

The Miserable¹

By C. Elliot Ritter

Master of the House and Beggars at the Feast²

The meal, the kitchen staff told Brian, was unseasonably large³ and the crowd in the dining room acted like a gang of Hell's Angels visiting a Renaissance Faire. At last count, there were three fistfights.⁴ One of which was between two merchant's wives.⁵ Brian stood as far back from the table as he could to avoid the randomly moving tails and spontaneously flying table scraps.⁶ Once he stepped on a skunk-woman's tail and for a long few second thought he might need to scrub with vinegar⁷, but she only snarled. Smelling like skunk and vinegar would not be pleasant, especially in a world where people might have a better than a Human⁸ sense of smell.

Brian, along with Susanne, served wine with Brian on one side, Susanne on the other. People stared at Brian, being the only human they'd ever seen, and some gossiped.⁹ Susanne, on the occasion she had time to, looked at Brian. Once or twice, she'd smile at Brian, who only glared back.¹⁰ Susanne would look away forlornly.

A richly dressed, overweight Vulpid once pulled Susanne in close, petting her head hair and rubbing her buttocks¹¹. Susanne acted flattered, but her face veiled disgust. Brian saw her say, he couldn't hear clearly over the din, "I'm taken," and displayed Brian's promise rag-ring.¹² Brian flushed. The merchant angrily smacked

1 This is the literal translation of *Les Miserables*.

2 The titles of the two main songs with the Thenadriers.

3 And yet only 40 potatoes...

4 What kind of nobility would act like this?

5 Was it a ... cat fight? ... Lord I apologize, and God bless the pygmies in New Guinea, amen!

6 Once again, and if you've read the first of these you'll know what I mean ... What the hell was I thinking?

7 All you need is a mild acid. Tomato juice does nothing at all in real life.

8 I'm not sure if I'd capitalize it today.

9 That's nice, what were they saying. *Show don't tell*, remember?

10 Damn he's an asshole!

11 No ... too formal. Butt would be better. Not ass though, since it's offensive.

12 I'm so tired of typing it I'm going to save it on my clipboard. What the *hell* was I thinking?

her butt hard and releasing her exclaimed loudly, “I will have her!”¹³ Laughter ensued. Brian unconsciously flexed his fists.

“So, Ooman,” Duke Jimi, a lion-man Brian mentally named because of his resemblance to Jimi Hendrix¹⁴, shouted above the voices, “What did you think of my daughters?”

“What?” Brian said.

“My daughters, what did you think of them?” the Duke gestured to three young lionesses¹⁵ sitting next to him and facing Brian. They appeared very familiar. Brian racked his brain thinking where he’d seen them. The image of three nude figures came into his head.¹⁶ Oh, fuck no!

“Um,” Brian stammered, “you three were...”¹⁷

“Screaming for you to leave,” the one nearest the Duke¹⁸ said sullenly. She was the largest and, if he had to guess, the oldest.

“Oh, no,” Brian moaned, dropping the pewter jug.

“The normal punishment is loosing your eyes,” the Duke announced. The added conspiratorially, “Unless you promise marriage. So, which one?”¹⁹

Brian felt a warm feeling down his leg²⁰; he couldn't tell if it was adrenaline or urine. “I can't, I'm, I—” Brian stammered, glancing at Susanne who had as shocked a look as Brian had.

“He's kidding,” the middle daughter said, slightly cocking her head and

13 OK. This is actually from a television show that I swear only me and my family has seen. In one episode of *Robin of Sherwood* after the first Robin was killed, there was an episode where Maiden Marion was in this big barbarian-looking feast hall in a castle and a similar thing happened. Marion refused the duke or whatever and he yell, “I will have her!”

14 Copy/Paste: What the *hell* was I thinking? I'm not even that big of a Hendrix fan either. Yes he was the greatest guitar player in rock 'n' roll history, but I'm not that big of a fan.

