

Fodder demons burst into brimstone, cracked by Percival's whip-flail.

The spiked ball head of the rat's weapon scrapes the ground with luminous sparks. The chain it is attached to rattles, the straightens taut. Weaved around Percival's tail, he readies for another blow. And one tail whip later, the scruffy rodent's next adversary crumbles to dust.

His heart races. Lungs heave. He relieves his anxiety with a shout.

"Your servants are weak, ya bloodsuckin' fiend." The rat's voice matched his clothes: roughspun, raggedy at the edges, but dripping with character and untold history. "Where are ya!? Come on out. Are ye hiding from me, ya big Jessie?"

Now alone after the massacre of demonic goons, Percival stands in the shadow of a closed door. Flame dances within wall-mounted candelabra, casting long shadows that seem to move of their own volition. Royal carpet is an alien plushness on the rat's bare feet. His jaunt through the vampire lord's castle was anything but pleasurable. But notably, not deadly. Lowen's domain is a place where heroes go to die.

But Percival is not a hero. He used every underhanded trick in the book to sneak, barter, and lie his way up towards the beast's royal halls. And only then did he fight.

A struggle, it was. The fact goons gave Percival trouble is a fact he did not want to admit.

"Yer behind this door, I bet." He saunters towards it, brushing his fingers across a fanciful table. His eyes slightly pull back from the crisp sound. And his fingers chance upon an apple, nestled in a decorative fruit bowl. He plucks it up. And he takes a bite.

"I'll fight ya tooth and claw, y'know." He chews rudely, open-mouthed. His fangs flash, revealing one of his front buck teeth has been replaced with a wooden, filed point.

Pff! He spits out the chewed apple onto the illustrious tile. “I’m gonna burn this mingin place to the ground.”

Doors kick open. The warrior steps in. And the grand visage of the throne room presents. Blue-hued moonlight filters through ornate stained glass. Larger than any man, each of the dozen windows depicts the fall of a hero—devourment, impalement, fatal falls... and so much more.

The colors cast by the windows scatter on the rich stone and blood-red rug. The carpet itself is one long line, pointing directly at a behemoth-sized throne. And in that throne?

Nothing.

But a voice comes from above: the dark ceiling where the light does not touch.

A voice. Compelling. Commanding. Controlling. Resonant with the boom provided by a powerful chest, yet elegant with restraint. Each word is a step in a dance. Every sentence caps off with a dark flourish.

“With all that bravado, I expected something more.”

Percival doesn’t waste a second. He lashes his tail, sending the whip-flail hurtling into the darkness. But with a metal clash, it does not hit its target. Something’s snagged it. And with an imperious pull, Percival is hoisted into the air—upside-down.

Yellow eyes unveil like light beamed from a hooded torch. Red, slitted pupils glare: blood-spots on a yellow egg yolk. Then, two eyes. White fangs. A cheshire grin is drawn from the darkness.

“Did you expect me to just *wait* for you to come in? And do nothing? Like a king in chess moving only when he’s in check?”

“Bastard!” Percival shouts, slashing his claws hopelessly in the air.

“Lowen.” The beast corrects, emerging from shadow. “Lord of the kingdom. Lord of this castle. And most of all, lord of *you*.”

The beast’s face is that of a bat. A light tan, it’s contrasted by shadowed indigo hair and dark feathery frills that extend from his head like a moth. Gold spectacles wobble on his nose. And a frilly white jabot ties together his imposing Victorian suit.

He descends, crawling down the wall with Percival’s weapon in tow. Two pairs of claws sink into the breaks in the stonework, supporting Lowen’s weight as he creeps lower. Crimson moth wings extend from the top pair. They glimmer slightly, the dusty scales that coat his wings reflecting the moonlight.

“You are not... lord of me!” Percival spouts, snarling with such ferocity spit seeps between the gaps of his teeth.

“Oh? A pause?” Lord Lowen reaches the floor with a stomp. Dust billows beneath his step. And he adjusts his grip, holding Percival closer to the root of his tail, still upside-down. “Why are you so unsure?”

Amidst the talk, Percival stretches, clambering to reach his tail in a useless struggle. Yet, he only manages to scratch his nails on his linen pants. He tries and tries, culminating in a howl of frustration.

“I’m damn sure of myself!” He yells. “I’m Percival, bane to scum like you! I’ve bested yer bloody spawn in countless villages. Not to mention yer eejit guards!”

“Mm-hmm...” The bat-moth beast paces slightly, holding Percival aloft. He shifts him around, observing him from a few different angles. So close he is, the rat smells his breath—tainted with wine.

“Get yer gob away from me!” Percival swings a fist. But Lowen dodges the miserable strike.

“Tell me,” the vampire begins, “I see your gusto. Your bravado. You're obsessed with power, fame.”

Lowen's throne suddenly stands tall before Percival's eyes. The hunter doesn't even remember the two of them moving. So entranced by the vampire's words, *they* feel more real than reality itself. They paint pictures sharper than reality. They delight more than Percival's favorite bardic song.

Is this magic? He stutters within his mind.

“...Yet,” the lord continues on, “instead of fighting small-fry in your village—you fight me, knowing you'd likely lose.”

Nae—his damnable words aren't magic. But his words, his cadence... it's honed to a supernatural perfection. He... he's smart enough to know what makes me tick.

