

The following is the Intellectual Property of Willem Tobey (nom de plume). Usage outside of personal entertainment purposes will bring shame upon you and your family. This writing\story\novel, its characters, and the events portrayed within are purely fictitious. Any similarity to other writings\stories\novels, characters, and events is purely coincidental and unintentional.

WARNING: May contain coarse language, violence, gore or sexual content. Reader discretion is advised

Chapter 8. “A Chain of Calamitous Circumstances”

He wasn't alone for long. Talking and strange noises could be heard from outside his door. Then it was quiet. The door opened, then closed. Troy looked, but couldn't see anyone. He looked around, but couldn't see much of the floor. He swore he heard something. Perhaps whispers. It was kind of...spooky. Even more spooky was when the table began to lower his feet and tilt him up.

A feminine squeal came from his left as a figure lunged forward and fell to its hands and knees. It was tiny. Like a baby or toddler. A child at most. If they were an adult, they were a dwarf being so short and petite.

A small backside stood up in the air with a long, thin tail stood out of the top where the indentation started for the split. A noise that must've indicated "pain" was moaned out as it stayed in that compromised face-down position. The creature groaned and pushed off the floor with its hands and sat back on its hocks. Troy couldn't quite tell what it was. It shook its hands as it rocked its hind end and pulled its legs out in front of it. It began to rub its knees, then twisted to place its hands on the floor before the hind end swung around. The tail looked like a whip as it made it to a crouching position. It stood as it stepped forward - bringing its hands off the floor.

This creature had a small muzzle or snout with round ears the size of a coffee cup. Based on the feminine sound of the higher-pitched of the two voices, he assumed it was a female. Though it wasn't definitive, the slight bumps on the chest confirmed it.

She turned to face behind Troy while a soft, stern-sounding, higher-pitch voice came from behind him. The little girl's ears went back and she furrowed her brow as she lowered her gaze. It seemed she was being scolded. Troy wondered if she fell or if she was pushed with the way she fell. He assumed they must be children. It was definitely

something a child would do. The verbal tirade ended and the mouse-like girl turned her head towards Troy.

She reminded Troy of the girl from the simulation - the one that he wanted to split in half like a maul to wood. Troy clenched his jaw and shoved his tongue against the roof of his mouth as he pursed his lips and scrunched his brow. He wanted to slap himself. It was a disgusting thought from an equally disgusting simulation. Even more abhorrent was how his penis responded to it. He could feel it shift as it filled up. His tongue began to cramp and his jaw hurt. His only solace was in the fact it began to subside from advancing any further.

She opened her mouth slightly and stood on her toes as she just...*looked* at him. Her ears turned towards the back as she rose up on her toes. She tilted her head a bit to the left as her ears came back to the sides. She dropped back to the floor and turned towards him. She pulled back her hood and shook out long, wavy, lemon drop hair that spilled out.

Marshmallow white fur adorned a face with a short muzzle that project out no further than if he'd held his fist up to his mouth. The nose itself was an oblong piece of pink gum you found in a twisted wrapper you could blow large bubbles with. Fluffy, whipped cream waves of fur covered the front of the neck. Her eyes were rich - the first word Troy could think of. Like brownie batter with a caramel-colored starburst. They looked delicious. She was adorable.

He watched those eyes drink him in - slightly darting this way and that as she reached out her small hand. She quickly pulled it back as her eyes stopped and fixated on his lower half. She held her hand up to her mouth with a gasp as she took a step back.

He saw a glimpse of her teeth before they were covered. Her front teeth were a bit longer than the ones next to them. They weren't grotesque like a regular mouse. They were closer in nature to those pieces of gum in the plastic bubbles with the foil backing. Troy was oddly fixated on describing her with chewing gum and other sweets. She was just so cute and adorable that he wanted to eat her up.

He wanted to feel proud of that gasp and look of shock, but with his approximation of her age it wasn't appropriate. Plus, it could mean disgust or laughter to them. He was beginning to feel embarrassed that he was on so much of a display in front of her. It reminded him of walking in on his father in the shower. The sight of the

man behind that clear glass was a sight Troy really didn't want to recollect. To make things even more awkward, she leaned in and had yet to blink.