15 Really? He mentally calls the lionesses? How very “Furry” of him. Don't forget he ain't!

16 Believe it or not this was a spur of the moment, seat of my ass thing.

17 Wi nõt trei a høoliday in Sweden this yër?

18 I always capitalized this for some reason. According to the Associated Press Stylebook you don't, so I don't today.

19 You're going to get tired of reading this: What the *hell* was I thinking?

20 Honestly ... how many people really would pee themselves? It's not a response of the sympathetic nervous system.

smiling.²¹

Urine, Brian decided, smelling the acrid odor. He looked down to gain composure and get the wine jug and saw a wet stain on his pants and the pitcher missing. Bruce, the Ursid steward, laughed walking behind Brian, pitcher in hand. “You need to learn bladder control Ooman,” the Duke laughed, “or is that a trait of your people?”

“No, its not,” Brian said relieved figuratively and quite literally, “I need to sit.”

The middle lioness pushed her younger sibling out of the chair and said, “You can sit here.” The youngest sister who was between eight and fourteen, snarled.

“Uh,” Brian started walking the six- or seven-yards adding unsurely, “okay.” He sat just before his legs gave out.

“So, Ooman, what are you doing here?” Duke Jimi asked smiling, not a friendly sight with the tone he used.

“I don’t know. Actually ... I remember going to working, eating dinner at with a co-worker, and ...”²² Brian trailed off in thought, “Nothing! I woke up in a forest, feeling like I’d been irradiated...”²³ Brian ended in a saddened tone.

“Poor thing,” the lioness seated next to him said, pitying Brian.

“What's irradiated?” the oldest daughter growled.

“Lay off him, he’s been ill,” the middle daughter said and patted his leg. Her calf rubbed against his.²⁴

“So you're an Ooman?” the skunk-women, seated across from Brian said. She wore blacken dress with a scoop front, revealing more than Brian thought medieval noble women would find decent.²⁵

“Actually, it human,” Brian said emphasizing the “hu-”.

21 Enter Marybelle ... she’s a thorn in my side today because I like her, but I don’t know what to do with her.

22 I’ve sort of written the first chapter of the new one and it doesn’t read anything like this.

23 How does he know what being irradiated feels like?

24 See the løveli lakes.

25 The concept was taken from a picture at a Ren Fair of a falconer. It was hot and I lost the picture in a hard drive wipe.

“I see,” the skunk said quickly following with, “is it true they could fly?”²⁶

“What?” Brian asked puzzled.

“Can you not hear?” she responded rudely, “I asked if the legends are true: could Ooman, I mean, humans fly?” She mocked his emphasis on “human.”

“Yes,” Brian said almost as a question.

“Then do it,” someone said followed by various people saying, “Fly”, “I have to see”, or “I bet you ten shillings²⁷ he can’t.”

“Go on,” the skunk said.

“I can’t,” Brian, said truthfully,²⁸ he didn't even like driving past an airport. The Genah’s²⁹ booed and money exchanged, “I can’t because I don't know how. We used machines, like big metal birds. Big, noisy, metal birds full of very flammable stuff.”

“So you can’t?”³⁰ the skunk said defiantly.

“No,” Brian said curtly. The lioness removed her leg, much to his relief. The skunkette³¹ snorted a laugh. Perturbed, Brian added, "We put a man on the moon."

“Ha,” the skunk said arrogantly, actually saying not laughing.

Brian rolled his eyes and said, “July 20, 1969 at 10:56 p.m.³² Eastern Standard Time, Neil Armstrong stepped off the Eagle and said, ‘That’s one small step for man, one giant leap for mankind.’ I was only a year old but I’ve grown up watching recordings.” The crowd stopped even the dulled talking they’d started when Brian sat. While on the spot he added, “We’ve sent probes to other planets and even out of

26 Falconer ...

27 This is before I standardized their money into various precious metal coins.

28 Well, naw shit!

29 I’m surprised I didn’t mention this when the word first appeared in the last one. “Genah” (hard “G”) came from altering Genalt (also hard G) which is short for Genetically Altered. In this setting they were actually genetically engineered creatures in a gonzo far future.

