



Three Dog Night  
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Golden hour... It was a term used by photographers and filmmakers to reference that perfect moment when the setting sun painted a picture with colors seen no other time of day. The clouds hanging over the city were a burnt copper color, the sky itself tinged with coral pink in the west and lavender violet in the east. The faintest stars strove to poke their way through, but they were but specks compared to the sparkling lights flashing into existence across the skyline below as the day gave way to night.

There were countless buildings across the city that drew the attention of locals and tourists alike, drawn in by unique and memorable architecture, horticulture, and historical import. It almost seemed like a crime that the Grand Sumeria had been so overlooked when it came to artistic appreciation - almost. For an artist like Rafe Bardot, it meant that he had the building's charm, personality and inspiration all to himself.

Rafe sat on a bench in the vast park that stretched out behind the Grand Sumaria, his long wavy brown hair crashing down across his shoulders, the dimming light accenting the fine, dark hairs on his upper lip, the mustache finally seeming more defined than just the peach fuzz it had a few weeks before. Rich, deep brown eyes soaked in the rich colors that wreathed the high rise and he tried his best to replicate them with water colors, bringing in the swirls of the clouds above the building in the faintly circular spiral they always seemed to drift in.

The colors graduated from the darker clouds to the lighter building before reaching the foundation of dark, robust trees at the base. It was as if the building was reaching out, calling to the viewer, trying to invite them in. As the air temperature continued to fall and Rafe realized he was starting to shiver, he realized that he might have to take the Sumaria up on the invitation. Giving his paper time to dry, he packed up the rest of his supplies and slipped them into the carrying case before folding up his easel and turning it around so it could dry on the walk back along the eccentric circular path with spiral cross-sections.

It seemed the decision to return hadn't been a moment too soon, giving Rafe the view of the building's exterior lights snapping on as the sky continued to darken. Flood-lights spilled across the marble exterior, accentuating the darker recessed moldings that framed the edges of the building and delineated the floors from the outside. It was a masterpiece of white and off-white, sharply contrasted by Rafe's autumnal look. He had on a long yellow sueded microfiber jacket over a burgundy shirt and orange corduroy pants as if he'd dipped himself in Thanksgiving. One dangle earring wobbled from his left ear, nearly long enough for the silver charm to touch his shoulder. A quick elbow to the accessibility button prompted the building's rear doors to slide open, granting the artist access.

Most big high rises had a grand foyer at the front entrance, but the Grand Sumaria had an almost more impressive space at the rear that opened up onto the park. Beautiful inlaid stone made up a mandala-like pattern across the floor, dating back to the twenties. Rafe had sketched, drawn, and painted the mandala, though he was starting to consider seeing if he could replicate it with dyed and stained wood. The artist moved up the marble steps and headed for the elevator, reaching out to press the smooth, faintly rounded button extending out from the old golden splashboard.

Rafe waited patiently, somehow managing to keep his art supplies aloft in one hand and his easel in the other despite his willowey, waifish shape. The artist waited until the elevator doors rumbled open and he stepped in like a summer's breeze, his hair and yellow jacket fluttering a bit as he disappeared. The splash of color was enough to catch the eyes of the building's junior handyman, Carlos, someone whose eyes always seemed to gravitate to Rafe whenever he appeared. Between the odd jobs that took Carlos all over the Grand Sumaria and Rafe's tendency to wander in search of inspiration, there were ample opportunities for Carlos to lay eyes on his crush. With Rafe ascending up the elevator shaft, the young handyman was left with the mundane task of replacing every lightbulb in the building with energy efficient LED bulbs.

For a lingering moment Carlos wondered if Rafe ever looked at him in the same way, if he ever stole glances... but that wasn't the role of a handyman in the building. His uniform was a dark gray, his belt and boots a simple black. It wasn't an ugly gray, but it was still the uniform of one of the building superintendent's maintenance workers, or in other words, the uniform of someone not meant to be seen. Carlos went back to work after his momentary respite, reaching up over his head to steady with one hand and to remove the bulb with the other. His curly black hair was as long as he could grow it out on top and keep his job, but he kept it respectable by shaving both sides with a sharp fade. The only other adornments he had were a faint shadow of stubble on his chin and a pair of black earrings that hugged the bottom of his ears more like cuffs than rings.

As Carlos worked on the ladder, his jumpsuit hugged the roundness of his pert, muscled ass cheeks and squeezed the size of his arms. When the maintenance worker reached for the next bulb, his hand hesitated for a moment. The glass was clear instead of milky and the element inside was a strange shape he'd never seen before. Carlos reached out to touch it, but he winced as a few sparks of blue and white electricity jolted out and shocked him.

"Pendejo..." Carlos cursed at himself, reminding himself for the sixth time that he really should have worn gloves for this task. He exhaled a bit and tried again, this time disconnecting the old bulb without further incident. His greenish-hazel eyes narrowed again, realizing even the strange bulb's base was a reddish metal instead of silver. Maybe it'd make for an interesting keepsake. With great care, Carlos brought the souvenir down and slipped it into the pouch hanging off his right hip just in front of the overloaded ring full of keys he used on his maintenance runs around the building. With the bulb carefully stowed, his large, strong hand reached out for the next light that was about to be replaced with something else. Bulb by bulb, inch by inch Carlos advanced along the ceiling, paying no mind to the way the light played off the mandala on the floor of the entryway, making it look almost as if some of the smaller circles glowed for a moment before fading again.

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The elevator rumbled ever so gently as the doors opened onto the hallway of the sixth floor. It had been a relatively short trip, but Rafe didn't mind. He was aware that the higher floors were more prestigious with larger rooms and better views, but that wasn't what drew him. There was just something about the Grand Sumaria that spoke to him. It felt like there were secrets lurking around every corner, built into the building itself. Even the molding around the apartment doors seemed to be etched with an indecipherable alphabet. Rafe had done charcoal reliefs of them a few times, as well as a few clay pressings.

The young man carried his supplies down the hall, feeling the vibrations from his neighbor's base before he heard it. His diaphragm shook with the intensity of a headbanger, the sensation only intensifying as the door suddenly swung open and a six foot four twenty three year old with dark brown hair braided into long plaits stepped into his door frame, the newly replaced bulbs glinting off the numerous piercings that climbed up his ears like ladders, shone from each nostril and his septum and adorned his lower lip in three places. Long metal spikes stretched back from the base of his ears and a few more adorned the sides of his left eyebrow. Sunglasses rested on his nose, obscuring the punk's eyes but it was clear he was sizing Rafe up.

"New work?" the punk asked, his voice sinewy. Rafe nodded politely, turning the easel to show the watercolor. The punk appraised it for a moment before nodding, "Yeah, I feel that... It's like the darkness is coming down on us from both sides." he murmured, nodding. A look of concerned shock crossed Rafe's face, his eyebrow arching and his mouth slightly agape as he grappled with the reading. Art was inherently subjective, but his audience had pulled the exact opposite meaning from what he'd felt from it. He was about to say something when he thought better of it.

"Is that a refinement of your last arrangement, Chance?" Rafe asked. The punk's lips curled into a sharper smile as he started to nod.

"You could tell, I see you aren't just an artist of the visual mediums. I call it 'The Traveler.' There's something about the acoustics in my apartment, it really speaks to me. It's like the building is singing along with me." Chance said. Rafe forced another polite smile, thinking it more likely that the building was howling along with him.

"Keep up the good work, but I better get back." Rafe said, turning to excuse himself. Chance sighed a bit wistfully, watching Rafe go. Thankfully the vibrations faded and by the time Rafe reached his apartment, it was a mild tremor he could easily ignore.

The artist fumbled for his key, searching around for it, fingers clawing through his pocket before he produced it and slipped it into his lock. The door seemed all too eager to accept the key and shuddered open before he'd even finished turning it. Anyone else might have been frustrated at the apparent lack of security but Rafe was just glad to be home. The easel was set down, propped up against the kitchen cabinets before his paint case was dumped onto an old wooden chair sitting to the side. With a few dextrous stretches, Rafe managed to flick on the lights.

Where most people would have kept a bureau or a desk, Rafe had a workbench full of wood carvings, clay sculptures, metal work and blown glass. Numerous sketches and drawings were taped and pinned to the wall behind them, creating an artistic landscape worthy of a

production studio. The older pieces depicted animals and nature, but it was obvious that the Sumaria had been influencing Rafe over the last few months. There were more and more sketches of the architecture, extracted elements from the building designs. He'd sketched the rear entry way's mandalla, he'd depicted the androgynous fair faced figure that was embossed into most of the upper floor elevators with her flat top hairstyle, pointed chin and dark eyes. He'd dabbled with sculpting some sort of pyramid and he'd even taken it to the next level by recreating some of the Sumaria's ornamentation in miniature.

Light spilled out from the fridge as Rafe cracked it open to grab a beer, popping the lid off the tip to let it skitter across the kitchen counter. He nudged the fridge shut with his foot and wandered over to the window, peering out at the park behind the building. Even as night fell, he could still make out the pattern of pathways that spiraled and curved and criss-crossed through the park, almost making a giant mandala of their own. Rafe tipped back the beer and let the brew spill over his tongue, his mouth forming a perfect seal around the firm neck of the glass bottle, his mustache accenting the curvature as he gulped and gulped.

It may have gotten too dark to paint outside, but the song of inspiration was singing as much to the artist as it was his neighbor. Rafe set the beer down and moved over, pulling a wet cloth off the start of a clay sculpture he was working on, one that seemed to be taking on the shape of a buffalo or very bulky canine. A smile crossed Rafe's lips once more as he started to see more of what he wanted to do with his next creation, the images flowing into his mind. Rafe slipped off his jacket and draped it over his old worn chair, revealing the complex pattern of inky blue tattoos that covered his left arm. With a practiced gesture, Rafe brushed his long brown hair back over his shoulder to get it out of the way before he let his hands get to work.

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Carlos wrapped his arms around his front, trying to get his muscles to stretch and relax a bit after the awkward positions. The lightbulbs had been replaced, a few air filters had been swapped out, and he'd managed to wrangle Miss Perkins' kitten out of the laundry chute. His summons to the parking garage beneath the building had been a surprise, especially since he'd assumed the superintendent would have gone home for the evening. Then again, he never quite got a handle on the super.

As the elevator doors opened up, Carlos immediately identified the reason for his summons. A big blue truck was parked on the ramp, orange caution lights pulsing like the vehicle's heartbeat, washing out the otherwise neutral lighting of the underground lair. Just behind the truck, a mountain of forty pound bags of Stay-Krunch Canine Kibble had been stacked. There were more bags than even a pet store would have in stock, each one packaged in the distinctive navy blue wrappers and emblazoned with a beefy dalmation wearing a puffy beret and a bib that seemed faintly reminiscent of a sailor's outfit.

"Did Mister Adder put too many zeros on his monthly order?" Carlos asked as he approached the other figure surveying the pile. The Grand Sumaria's superintendent was a forty one year old man, his head shaved bare but compensated for by the bushy thick blondish brown beard that hung down nearly to his collarbone. His mustache curved over his mouth to obscure it from view and thick rings hung down from his ears. He also always seemed to be wearing circular glasses with black lenses that obscured his eyes from view. The only time Carlos had

seen the super without them, he'd been wearing mirrored wrap around glasses. Carlos didn't know why, it had never seemed prudent to ask.