Whispers came from behind. She whispered something back. Troy released the tongue pressed to his palate when he thought he saw something in his peripheral. He saw the shape but not what it was until something touched him. Troy looked over at the other creature, then quickly back to the first one to catch her pulling her hand back from his lower torso. She looked up at him and touched his bicep. She slowly lowered her other fingers until they made contact with his skin. Her fingers were very soft with the small, pink beaned finger pads. She wrapped her palm around and squeezed his arm. She looked down at his hand as she pulled hers away. She gently touched the back of his hand. Troy tried to remain still as to not spook her curiosity. He was as inquisitive of her as she was of him. She grabbed his wrist and turned his palm up. She let go of it as she tilted her head and knelt to take a closer look at his feet.

An angry voice followed the figure that stepped beside her and grabbed her arm. They jerked her up and pulled her away from him as the verbal lashing continued. She protested just as angry as she yanked her arm away. She turned to look at the other one as she gestured at Troy to, apparently, plead her case.

"Imu tokéov! Sempo neep periculo!" She exclaimed as she stepped towards Troy.

Troy saw two figures stride in from the left - the larger of the two grabbing her arm and yanking her away from Troy.

The larger one pulled off its hood. Beach sand yellow fur and shoulder-length black hair were revealed on the stocky lioness. Without the hair and soft features, there was nothing else to distinguish gender.

The other two followed suit. The shorter of the two - about as tall as the mouse - had black fur with a white muzzle that stretched down to the neck. Platinum hair adorned the top of the head in a poof with the back of the shoulder-length hair jutting out to the sides. Flaps for ears, a pink nose, and deep blue eyes were the remaining features of this skunk. The other one had light brown fur with long, dark brown hair. The female stick figure had amber eyes and a black nub of a nose that ended the fawn's muzzle.

Troy watched as the mouse said something to the one that still wore the hood and walked up in front of him. She looked down and placed her feet on top of his and stood while holding onto his arm. Her blonde hair barely reached his collarbone. He tucked his chin in as best he could as she turned her head up. Those eyes made him want a brownie with caramel goodness swirled in - the moist chocolate with the light, flaky top that softly crunched to reveal thick, cakey yum.

She reached up and gently touched his face. The pink nougat squished into his cheekbone. Her hand moved down his cheek to his jaw, then over his lips. She pulled her other fingers back as her index finger pressed into his bottom lip. She seemed to study his teeth with her own mouth slightly open to complete the look of wonderment. Troy could catch a faint whiff of natural cinnamon wafting up to his nose. Her warm breath touched his chest and seemed to have a similar smell to that of shark lady's.

His bottom lip flipped up from her finger and "*clopped*" against his top lip. Her eyes rotated down and she touched his chest. Strands of hair that had fallen over her shoulder brushed against his stomach and the tips of her ears tapped his shoulders as she moved her fingers down and over his nipple. She pulled her hand away and looked up at him. She pointed up at him. The strawberry nougat bean contrasted the marshmallow fluff as she brought her finger up to touch the tip of his nose. He couldn't help but scrunch his face and wiggle his nose when a tuft of fur tickled the underside.

She quickly pulled her finger away and seemed to lose her balance with a soft "squeak" and a look of shock. Troy strained against the shackles in an attempt to catch her. She reached her hands out and grabbed behind his neck. Troy grunted - the air rushing from his nose - as he tensed up and pulled against her weight when his neck dug into the bondage.

Voices and shuffling of feet could be heard as the others stepped behind her. She was already pressed against him with her head on his chest while gasping for air as she trembled. She grunted as she pulled a hand from his neck and waved it behind her. She brought the hand back and pressed it to his chest next to her face. She just...*stood* there with her ear tickling his collarbone.

"Mio tokéov. Invot mio kyap, sempo neep periculo," she said quietly, her neck vibrating into his ribs.

Whatever she said made it okay for more hands to touch him. They were all soft hands. She stepped down and moved behind him as the skunk-looking one bravely stepped onto his feet.

Her eyes looked up at his. She seemed to have an air about her like she didn't trust him. She looked at his arm and wrapped an arm around his bicep. She was deceptively strong - painfully even. Troy noticed the equivalent of a smile in her eyes as he winced. She smelled of something sweet as well. Like apples or pears.