30 The wondrous telephone system.

31 Here is comes ... What the *hell* was I thinking? How the hell did he decide on knowing that word? He ain’t “Furry”!

32 That is actually the proper time of day that it happened. I should also note that I changed the p.m. From PM to conform with AP Style.

the solar system.” Brian was a space buff but his fear of air travel kept him out of NASA; when placed on the spot he would point to Apollo I and the Space Shuttle disasters.³³

The skunk looked angry. Brian sat smug, trying to forget the urine drying on his pants.³⁴ A large, something maybe a bull, spoke up next, “I’m the Captain of the Duke’s Army,”³⁵ the bull stopped to drink his wine, grabbing Susanne to refill it.

“And?” Brian said, still feeling good after talking down³⁶ the arrogant skunk.

The bull belched adding, “I was getting to that. What was the human’s best weapon?”

“Best weapon?” Brian repeated, thinking.

“Best!” the bull said, still holding Susanne to fill his goblet.³⁷

“The pen,” Brian, a firm believer in non-aggression said. The leg returned with a knowing grin from its owner.³⁸

“The pen?” the Captain of the Army asked. Then shouted, “No! The best, what killed the best?”

“Hmm,” Brian thought for a second, “the nuclear bomb.”³⁹ Only two have ever used, each killed one hundred-thousand people, instantly, and another quarter million within a few months. And those were small ones,” Brian said, oddly proud.

“Can you make one?” the Duke asked, obviously interested.

“No, and from what you have now it would take, oh, six-hundred years and a good reason, like a war to end all wars,” Brian hoped that they’d never learn how.⁴⁰

“Is it true Oomans, sorry hu-mans, destroyed themselves?” The goat wizard asked. Brian knew it was a test.

33 I guess this dates writing this after the Columbia disaster.

34 I have to admit, that is a pretty good line, despite how messed up it is. Everyone knows people who would do that.

35 I think I had a name for him at one point. Dunno what it was though.

36 Did he really talk her down?

37 I’d make it a cup today.

38 And many interesting furry animals.

39 I think I revised this to read the AK-47, which has probably killed more people over the years.

40 Just so you all know I’m with Robert J. Oppenheimer on this argument.

“I hope not,” Brian said, unsure of how to answer, “but I wouldn't be surprised.”

The daughter next to Brian spoke in a lusty voice, “Is it true, we were created when humans mated with animals?”⁴¹

“Oh, no,” Brian said uneasily and moved his leg away from the lion's. She quickly wrapped her leg around Brian's keeping it from moving.⁴²

“More wine milady,” Susanne said coldly, filling an almost full goblet to nearly overflowing. She glared at Brian. He gave her a helpless look.

“That's enough, wench,” the lioness snarled, baring her teeth. Susanne backed off, still standing behind them. “Explain,” the Lionid⁴³, Brian wasn't sure if it was that or Panthrid⁴⁴, urged.

“Humans and animals are not, um, compatible. Our,” he had to explain this like he was talking to an idiot, “that is, if a human and an animal, uh...”⁴⁵

“Mated?” the lioness said placing her hand on Brian's hand.⁴⁶ He pulled away, leaving three scratches on his hand. Susanne growled.

“Yeah, you'd either get an injured animal and a sore human or vice versa,” Brian cautioned.

“What if they were roughly the same size,” the lioness hazarded.

Oh, shit, he knew what she really wanted; he could see it in the lion's face. He said, hoping to rescue himself, “Anyway it happened the human would be shunned; the animal possibly destroyed.”⁴⁷

“But, neither could get pregnant?” the lioness asked. A strange smell hovered

41 Hello! I'm not going to repeat what I've been saying, but I'm glad I removed from here on in the “Very Old” version of the story.

42 This is the point where I begin to get *really* embarrassed.

43 Today it's spelled “Leonid”.

44 Now the collective name for all of the big cats are Pantherius.

45 Including the majestik møøse .

46 Yes all of the young females in this version are sluts.

47 Chances are no one would find out. Even if someone did, I doubt they'd destroy the animal. Though I bet the human would be facing jail time.

around her.⁴⁸

“No,” Brian stated in a snotty tone, hoping to put her off, “didn't you hear what I said?” Instead, the lioness grabbed Brian's head and kissed him hard. Brian refused, but unable to move his head away she forced her tongue in his mouth. Why prolong it, Brian figured, and returned the kiss. Her mouth was like an abbreviated death:⁴⁹ she had gingivitis, halitosis, and several bad cavities not to mention a tongue that could remove paint. Finally, when she relaxed some,⁵⁰ Brian pushed her away and off the chair.