"Even if he didn't, this is a lot... And they don't do returns. The driver's just going to the bathroom before he heads out." The super murmured, "Mister Adder can probably fit about four bags in his apartment. Why don't you take them up to him. I'll put the rest in auxiliary storage." the superintendent said, his voice deep and gravely.

"We have an auxiliary storage?" Carlos asked. The superintendent moved over and started picking up the bags and slinging them over his broad shoulders as if they were pillows.

"It's downstairs." The super replied. Carlos' eyebrow arched up in disbelief.

"We have a downstairs lower than this?!" he asked incredulously.

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Rafe's face scrunched up as he examined his work, a smear of grayish brown clay across one cheek and speckles of it spread across his shirt. His cheeks puckered as he sucked from the metal straw sunk into his home brewed sweet tea, trying to rehydrate after working on his art for so many hours in a row. Somehow, though, he didn't feel any closer than he had before. A slurping sound came as the sweet tea was emptied and the artist set the glass down on the counter. With reluctance, Rafe dipped the cheesecloth in the water and draped it carefully over his creation to keep it moist and workable in the meantime.

Gentle sloshing came as Rafe washed the excess clay from his hands in a basin off to the side. The particulate would settle to the bottom and he could use it as a slurry to smooth over any errors. It was a gratifying form of expression, but then again so were watercolors and oils and acrylics and charcoal. Rafe flicked the excess water off his hands a few times before reaching for a towel, nearly jumping as three knocks came from the door. Rafe made a little bit of a face as he crossed the space, reluctantly easing the door open to peer outside.

Carlos smiled a bit shyly from outside the apartment, no longer wearing his coveralls. His dark, curly hair seemed a bit more unruly now that he was off duty and his puffy coat had headphone cords spilling out of one pocket. His stone wash gray jeans were blown out at the knees and his shoes were well worn, the tread nearly gone on one side of the heels. Rafe tilted his head a little, trying to interpret what the visit meant without the handyman being in uniform. Sometimes the easiest way to answer a question was to ask it.

"What's going on, Carlos?" Rafe asked. Both of Carlos' eyebrows lifted.

"You know my name..." he said a bit bashfully before remembering why he came, "You're like an artist, right? Have... have you ever done any restorations, on like statues?" he asked after a moment. Rafe had started to raise his guard upon being asked about being an artist, everyone seemed to want a logo made or free artwork for some occasion. Everyone in the building knew he was an artist, but the second question had managed to hook his interest enough. A small, lopsided smile crossed Rafe's lips, his mustache quirking to accentuate it.

"What kind of statue are we talking about?" Rafe asked. Carlos smiled warmly, bringing his arm out from behind his back to present a bag of toasty warm fast food.

"If you're hungry, we can snack on the roof while I show you." Carlos offered. Rafe's dark brown eyes widened with even more interest.

“Am I allowed on the roof?” Rafe asked. Carlos pulled the master keyring from his belt and spun them around on a finger.

“I won’t tell if you won’t.” Carlos said. Rafe grinned wider.

“Let me go grab my jacket...” he murmured before turning and snatching the yellow garment from the back of the chair, hastily pulling it on before he slipped out of his apartment and eased the door shut behind him.

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The old steel hatch groaned as it was lifted out of place, swinging on rusty hinges out of the way. Carlos climbed up first before turning around, offering Rafe a hand. Rafe took it, finding the handyman’s hand quite large, warm, and just the right amount of calloused. With Carlos’ grip hoisting him up at an accelerated pace, Rafe nearly shot out of the stairwell and landed on the roof with ease. There was a chill in the air, as well as a bit of a breeze that made his eyes water, but the moisture was the perfect medium to reflect the glittering lights of the city skyline. Every colorful window, every pulsing beacon, every spinning spotlight danced across Rafe’s eyes.

“This is astounding...” he whispered in awe, “I could paint a thousand paintings from up here... Please tell me this isn’t the only time I can come up here.” he murmured. Carlos smiled a bit, his heart fluttering with how well he and Rafe were getting along now that they were actually talking. He gave a bit of a playful grin.

“Well, I mean in a way that’s why I brought you up here.” Carlos said, gesturing toward the end of the roof that overlooked the street below, “We both know this building has a lot of culture and history and art. There’s all those carvings and reliefs and everything, almost like each floor has its own personality... But there’s art up here too, some gargoyles actually. Well, I mean I think they’re gargoyles. They’re stone statues on a building but maybe I don’t know all the terms.” Carlos said a little more hesitantly. Rafe kept smiling, not wanting Carlos to feel bad about any perceived potential deficit.

“And there’s some damage and you want to get it fixed?” Rafe asked, his voice almost melodic in the cold. Carlos nodded.

“Yeah. I mean, I’m a custodian of this place but some parts of it are more important than just light bulbs. I know a real restoration would cost a lot of money, and I wouldn’t want to do anything that could cause damage... but if we don’t do anything it’s just going to get worse, right? Weathering and stuff?” Carlos asked. Rafe considered for a moment.

“We’ll have to be careful. The last thing we want to do is anything that would damage them further or leave any problems that would make it harder to fix them later. But it can’t hurt to look, right?” Rafe asked. Carlos gave an eager nod at that and led the way.

Rafe had been back and forth through the building countless times in daily life, let alone on his artistic expeditions, but it was kind of remarkable how large the Grand Sumaria was when tracing its footprint along the roof. All that space, all those lives all stacked up on top of each other in this eclectic building. Rafe was nearly lost in his own thoughts when he noticed something dark blotting out the sparkling skyline, something that was growing larger as they approached. When Rafe lifted his head, he nearly lost his footing.

Perched at the corner of the building, sitting with its hind haunches on a stone slab, was a massive stone beast that seemed to be equal parts canine, bear and bull. The clawed paws

were clearly inspired by a dog, though exaggerated. Its body was bulky, rippling with muscle or at least the stone depiction of such. Even from behind, the head was that of a fearsome predator with distinct, pronounced horns coming out from its skull. The figure seemed ready to pounce, but equally comfortable as if it was surveying the horizon, looking for something, searching for something.

"This is amazing..." Rafe whispered as he came around the corner, slowly taking in the profile of the statue's muzzled face. There was a hint of sharp teeth peeking out from the lips, every detail captured in the bluish gray stonework. Rafe's heart caught in his chest from the sheer mass and magnetism of it. It took him several moments to reach out, running his soft fingers across the surface of the stone to try and get a feel for the material. It wasn't quite as cold as he expected, hinting that it was less likely to be cement and more likely to be some kind of actual rock.

"I nearly fell over the first time I saw one, I came up to unclog a gutter and I didn't know what it was... But I think over time they grew on me. I mean, they've been watching over this building a lot longer than I have." Carlos said. Rafe looked back at the handyman.

"They? How many are there?" Rafe asked.

"Just two... This one here, and its partner over there." Carlos said, gesturing. Rafe turned and looked to the far corner, seeing another statue perched on the far corner. It was nearly identical to the first, though there was a slight difference in the horns and a little bit more of a nub tail behind its hindquarters. Rafe let out a soft sound. Carlos looked a bit concerned.

"What's that mean?" he asked. Rafe glanced over in momentary confusion until his brain caught up to what Carlos had asked.

"Hmmm? Oh, it's just that... Ornamental art, especially in architecture, is about patterns, groupings and repetition. If you're making two big statues like this, it's usually easier to duplicate. What you do to one, you do to the other. I don't think the artist did that here. They're each unique, different. This was about more than just architecture." Rafe said, pausing again where he was before he suddenly sped up. The change in speed alarmed Carlos.

"What is it now?!" he asked, jogging after Rafe. Rafe closed the gap to the second beast before he crouched down, looking at the cracked paw more closely. The stone had a jagged edge, three of the claws missing. The cracks split up across the paw. Rafe made a soft hissing sound from through his teeth as if he was sharing the statue's pain.

"Now that does look nasty, I can see why you brought me up here to help." Rafe said, reaching out to tenderly and gently touch the edge of the break.

"Can you fix it?" Carlos asked. Rafe bit his bottom lip in thought.

"The claws are easy, we can take castings from the other one and find a gentle fit that won't abraid the existing statue... Finish it off and keep the edges from being exposed. It's the crack I'm worried about. I don't want to fill it with anything that'll expand and contract and cause more damage." Rafe said. Carlos nodded, feeling as though he'd followed alright.

"If we figure out what it's made off, that would grow and shrink the same ways, right?" Carlos asked. Rafe shrugged.

"IN theory, but usually you can't pour rock into a crack. We'll figure something out though. These beasts are too beautiful to let decay." Rafe said. Carlos gave a bit of a smile.

"So you have a thing for the tough ones?" Carlos asked. Rafe brushed some of his hair out of his face, looking up at Carlos from where he was crouched.

“The sweet ones are okay too.” he said, smiling a bit despite the fact that he was starting to shiver. When Carlos saw the waifish artist shaking, then realized how blue his pouty lips were starting to look he quickly unzipped his puffy jacket and moved to drape it over Rafe’s shoulders. Rafe didn’t protest, snuggling into the downy warmth before he inhaled, then exhaled, then paused. “The french fries are in your pocket, aren’t they?”

“Figured we’d look at the statues first and then eat, the grease and the fat aren’t good for them, right?” Carlos asked.

“They’re probably not good for us either, but I like the way you think. They picked the right man to watch over this place.” Rafe smiled. Despite the cold, despite having just given his coat away, Carlos felt extremely warm all over in all the right ways.

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The metal guard of the cargo elevator rattled noisily as Carlos lifted it up, his mouth distorting with a long yawn. Between his full days working as a handyman and then his evenings with Rafe, there hadn’t been much time to sleep, shave or do much of anything else... not that he minded. He reached to scratch at the black stubble that was crossing his cheeks. If the Super could sport a bushy beard, he doubted anyone could complain about a few day’s growth.

Carlos grabbed the dolly and wheeled it out of the elevator, returning the toolbox he’d been using to its rightful place. As Carlos moved into the storage room and flicked on the fluorescent light, however, he wasn’t exactly sure where that was. He knew the Superintendent had brought the old rusty red box out of here... but he didn’t see a natural place for it to go. In fact, the room seemed less like storage and more like a utility room with a whole bunch of pipes and conduits. Carlos couldn’t even begin to guess what all the valves and levers led to, though he suspected the building’s boiler.

For lack of better options, Carlos eased the toolbox off the dolly and shoved it into the corner, turning it around so the lock and latches were on the outside. Sizing it up, he figured it’d have to be good enough for the moment. Carlos reached for the dolly but yanked his hand back as soon as he felt the wet, gooey slime that was coating the handle. He looked at the dolly and then up at the pipe above it. Something was slowly dozing out of the valve, something that was translucent and blue. Whatever the stuff was, it’d been leaking enough to form a puddle that was spreading across the floor of the room.