Troy's demeanor soured as she dug her nails...her *claws* into his arm. He didn't want to show pain or fear. He suppressed the pain as much as he could. He stared through her eyes and into her soul with hatred. He moved his head and neck as far ahead as he could. The strap dug into his esophagus and labored his breathing. His nose pressed into hers.

She didn't flinch. She didn't even blink.

Her grip finally eased up and she pulled back. Her other hand moved over his chest to just over his heart.

He could feel his heartbeat in his temples. He could feel the heat of the blood forced to remain in his head.

She moved her other hand under his chin as she continued to lock eyes with him - her eyes barely blinking. The back of her hand stroked under his chin, then lifted off to find his cheek and slide down. Her hand flipped over and landed on the slope of his trapezius. She pulled her hand off his chest and leaned back. Her eyes remained locked on his as her head rocked to the side and down. She winked and followed it up with a mischievous grin. She pulled herself against him. The sweet smell intensified. Her ear brushed against his cheek as she whispered some alien nonsense into his ear. She pushed away and dropped down.

It seemed it was the lioness' turn. She slovenly lumbered up to him.

That was rude! Just because she was of a larger size didn't mean he had to fatten up his descriptors of her!

Troy kept his eyes locked on the skunk as breath wheezed from his nose. As she sauntered out of view, the lioness grabbed his chin with her finger and thumb. It

snapped him out of his asphyxiating staring contest. She turned his head one way, then the other from her vantage point. Her amber eyes studied him. She grabbed his nose between her first two knuckles and moved his head painfully about. She gave something of a scoff as she forced his head back against the table and moved away.

It seemed the doe was next. She stepped up on his feet and locked eyes with him. She was even lighter than the mouse somehow. Through his irate expression, he stared into her honey-colored eyes. Her pupils were a rounded rectangle compared to the circle the lioness had. Her scent was intoxicating. It broke through his defenses and caused him to relax. Hands groped his butt and thighs as he drank in a hefty sample of that scent, then swallowed hard.

It was a similar scent that drew him to Jackie. Lilac was his evil mistress and he was its slave. He closed his eyes and relaxed back into the table.

The doe lightly ran her fingers down the side of his face from the temple to the jaw. Her fingers gently glided down his neck to his shoulder. An erogenous shiver dashed through his body and he sighed through his nose with content. Her fingers traced along his collarbone and up along his esophagus. He breathed in sharply as they traced over his Adam's apple and over his chin. Her fingers tenderly swiped over his lips, turned, and passed over his cheekbone, his nose, and over his other cheekbone. Her fingers turned at the end of his cheek and kindly passed over the ridges of his eyes where eyebrows once grew. His chest expanded to its limit as she lightly traced a finger over the helix of his ear. His body trembled and air slowly passed from his nose as she gently circled her finger around the earlobe and traced down the side of his neck.

He was lost in this world. He was being groped by three sets of hands. Poked, prodded, and petted as well. As the doe returned her hand to his chest and drew her finger, seemingly, over each rib, he dismissed the notion he was a captive, they were his captor, and them being animals.

"Is this considered bestiality? Am I becoming a zoophile?"

Those thoughts vanished when the doe traced her delicate finger around his nipple. Troy never cared for this. But...this wasn't...horrible. Perhaps he would never consider this a favorite of his, but this much with this delicate touch was enough. He slowly opened his eyes and straightened up his head. He wasn't sure how to read her. Either she was intently exploring uncharted territory or she was enjoying this. A definitive smile arched across her face.

The doe pulled her body slightly away and slid her hands past his tightening abdomen. Her soft hair puffed that intoxicating scent into his face when it pressed into his chest. Her hands traveled further down until her soft, thin digits pushed against him and she stepped down for a better vantage point of his lower half. She leaned in and turned her head each way as she inspected what was hidden beneath the alien briefs. Her delicate hand slowly reached towards his groin.

Troy struggled to contain himself. He felt ashamed. He knew without looking that he was struggling to contain his erection. His face told the story his body didn't want to listen to. As much as he wanted this attention to stop, his body didn't

A voice yelled from the door. The attention quickly stopped and all eyes flashed towards Horns standing in the doorway. Troy was disapp-...glad that he showed up. Though this put a partial check on the bucket list, he felt as ashamed of this as he did everything he did and had done to him by shark lady. *Especially* that damn simulation. He *wanted* this event to happen to him, but not like...*this*.