This Change, Can People Really Fall in Love So Fast⁵¹

Shakespeare wrote, “Hell hath no fury like a woman's scorn,”⁵² but he never saw a man caught between an amorous lion and an angry vixen, a woman's scorn would be light. Susanne wrenched Brian up by his hair and backhanded him.⁵³ The lion roared, almost literally, “I choose him father!”⁵⁴ Susanne ran out crying loudly.

“Shit!” Brian shouted and ran after Susanne. The room roared with laughter but the staccato sound of claws clacking against cobblestones and bare feet slapping the floor are the only sounds Brian heard as he chased Susanne through the halls. She slipped while turning a corner, fell into a blackened oak chair and stopped moving.⁵⁵

As Brian approached, he stopped and listened. Her breathing was shaky and her eyes closed. He placed his head by Susanne's mouth to listen to her breathing

48 Yes, they have sexual pheromones, read on...

49 I really liked this line back when I wrote this and I hate it today.

50 A m \ddot{o} ose once bit my sister...

51 Lyric from the “Love Montage”

52 Actually no he didn't. It's from *The Mourning Bride* by William Congreve. First produced in 1697 and the actual line is: “Heav'n has no rage like love to hatred turn'd
Nor Hell a fury, like a woman scorn'd.”

53 Amazing for a girl that's almost a foot shorter than he is.

54 Right (dammit I haven't said it in a few pages so I have to scroll up to copy it) What the *hell* was I thinking?

55 Ouch!

when she threw him against the opposite wall and stood, clutching her back.⁵⁶ “You bastard!” She screamed and flailed out with a clawed hand slicing Brian's face, “You Gahn damned Bastard!” Susanne jumped on him, placed her hands on his throat, and pressed down.

It took Bruce and a soldier to remove Susanne who still managed to kick Brian's face before moving away enough not to be a danger; then she collapsed, unconscious. They carried her away to the kitchen staff's room only a few dozen yards away.⁵⁷ Brian sat in the chair and touched his bleeding face. What was going on? In the thirty-three years⁵⁸ he'd been alive Brian had conjured the feeling of animal lust, pardon the pun, in only three women, two of which he had already been in a relationship with for at least a year.⁵⁹ The other had claimed to be a resident at a hospital, failing to mention she was not, in fact a doctor in training but a patient in the hospital's mental ward; still, it was the best sex he'd ever had.⁶⁰

Humans are a strange creature, two-million years after deciding that walking with a straight back and using tools was a good idea we still had relics of our primal ancestors.⁶¹ The much-touted human brain still spends more time analyzing body language of somebody new, judging their threat, than remembering their name.⁶² Our bodies are just as primitive. A bald human still has tufts of hair, mainly in the armpits and groin, to hold and carry our ancient ancestor's pheromones. Few people today would find armpit odor or a smelly groin attractive,⁶³ but to our ancient

56 In her current form she's 5'2", 125 pounds soaking wet (and I'm including about 15-20 pounds of fur and tail) how the hell can she do that?

57 Actually I didn't have a map to use yet so I winged it.

58 He's 37 now and I should have used the Arabic numerals instead of writing it out. AP Style once again.

59 Once again, I was a virgin and still connected love and sex.

60 Now tell me, wouldn't that be hot? Being coaxed into with a mental patient addicted to sex? (Assuming she wasn't disease ridden.)

61 No realli! She was Karving her initials *ø*n the *mø*øse with the sharpened end of an interspace *tø*øthbrush given her by Sveuge — her brother-in-law — an Oslo dentist and star of many Norwegian *mø*vies: “The Høt Hands of an Oslo Dentist”, “Fillings of Passion”, “The Huge Mølars of Horst Nordfink”...

62 I don't know where I heard this but it's true. I want to say NPR — National Public Radio — but I'm probably wrong.

63 Yes this is also true. Pheromones play a role in synchronizing women's menstrual cycles when they live and work in close proximity for long periods of time.

ancestors?