“I’m sure that’s some kind of violation.” Carlos muttered under his breath, deciding that he couldn’t just let whatever it was continue to leak while he called for help. He reached up and grabbed the old metal valve, turning it clockwise slowly, “Righty tighty, right?” he asked. The valve suddenly stopped and Carlos heard something click nearby. It had not been the sort of response he’d expected, especially as a portion of the wall pulled back and then slid out of the way.

Dust fell from the ceiling and the fluorescent light flickered, both contrasting the dark and dreary gap that had been revealed from beyond. It took a few moments before a solitary beacon of light erupted in the darkness, casting a haze of light outward. A moment later another appeared further in and further down, then a third. The lights were revealing a cement stairway that descended further into the bowels of the building, bowels that apparently went below the parking garage. “Auxiliary storage...” Carlos whispered to himself in wonder. He pulled the dolly



out of the way and set it to the side before he moved over to the doorway. A little more of the dust fell from the ceiling, landing on the shoulder of his dark gray coveralls.

Of the many thoughts that crossed Carlos' mind, from the rules and regulations of the building to the potential hazards of going down secret hidden stairwells, the one that seemed to jump out at Carlos the most was the urge to find something that would excite and inspire Rafe. Seeing the artist work on the statues had been amazing, but he still felt this draw, this yearning for a deeper connection. For that reason, Carlos found himself taking a step, then another, and then a third. The handyman descended down the stairwell, lingering by the first lightbulb just long enough to realize it was of the same antiquated and unique design as the bulb he'd pocketed during his upgrade. Whatever this place was, it hadn't been touched much in recent times.

Carlos' steps echoed as he descended down the stairwell, heading down half a story before turning at a ninety degree angle, then turning again. He wagered he'd gone down almost three stories in a square pattern when the stairs switched from cement to metal grating. The echo of the footsteps only intensified. Carlos turned the corner and came up to a metal door. It was old, cold riveted and quite solidly built.

The tether on the handyman's waist whizzed as he pulled out his key ring, looking through them all. The keys came in every shape, size and material. He knew which floors and rooms some of the keys went to instinctively. A few he'd marked with dots of paint to keep track, but he wanted to find the keys he never used, the ones that predated his time in the Grand Sumaria. He eventually found a very old looking key with a cloverleaf shaped head and tried that. It slid halfway into the keyhole before stopping awkwardly. Carlos growled a bit under his breath and tried to find another old key, eventually opting for one with a triangular top. This time the key went all the way in, and to Carlos' surprise and relief, it turned as well.

The old, heavy metal door shuddered as Carlos pushed against it, resisting at first until it suddenly gave way. Carlos stumbled forward across the metal catwalk until he rammed into the old steel pipe that acted as a guard rail at the edge of the catwalk, keeping the unwary from toppling over into a bigger abyss than there was any right to be under the building. When Carlos looked up, he had to leave his jaw hanging well below his face.

Carlos stood at the edge of a vast tunnel, at least as wide as Grand Central station and three times as tall. The upper half of the tunnel reminded Carlos of some old pneumatic transit tunnels or subways with arched tilework, but the space below was too deep, too dark and too eerie to see. A faint fog seemed to drift around just out of sight, giving the sense of movement more than actual evidence. Whatever it was, none of it made any sense. The foundation of big buildings were supposed to be cement and steel, girders set into vast lakes of hardened stone. This place seemed like something else entirely.

As Carlos studied his surroundings, he looked up along the catwalk, following it to where it branched out, a foot bridge stretching over the chasm to the other side, widening out in the middle to form a sort of artificial island. Long angled beams supported the space, something Carlos found especially important given the size of the cumbersome equipment that had been built onto the island. A faint bluish haze was the only source of light from where Carlos stood, giving only faint shadows and the outline of shapes.

Somewhere deep inside Carlos, he heard the faint echo of a rational mind trying to exert its influence. The leaky pipe alone should have been reported rather than touched, but he'd

gone ahead and touched it. The creepy stairwell was something that any good caretaker should have asked his supervisor about, but Carlos had wandered deeper... and now he stood in the midst of an architecturally impressive but entirely intimidating space. The rational voice pleaded for Carlos to return to the surface, to talk with anyone about what he'd found... but that voice was muffled and faint compared with the burning, unquenchable need to know more, to see more, to understand.

Each step Carlos took echoed into the darkness, his boots heavy and firm. They sounded far more confident than he actually was, but forward he went. Carlos groped along the guard rail, glad that the round pipe-like fittings were so prominent. It took a few moments to make it down far enough to reach the footbridge, but finally he turned and headed toward the suspended platform over the gap. Even in the darkness, he could make out large metal silos on each corner of the platform, along with numerous smaller pieces of equipment. Thick, ancient looking cords criss-crossed back and forth from one to the next. All of it was dark, lifeless and ancient. There were knobs and dials and levers, all of it looking like it predated circuit boards and processing chips. A few of the components looked like the old lightbulb, made of unusual metals and utilizing tubes. It all seemed fascinating, but it was a dully throbbing red light that winked in and out of existence that seemed to call to Carlos.

While technology had changed a lot over the decades, a slow blinking light usually meant something was broken or not working the way it was supposed to. The fact that the lone pulsing light was directly above a large metal lever seemed to be another indication. Carlos hesitated for only a moment before he reached out, wrapping his hand around the lever. There was a squeeze plate on the lever, something that required a bit of a grip to depress. As he tightened his hand, the lever clicked and the locking mechanism released. The entire thing suddenly felt loose and mobile. A small breath spilled from the handyman's lips before he lifted the lever, letting it rise to the fully upright position. As the lever reached the top, it slipped into a metallic catch that held it aloft.

Sparks erupted, bringing a momentary flash in the darkness. Somewhere nearby there was a click that echoed through the underground chasm, then a second. After a pause, a slow and steady electrical hum began to build. A web of old bulbs flickered, throbbed and then pulsed to life, stretched out above the equipment on the platform. More consoles began to shudder as electricity came flowing through them once more. Carlos was so focused on the machinery he'd just revived that he didn't notice the faint wisp of blue energy that drifted over his shoulder, bringing along a flutter of whispers as it passed his ear.

Carlos spun around, eyes widening as he saw another strand of blue light drifting past him like smoke caught in the wind. Another came, then another, the whispers growing louder as they passed by. Whatever the blue wisps were, they weren't like anything Carlos had ever seen before. They drifted along on some unseen current in the air, bobbing and weaving, zigging and zagging, heading from one unseen end of the massive tunnel to the other. It was unnerving, even alarming, and finally enough to get Carlos to consider it was time to tell someone what he'd found,

As the handyman reached out to grab the guard rail, however, he hesitated as he felt a vibration rippling through the metal. It ebbed and flowed, but each pulse was stronger than the last, growing more and more. Carlos lifted his leg to take a step, but a geyser of pink energy erupted out of one of the massive mechanical creations built into the platform. The cascade of

energy spiraled down the tunnel before taking a hard left, diving into the stairwell Carlos had used. There seemed to be no start or end as the energy flowed outward, the whispers becoming louder, more insistent, darker and stranger. Carlos watched the energy travel out of the dark cavernous space he'd found, snaking its way up the stairwell and right into the building he'd been charged with maintaining.

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The cool wind that whipped across the roof of the Grand Sumaria was only growing stronger, changing directions. A few stray leaves that had blown up from the park skittered across the flat top before whipping into the air, rising up to join the circling storm clouds manifesting above the building. Crackles of pink electricity began to dance up the outside of the building, traveling along the columns and arcing across the molded corners. Flashes of silent lightning leapt around inside the massive cloud in anticipation of the coming charge until, in a brilliant moment of activity, four bolts of pink lightning shot up from the building to connect to the cloud.

The display was stunning, but with the energy having jumped from the building to the cloud, it seemed as if the charge had canceled itself out. The building no longer crackled and the clouds seemed to slow, dissipating slightly. The wind died down and it almost seemed as if nothing had happened... at least for a moment. A loud cracking sound came from one of the statues guarding the roof of the Grand Sumaria, then another. Rafe had worked hard to preserve the dog like sculptures against the rigors of time, replacing the claws on the damaged statue and finding a safe medium to fill in the gap. It was not his work that had fractured, but the other paw.

More stone splintered, pieces crumbling off to reveal a very pronounced, very real set of bony claws. They wriggled, stretching away countless years of paralysis. With a little movement came the desire for more and soon a thick, powerful, leathery paw broke loose, bending and flexing. More stone fell away from the statue's face, the darkness beneath suddenly growing brighter as a rich, crimson eye began to glow, peering out upon a world that had changed so much. The creature's back flexed, sending fault lines through the rocky coating before pieces crumbled and fell to the roof below.

It was hard to fight the urge to shudder free quickly, though the millennia of slumber still clung to the beast's mind. It craned its neck to snap the stone shell from its shoulders, then bowed it forward, rocking its head one way and then to the other. The stone continued to fall away in rocks, pebbles and flakes as broad, thick horns glinted beneath the moonlight. The rocky coating slipped off of broad brownish gray shoulders and a long, ridged spine. Muzzled lips parted, revealing thick fangs dripping with sticky, stringy saliva and a powerful pointed pink tongue.

A deep reverberating growl climbed out of lungs that had not taken a breath in hundreds of years, the red eyes looking down suddenly at its right paw. Nearly all of its cocoon had disappeared, only a few pieces remained. It was not in the beast's nature to be afraid, though there was a momentary flash of uncertainty as it looked at the newly restored stone covering its right paw. With a little more care, the creature slowly lifted its hand. The rocky coating fell away into dust as a fully restored, fully complete paw emerged. Three of the claws were the color of

obsidian instead of ivory, but they were present and complete thanks to the careful work of a mortal being. A strange, wicked, dangerous smile crossed the lips of the terror dog before it turned its head across the roof, seeing its companion had freed himself from his stone prison as well.

The other terror dog let out a loud roar that shook across the skies like thunder, his red eyes glowing in the darkness. Each of them could feel the draw to one another, the magnetism and gravity... but it wasn't time. They were conduits for something greater, something supreme. They had a form and a function, and they needed an anchor in the mortal world if they were to open the gate to the beyond. The newly repaired terror dog gave a small bark of affection to its mate across the roof before it closed its eyes. As it did so, the beast dissolved into a cloud of turquoise mist that billowed and spread, seeping across the rooftop like a heavily focused fog. As the mist approached, the old metal hatch covering the stairwell to the roof flipped open before ripping off of its hinges entirely, skidding across before slamming into the raised edge at the end of the building. With nothing left to keep it at bay, the vapor spilled down into the open orifice, creeping back into the building.

The other terror dog had remained to watch its mate begin the hunt, appreciating its style and strength, but with it on the move, he too had to find a human host. The second beast lunged from its pedestal, landing on the roof mid-gallop. The terror dog picked up speed, bounding faster and faster before it jumped, arching over the edge of the building. As his heft mass sailed towards the ground below, his body dissolved into reddish-pink light, the concentrated essence of his otherworldly nature. The energy shot straight towards the ground before taking a sudden turn, zipping along the complicated pattern of walkways that spiraled through the park behind the building. As it reached one of the roundels that acted as a meeting spot, the ball of light dropped through the ground. A flash of pink light rippled outward, traveling along the stone paths, criss-crossing and circling until the entire mandala glowed for just a moment before fading to darkness again.