Horns stepped forward as he pulled off his respirator and hood. His eyes hurled daggers at the girls. The doe turned back towards Troy and looked him in the eyes. She touched a finger to his chest, then pulled her hood on as she ran out of the room. The lioness gave him look, then followed behind. The skunk looked at him with a devilish grin while using a nail to scratch his side as she walked past. She bolted for the door as the mouse placed her hand on his hand, looked him in the eyes, and smiled. She, too, pulled on her hood and raced out the door.

For some reason, Horns stepped in front of her. She cried out of surprise as she crashed into him and rebounded a couple of steps back. That look she gave him reminded Troy of the look shark lady had after dispatching those other two.

"Nice, Troy," he thought. "You got all the alien anthro-pet females all over you but your own kind flees to another penis to sit on for companionship."

Harsh? Perhaps. He'd been harboring these feelings and thoughts since the day he traveled to surprise Jackie but found himself to be the one in shock and lost in disbelief. Too many things in the past...however long it's been have reminded him of her. It was maddening.

Horns followed the mouse with his fiery gaze as she sulked out of the room. He stomped over to Troy and set the table in motion. As the table moved, Horns pulled off the hood and draped it over Troy's failed attempt to contain his...excitement. Horns put a hand on Troy's shoulder for a few seconds as he said something. He wasn't looking at Troy, but he held that fierce scowl even after he stopped talking and pulled the hand away. Horns walked over to the cart the girls must've pushed over by the wall and pulled it over to the table. He watched as he hooked the cord back into the tablet. Troy, for some...reason, forgot all about that.

Troy felt disgusted. Regardless of whether he knew how old the girls were or if it was acceptable in their culture, it was fucking despicable of him to react that way - forced or not. Sure, he had no way to defend himself. He didn't have a say in anything that happens to him anymore. That was another frustrating matter: His free will was gone. Freedom no longer belonged to him. He had no choice but to bend to their will.

It struck him right in the throat. It was all too hard to swallow.

His throat was tight and his eyes started to water. This struggle was starting to break him down. It was eating at the last of his strength. His armor had deep cracks and his skin was getting thinner. Might as well throw in the other cliché about mental toughness. He didn't know how much more he could take before having a complete meltdown. He turned away from Horns and let the tears fall as they may.

He wasn't sure how long it had been or how many tears he'd shed. Horns had evidently lost the battle with his eyelids once again. His ear tickled Troy's midsection and his muzzle lay alongside Troy's hand. He was resting his head on his upper arm and his hand lay just inside Troy's armpit. He was already in a deep breathing rhythm with soft snores escaping every so often. If Troy had the ability, he'd fall asleep, too. Although, he would pray he never woke up.

Troy passed the time listening to Horns' snoring - seemingly without a care in the world. Troy still found it strange the captor would be so cavalier. Stories like this never went well for the captor.

No sooner did that thought leave his mind's lips...

Horns' horns pressed into Troy's stomach and he coughed into Troy's hand before settling back in. Troy could hear the soft sound of velcro. The band on his right wrist retracted back into the table.

Troy's heart began to race. He looked from his hand to Horns, then back several times. Troy attempted to move his arm. It felt numb. Dead weight. He would also have to be careful not to touch Horns' hand that dangled precariously close to Troy's wrist. He clenched and relaxed his hand several times to get some blood flowing. He held his breath as he slowly pulled his arm towards his shoulder. Horns didn't seem to notice. This was good. Troy took another breath and carefully moved his hand up to his neck and touched the strap. He grabbed and pulled to no avail. He tried the on around his hips next. Nothing. He tried to move his arm over to his other arm when he hit a snag.

The cord tugged and the tablet fell over with a hell of a noise. Troy froze as his heart disappeared in his chest and took his breath with it. Horns groaned and shifted his head on his arm, then was still once more. Troy opened his mouth wide and shoved air back into his lungs as his heart slammed in his chest. He was getting sloppy. He was now the one acting carefree. As smart as he was, he was being really fucking dumb right now.

He let his hand slowly drop to his chest. As he lay there - defeated - the thought of strangling the creature crossed his mind. It was a plan. However, he'd still be stuck to the table. Unless...