Brian never smelled these Genah's body odors, if such scents in them were weak, then Brian's being noticeable to the *Homo sapiens*'s puny nose, would be nearly unbearable.⁶⁴ Assuming humans produced sex pheromones⁶⁵ it would explain a lot, Brian thought. The two who attacked him were young; Susanne was twenty and the other, well, Brian couldn't tell her age, but was sexually mature. It was a wild theory but made sense. Fuck, if that's the case, these women will be going after him. On Earth, that's a dream, but here?⁶⁶

A noise made him look up, Duke Jimi stood there. "You were lost in thought I didn't want to bother you. My daughters are beautiful, would you agree?" he asked conversationally.

"I wouldn't know," Brian sighed and touched his face, the congealing blood felt rough. Brian leaned back and followed up by saying, "right now I don't find your kind, Genah's, attractive."⁶⁷

"You seem to like that vixen," the Duke said.

"Yeah, I figure in a strange place you need friends, but..." Brian shook his head, "This has never happened before."

"A love triangle," the Duke said as if answering a question.

"No, women practically trying to tear my clothes off. One is strange in a lifetime, but two who don't even know me?" Brian stood and paced.

"You dislike this?" the Duke asked like a psychiatrist asking if you really believe you're Jesus.⁶⁸

"Yes," Brian said emphatically and laughed stressfully, "I'm not a pervert. I'm sorry, I'm sorry, but animals? You have to see it from my view. On Earth, it's a

64 Actually they smell pretty bad. In her current form Susanne smells like a real fox, which is similar to a skunk.

65 And they do...

66 From "Amazon Women in the Mood" episode of *Futurama* (Season 2 episode 1), Fry: "I never thought I'd die this way, but I always hoped!"

67 This assumes that he thinks he'll eventually be attracted to them.

68 Unless your name is something like Jesus George Rodriguez.

crime to have sex with animals. You go to jail and see a psychiatrist. I can't, not now, maybe—maybe in a few months, or even years, but not now. You're human enough in many ways but I can't." Brian found himself, after the speech, worrying about Susanne.⁶⁹

"She's claimed you," the Duke said.

"What?" Brian turned to look at the Duke.

"My daughter, Marybelle, has claimed you," the Duke said approaching Brian, "it's her right, to claim who she wants," the Duke lowered his head with a father's heavy heart, "be it lover or husband. I will tell her not to pursue you."⁷⁰

"Is that wrong for me not to accept?" Brian queried.

"Normally yes, but in special situations I can forbid it," the Duke placed his hand on Brian's shoulder. "Don't worry, she won't bother you again."⁷¹

"Thank you," Brian said relieved and added, "but one question."

"Yes?" Duke replied.

"What's your name?" Brian asked.

"Duke Mickel⁷² Andago," Duke Andago stated adding, "why?"

"Otherwise I'd have to call you Jimi," Brian smiled adding, "Don't ask you probably don't want to know." He stood and sighed. Looking toward the door said, "Now if you excuse me I need to see to Susanne." Duke Andago had already left.

Brian walked to the kitchen staff's room and knocked lightly before entering. The men's side was empty but in the women's side people talked in hushed tones. Brian entered cautiously. Susanne lay on the bed near where she nearly raped Brian only hours earlier.⁷³ She slept, her breathing regular. Brian walked to the bed and looked at Susanne, then leaned in closer. No one spoke. He turned Susanne's head

69 Everybody let's say it together! What the *hell* was I thinking?

70 What an amazingly progressive nation for a patriarchal, medieval monarchy.

71 We apologize for the fault in the comments. Those responsible have been sacked.

72 So *that's* how I spelled it! I thought it was more like the Russian Mikael.

73 Did she really nearly rape him?

slightly, looking at a long scrape running across her face. “Ouch,” Brian muttered, and ran a finger along it.

Susanne woke and saw Brian touching her face. She growled, “Get off me.”