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Few would have described working on the roof of a high rise in the frigid late fall, early winter weather as ideal, but now that his restoration was complete, Rafe was kind of missing it. He'd spoken with Carlos into the early hours of the morning and then unwound with a soothing lilac scented bubble bath where he imagined himself to be a delightful cup of boba tea. Still, the nights had not worn him down. Quite the opposite, he found himself reinvigorated and inspired all anew. The clay sculpture that had been vexing him had taken on the shape of the statues from the roof, the horned beast sitting on his counter, peering out into the apartment space. Rafe had even spun out other variations, creating a bipedal version, a bust of just the head and shoulders, and countless other paintings and sketches. They were terrifying, ferocious, and yet Rafe felt compelled to depict them, to surround himself with them.

Rafe wandered over to the small closet that held his washer and dryer and peeled off his tie-dye shirt, dropping it in on top of the other clothes. A generous dribble of laundry soap was poured in on top to help break down the residual clay and paints that eventually rendered all of his clothing some degree of tie-dye. Rafe lowered the lid and started the machine, hearing the hiss of the water as it sprayed in and saturated the fabric. The artist took a few steps before

pausing, looking into the bathroom at the mirror across the way. He looked like a hairy elf, beautiful and strange in his own way. He hoped he wasn't deluding himself about all the attention Carlos had been giving him, but the more he thought about it, Carlos had always been off to the side watching, and the way he'd been delighted that Rafe remembered his name had been adorable.

The artist moved over and sank down into his well used apricot colored recliner, exhaling a bit. It was only eleven but after so many late nights, maybe it was all catching up to him. He reached into the wicker basket beside the chair and pulled out a tattered copy of the gay romance novel he'd been reading. He leafed through to find the dog eared page he'd left off on and skimmed the words before finding the paragraph he'd left off on. Rafe began to fill his mind with the unsteady sea, the creaking and groaning of a pirate vessel and the rogue, muscled pirate captain that had captured himself a fair prince and forced him to act as a cabin boy.

As Rafe read, he could practically feel the fog from his story billowing around his ankles, bringing a salty, cool bite to the air. He shivered a bit, his nipples hardening, unaware that the fog was quite real. The blue mist was spilling across the floor of his apartment, billowing and building behind his chair. The thickest part of the colored vapor coalesced into sharp, clawed digits that gripped the back of the recliner as a muzzled head formed out of the clouds. Tall, proud horns pushed out of its head as it looked down at its prey, at the being that had repaired its paw. What greater gift could it bestow than to become one with this human?

The dog shaped cloud suddenly dispersed, the shape falling away as if the puppet strings had been cut. The vapor drifted to the floor and faded away, leaving the apartment still and quiet aside from the steady agitation of the washing machine tossing and turning the clothes inside. Rafe's rich brown eyes poured over the depictions of the pirate captain caressing the cabin boy's cheeks, telling him of the greatest treasure of all. Nothing could have prepared him for the thick, leathery arm that burst through the arm of the recliner, the hand slamming down on his chest to pin him to the recliner.

"Shit!" Rafe yelled, the book falling from his hand as another arm burst through the seat of the chair, coming down on his groin. A third arm burst through, grabbing his face to hold him back. Rafe tried to get up, to break free, even nipping at the palm spread over his lips, but it was just out of reach. He wriggled and struggled, but then hesitated as he felt the clawed hand on his lap start to... massage... The adrenaline, fear and shock that ripped through his system seemed to be connecting to the wrong synapses, especially as the hand on his chest began to rub back and forth across his exposed nipple, the calloused flesh a prelude to the faint sting that came from the point of a claw.

The artist's struggles faltered, especially as the hand over his face began to caress his cheeks before drawing a clawed finger across his upper lip, petting his split mustache with an odd fondness before it slid down, sliding across his chin. Rafe gasped as the button of his pants shot off, clattering across the floor. His zipper went next, drawn down by some invisible, unseed force as the hand on his lap slipped in, claws snaking under the waistband of his underwear, tugging them down. Rafe panted in confusion and conflicted emotions but he gasped as those thick, rough, powerful fingers began to slink and coil around his manhood.

Nearly as confused as Rafe was, his manhood was half hard as it was fished out of the artist's pants and brought upright. The calloused paw began to rise up and down, firm but gentle as it caressed Rafe's manhood. He gasped even harder as his nipple was pinched, then tugged,

his back arching. The hand over his face suddenly slipped a thick, clawed finger into his lips, letting it slide over his tongue. Rafe let out a muffled moan of confusion, his eyes darting from one restraining arm to the next, realizing that he recognized those fingers, that musculature, those curves... They were the appendages of the statue he'd been restoring, the beast he'd spent so much time with.

Was he dreaming? He'd never felt a dream like this before... or tasted one so salty. Rafe gave the finger in his mouth a suck, savoring the sweaty salt and faint tang of musk it exuded before his eyes fluttered shut and he began to suckle on it, his restraint melting away. A deep, reverberating growl of satisfaction began to fill the apartment as Rafe gave in, lifting his hips into the hand that worked his cock, feeling him harden and stiffen nearly as hard as the stone that had imprisoned the terror dogs. Yes, this was the perfect host, the perfect mate, the one he had been waiting for.

A fourth arm shot up from the chair, two of the others sliding along Rafe's body. A pair of powerful hands slipped under his thighs, one remaining on his shaft and another slipping a beastly finger in and out of his hungry mouth. The arms supporting his thighs began to push up, making Rafe grunt as his legs were lifted higher than his chest, then his head, hoisted up like the sails of the ship from his pirate book. Rafe's muffled gasp sounded as his pants and underwear were unceremoniously torn off of his body by some invisible force, landing haphazardly across the sink of his kitchenette. The artist's bare, hairy ass cheeks were exposed, presented openly as that deep growl vibrated through everything in the apartment.

Once more the blue vapor began to form, collecting from the four corners of the room as it coalesced into paws, legs, a body, a nub tail, an arched back and then a powerful muzzled head with broad horns. The vapor danced across the surface of an unseen body before it evaporated, leaving behind the terror dog in his full glory. His red eyes gleamed with power, his sharp fangs dripping with clear slime. The short pig-like nose snorted before he began padding closer and closer. Rafe could barely see through the gap in his legs, but he met the gaze of the animal, recognizing him. His eyes widened as the terror dog put one huge paw up on the arm of the recliner, then the other, rising more upright.

The beast leaned down, letting its long, slick, slimy tongue slither between Rafe's ass cheeks to find its way to his tight, slightly used pucker. It tasted the human's essence, his aroma, savoring it before it buried its muzzle in his ass and plunged its tongue deep into Rafe. Rafe's head lolled back, his eyes rolling into the back of his head, drooling out of the corner of his lips as the tongue seemed to penetrate him, filling his intestines, his stomach, going so far to brush at the edge of his soul. The terror dog slurped in and out, deeper and deeper. Clear pre began to spurt from Rafe's cock even as it started to swell longer. The clawed, leathery hand working his rod squeezed it almost painfully tight and Rafe's manhood responded by pressing outward fatter and thicker.

Rafe writhed and wriggled as he was invaded by the terror dog's tongue, tasting him inside and out, but it was but a flirtation and a prelude. The beast withdrew his tongue, running it over his fangs to savor how Rafe tasted. The terror dog extended his powerful arms and lifted his body taller, standing as upright as his anatomy allowed. More clear slime erupted from the leathery sheath tucked between the terror dog's hind legs before a plump, blunt, broad glistening cock began to slip free.

As the terror dog sniffed at Rafe and looked at his body bent into the perfect position to receive his blessing, it reached out with its own paw, running it down the artist's chest. Rafe looked down, spotting the mismatched claws, the claws he had repaired. Rafe looked back up, still unable to speak with the clawed finger filling his mouth, but he understood. This wasn't just the statue, this was the statue he'd repaired, the beast he'd made complete once more... and it was here for him. The tender moment came to an end as the terror dog roared, spittle splattering across Rafe's bare chest and face before the beast put its massive tool to use and plunged into Rafe's waiting ass.

Rafe's back arched as he was penetrated by such a huge rod. The terror dog grunted and thrust its hips forward, slamming in deeper and deeper. While its tongue had been a precision instrument snaking and curving its way through the artist's body, the shaft was a battering ram that slid in deeper and deeper until it found its goal. Rafe's body shuddered as his prostate was struck and rewarded him with a wave of profound bliss. The terror dog adjusted his angle to hit it again and again and again, sending shockwaves through the human. Each strike sent jolts of electricity through Rafe's body until the energy began to manifest as crackling pink energy. It danced across the sweat beading on his chest and stomach, skittering from nipple to claw, from navel to cock. The energy snapped and popped as it spread in webs across Rafe's body.

In and out, back and forth, the terror dog was hung more like a horse than a canine. The firm but pliable shaft moved with the precision of a piston in and out of Rafe's stretching hole. The human did not fight, having surrendered himself fully. It was different than the beast had expected, but equally exciting. The arms rising from the recliner continued to hold Rafe in place by the back of his knees, his legs dangling and kicking as he was reamed by the terror dog. The beast snarled and growled, its hindquarters jutting forward and back over and over again.

More and more of the supernatural energy danced and spread across Rafe's skin. The terror dog's thrusts were starting to get sloppy, but not merely because of the lust he held. Every thrust forward left a bit of an echo, an after image, and every pull back started to have a blur. The terror dog was becoming less and less corporeal as he penetrated Rafe's body. Their sensations were starting to blur together as well, Raf feeling what it was like to fuck as well as to be fucked. Thoughts of hunting mixed with art, urges to mate grew stronger. It was profound and surreal to feel that pillar of a cock buried deep inside his ass, but also to feel as if it was his own cock so tall and thick and hot.

Rafe's brown eyes squeezed shut as he felt the terror dog's love making intensifying. The moment of triumph was coming and they could both feel it. The terror dog threw his head back and howled in victory as he thrust his blunt cock as deeply as he could, his shaft erupting with an ectoplasmic geyser. Rafe was compelled to join in, throwing his head back and joining in with the howl. As they harmonized, the terror dog's body began to fade and pull in on itself, following the course of his orgasmic bliss as it poured into Rafe like a raging river of slime.

As suddenly as it had began, the arms holding Rafe in the recliner withdrew into the torn out holes and the terror dog disappeared into the artist's body. Rafe collapsed, limp and spent in the chair. His chest rose and fell with rapid breaths to the point of near hyperventilation. His nostrils flared, his fingers dug into the chair, his right hand now sporting three dark painted fingernails. The rapid staccato breaths stopped suddenly with a single gasp as Rafe's eyes snapped open, his pupils now throbbing with the same rich crimson glow of the terror dogs. He

tipped his head back, letting out a small snarl of satisfaction. There was no Rafe, there was only the Gatekeeper...

