting wreck of a condition. "Holy fuck, that was intense." Pentazer gulps, as his chest heaves with each breath.

"And it's only the beginning, my Prince. First you shall witness the sealing of our coupling, then it will be time to silence your harsh voice. Only the harmonious voice of your awakened body will be satisfactory to hear." The Throne says in a rather threatening manner. Pentazer looks side to side, worry starting to build up in him again, which begins to cause his erection to soften, but only a small bit due to the pink cock ring inside his sheath. As his penis relaxes, the throne clenches the sleeve around his penis. Sucking hard on it again and again, to draw blood back into the femboy's dick. It continues to do this until its forced Pentazer erection to increase in size and length from the

over erection. Pentazer grunts as he's forced to endure this, letting his tongue hang out again as the throne finishes bringing him to a very stiff erection once more. After rolling his eyes and head to shake the dizzying sensation from it he looks back down at his abused penis. The large stalk tentacle is descending toward it, the crimson ring opening and closing hungrily as it swallow the tentacle sleeve as it moves toward the young male's erection. As the tentacle descends, the cock shoved up his ass, pushes in deeper and deeper, driving itself into his lower intestines and causing them to dilate around the tentacle cock. As the flanges approach the effeminate sergal's hips, the lower splits open just above the tentacle phallus. A previously hidden slit spreads, drooling fluid onto Pentazer's scrotum. He squints one eye again as the red ring of the tentacle moves down, over his penis. It's rather hot inside and he can feel the warmth translating through the sleeve that it still tight around his member. The sounding tendril resumes its slow slide back and forth inside Pentazer's urethra, working slightly deeper into his vas deferens with each thrust in. The sergal whimpers as he watches his glowing erection disappear into the thick stalk. The tight red ring squeezing his erection as it moves down, much like the pink ring did earlier, though not as firmly as it did. As it passes over his pseudoknot and clasps around the top of his root, on the outside of his sheath, while the pink ring remains around the base of his root, as deep as it can inside his sheath. The flexile tentacle petals now move into position. The two upper ones lay over his hips, wedging themselves against his pelvis, just above the tentacles that tightly hold onto the base of his thighs. They wrap around over him and press against the top of his tail. The flap with the tentacle cock inserts the last few centimetres of its length up the sergal's ass, a good meter of the thing distending his intestines with the insertion. As that flap pushes down, the drooling slit just above the tenta-cock sucks up the femboy's balls, pulling the furry scrotum into a pouch then clenches firmly around behind it. A suction keeps the male's testicles inside the pouch, while they are massaged in a steady motion. With this, the lower petal presses right up against the neon-green tail fluff at the base of the sergal's limb. With his erection now completely inside the tentacle and the phallus so deep up his insides he feels bloated, the femboy's breathing steadies out. He feels the stalky tentacle performing a swallowing motion on his erection, pushing the stalk down with enough force he can feel the pressure on his abdomen, causing the minute ribs to roll over his sensitive flesh, while larger, thicker rings rub over the outside of the sleeve.

"Hnnnghh!" The sergal grunts out as he's fully locked into the tentacle throne. To his surprise he feels something claps around his throat, causing him to yelp in surprise. "What the hell!?" He panics and turns his head side to side, trying to get a good look at what has happened, but unable to do so. A fleshy collar has sealed around his neck, two halves of hard flesh that links together by thin strip of muscle over his larynx. The collar is almost as tall as the length of his neck and as thick as his thumb. Six glowing red eye slits open up, three on each half of the collar, and look over their prized Prince. Two tentacles slid down from slits under the edge to slowly caress Pentazer's chest fur, tasting every hair they pass over and matting down the fur in the process.

"What's going on!?" Pentazer wiggles about as he hears a grotesque sound of cracking open bones and sticky flesh above him. He tries to look up and from a fleshy opening above him, a new tentacle has emerged. This one has a terrifying implication. Pentazer can clearly identify what looks like a hood, a hood that has a similar contour to that of a sergal's skull. It has two hemispheres, each one with two long, pink tentacles wiggling about on the exterior side. A third segment, attached via a tight membrane to the two hemispheres, is the front, a mask, specifically shaped for the unique design of a sergal's snout. Just below the mask is a fleshy, crimson membrane that hangs loosely. The inside of the mask salivates just as hungrily as the milking tentacle. Pentazer watches in horror as the Throne lowers masked hood to eye level with the femboy, giving him a good look at the interior. It's moist, slick and covered in small nubs that writhe about. Instead of any visor or breathing holes, there are five slits. Two where the eyes should go, two where his nose would go, and one at the front, at the center of the mask.