“Hold her and hand me a light,” Brian said and the others looked at him odd. “Do you want her to choke me or will you help me?” Quickly Scancy⁷⁴ and Bruce held her and the still unnamed Felid handed Brian a candle stand. Grabbing one greenish candle Brian said, “A light, one light.” Brian became a researcher because he had poor bedside manner.⁷⁵ Taking it, he looked into her eyes, and then held them open. As she stared angrily, Brian said, “I’m checking for a concussion, but I think you’re fine. Let her go.”

“Why did you...you, kiss her? I thought you wanted me,” Susanne was still angry, livid, but exhausted.

“I didn’t want to. She’s strong and I couldn’t turn away. It was like kissing a sewer. She had horrible teeth. Duke Andago said she wouldn’t bother me again,” Brian said glumly.⁷⁶

But the Tigers Come at Night With Their Voices Soft as Thunder⁷⁷

Brian stood, his knees creaked, and he walked into the other side followed by Bruce and the Felid. “It’s been a long day, where do I sleep?” Brian asked and Bruce pointed to a lower bunk. Brian immediately got in it, covering up before he removed his trousers and tunic, consciously sleeping nude for the first time since grade school.⁷⁸

74 Notice a different spelling than from the last chapter? I dunno what I was doing.

75 That explains why he’s a asshole.

76 So many adverbs.

77 From “I Dreamed a Dream” I considered changing it to read “lions” and not “tigers”, but I didn’t.

78 OK, yeah, I slept nude last Sunday (Sept. 25), but I was with someone so... But I’m just saying that it happens.

Falling asleep that night wasn't hard, he felt exhausted and he had slept most of the day, late at night, though, something woke him. Brian wasn't sure what, but immediately found out. That smell ... that same odd smell, as at dinner, it was Marybelle.⁷⁹ Did the Duke lie or did she slip her bonds. Brian shouted but the room, besides Marybelle, himself and a maybe someone else, was empty. Brian felt a warm rough tongue on his face then hot breath. Marybelle straddled Brian, but the bunk being too small pushed him off onto the floor. "Come on, fuck⁸⁰ me," she growled, Brian was flaccid⁸¹. Marybelle growled like her primal lion and grabbed his penis, stroking it until the mere sensation brought him up. Marybelle, still holding his shaft⁸², pushed it into herself completely.

She groaned, and breathing heavier, sped up until the pounding made a dull slapping sound⁸³. She growled, the smell increased, then she started shouting, "Fuck me! Come on! Oh, fuck! Oh, Gahn, oh Gahn!"⁸⁴ Brian on the other hand was lucky to get out a cry before she hammered back down and knocked his breath out.⁸⁵ She ground onto him occasionally, rubbing her clit. Brian lay like a slug⁸⁶. "Touch me! Oh, Gahn, touch me!"⁸⁷ Brian, fearing further injury, merely cupped her small breasts.⁸⁸

"Mmm, mmm, oh! Oh, Gahn! Oh shit!"⁸⁹ Marybelle cried pounding now with such force as to pull Brian up slightly with each upward pull and slapping his

79 Oh boy, here we go... I wasn't lying when I said this was the most embarrassing thing I've ever written. And yes, this commentary may cover most of the page, but not this exact one.

80 I am yet to have a woman tell my to "fuck" her. Usually it just happens.

81 The story of my sex life ... well ... at least with one girl...

82 I think I actually used George Carlin's 2,443 dirty words (from his website) for reference.

83 I have mentioned several times that I was a virgin when I wrote this, just keep that in mind throughout this entire thing.

84 Ah yes, the sound of porn...

85 That's some *damn* rough sex.

86 "It was his only defense." Ironic to how dirty this scene is I got that line from the movie *A Christmas Story*.

87 Would a rapist really say this?

88 Today Marybelle is the proud owner of DD's. (And yes, her back *kills* her.)

89 I wish I could implant porn music into this document, because it sure would be playing right now! (By the way, I *hate* music in my porn.)

ass down when she forced down.⁹⁰ “Spank me! Come on! Oh Gahn, oh shit!” Brian did that, releasing his anger by smacking her ass, hard⁹¹. “Oh Gahn! Yes, spank me! Come on, Fuck me!”⁹²