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Whispers... Whispers of the forgotten, the lost, the confused, the manic and the damned. Some were whispers of those that weren't sure where they were, others whispered in languages Carlos was uncertain if any living being had ever heard before. His eyes opened suddenly as he gasped and sat up, feeling the sting of where the metal grating had been digging into his skin. He'd passed out? Or, more possibly, he'd fainted. The handyman felt sick to his stomach as he reached out and grabbed onto the metal railing, pulling himself back up to his feet, looking around.

The blue wisps continued to zip past, streaming over the platform in the middle of the chasm as if he was in some kind of wind tunnel. The old machinery was buzzing and humming, looking like something out of a steampunk retro-futuristic scientist laboratory. This was all happening because of him, and whatever he'd started, he had to go get help. Carlos moved back the way he had come toward the footbridge before he stopped dead, spotting the superintendent. Carlos' eyes widened.

"I..." he muttered softly, shaking his head, "This is all my fault, I turned the valve and I found this place and when I saw the lever, I..." Carlos trailed off. Somewhere beneath the superintendent's deep, bushy beard there was movement to indicate a smile.

"It's alright Carlos, you don't have to worry. I've been watching this place for a long time... There's nothing you could mess up that I wouldn't know how to put right." The superintendent said. Carlos felt a little bit of a chill run down his spine.

"You knew about this? All of this? All this time? What if there was a sinkhole or something, you didn't tell anyone?" Carlos asked, barely able to summon enough volume to cross the chasm to where the superintendent was.

"Carlos, all of this was built by Eamon Shandor... one of the most brilliant men to walk this Earth. There isn't a building with more sound in this or any other world." the superintendent murmured, "But you didn't break anything Carlos. You started the wheels in motion, this is a day to be celebrated and you are to take your rightful place at our master's side." the bearded man said, stepping aside to reveal the living, flesh and blood version of one of the statues from the rooftop. Carlos slid back in shock as the beast lifted its head, giving a happy snarl.

Despite his earlier fatigue and nausea, Carlos turned on a dime and broke into a run across the platform towards the far side, his feet pounding on the metal and echoing ominously into the vast depth below. The terror dog let out a delighted roar before it lunged forward, paws and claws scrabbling on the metal. Sparks erupted from where they scraped. Carlos grunted with panic, stumbling as he felt vibrations reverberating through the metal grating, growing with intensity each time the terror dog slammed its paws down and came that much closer.

To say that Carlos' life flashed before his eyes would have been an overstatement. As the adrenaline coursed through his system, he found it hard to think of anything, but he did think back to his time on the roof with Rafe, trying to restore the gargoyles that were now chasing him. Had he brought on his own doom by releasing this hellhound? It was hard to regret the time he'd spent with Rafe at the very least. He just wished he'd worked up the courage to ask him



out, maybe even to kiss him. If he survived this, maybe he'd do just that, and apologize for opening a portal to the other side. He just had to find a way out, he just... hit a dead end.

There was an archway similar to the one he'd come down, almost like another exit, but it had been filled in with bricks countless years prior. The amount of grime and slime had to have accumulated over ages. There were no more footbridges to cross back to the other side, and even if he did, the Superintendent would have been waiting. Carlos slowly turned around, his eyes meeting with the glowing red eyes of the terror dog as it slowed to a stop and sniffed the air, rearing its head, its horns glinting in the dim light. Carlos swallowed.

"I tried to save you, I hope you know... Didn't want you or your buddy to get broken. I hope that you keep that in mind when you go to eat me, just... make it a fast death." Carlos murmured. The terror dog opened its maw and let out a spittle laden growl before it jumped. Carlos let out a deep grunt as he was impacted with hundreds of pounds of muscle and bone, landing roughly on the catwalk. Stars spun before his eyes and he felt his world spinning, but despite being squished, he felt something... else... against him.

It was hard to focus at first, distracted by the disorientation, but it became ever more present as this pulsating pressure, pressing against him and then pulling back, then returning again. As Carlos came back to his senses, he realized the beast was... humping him! A firm, fat, hot, slimy cock was being jammed against his groin and belly, squished together, grinding harder and harder. An equally hot, fat, slimy tongue slipped out of the terror dog's muzzle as it slithered it up along Carlos' neck, his jaw, his stubbled chin and then into his lips. Carlos tried to resist, but the tongue pried his teeth apart and filled his mouth so full he couldn't help but open wide.

The beast's huge clawed paw hooked in the collar of Carlos' jumpsuit and began to drag down, tearing a jagged gap through the dark gray material. Carlos jumped as the claw broke skin in a spot, but shivered as it snagged his underwear next. In moments his own brown manhood was being squished against the far larger, far thicker terror dog shaft. A deep, primeval growl of satisfaction left the terror dog's muzzle and, as if on will, he began to release an insidious amount of precum. The clear slime drizzled, then poured out across Carlos' lap. It soaked into his bush, coated his stomach, glistened across his legs, but mostly it encased the handyman's shaft in a layer of glistening goo.

Once more the beast growled and resumed its humping, no longer having to contend with quite so much friction or any fabric barrier between them. Despite the supernatural lube, Carlos' cock still continued to get caught up in the humping, getting tugged and tossed and maneuvered by the humping beast. Carlos' balls started to tingle, his cock growing harder and harder by the second. He moaned in fading resistance, finally realizing the dog wasn't going to eat him. It was going to do something far more sinister.

The terror dog eventually seemed to lose its focus on the kissing, pulling its bull like head back to nuzzle, nip and then bite at Carlos' neck, still pinning him to the metal grating. It snuffed and grunted and growled, liking the contact, but it needed more. As Carlos' body was jammed into the catwalk over and over again, the keyring on his belt began to clank and jangle each time it hit the metal. The terror dog snarled at that and decided to finish the job, using its wicked paw to cut down past Carlos' groin, splaying the coveralls and revealing the man's hairy, muscular ass cheeks.

Carlos yelped as his lower extremities were suddenly rammed upwards, knocking him more onto the upper half of his spine just before his tight ring was suddenly impaled by the otherworldly tool of the beast now mounting him. Carlos clenched his eyes shut, fingers uselessly scrabbling at the metal, gasping as his intestines were filled so fully. The terror dog began to grunt and growl, thrusting in and out, back and forth, building up speed and momentum. Even with the copious pre that soaked Carlos' lower half, the shaft burned with heat and friction as it jack hammered back and forth.

One huge paw came down on the center of Carlos' hairy chest, the tips of the claws creating pinpricks of sensation while the calloused, leathery flesh dug into his softer skin. It was a power move, a triumphant designation that the beast was the master in the situation, and as Carlos was laying there, he began to gasp as he felt the crackle of purple electricity starting to dance across his skin, jumping from the dog's paw to his nipples, his throat, his navel. It webbed across his chest, sinking down into him, saturating him. The energy grew brighter as the ancient machines pulsed with ethereal light in the distance and the blue sprites passed over him, the whispers becoming stranger and more sinister in his ears.

Carlos' eyes opened, a faint red glow beginning to build inside of them as he was fucked by the terror dog. His fear was shrinking back, supplanted by a growing, insatiable lust. His cock quivered and danced as it began to stretch and grow across his lap, beginning to drool its own precum. The brown flesh grew brighter and brighter as more blood pumped into it, giving it a reddish hue. His balls began to stretch as well, growing larger and rounder, the soft sack getting tougher, a few more wrinkles forming as it took on a more leathery texture like that of the beast reaming him.

The handyman's head twisted one way and then the other, rapid pants escaping his lips. His forehead began to tingle, covered with a sheen of sweat, but the blue sprites passing by seemed to collect and deflect around something unseen before a faint ivory glow began to spill out from his skull. At first the light was little more than a pair of nubs, but inch by inch, the glowing visage of horns pushed outwards as the red light in his eyes grew brighter. Carlos let out a snarl, a growl, a bark. He and the terror dog were becoming one. His cock was far bigger than it had ever been before, the head now brushing the base of his hairy navel. His hands flexed and tightened, glowing claws visible only because of the energy being produced by the machines.

With each thrust, Carlos and the terror dog came closer and closer. They writhed at the same time, growled at the same time and snarled at the same time. Carlos' pectoral muscles were starting to look firmer and fatter, his biceps bulging, his hips splaying a little bit more. His lips curled over his inferior human teeth but his brain told them they were fangs. His eyes shone like red hot coals in the dark underground. He clenched and unclenched his ass, milking the monster cock inside of him and he was starting to feel what it was like to be both sword and sheath. The terror dog filling him kept snarling even as its body began to grow translucent, the wisps starting to pass through its body. As it raised its head to snarl, its leathery sack tugging up and its huge canine meat throbbing with a sudden fountain of cum, the terror dog suddenly dissolved into reddish purple vapor that followed the course of the cum, drifting down and funneling its way up into Carlos.

Carlos' body shook as his own cock erupted with jet after jet of cum, splattering his semen across his hairy pecs and his erect nipples, snarling and roaring with pleasure. His back

arched and the last of the terror dog's essence seeped into his ass, bonding with him. A shimmering pearlescent afterglow of the beast overlapped Carlos' body, the muzzle extending from his face, the horns proudly stretched out from the sides of his skull. The image lasted for another few moments before fading away, leaving Carlos visible to the naked eye, but the Keymaster was in charge of the body. A hand reached out to grab the guard rail, easily hoisting the muscled body of the handyman to his feet. The Keymaster gave the air a few sniffs before a carnal grin crossed his stubbled face.

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The wind whipped through Rafe's long hair, rippling through the golden hued loincloth that did a pitiful job to hide the very long manhood sloped down over his pert, plump balls. A similar gauzy, gold wrap draped over his shoulders, fluttering. Glowing red eyes gazed across a city unrecognizable and yet teeming with life. It would have been alarming if not for the fact that they would all be souls suited to serve the coming god. Rafe's possessed body took a few steps toward the stone pedestals and the crumbled rock around them, his hand outstretching wistfully before freezing in place.

The red eyes closed for a moment as he sensed a presence and turned. Standing by the destroyed roof hatch was Carlos, or at least his body. His torn up gray coveralls were torn from throat to ass, splayed open with everything beneath clear to see. His shaft wobbled before him, painfully hard and dripping with pre. The overloaded keychain hung from his hip, the metal glinting in the distant light of the other buildings. Rafe's lips curved into a smile as he felt a stirring in his loins.

"Are you the Keymaster?" An unearthly, gritty, reverberating voice spilled out of Rafe's otherwise waifish, tempting body.

"Are you the Gatekeeper?" Carlos replied, his voice even deeper. Rafe moved forward, reaching up with a hand to caress the handyman's rough cheek before leaning in, giving a faint growl.

"I am..." he whispered before he nipped the Keymaster's chin, shoved him off his feet and lunged, landing on top of him. The loincloth fluttered out of the way and in moments they were grinding their bodies together, each achingly hard and incredibly swollen. The Keymaster threw his head back, letting out a long and luxurious snarl, gasping as Rafe's hands began to knead and massage his thick pecs, firm and commanding, nearly powerful enough to tenderize the meat. He leaned up, giving a messy lick up the Gatekeeper's smooth stomach to his chest, their red glowing eyes meeting one another. The Gatekeeper's eyes slipped shut in a sign of submission and that was all it took for the other possessed soul to make his move.