"What, what hell is that?" Pentazer asks in a panic. Before the Throne responds, it begins to thrust the tentacle up his tailhole again, moving steadily fifteen centimetres back and forth, he almost cramps up at the sensation before the fluids excreted by it relax his insides. Pentazer grunts

from the anal stimulation, which causes pre to be sucked up by his urethral invader. On queue, the sleeve inside the tentacle resumes its rhythmic squeeze and relax motion, pulling those ribs over every millimetre of his penis upward, then grinding them down, up and down. Pentazer moans as the waves of pleasure are forced into him once again. This time, however, a new sensation meets his forced thrusting. The larger rings of the tentacle go through a steady gyrating motion up and down his dick, their own, tight rings adding a different sensation that translates through the sleeve, against the femboy's sensitive cock flesh.

"Aanngh, not again!" The sergal protests and begins to writhe as the Throne fucks him.

"Yes, again, and again, my prince, oh my Prince. How I will pleasure you for days. However I have heard enough of rough, peasant-sounding, low-borne voice. You are my Prince, but I cannot abide your air. Do not be afraid, young Prince, I will take good care of you and when we are done, your voice will be a perfected timbre with the Flow." The Throne of Salience taunts him. Through the manic pleasure he's forced to endure, the constant slurping, sucking sound of the tentacle on his cock and up his ass, he manages to maintain his focus enough to keep his eyes on the hooded mask. As he watches it, the slits swell and push open. From the eye pair, two tendrils with podded tips emerge, oozing a clear, fluid from the holes at the tip of the bulbs. The nasal pair, two wiggling tendrils emerge, looking just like the urethral sound and just as slimy. Lastly, from the largest slit, a thick red tentacle with a rubbery looking surface emerges. The tip of this one is a simple sphincter that drools out a glowing orange fluid that mats down Pentazer's belly fur. The sergal gulps in horror as the five tentacles stretch toward his face.

So focused on these drooling appendages, is the femboy, that he doesn't notice the two similar ones that have emerged from the rim of his collar, similar bulbous tips to the top two in the mask. Pentazer becomes vividly aware of them the moment they wiggle into his ear canals. The sergal yelps in surprise which is just the opportunity the Throne was looking for. As the young male cries out in his panic, the larger tentacle shoots forth, directly into his mouth. A momentary gurgle escapes the effeminate Pentazer, as the thick tentacle forces its way over his ridged tongue and into his throat and down his oesophagus.

Momentarily without breath, Pentazer starts to panic as he is unable to breathe. This is rectified quickly as the two middle tendrils penetrate the femboy's nares, wiggling up his nasal passage and coating the entire interior in slime. They wiggle through his nose, penetrating deeper than he would have ever cared to experience. Absolute terror overcomes Pentazer from the slimy insertions up his nose. They wiggle through the passage to the back of his neck before sliding around the tentacle that continues to descend into sergal's stomach. The two tendrils change their path and slip into Pentazer's trachea, each one making its way into the left and right lung respectively. There, the tentacles expand to form a tight seal inside his bronchus, almost to the point that his airway feels sore from the dilation. However, despite this horrifying experience, he feels air forced into his lungs, then pulled back out, forcing him to breathe slowly before until he gets the idea that he can breathe through the tendrils in his nasal canal, at which point the Throne lets Pentazer breathe of his own volition. Rapidly, Pentazer sucks air in through the tubes in his nose, panting quickly through them.

Now that the young male is no longer in danger of suffocation, the Throne of Salience resumes its coupling with the Prince. The two tentacles in the sergal's ears reach his ear drums, there, the pods peel open and spew out a slime that fills his ear canal. Once flooded, the disks push forth and directly latch on, through suction, to the eardrums, forming a perfect, tight, all encompassing seal with his drums. The only sound Pentazer can hear now is his insides, being penetrated. The tentacle in his throat reaches his gut and lays down at the base. A horrible, nauseating sensation overcomes him as the Throne of Salience pumps his stomach until its empty, at which point it floods his gut with that glowing, orange goo. The nutrients will keep the Prince alive for the duration of his ascension.

Last of the tentacles are the two pods that are moving steadily toward his eyes. Pentazer breathes hard and fast as he watches him, his bright, green eyes transfixed on the pods. As they approach, the pods open up into broad, thin disks, with visible veins through the membrane. Clear

mucous perspires out through the membrane all over its interior. Then, without warning, they lunge forward. The broad, thin membranes attach directly to Pentazer's eyeballs. The mucus on their interior forms not only a full seal, but also a comfortable cover that fits over those sensitive organs.