Brian changed tactics and slapped her face. Marybelle snarled then pressed her face into his shoulder, biting just above his armpit,⁹³ while still managing to pound Brian forcefully. He pushed her face away by the eyes but she merely cut into his chest with her hands and claws, using them for leverage as she humped his hips against the stone floor.⁹⁴

Marybelle's posture changed, more erect, back arching. Brian felt her force lower but speed increase as she cried out quickly and breathlessly repeating, “Oh,

90 Goddamn! And against the stone floor! Wow! That *has* to hurt!

91 Spanking is fun...

92 I think that's certainly going on! I would hate to be on the receiving end of this too! Ouch!

93 I am yet to have that happen. Then again I'm yet to have a lot happen.

94 OK, if I'm going to take up most of a page I might as well get started. David Gerrold — author of the *War Against the Ch'torr* series and the *Star Trek* episode “The Trouble With Tribbles” (and by extension the episode during the DS9 series that took place during that episode) — had a very nice thing to say about sex scenes:

Sex scenes are embarrassing.

They're embarrassing to write. They're embarrassing to read. And most of all, they're embarrassing to publish.

Probably, this is because people will assume you were writing from experience. And if you weren't writing from experience, then why were you writing about *that*? Obviously, you must have been interested in it to write it.

Every time you write a sex scene, you're telling people not just that you think about sex, you're telling them *what* you think about sex. It is a very public admission of a very private part of your life. And no matter how many times you say, “It's just a story,” the fact remains that *you* are the person who sat at a keyboard and imagined it.

People will come up to you years afterward, and they will mention *that* book or *that* story... and you will be certain that they are thinking about *that* scene in that book or that story. You won't be able to help yourself; you'll look to see if their eyes have that extra little sparkle that suggests that just maybe they're interested in finding out if you really are as good as *that* particular scene suggests.

Now as the writer of such a smutty and quite frankly crappy sex scene, especially when I consider it a part of my “garbage phase” (I wrote better than this in high school!) you can see why I don't like that this exists. *This* scene is the reason why I absolutely *hate* the “Original” series of this story. Due to this I honestly wished I had never found out that these files still existed. I can't remember if I had forgotten that I archived these in a big bzip2 tarball (it's a standard file compression technique in the Linux world that is significantly tighter than ZIP) or if I found them on a floppy disk, either way I wished that they never existed. And thank the Goddess and God that I don't have the absolute original versions of them.

OK, I did what I promised so that's enough for now.

Gahn!”⁹⁵ Then, unable to hold back, Brian felt himself come⁹⁶, filling her with semen, and adding to mess of goo covering his lower body⁹⁷. He released only a muffled, “Oh” Within seconds Marybelle's vagina twitched then squeezed tight⁹⁸, she literally roared, “Oh Gahn!”

The smell of human⁹⁹ and especially lion musk filled the room to overpowering. Marybelle pulled off, dripping vaginal fluid, semen, and sweat.¹⁰⁰ She let the mess drip for a few seconds before squatting on Brian’s chest, ass¹⁰¹ first, and spraying a stream of musky urine onto his chest and neck.¹⁰² The stream lasted for nearly twenty seconds and Marybelle laughed as she did it. She then forced her cunt¹⁰³ over Brian's screaming mouth sealing it before releasing more directly and unerringly into his mouth, half-filling Brian's mouth with salty, musky liquid.¹⁰⁴ Looking back Marybelle said coyly, “swallow.”¹⁰⁵ Brian tried spitting it out into her but she only laughed and pissed more until it seeped out the edges his mouth and almost up his nose.¹⁰⁶

“Swallow and you're free!” Marybelle said innocently again. Brian refused

95 He must be damn good for this to happen.

96 Notice I used the more appropriate spelling of this, not the version you see in porn.

97 Damn, he was pent up!

98 Imagine the scene in *Pirates of the Caribbean* where Captain Jack Sparrow and Will Turner are fighting. Jack pulls the pistol and Will says something like “No fair” and Jack says, “Pirate.” Now take how he said “pirate” and say “virgin” like that. And to be honest he couldn’t have been *that* good since I ... ahem ... uh ... have gotten women off five times in a row and still hadn’t even gotten close myself.

99 “I smell sex and candy...”

100OK, if she’s dripping like that she’s most likely a female ejaculator since most women only get dripping figuratively.