Carlos rolled, pinning Rafe to the rough, cold roof of the building. He grabbed his partner's legs and lifted them up, admiring the artist's sublime ass. The Keymaster brandished his tool, letting it slither up and down between those meaty, pert cheeks before he took in a deep breath. The time had come, their purpose had arrived. The Keymaster and the Gatekeeper would connect and open the gateway to another world, another dimension, and welcome their god. Carlos let out a growl before he thrust forward, spearing into Rafe. The Gatekeeper snarled out, clawing at Carlos' chest, his nails leaving stinging lines of pain and pleasure combined.

The grunts, growls and roars echoing across the roof sounded like beasts engaged in battle, but the two men were rutting with growing gusto. The two terror dogs had been kept apart for far too long and they could sense the connection between their hosts as well, hosts that had tried to repair the terror dogs. It was meant to be, they were a union of spirits that had been destined to come together in the most carnal and pleasurable ways possible. It was the powerful continuum of eternal beings engaging in the most mortal of tasks, a frenzied moment of intimacy transcending all barriers and boundaries.

The wet, lewd, sloppy percussion continued as Carlos' huge manhood pounded into Rafe's hole, sliding deep into his belly and nearly out again. Copious precum gushed out around the shaft, dribbling down to the roof in tendrils of ectoplasmic slime, allowing the Keymaster to be as relentless and rough as he wanted. The Gatekeeper's body shook and shuddered, his chest rising and falling in frantic panting as he moaned and growled. Their hearts raced, the air was nearly crackling with energy.

Both spirits could have spent an eternity embroiled in their lusts, but the fire burned bright and quick. The Keymaster's grunts and snarls became irregular and uneven before he threw his heat back and let out a roar, a glowing pinkish-white light spilling out of his mouth as his host came. The Gatekeeper similarly arched his back, fingers and toes curling before his rigid cock began to spray jet after jet of sticky cum into the air, his own mouth erupting with pink light as he climaxed.

Loud thunder rumbled above the building as the sky lit up with lightning, the swirling pulsing with the pink light of supernatural energy. Small concentrations began to leave the cloud, drifting down to the city below as ghosts manifested in cars, buildings and on the streets. Bright purple bolts of lightning shot down from the cloud, striking all four corners of the Grand Sumaria. The energy traveled down the columns and moldings, channeled through the entire building before sinking into the vast machinations hidden below the parking garage. It only took seconds, but a bright light began to pulse from the spiraled pathways through the park as the mandala was activated and began its infernal work.

The trees began to shake, birds taking flight and leaves falling to the ground before entire sections of the park began to rotate. The sound of stone rumbling echoed, dust rising into the air. Stone planters circled as entire patches of lawn sheared free, everything moving like the precision workings of a complex machine. The mandala suddenly slowed and stopped in place, leaving six glowing points of light that suddenly burst with bright energy that hit the building at key points. The columns began to glow, sparks skittering from the gutters. Pure white light suddenly erupted from the four corners of the building's roof as if they were spotlights high into the night sky. The beams of light began to angle down toward the center of the roof and when they finally hit, the air beneath rippled as a modified version of the city became visible through the walls of the glowing pyramid, a salmon pink sky stretching over a less developed landscape while ghosts and monsters roamed the skies.

The Gatekeeper and Keymaster reluctantly withdrew from one another, their bodies still caked with sweat and dirt. They rose to their feet and returned to their pedestals even as the roof of the building cracked and splintered as tall obelisks pierced through the cement and gravel surface. A moment later an immense white marble dais began to rise upwards from the flat surface, flanked on four sides by intricately carved steps. The broken pieces of rooftop and terror dog shell began to slip, slide and then fly towards the dais, rising up into the air to fit

together like a jigsaw puzzle into an oblong stone arch. The veins where the pieces met began to pulse with growing energy.

Standing in their places, the Gatekeeper and Keymaster lifted their arms upwards, welcoming the fulfillment of their destiny and the coming of their god. The swirling tempest of clouds above rumbled with so much thunder that the entire city shook before bright purple lightning shot down, hitting both Carlos and Rafe. The energy jolted through every cell in their body, arcing from muscle to bone and back again. Their human forms struggled to endure and began to constrict, but their supernatural spirits pressed outward. Both men fell forward onto their hands and knees even as their bodies rippled, shuddered, and then gave up on their human visages entirely.

An exhilarating feeling ripped through Carlos and Rafe as their tender human flesh stretched into strong and durable leather hide, their muscles growing almost as hard as stone. Their bones firmed and their organs grew larger. Creaking, snapping and popping sounds came as their round human skulls stretched out into oblong muzzles. Pain blossomed into pleasure as bony horns erupted from their heads, growing outward and taking on distinctive curves. Their mouths pressed forward as their jaws extended, making room for their teeth to grow into wicked dagger-like fangs. Even their tongues wriggled and flopped around their mouth as they grew into dextrous pointed tools.

Fingers and toes fused, turning five digit hands into three clawed paws. The Gatekeeper's right paw remained distinct, the claws dark obsidian black compared to the rest. Both beasts raised their new heads high and let out roars and snarls of pleasure as their backs arched, their ribs expanding and their new tail nubs twitching behind them. They were the living embodiment of the statues that had guarded the building since its inception equal parts bull, bear and dog. Their eyes were as bright red as fresh lava, looking back at the temple that had formed on top of the building, feeling their spirits reaching out to search, to find, to connect with their god... but... something was wrong. Something had changed... or had they changed? Had the building? Had the universe?

For the first time, there was uncertainty in the hearts of the terror dogs. Their life, their rebirth, their consummation had all been for a single purpose, but the god the building had been built to summon was gone. There were echoes, whispers traveling through the different dimensions like rumors... Gozer was captured, no longer able to travel between dimensions or bring destruction to them. The whispers told of a battle that stretched across the generations of a family of warriors and scientists until the god had been defeated. After so much time, Gozer was no more... but there was something else out there, something in the ether between realms, and it was coming...

The stone archway filled with a murky rippling energy that seemed almost like seawater, rippling more heavily as a leg stepped through. The two terror dogs reared back in shock as they saw a familiar tridactyl paw made of the same grayish brown leathery skin they sported, but it was connected to a long, muscular leg of a humanoid. The leg stepped down onto the dais, acting as foundation for the rest of the figure to step through. His torso was tall, broad shouldered and well defined. His arms were bulky and powerful, longer than those of the Gatekeeper or Keymaster but clearly built to allow the figure to run on all fours if necessary. A heavy ballsack hung down below a thick sheath housing his manhood, and resting atop the shoulders was the head of a terror dog - though his extra thick, long bull like horns were flanked

by smaller nubs further in along his skull, adorning his jaw line and several down his spine all the way down to the fleshy tail nub behind his firm ass.

The creature was sublime and ancient, clearly a relation to the terror dogs on the roof, but he was of a different breed, he was clearly a sentinel... but the power exuding from him was immense, similar to that of Gozer but channeled in completely different ways. When the temple had activated and had been unable to connect to Gozer, had it locked on to the nearest available god? The Gatekeeper and Keymaster sniffed at the air to try and get a sense as to what was going on, though they started to growl as the archway again rippled, allowing a vastly different creature through this time.

The second figure to come through the gateway was coated not in hide but in chitinous exoskeleton, the material ranging from coppery red in the center to a darker, more earthy brownish black at the edges. It was taller than the sentinel terror dog, eight feet tall, but it was far thinner. Big glassy black eyes seemed to take in everything across the roof while mandibles chattered, large pincers rubbing back and forth in appraisal. Even after the insect's complex legs had emerged, it took another moment for a long, wicked barbed tail to emerge from the portal.

The sentinel terror dog moved down the steps with a relaxed pace, glowing red eyes looking around a little before focusing on the two terror dogs that seemed so apprehensive. A slow smile spread across the muzzled face, lips barely managing to keep the sharp fangs inside at bay. A clawed hand stretched out to slowly pet the head of the Keymaster before moving to caress the cheek of the Gatekeeper. He could sense their confusion, even their hesitation. He could also sense the differences in these vessels compared to those in the realms he had visited before. A deep growl built up from the sentinel's chest before he spoke clearly.

"Do not be afraid. You are among family now... I am Lord Draikoth the defiler, the corruptor, and this is my mate Cilehe." the sentinel terror dog introduced before turning, watching as the scorpion beast shrank down a few feet, his form slinking and contracting as he took on a human visage. Most of his exoskeleton became a red leather jacket, black hair with red streaks sprouting up from his head as his mandibles pulled back into a fair face and his black eyes blinked before taking on pupils and an iris. Cinnamon toned skin seemed to emerge from the melting armor, a faint mustache crossing over plump lips and a pointed goatee descending down from the point of his chin. His feet creaked and cracked as the boney coating turned into heavy black boots and his barbed tail sunk into his back, a few spikes emerging from his jacket to compensate. Cilehe considered for a moment, looking to the two beasts before them.

"My love, I do not think they can speak in this form..." he murmured. Draikoth's lips tightened a little before he nodded, raising his hand. The Gatekeeper and Keymaster suddenly snarled in surprise as their bodies began to contort and change. Draikoth's abilities were far more crude than Cilehe's when it came to transforming, but the terror dogs were his kin. He held his hand out, watching as the two returned to their human forms. Both Rafe and Carlos were left panting on all fours, overwhelmed by the changes. Draikoth lowered down on one knee, reaching out to lift Carlos' face with a clawed finger. He looked from Carlos and over to Rafe, delighted to see that like Cilehe and himself, both were male.

"You are now my sons... The Keymaster Carlos, and the Gatekeeper Rafe..." he murmured, pulling their names from their minds, "Your bond is true and real and precious, not something forced on you by others." Draikoth said before a growl escaped his throat, still

thinking back to Cilehe's father those many centuries ago. Still, the smile returned to his lips as he looked back at his new sons, "We made a promise to leave the world we came from in peace, but this world deserves the love and lust that Draikoth and Cilehe can provide. You will recruit our children, you will share our blessings, and all will know the coming of Draikoth." the creature growled.

"Yes father..." Rafe said, looking up with love and longing in his eyes. Draikoth gave a soft growl before he leaned down, kissing Rafe and giving him quite a bit of terror dog tongue before he pulled back and looked at Carlos.

"I am happy to obey, father..." Carlos replied. Draikoth gave him a kiss as well, enjoying the flavor of the newly converted terror dogs, but when he pulled back he looked at Cilehe.

"He looks as though he gets a little from your side of the family, does he not?" Draikoth asked slyly. Cilehe grinned a bit at that and moved forward, a shadow falling across Carlos as a barbed tail swung down out of nowhere, the spike sticking into the small of his back. Carlos gasped, inhaling deeply, shuddering as the glint of metal began to spill out of his nipples as each one gained four spikes. Another similar stud appeared at the edge of each eyebrow and for a moment his glowing red eyes turned solid black before regaining their light.

"He does now..." Cilehe said, resting a hand on Draikoth's shoulder.

"Go, my sons..." Draikoth repeated. Rafe and Carlos gave snarls of acknowledgement before they bolted for the roof hatch with such determination that Draikoth was sure if there had been a window in the way, they would have burst right through it. In moments they disappeared down the hatch and into the building below.