Troy sighed and rolled his eyes. He brought his finger up to his mouth and licked it. He reached up and touched the collar. Nothing. He licked again and swiped across. Nothing. He licked one more time and tried to mimic the pattern he saw them do. Ditto. He was again defeated. He didn't expect it to be that easy. He tried the whole process again on his hip band. Same results. Nothing. Defeat.

He looked over at Horns. His mouth was shut. Troy sighed. He was crushed. The only way out would be to stick his finger in that thing's mouth. It would be just his luck if their saliva was acid. He quietly chuckled at his ignorance. He wouldn't have a hand about now. Nor would he have a mouth.

Or would he? If this was hell and she had already killed him - whether by acid spit or after the airborne drug - then this was all being done while he was a spirit and these were really spirit shackles. This is indeed the dark side of the afterlife. Not that he

expected any less if this was the light side and this was the sick and twisted prize for being a good person.

He again thought of just choking the blasé creature. *That* would get the shitty antelope to open his cock vacuum. No. The shitty antelope would slump down and fall out of reach. There had to be a better way to get his finger wet. If shitty antelope could just cough and touch it...there had to be something he could do with that information. Troy ran his finger along the table in hopes of picking up some residual spittle. He brought his finger up to his neck. Same...damn...results. It must have evaporated or something.

Troy began to think of ways to coerce his way into his lips by putting slight pressure on his jaw to where it would loosen up like a dog chomping down on something they shouldn't. Perhaps if he slid his fingers along his lips and gently pulled up and slid his finger along the gum. Maybe if he put his thumb up to those lips, an infantile rooting and sucking reflex would take over.

Troy manned up and moved his hand over to Horns' mouth. His hand trembled. He inhaled, swallowed, and held his breath. He slowly lowered his hand as it began to steady. His hand neared the final tripwire: Fucking...whiskers! They weren't super long, but there were a lot of them scattered about his upper and lower lips. His hand began to tremble again as his breath timer was running out. He attempted to resume breathing by slowly letting the air out of his open mouth. He relaxed and his hand fell upon the table. Sweet oxygen flowed through his lungs and reoxygenated hungry blood cells. He prepared himself and tried a more regulated breathing approach, then hold it at the finish line. He held his hand steady, flexed it a few times just to be sure, made sure his nerves were in check and sent his hand in motion.

"NO!"

Troy stopped. His eyes darted from his hand to Horns. He still appeared fast asleep. He could have sworn that it was Hons' voice that he heard. He was sure of it. It came from that direction. Horns was the only communicative creature in that direction. But...then again...they didn't even speak the same language. Perchance Horns was having a dream and spoke within it and it just sounded like "no". Troy shook that silly notion from his head. He was fast asleep. Out of the times he had fallen asleep, not *once* did he utter more than a moan...or cough. Troy green-lit the plan once more.

"NO!"

Troy pulled his hand back. It sounded more like “Mo” this time. Horns’ hand came down on top of Troy’s and pinned it down to the table. Horns lifted his hand a bit. The arm that was underneath his head stretched out a bit and pinned Troy’s arm back down. His other hand appeared from under his mouth and moved underneath the table. He lifted his head and pulled his arm away from Troy’s wrist. Troy heard that defining velcro sound, then watched in horror as the band returned over his wrist and the table disappeared where Horns lay his head. Horns twisted his torso and lay his head on Troy’s thigh. Horns’ hand slid under Troy’s leg as the other one draped under his knee. Horns groaned as he hugged Troy’s leg and pulled himself closer. Horns smacked his lips a few times and settled back in. After a few moments, Troy could feel something damp on his thigh.

Troy couldn’t...*FUCKING* believe what just happened! He just...*stared* at Horns as his soft snore reverberated in Troy’s thigh and filled the void of silence. Warmth seeped from Horns’ head. Troy slowly turned his eyes to stare up at the ceiling.

“What nightmare could *POSSIBLY* top this one!?” He shouted in his head

His question was promptly answered when Horns began to lick Troy’s thigh. The shitty antelope hummed and mumbled something. His mouth stayed parted and Troy could feel the hot air across his knee. Just when Troy thought it couldn’t get any more disturbing, saliva began to pool under Horns’ mouth.