Unable to vocalize anymore, the sergal can only thrash his head side to side. The hood maintains its position, allowing the tentacles to follow the sergal's movements. The tentacles attached to his eyes fit well under his eyelids, covering most of his orbs. Even as he clenches his eyes shut, the tendrils stalks lead back into the hood. Pentazer's heart races as he is enshrouded in darkness, silence, unable to see, hear or smell anything. He can still taste, however, and he can taste that thick tentacle flexing around on his tongue as it wiggles inside his dilated throat. It tastes somewhat salty, meaty, a bit gamy and like he stuck his tongue on the surface of a 9 volt battery, only milder. Two tentacles that he's unable to see move in from the sides and hold his head steady. Now that he's wiggling less, the mask moves in toward him. Pentazer can feel the writhing nubs wiggling about as the hot, moist interior moves toward his face and around his snout. The tentacles attached to his face withdraw inside the hood and mask as it moves into position, while remaining affixed to Pentazer. As the mask presses in over the sergal's head, the nubs move around, wiggling through his fur, massaging his facial muscles and brow. The four tentacles on the outside wrap around the back of his head, two over his ears, two below. With this, the hood jams itself firmly against Pentazer's face. The previously loose membrane below now tightens, pulling up under the sergal's chin, clasping his snout firmly around the tentacle in his maw, holding his jaw shut right to the base. Now that Pentazer's fully coupled, the tentacles release his head, allowing him to twist his head side to side.

"There now, my Prince, my precious Prince." Pentazer holds still for a moment as he hears the voice of the Throne of Salience very clearly, like he were wearing the most amazing earbuds with the clearest audio.

"I will keep you fed, your body healthy. You will hear what I hear and see what becomes of you for a time." The Throne taunt, then Pentazer's vision floods with light before coming into clear focus. He can see... himself! He's restrained in the throne of Salience. The mask affixed to his face. The tentacle latched onto his cock slowly moving back and forth, as the interior slides up and down his erection. He can see his body trembling and his head turning side to side but the angle of his vision doesn't change. The only sound he can hear is the squelching sound of his mechanical fucking session. At first Pentazer's eyes are open, though within the mask, the entirety of his eyes are covered in that membrane, fit snugly under his eyelids. The femboy tries to close his eyes, which he does, and he can feel the stalks sticking out from between his eyelids. Though, even though his eyes are closed, his vision does not change. He watches his legs wiggle and his body begin to tense up. The sensation of those ribs and rings moving up and down his erection are intense. Small bulges show on his abdomen where the tentacle up his ass is driving through his intestines. He can feel the throne shudder around him as the tenta-cock bulges and ejaculates pink cum up his intestines, flooding the entire lower tract as it cums litre after litre into him, reaching into his small intestines. Shortly after, Pentazer's toes curl inside their sleeves and he silently moans as another orgasm wracks his body. The tendril in his urethra stops thrusting as it sucks up the femboy's semen eagerly. His legs quake and his arms shiver as he shakes his head, side to side, feeling the over stimulation forced into him as the sleeve continues its steady pace of pulling on his erection.

"My Prince, my Prince, your precious fluids are immaculate, your body is almost perfect. But now that we are coupled, you will begin your ascension." The tentacle sleeve slows down its after-orgasm torture of the young male, finally holding still.

"There is no rush, my Prince, it will take days of this to prepare your body, so we do not need to be hasty." Pentazer's heart sinks and much to his further horror, he observes the rib-like tentacles closing around him, sealing him inside the heart-like structure. At first, it is completely dark, but then bioluminescent pods emerge within the throne and illuminate the interior.

The tentacle in Pentazer's ass slows its movement and stops. The Throne gives the captive prince a moment to catch his breath then he feels fluid pouring over him. The only motion now is

the constant massage on his balls from within their pouch, the massage of his legs, arms and tail, and a constant gentle grinding on his taint. He watches, without the ability to look away, as a clear, viscous gel like substance starts to flood into the chamber. It rises up over his tail, then his thighs, then over his crotch, up his belly then neck then finally submerge him completely. The chamber fills fully with seconds but his vision is not agitated by the substance. While he can see his fur flowing about in the liquid and feel it swirling constantly around him, he can still hear and see clearly what the Throne of Salience wants him to. After a few minutes he feels the grip on his balls tighten almost to the point of pain before it relaxes and the feeling of that sleeve drawing back inside the tentacle is met by the tentacles exterior pushing down on his penis. This gives the sergal the simultaneous sensation of penetration and withdraw at once. The throne slowly picks up the pace, revelling in Pentazer's pleasure.