"I don't know if this exactly holds up to our promise..." Cilehe said as he took Draikoth's hand, leading him back up the stone steps as the archway reformed itself into a large, broad throne. Draikoth moved with Cilehe, a sinister smile on his muzzled lips once more.

"We promised those Ghostbusters we would not corrupt any humans of their realm, but this is not their realm. As far as they are concerned, we were banished to Refuge and lived the rest of eternity out in that niche between worlds. This reality never knew Gozer, never had a need for Ghostbusters, even their architect was different... The man that built this building was far different than his brother." Draikoth said, sitting down on the throne. A gush of precum spurted out of his sheath as his thick, plump purple terror dog dick emerged, rising up from his lap. Cilehe's leather pants turned briefly into scales as the covering pulled back to reveal a human ass, the insect king moving to straddle his husband before sinking down onto the cock. Cilehe let out an insectoid trill of pleasure as Draikoth growled with contentment, his clawed hand moving to ruffle through Cilehe's hair.

"I suppose you're right..." Cilehe admitted, starting to lift himself up on Draikoth's cock only to let himself suddenly drop down, impaling himself all over again. "This world could benefit from our influence. They could be capable of such great things. Besides, it has to be better with three of you terror dogs beneath this night sky..." Cilehe murmured. Draikoth let out a happy growl as he started to bounce his mate higher and higher, fucking him faster and deeper on their brand new throne.

"It starts with three..." Draikoth said with deep satisfaction, grinding against Cilehe, moving to bring his muzzle to kiss his mate even as Cilehe's body grew taller, thicker and harder. Leather became armor, skin became exoskeleton, and soon the insect was getting filled with the shaft of a massive terror dog king and loving every second of it. Inhuman noises wafted

across the roof, carrying clearly thanks to the crisp, sharp edges of the otherworldly temple that now crowned the Grand Sumaria.

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The machines were a little over a hundred years old and nothing had been changed or touched since Eamon Shandor's passing to the other side. It was possible that they had worn down, that they had broken, but it certainly seemed as though they were working... Electricity arced between heavy coils on top of metal drums that acted as capacitors, tanks of slime bubbling and churning while crystals focused energy that otherwise would have been too far out of phase to see. The superintendent stood on the platform, his mirrored glasses removed to reveal pitch black eyes surrounded by faint dark pigmentation that stained the skin around them.

"I failed you... I am not worthy to walk this world..." The superintendent murmured in dismay. His shame turned into shock as he heard footsteps coming down the stairwell, turning around to see Carlos and one of the other tenants descending. He scrambled to pull his glasses from his pocket, but Carlos reached out and placed a hand on his to stop it.

"You did not fail, you succeeded..." Carlos said, his voice inhumanly deep once more, his eyes glowing red. Rafe smiled a sly, seductive smile beneath his mustache.

"You did everything you needed to bring our true masters here, and you will be a loyal servant of Draikoth and Cilehe for ages to come." Rafe said. Despite being older than both of them, the look of relief on the superintendent's face seemed to take years off of him. He looked almost giddy, though he gasped suddenly as Carlos grabbed him by the shirt. Carlos had once been the apprentice, but he pulled his boss in and planted a kiss in the dead center of the superintendent's bushy blond beard. The man's mouth was filled with a tongue far too big for Carlos' head, and as he watched, thick horns erupted from Carlos' skull, extruding out with a power and presence.

The superintendent wanted to murmur in awe, but with his mouth occupied, all he could do was shudder. Carlos pulled back, licking his abnormally sharp fangs with his tongue before watching with a smug expression. The super remained in place for a moment before he murmured, reaching up to feel his chest as one of his pecs twitched, but as his arm moved, his arm suddenly bulged. Bicep and tricep, glutes and pecs. The man moaned in surprise, then groaned, then his mouth pulled back into a satisfied grin as his teeth started to grow longer and sharper, his nose darkening to match the pigmentation around his eyes.

Carlos and Rafe watched with satisfaction as the superintendent soon filled his overalls and then began to tear through them. His bushy, hairy chest began to appear as the zipper popped and sagged down. His cuffs strained, struggled and then popped, tearing out around thick hairy wrists. The man snarled, saliva flinging off his newly grown fangs as his nose flattened and widened, growing moist and leathery. The bald man's burly facial hair began to creep up his face, becoming more even and soft as it spread over his cheeks and forehead, slipping over the bridge of his nose.

The superintendent slammed a hand against the wall, feeling the brick against leathery pads that swelled out of his fingertips and palms. His fingernails darkened from white to brown and then black, bursting from his fingertips as more hair sprouted from the back of his hand.



The man grabbed at his coveralls with his other paw, tearing the fabric from him, allowing his furry chest to escape just as it would have grown too big to stay inside. The man let out a growl deeper than the Keymaster or Gatekeeper had been capable of as his face popped and snapped, reshaping and pushing out into a different kind of muzzle. Fur swept over his ears as they grew rounder, complimenting the curve of his inhumanly broad shoulders.

Clicks came as claws burst through the superintendent's boots, the rubber tearing and peeling apart as furry paws burst outward, spreading wide on the metal grating. Every inch of skin was covered with fur in moments other than his wet, dark nose that sniffed the air. The superintendent sniffed at the air, smelling Carlos and Rafe's lusts as well as a thousand different odors and aromas from the ancient machines. The eyelids of his new ursine skull closed over the black eyes that had darkened from looking upon sights forbidden to any mortal man, and when they opened they were glowing red with the power and potency of Draikoth.

"You are worthy..." Carlos repeated, admiring his former boss, "You are a terror bear of Draikoth." he purred happily. The superintendent let out another gruff bear growl, his paw moving to fish out a very inhumanly large cock out from the long fur between his legs, starting to stroke himself off. Rafe grinned at that, kissing Carlos' cheek.

"I see he's as ready to pay tribute to our father as we are." Rafe purred. Carlos growled happily at that, giving Rafe's neck a playful bite.

"We have more to hunt..." Carlos murmured. Rafe purred.

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Acrid smoke hung in the air, though for once it wasn't the result of Chance's flirtations with various substances. The punk stood in disbelief as he looked at his speaker system. He'd been channeling the music of the cosmos and letting the building sing to him, only it had suddenly sung a bit too loudly. The roughshod music had cut out just long enough for the word "Draikoth" to rumble from the speakers before they all shorted out and exploded. In fact, Chance realized his microwave was dead, as was his television. The only electrical items that hadn't seemed to short out were the lightbulbs that maintenance had replaced the last time they came through. A heavy knocking startled the punk from his mourning.

"Oh dude, I wonder what happened to everyone else..." he muttered, his long braids slapping against his back as he turned and moved to the door, swinging it open. His jaw dropping as he saw Rafe and Carlos wearing nothing more than golden loincloths, and Carlos had a LOT more piercings than he remembered. Chance eventually picked his jaw back up.

"Uh, power surge?" he asked dubiously. Rafe grinned, reaching to run a finger down Chance's chest.

"You were right all this time, the song of the building, the call of the other side... It's time for you to listen, Chance, it's time for you to howl." Rafe whispered.

"Listen to what? Did I miss some-" Chance trailed off as he realized that Rafe's eyes were glowing, as were Carlos'. He moved to take a step back but Carlos growled, his teeth stretching into fangs before he lunged, knocking the punk to the ground before rolling him onto his belly. Chance yelped as his studded belt was cut by sharp claws and his pants were yanked down around his ankles, exposing the only thing that the Keymaster needed. Carlos growled, wriggling and shaking his head as his skin turned leathery, his muzzle returned and his horns

burst free. His hands and feet reshaped into paws and the monster swung its heavy haunches around before spearing forward.

Chance called out, though there was less dismay and more surprised pleasure as he felt that powerful tool plunge into his body. Carlos let into him, thrusting harder and faster, pounding with purpose and need. Rafe slipped by his mate as easily as a leaf drifting downstream, coming around to stand in front of the punk. Rafe drew his loincloth back, revealing his long, thick slab of meat. His painted fingernails grazed his shaft before his fingers coiled around the meat. Rafe jerked himself off a few times before he moaned. Chance looked up at Rafe as horns burst from the skinny artist's head, looking profound and powerful. Rafe rewarded his gaze with a sudden geyser of tainted ectoplasmic semen. As the thick goo splashed across Chance's face, the terror dog fucking his ass let out a deep roar, unleashing his own load.

The punk moaned, shuddering. He'd dreamed of some pretty raunchy stuff, but never anything like this. He opened his mouth wide, gulping and drinking Rafe's cum, his eyes growing unfocused before suddenly they turned a glassy black color. His lips pried apart as mandibles emerged and his pale skin darkened as it hardened, practically petrifying as the skin took on the firmness of blackish purple chitinous exoskeleton. His already lanky body tapered down to the waist as the width of his wrists contracted. His shoes sliced open as long sharp alons wriggled free and the punk's vest shifted and wriggled before a thick growing tail slung out, smacking against Carlos' chest. The barb started out small but grew plumper and fatter by the second, rounding and filling out.

The keymaster let out a bit of a surprised grunt as he felt the hole he was penetrating maneuvering itself around and Rafe watched with glee as Chance's cock was drawn into a slit in his now scaled abdomen, disappearing inside for a few moments before it burst forth again, no longer human. The arrowhead length had barbs and bumps, textured to give anyone a wild ride. As Chance started to cum on his own, he rubbed his arms together and made an insectoid chirping sound like lusty locusts to celebrate the pleasure he felt and the connection he had to his new master Cilehe. Rafe and Carlos let out deep growls of satisfaction at bringing another to their family's cause.

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The swirling funnel cloud above the Grand Sumaria had spread outward, the sky inside the ring far different than the one that existed outside. The pink sky was in a perpetual twilight of pink and violet light, strange and unrecognizable stars twinkling as four armed purple ghosts with bulbous heads and glowing four white eyes flew along in flocks overhead. The buildings of the city had started to deform as stucco and cement turned into ancient stone and pyramids had risen from the landscape. Barks and howls echoed from the streets below as more and more terror dogs patrolled the streets, corrupting more followers for Draikoth when they weren't busy fucking one another.

Draikoth growled happily, his glowing red eyes closed as he felt his lover's clawed hands massaging his thick, meaty shoulders. The temple on top of the Grand Sumaria looked a bit different than it had upon its first emergence. Webs of frothy protein had been spread out, nurturing large granite gray eggs that incubated Draikoth and Cilehe's future children. Carlos

was draped over Rafe, firmly mounted in his ass as they had both returned to their terror dog forms for their most recent morning mating.

A howl sounded overhead as a muscled, shadowy form flapped huge leathery wings, the broad horns the only thing to identify it as a terror bat before it sailed down towards the park below to join its kind. Draikoth murmured deeply, shuddering sensually as Cilehe pinched one of his nipples. The sentinel terror dog reached up to cup Cilehe's face before pulling his mate around to sit on his lap. Cilehe snuggled close, smiling broadly before kissing Draikoth's chin, leaning back to get a good look at him.