Troy felt a familiar stirring in his chest. He wanted to scream. He wanted something to throw. Something to punch. He wanted to have a redo so he could murder the calf of a...*thing*!

Horns brought his hand up and wiped his mouth, then settled back in with a hearty sigh. He smacked his lips, snuggled in, and started to softly snore again.

Troy desperately wished he could fall asleep, wake up, and have this proverbial hell be just a nightmare. This ridiculous story needed to end! Troy closed his eyes and wished with every last fiber of his being that something miraculous would happen. He didn’t care if it was some knight in shining armor or the reaper itself.

Troy began to wheeze. His chest felt so tight. He was laughing. His body convulsed as his breath left his body in a maniacal cackle. His throat felt like he swallowed a boulder and it was impossible to breathe. His eyes welled up and his face

slowly twisted as the bitter taste of sorrow overwhelmed him. Tears streamed down the sides of his face as he cried - the only comfort coming from a murderous jailer.

His eyes fluttered open to take in the light and flame from a campfire. He stared up at the starless sky. It was just...black. Empty. Nothing. His eyes drifted up in their sockets to take in several shadowy figures looming towards him. The figures and the fire began to warp and flicker like an automobile readout with a bad connection. He'd never experienced déjà vu before. This was *much* creepier than he'd heard about. He could make out *some* features. Ears. Tails. Claws! Fangs! Troy quickly made it to his feet and started to walk away from the dangerous manimals.

There was more nothing in front of him. Empty. Black. He could care less. There was some land at his feet to create separation. The world flickered, warped, and slowly faded.

"You can't hide from me!" A booming voice called out.

Troy turned his head to look at where the voice came from. The fire snuffed like a candle and not even embers remained. Troy felt terrified and his feet stopped following orders. A soft blue glow in the form of eyes formed in the distance. The eyes moved as the partial face Troy could see rose up. Even with the eyes partially shut, the aura became more intense and revealed the blue outline to the rest of the face.

The face looked furious. It was still human. That much was comforting. But as the light became more intense, it began to change. Hair or fur began to grow out of it. The expression became pained as the figure grabbed its stomach and nearly doubled over. The light began to cover the whole body of this...*thing*. A fluffy tail grew out from the backside. Spikes formed on the head to become ears. The face became elongated. It became menacing. Not human.

Troy felt his stomach and his knees lock up as he listened to the pained, labored breathing of this...transforming man-beast. Werewolf! The beast held its hands in front of it as claws grew from the tips of its fingers. He clawed at the shirt he wore and tore it off as something sprouted from his back. He fell to his hands and knees as wings sprouted like trees from his back - feathers floated in all directions. He clenched his fanged mouth shut and tucked it in towards his chest. The wings lay upon his back, then started to stretch out and up. Ghastly snaps and pops like bubble packaging wrap being

wrung out filled Troy's ears as the wings fluttered and trembled. He gasped for air and respite as the wings folded neatly on his back. He pushed off the ground and slowly made it to his feet.

"Please! Calm down!" Came a soft, soothing female voice.

Another feminine, slightly deeper, and a raspier voice came from the other side of him. "You're scaring everyone."

The wolf man...bird...angel thing's aura began to dim to a soft glow. His lips parted to bare sharp teeth. The eyes opened up to a small burst of icy blue light that seemed to burn out or fade as it projected outwards. A darker blue aura began to emanate from them. The shades of blue within his eyes - the *entire* eye - seemed to flow like a lazy river. It was like seeing an image of the planet before the land masses formed. The creature's body lurched forward until he planted a hand on the ground and slid a foot beneath him. In a blur, the creature lifted its wings and slammed them down - launching him towards Troy.

Troy felt his chest clench and his body began to feel cold. He willed his body to turn and demanded that it run.

"Mykol! Wait!" A male's voice yelled.

"He doesn't know!" Yelled the first female's voice. "I'll get 'em."

Troy thought he was hallucinating. The scenery wasn't going by as if he were running. It felt more like he was walking. He clenched his eyes closed and focused on running from this monstrosity. He peeked and saw that his legs were indeed moving, but at a jogging pace. The sound of large wings flapping and footfalls behind him became louder and closer. He began to panic. His eyes shot open and he began to gasp at air that just would *not* enter his body. He couldn't comprehend what provoked him to look back.