The black furred male gulps at the tentacle in his throat and tries to cry out for help, but he is unable to make even the smallest of sounds with his airway stolen. The throne focuses exclusively on Pentazer's erection, squeezing it, massaging every millimetre of his flesh, dilating his urethra and sucking on that cock. The ring around his knot root tries to push further into his sheath but can't go any deeper. Each motion of the sleeve drawing back tightens it around the young male's penis, where it holds that position and allows outer tentacle to milk up and down that erection before the sleeve relaxes and sends those ribs driving down over the flesh. The complex stimulation is incredible, amplified by the individual ministrations of his testicles, each one being massaged separately, squeezed gently and rolled around. Pentazer gulps around the tentacle in his throat as the collar massages his neck, the tentacle tongue below rubbing sensually through the sergal's chest fur.

This vigorous stimulation brings the young Prince to a swift orgasm, causing his body to undergo the usual spasms of his intense, and powerful climax. The Throne eagerly drinks the male's ejaculate through the urethral sound and writhes around him. It doesn't slow its stimulation of the femboy during the course of his release, making sure that Pentazer is overwhelmed with pleasure to the point that it becomes too much. After he's spent, the throne maintains that pace, causing the young male to try to desperately whimper and squirm as his hyper-sensitive cock flesh is continuously worked over by the slick, vitalizing fluids that coat it. What Pentazer doesn't realize is that the Throne's semi-clear pink fluid not only acts as a lubricant, but it also ensures that the erection will remain sensitive and free from going numb. The constant squeezing sensations also ensure that the throne is working fresh blood circulating into the sergal's erection on a steady basis, passed the tight ring clasped around his root.

"There there, my Prince. I can sense how good this feels by the trembles in your delicate body. Do not worry, after five clicks of this experience, or over a week in your frame of reference, you will be ready for your coronation, your exaltation, your transformation." Pentazer's ears perk then lay back.

A week of this rape? Transformation? What transformation? His mind races as pleasure overwhelms him. Finally, the throne slows down to a slow, gradual after-care of the sergal's penis. Pentazer breathes heavily in release. This time, the tentacle up his ass begins its steady thrusting, ensuring that he feels every centimetre of its intrusion withdrawing and plunging back in while the Throne leaves his over used erection to rest for a moment. The motions of that cock inside his bowels is pleasurable all the same. Each ring grinding over his prostate sends a pulse of pleasure through him. The feeling of being so deeply penetrated is erotic all in its own way. It's a little disturbing, being able to see his gut distending along the left side where the throne's cock is plunging his ass, but at least it doesn't seem to be harming him. His insides are tight around the tentacle's dick even without his tailhole clenching around it. The throne takes its time fucking the Prince up the ass before speeding up its motions. Pentazer quivers as a small orgasm washes over him, spurting small bits of his seed into the sounding tube. The Throne itself unleashes another massive splurge of its seed into Pentazer, now flooding his entire intestinal tract with its essence.

At this point the Throne of Salience finally gives the sergal Prince a break. It needs to let Pentazer's biology absorb the mutagenic essence of its release. Once his intestines are empty again, in an hour or two, they will resume. Until then, Pentazer is left to catch his breath and mull over his

thoughts in silence. The Throne is quiet, simply enjoying Pentazer's body, massaging him where it can, petting his face with the mask, massing his balls and gently stimulating his penis. During this time, Pentazer feels a weird tingling in his gut that intensifies after a number of minutes before gradually fading away.

After about an hour of rest, the Throne of Salience resumes their sessions, rousing Pentazer from a torpor of introspection to the sudden feeling of those many ribs drawing back over his cock flesh then back down. The steady feeling of the sleeve pulling on his penis once more is accentuated by the inner rings grinding up and down his tightly sleeve penis. Pentazer rolls his head back as the tentacle shoved up his tailhole starts thrusting once more, making sure each rib grinds over his prostate. The urethral sound also resumes its thrusting inside the femboy's dick.