"Is it everything you desired my love?" Cilehe whispered. Draikoth let out a sensual growl and gave a slow nod.

"When I first set foot in your father's kingdom and laid eyes on you, I knew... I knew you were destined to live a life outside of his shadow, one where you would find carnal joys and supreme satisfactions, where you would be able to be yourself and find true joy. Tell me, has that happened for you?" Draikoth asked. Cilehe bowed his head in a nod.

"Even though it took us so long to find one another again, you allowed me to step out of my father's shadow and to accept myself for who I am. You loved me and completed me... and now we are bringing our lust and influence to a world that will grow rich with our young. I could not be happier." Cilehe whispered.

"Then all is right in our kingdom." Draikoth growled before kissing Cilehe sensually, tilting his muzzled head so he could get his mouth over his partner's and lock their lips together in another carnal embrace for a long moment until he lifted his head back up, looking across the roof to where his sons were playing, "Rafe, Carlos, come to me." Draikoth commanded.

The two terror dogs scrambled up from their lazy cuddling, clumsily scraping at the gravel on the roof before their paws gained purchase and they began lunging to close the gap, sliding to a stop at Draikoth's feet. Draikoth kissed Cilehe's head before letting him slip onto the edge of the throne, the god rising to his own clawed feet. He reached out to give the Keymaster's longer horns an appreciate stroke, then caress the Gatekeeper's cheek. Satisfied growls emanated from both creatures and then leaned into Draikoth's hands as he placed one on each of their heads. As he touched them, their leathery skin softened, hair sprouted, their muzzles pulled back and their terror dog forms receded into their human bodies... with a few exceptions.

Rafe's glowing red eyes looked up at Draikoth, still possessing his curved, ivory horns and a sheath protecting an inhumanly large manhood and plump dark balls. Carlos, likewise, let out a snorted breath, breathing heavily as his head tilted to one side and then the other, feeling quite delighted to still have his own horns and manly pride as well. Draikoth let out a dull, happy growl of pleasure, looking at them with appreciation before he returned to the throne and sat back down, pulling Cilehe back onto his lap. Draikoth licked his lips for a moment before he decided to speak.

"Your predecessors, Zuul and Vinz Clortho, were pups taken from my kind eons ago in a reality far away from this one. They served an ancient god, Gozer, until their fall. That bond was powerful and sent out echoes across countless worlds. Even this dimension's architect was inspired by them, enough to build the conduit to summon those that would unleash gods." Draikoth said, "You are not Zuul or Vinz. You are MY Keymaster and Gatekeeper. You are Rafe and Carlos, beings elevated to demigodhood and part of my family. Speak to me of what your

spirit possesses.” Draikoth said. The two looked somewhat confused, rather horny, but eager to obey. Both wrestled with their feelings but it was Carlos who spoke first.

“I... am not me anymore... I'm... better?” he asked. Draikoth let out a deep growl of satisfaction at that and nodded, reaching out to run a claw under Carlos' chin before the bone began to glow with light and Draikoth let it phase into Carlos. Carlos gasped suddenly, his back arching as his club-like cock sprung free from his sheath, erupting with precum. Carlos snarled and growled, his teeth stretching into fangs, his red eyes glowing brighter. Claws burst from his fingers and toes and a nub tail stretched out over muscled ass cheeks. As he snarled and growled, his stubble grew thicker and longer with many more strands sprouting and bristling into a short, dense black beard that framed his handsome face. His skin darkened a few shades as his skin toughened up, leaving him looking like a perfect hybrid between the man he had once been and Draikoth's sentinel terror dog form.

“You are far better...” Draikoth assured him, “You are the Keymaster, a supreme being capable of opening the doors to many dimensions. For now we will exist here, corrupting this world with our spawn, but you will have a long and glorious life... And so will your mate.” Draikoth added, turning his attention to Rafe, “And my wonderful Gatekeeper, how do you feel?” he asked. Rafe was silent as he tried to force his thoughts to words, his long hair billowing in the wind, the warm citrine light dancing across his pale skin and dark mustache.

“Different...” Rafe said eventually. Draikoth murmured at that.

“Different, but not better?” he asked with concern. Rafe's brows furrowed. Draikoth reached for Rafe, but Cilehe's delicate fingers slipped in to halt it. Draikoth raised a thick brow muscle but Cilehe had already slipped from the throne and crouched down in his human guise, looking into Rafe's eyes. The insect king remained there before nodding after a moment.

“I see what it is...” Cilehe murmured, “When Draikoth found me, he released the true me I was meant to be. The Gatekeeper is powerful and pleasurable, but there is a piece of you that we can't leave behind. Fear not, that power still remains in you.” he whispered, leaning to kiss Rafe's forehead before he gestured to the gravel across the roof, “Let your creativity flow.” he said. Rafe hesitated before he raised the hand with his painted nails. The gravel began to vibrate, shake, and then skitter across the roof. It swirled and built upwards, taking on shape and substance. It sounded like a hailstorm as the rocks scraped against one another, some crumbling to dust while others aggregated. A shock of pink electricity lanced upward from the roof through the growing form until it sizzled and held together. Draikoth's eyes widened in wonder at seeing the sculpture, looking almost like a petrified plant at the base as boiling vines built up into rounded, featureless human forms embracing on the top.

“Different but better... My son the artisan...” Draikoth said with pride, moving to caress Rafe's cheeks before his fingers began to glow and he let them brush into Rafe's body. Rafe gasped, his cock sliding free of its sheath as his skin tightened and toughened, his nails stretching into claws and a nub tail sprouting behind him. Rafe wobbled, then gasped as he felt Carlos' bearded face plunge around his cock and start suckling furiously. Rafe only let out a few moans before he began to cum... and cum... and cum.

Carlos gulped at Rafe greedily, clawed hands massaging his partner's balls as they swelled bigger and rounder and fuller. Rafe flopped backward onto the now smooth roof of the building, a hand moving to grab Carlos' horn to hold them there. Carlos buried his face deep, letting Rafe's unusually long cock slide back and forth inside his throat as he continued to cum.

Draikoth shivered with pleasure. Cilehe, however, began to vibrate with cricket like noises. He moved over and crouched down, glancing up at Draikoth.

"You may be the defiler, but I think I can help too..." Cilehe murmured, his barbed tail appearing as it separated from his jacket. With a quick, blinding move, Cilehe's scorpion tail came down and stung Rafe in the stomach. The flat flesh rippled before becoming a little more defined, muscles swelling. The muscles spread down around his hips and pelvis, acting as an anchor as his manhood began to stretch out longer still, sliding down Carlos' hungry throat. The Keymaster growled, sending vibrations up into Rafe's body. The artist cooed, a clawed hand caressing his chest, feeling his nipples grow painfully aroused and then suddenly moist as a milky sheen began to dribble from them.

"Impressive..." Draikoth murmured, starting to stroke his own shaft as it oozed out of its sheath. Cilehe rose back to his feet with a chuckle, moving to add his own grip to Draikoth's.

"We have had our fun, and we will have more... but let us leave them to their joys." Cilehe said, leading Draikoth off. Draikoth nodded reluctantly, impressed, watching as Rafe tugged and twisted his own nipples, eliciting spurts of the tainted corrupting milk. As some of the drops splashed on Carlos' head, his nostrils flared and he sniffed before pulling off Rafe's long cock, a thick string of cum connecting the head of his manhood to the handyman's tongue.

"So thirsty..." Carlos growled, climbing along Rafe's body before he came down, planting his beard rimmed lips around one of Rafe's nipples. Fangs teased and pinched, the Keymaster growling like an animal as he began to tug and suck and slurp, a thick tongue slapping the sensitive flesh. Rafe let out a snarl of his own, clawed fingers digging into Carlos' hair. Carlos moved to straddle his partner before letting Rafe's spire find its way between his hairy ass cheeks and tail nub, finding a hungry hole waiting.

Carlos began to bounce up and down, taking in more and more of the Gatekeeper's cock, suckling all the while. What had started as spurts became a steady fountain as Carlos drank and drank, feeling his body grow more invigorated by the second. His already impressive muscles were firming and hardening, even growing thicker around his arms and legs. Six pack abs became eight, his pecs filled out and his jawline seemed to grow a little thicker. Carlos fed on Rafe's chest, growling as even his cock seemed to get fatter, leaving slimy trails up and down Rafe's stomach as they fucked. The two growled and snarled like animals until Carlos finally lifted his head, panting.

"You open a portal to my heart..." He growled in his deep, gravely demigod voice. Rafe merely snarled in return, grabbing Carlos' head and pulling him down to his other pec. Carlos latched on, getting a fresh fountain of milk to fill his belly with.

Despite being the one filling himself from both ends, Carlos rose and fell with the power of a predator. He was broad shouldered, muscled, his skin faintly leathery. He was the epitome of man elevated to so much more with the horns, claws, tail and member of a terror dog. His eyes gleamed with supernatural energy and he could feel the bear-like beast existing simultaneously within him as he let the Gatekeeper's cock bury deeper and deeper into him. He snarled and growled, milk dribbling into his beard as he drank it greedily, tugging on Rafe's nipple.

Feeling all that power rising and falling on his cock was exhilarating, but so too was feeding his mate and giving him strength and nourishment. Rafe's left hand squeezed and relaxed and squeezed and relaxed each time Carlos rode his rod. The artist's face was

clenched in pleasure, eyes tight and fangs gritting. He thrust up roughly, his right hand still holding Carlos' head to his chest. He was lost in the pleasure, unaware that the motions of his hand had ripped apart his statue, compressing the rock and stone and dust tighter and smaller. It had compressed down in an ever more compact state until the rock had nearly molten together, taking on an oblong shape.

Rafe threw his head back, his back arching and his shoulders flexing where each point braced the cool roof beneath him. Light spilled from his mouth as he howled, his shaft pulsing, throbbing and then rippling as he unleashed his seed into Carlos. Carlos threw his head back, light erupting from his mouth as well as he came hard and fast, thick slime spraying across Rafe's stomach. Energy began to crackle across their bodies, pink and purple at first before growing brighter and brighter. The energy turned red and orange before it passed from Carlos, through Rafe and then shot out of his fingers to his stone creation.

The air snapped with the sudden energy discharge, the stone egg Rafe had created sizzling and sparking before it began to cool, the stone darkening to a deep shade of grey with a metallic swirl through the stone. Rafe collapsed onto the roof, panting rapidly, his eyes closed. Carlos laid across his lover, the sticky seed connecting them together as they pressed stomach to stomach. Carlos rested his head on Rafe's fair shoulder, mindful of his horn, though his eyes looked across the roof at the egg that was resting there. His glowing red eyes widened in surprise and wonder.

"Is... that ours?" he asked. Rafe moaned, forcing his eyes open, looking over as he still struggled to catch his breath. He let out a small murmur.

"Our own prince..." he said softly, "He'll be so handsome, a heartbreaker for sure..." Rafe murmured, closing his eyes again. Carlos remained mounted on Rafe, lowering his head again to listen to his lover's heartbeat and gazing out at their egg.

"The Gatemaster..." Carlos whispered under his breath, already imagining the wonderful things their son would one day accomplish.