The winged beast was in the air just above the ground as another creature ran beside him, but was gaining ground much faster.

Troy looked ahead and tried to find somewhere to hide and take shelter. There was nowhere. Nothing. He mustered up what little energy he had left and about a pint of courage. He stopped and quickly turned to face the danger head-on. His gelatinous,

quaking knees spun a different tale. His hands arched up from his sides and he clenched his fists tight as he gnashed his teeth.

The female creature with the horns, the ears fluttering behind the sides of her head, and hair flowing in the air resistance cutting around her face was nearly upon him. She spread her arms wide and cut in front of the winged one as her body twisted. He crashed into her and her hands slapped against his back. Momentum carried them in the air a few feet away from Troy until she fell on her back and they began to roll. They finally stopped.

"Please! Stop dammit!" She cried into his chest. "Just...*tell* him!" She pleaded.

The beast's bared fangs slowly covered as he lowered his upper lip. He closed his eyes, rest his muzzle in front of the horns before it, then hugged her back. She pulled her arms free from behind him and gazed over him on her hand and knees. She looked over at Troy.

It seemed like there was a sun coming out. The sky began to illuminate a deep orange. It allowed Troy to see them properly. The female looked like a gazelle with brown and white fur on her face with black stripes from her eyes to the back part of her mouth.

The winged beast slowly opened his eyes and sat up. She helped him to his feet and dusted him off. The deep blue aura seemed to sway with his eyes as his head moved. He clapped off his hands and looked up at Troy.

Troy felt like he'd seen these eyes before...these two creatures before. He remembered feeling that mix of fear, pain, safety, and comfort from them.

The beast stepped towards Troy as his arm reached out. He gently grabbed Troy's arm. His mouth opened as if he were about to speak. Nonsensical gibberish seemed to spill from between lips and fangs. He looked....confused. She looked over at him with just as much, if not more, confusion. He slowly opened his mouth wide and seemed to yell. Not yell. It was a soul-wrenching howl so beautiful that Troy's face turned up and tears began to fall from his eyes. The gazelle's eyes widened and her jaw slid open.

"Shit. Not that. Not now," she said quietly as she stared at the howling wolf man.

Troy engaged his abdomen and his body lurched forward with the crushing sadness he felt. Despite his struggle, he felt a ton of resistance. His esophagus felt like it was being crushed and he couldn't move anything save for a sliver of an inch. The sun faded. The creatures faded. Troy's eyes closed and everything became dark.

His eyes snapped open and he found he couldn't breathe. Horns stood beside him shaking his fist and yelling something. A shrill beep-like sound nagged at whoever would listen. His heart was slamming in his chest so hard he thought it'd explode. His throat was closed and refused to open. Horns released the collar and began to massage Troy's neck beside his esophagus. His face was getting hot and felt numb. The pain in his chest swelled and spread throughout his body as if he were being crushed between two beds of nails over and over again. The muscles in his neck began to spasm.

Somehow, he was able to exhale a slight wisp of air. His neck muscles fluttered and evened out as the gas of life rushed into his lungs. Divine, liberating gasps of air filled and was pushed free from his lungs as tears continued to stream from his eyes and dampen the table. He regained some semblance of composure and breathed long, deep breaths. His tear-clouded vision became dark and lights danced in his field of view. He closed his eyes and focused on returning his body to normal. A soft, rubbery substance stroked his head and Troy could hear words with the intent of calming and comforting him.

Troy opened, then blinked his eyes a few times as his vision cleared. Horns' eyes were kind and his smiling mouth barely moved as he quietly spoke. He brought his hand in front of Troy and used the back of his furred extremity to caress Troy's cheek. He tilted his head to the side as he gazed down upon Troy. Troy felt the pins and needles prick his face as the blood flow returned to normal. Troy turned to the side and coughed with the painful tingling in his throat. He felt Horns place a hand on his head and one on his shoulder. Troy swallowed and began to calm down once more. His eyes felt heavy and his head drifted to the side into the gentle thumb stroking his forehead.

Troy opened his eyes, rolled them up, and locked them in on Horns'. For several moments, the room was quiet and calm as Troy was expressing his unwavering, non-verbal gratitude.