The Throne steadily brings the sergal to a climax, then onto a session of over stimulation that drives him into another orgasm, before the Throne gives him a brief rest. Then it resumes a a focused milking of him again followed by a brief rest, and then another milking, over stimulation into another climax before and a break. Then it's straight into two more milking, one after another with only a small break between them until the Throne gives the exhausted male a break, to let him absorb the throne's intestinal flooding ejaculate. This cycle repeats until Pentazer becomes so exhausted he can no longer stay awake. Feeling the weakness in the young male, the throne closes off his vision. The sickening sensation of that urethral sound withdrawing from his penis is the next thing he feels, leaving his cock feeling weirdly empty. Mercifully, the throne withdraws the sleeve from Pentazer's member, though it leaves the glowing phallus within the larger stalk where the abused penis can be "safe and secure."

"Rest now, my Prince. When you have regained your strength, we shall continue. Until then, dream, dream your dreams of Wisdom." Pentazer doesn't take long before his body succumbs to exhaustion and a heavy sleep.

Just as the Throne of Salience promised, a few hours later, it rouses him from slumber by invading his sheath with the sleeve, which sucks on his penis until he's fully aroused and hard again. Once he's sleeved entirely inside the tight fitting membrane it clenches around the root of his knot, at the very base of his sheath once again. Only then does it restore his vision, allowing him to witness his black furry body in restraint.

The familiar urethral sound makes it way back into him, felt rather than seen. The slimy penetration effortlessly works its way into dilating his urethra as it makes it way into his now empty bladder before once more pumping it half full of that substance. After that, the sound withdraws into his penis before repositioning back into his ejaculatory duct.

Pentazer knows what is coming next, the Throne starts pulling on his cock, milking it steadily while fucking his tailhole just as mechanically. As the sleeve and rings move up and down that sergal's sceptre of pleasure, the throne whispers about the future and the convergence to the captive Prince who can neither close his vision nor shut out the voices.

All the femboy can do is watch his body get raped over and over, hours after hour. This goes on and on, day after day. While the two wait for him to be "ready." The Throne of Salience does keep good care of Pentazer, not wanting to harm the most treasured prize in all of Diplathos. It keeps him just on the edge of hungry, giving him enough rest to not be hurt while ensuring his captured limbs are frequently massaged to prevent atrophy.

This experience goes on for almost two weeks, during which Pentazer completely loses track of time. With no daylight, all he can do is wake to his routine of forced pleasure until he is exhausted, then pass out only to repeat the process again. Only when the Throne was satisfied that the Prince's body has been prepared does the milking stop. At this point, the throne closes Pentazer's vision and mutes his hearing as it changes the fluids in side the chamber to become more embryonic. Having collected enough of Pentazer's seed, the Throne is ready. The Syzygy is upon them and the time of the Convergence has come at last. Outside, the Throne hardens its exterior, becoming the chrysalis for the Prince's ascension. The Yafzahav Mundahsu guard is intensified to protect the sacred chamber while many Exarchs gather in the great hall at the base of the stairs. Though deep in a comatose slumber, Pentazer is vaguely aware of what is going on around him. He

can hear the steady drum beats of ritual music, the chanting of the Exarchs. He can feel the Flow around him, in him. He can sense the Convergence as it happens.

The worlds of Diplathos and Alpthos would be forced violently together through the cosmic ritual orchestrated by the Throne of Salience. What was once two realms now merging back into one, causing total chaos across both for those who were unprepared. Alpthos, also known as Akad to Pentazer and his people, a world once knowing only the laws of physics is suddenly merged with a realm of what can only be described as sorcery and monsters. Horrors and terrors spread across the conjoined world as the apocalypse descends upon the now combined, Diplalpthos. All of this unfolds as Pentazer sleeps through his bodily metamorphosis. The once sergal undergoes a sleep of years that will gradually transform what was a young sergal into the Diplalpthoian Prince that he is destined to be, that was promised by Kalim Nar-Hadod to the Wise. A promise made and kept over three thousand years. The Throne of Salience watches over its charge with focal attention, making sure the Prince is undisturbed for he will need all his strength to fulfill the duties the Sage Pact set forth three millennia ago. What kind of world will Pentazer awaken to? He does not know, his mind is filled with dreams, dreams of exotic and alien places, familiar faces in unfamiliar places that he recognizes all the same. Swirling in the ether of his subconscious, the Flow integrates with the new Prince, the wordless language of creation will become his native dialect, from which all other languages devolve. The Throne of Salience is ecstatic with anticipation, patiently waiting for the time it can hear the Prince's true voice. Within those dreams, Pentazer's mind goes on a journey, recounting the pilgrimage of Kalim Nar-Hadod as though it were his own memories. All the while, he can feel himself physically changing, he can feel his mind being altered, his knowledge expanding and all that he once knew, drifting further and further away...