101Look at how couth my language is here.

102OK, yeah, wrong. I know. I’ll take the penance. Whatever it takes. Whipping. Flogging. Being held above the ground by my chest on dozens of fishhooks for hours on end. I honestly can’t believe I wrote this. It is *beyond* disgusting. Way beyond! I feel like going to confession and I’m not Catholic. Chances are the priest would be disgusted too. And I’m talking like an 75 year-old intercity priest who’s heard every sin in the book and a few new ones. To paraphrase Hunter S. Thompson, this is queer in the deepest way.

103Nice language huh? Boy, oh, boy, my momma raised me right to say that kind of stuff, huh?

104Twenty seconds *and then* more! That’s impressive! She must have had to take a piss *really* bad before she went in to get that kind of length.

105OK, this is worse than just her doing it on his chest. I’ll just let everyone here know I’m not into sexual sadomasochism, urinophilia, scatophilia, plushophilia, zoophilia, or anything beyond a really liking short ethnic (and I don’t just mean black) women with nice butts and either very small or very large breasts. (Which is why the current Susanne is 5’2”, 125-lbs, including the weight of fur and a tail, wears 32A and has brown eyes.)

106This just keeps getting worse and worse!

and she growled, pressing her hind claws into his neck, “Swallow now.” Brian began running out of air and tried. After several gulps, he swallowed the salty mess. She got off his face and said, “Good!”¹⁰⁷

She kneeled, ran a claw across Brian neck and said, “When I claim you, you’re mine. I don’t care if my father says different.”¹⁰⁸ She stood and walked away, swaying her hips slightly. As she left, Marybelle said to someone, “Release the vixen.” A thud came from a few yards away. Two people walked out and the door closed.¹⁰⁹

“Susanne,” Brian croaked. Susanne didn't respond. Brian couldn't move. He repeated clearer, “Susanne?”

“They’re in here!” Bruce said behind the entrance door. The latch rattled but did not¹¹⁰ open. The door thumped as someone, probably Bruce, tried to break it down. “Get it open!” someone cried.

“Bruce! Susanne, I think she’s hurt!” Brian shouted.

The door creaked again, then groaned and fell over and Scancy¹¹¹, the 300-pound female Porcid cook stood on the fallen door. “Great merciful Jeshua!” She said waving her hand in front of her face.

“Susanne's on the floor, by your feet,” Brian informed the people entering. Somebody large leaned over with a knife and a moment later Susanne stood with the person.

Finally, somebody lit a candle illuminating the scene¹¹². Inside stood Bruce, Scancy, the disgusting Felid, and three soldiers wielding short swords¹¹³ along with Susanne standing next to a soldier. “What happened?” the lead soldier asked.

107I'll be honest in saying that part of this comes from a vile corruption of the idea that cats mark their territory by spraying.

108If he could have moved at this moment he probably would have punched her in the kidney.

109I thought I'd add a conspiracy. Second person is that bull general from earlier if I recall.

110Use the contraction, it flows better.

111At least I was consistent here. I think that's the same spelling as earlier.

112Couldn't you assume that a candle would illuminate the scene?

113Why would the soldiers be here if, as I mentioned a few comments ago, the general was in on it?

Brian, covered in various fluids and reeking of urine and musk, simply said, “Get the Duke.”¹¹⁴

After action review.

My God, did I write that piece of trash toward the end? That is all that is vile and corrupt in fanfic and Furry porn. I am truly ashamed to have my name attached to that. I really should figure out a disapproving pen name like Harlan Ellison has with Cordwainer Bird. It is filth. It is garbage. It’s not even garbage. That gives garbage a bad name. It’s like soupy radioactive waste being fed to a toddler on a razor-sharp rusted-steel spork by Slobodan Milosevic after he had his troops rape and kill the child’s family.

OK ... wow! Maybe not *that* bad, but pretty bad. (I guess I’ve proven that I have a sick imagination in more ways than one, huh?)

Once again I spent a lot of time going through and correcting the straight quotes and capitalization, but that last part was bad.

¹¹⁴I tried to give it a good cliffhanger chapter ending.