Why? When you'd surely find fame and success in your village?”

Skilled enough to pick words like poison.

“Peculiar if all you wanted was glory, don't you think?”

All to wrench what he wants from my heart.

“I ain't answering your questions, cretin. You rid-hough, fankle puggle o' yer mingin mum—”

“I'll answer for you then.” Lowen reclines upon his throne, dangling Percival with a lazy hand. “It's because you don't seek fame. You're obsessed with power. Namely, the *powerful*.”

Lowen flicks the rat upright. Landing in his palm, the prone warrior stares up into hellish eyes, silvery fangs, and gargantuan form of a right-and-proper lord. Large, and in control.

“Deep down, you don't want to be a savior. You *want* to *fail*. You want to be *dominated* by royalty. You've rejected it, wearing rags befitting of a commoner. But inside, you're the same. No matter how hard you hide it, you still dream of sucking a big, fat, royal dick.”

Wrath bubbles up within Percival. “I'll tear your throat out!”

Lowen shakes the halls with his booming laughter. “Haha! I have eyes all over the kingdom, friend. I *know* what you did with that outcast prince. Thrown out his country and into here, so as not to seize the throne of his dwindling father.”

Lowen nudges the rat close, between his cloth-covered legs, before his claw presses firm. Shoved into his crotch, Percival gasps. His cheek grinds against his leather belt, the rat's nose touching the cool, gold, metal buckle.

“Now you're in the presence of a true lord. A lord bigger, *better* than you. Doesn't that make your gut go tight? Stoke a fire in your loins? You no longer have to settle for an outcast in some miserable little forest. Now, you have *me*.”

“Oh, *fuck*...” Percival groans, nose twitching. The scent of the beast's clothes wafts through his mind. Yet, he can't help but take a nice, deep breath. And something new invades: the light, pleasant smell of the beast himself.

“I've gone mad...” he whimpers, almost in disbelief as to what he's done.

“No.” Lowen croons, soft and deep. “I've simply cracked your facade *wide* open.”

The hunter's whisker's twitch whilst his eyes roll behind closed eyelids. So enraptured, he barely notices the monster unweave his flail from his tail. Not that he would care. Percival's eyes now peek from dreamily-lifted eyelids, gazing at a gold-capped claw that descends from the sky.

It sinks into the vampire's trousers. The tip hooks in. And with a pull, the fabric stretches with the most pleasing sound. Pale fur of the bat-moth's crotch is exposed, slightly patted-down due to the bind of his pants. And of course, Percival looks in. With the height of the vampire, looking down his pants is like peeking over the lip of a chest-high ledge. He stares into another world—of fur and scent and the grand prize itself: Lowen's fuzzy, monstrous sheath.

It comes up to his chest, unengorged. Stiffening slightly with the excitement around, the red tip pokes from its hiding place. Moving slightly with the vampire's pulse, shifting as stolen blood gradually fills its growing flesh, it emerges—slowly.

Percival is quick to hasten its coming. He's but a rat besides a prick that will surely outsize him. But he makes do with what he has. Blood electrified with anxious energy, at the cusp of realizing a dream he didn't know he had, he clambers over and tumbles into dark, soft cranny. Tight, one wall fabric, the other sweat-damped crotch fur, the hellish heat that's been baking in here stirs Percival's mind into a frenzy.

He kicks his legs inside, stuffing himself deep. It's tight, he *barely* fits. And he can hardly breathe with the air so hot. He pants, tongue out like a dog, practically melting in lust as he wriggles himself beneath the bat monster's balls in an awkward cradle.

“That’s right.” Percival shivers as he hears the lord rumble as heavenly thunder. “Give into it. Leave aside your pride. *Be* that pitiful pocket rat that you wish you were. And please your lord.”

Imprisoned in darkness, Percival’s throat shakes with his unabashed moans. He wriggles and thrusts. His body grinds from the press of Lowen’s thighs. Squishing into fluffy, dank crotch fuzz, bullied by flexing thighs, he’s almost crushed and pulled into taffy as the big man stirs in his seat. He’s kneaded into Lowen’s fluffy pair, drooling as his space erases—taken up by the beast’s growing erection.

Lowen groans as it peeks from his pants. A warm breath whistles through his teeth as he sighs. Promptly, he places a palm on the crotch of his pants. He feels the rat inside: weaved about so he’s being pressed by both of Lowen’s legs. And then, he *smothers* him. Pressed tight, the rodent begins to twitch in his pleasurable struggle. And the lord lets his jaw fall. Tongue free, he pants as the peasant’s shuddering hit all the right spots.

He licks his fangs. And shudders out a steamy breath. Then, he begins to thrust. Grinding into his palm, he lets his other three brace him upon his throne. He lets the rat soak in the experience, utterly uncaring of the twisting, writhing hell of fur and flesh that wracks him. There’s no pain—the lucky bastard seems to have been born with bones of rubber. But it’s *rough*. Primal. Percival is more of a toy to the beast than a living man.

Cock poking from his pants, he delights in the rat’s hot breaths steaming against the underside of his balls. He ravishes the feeling of his little hands, pressing against his thighs and cock in desperate hope of having the barest amount of give. But his space would crush in all the same. He’d be winded as several tons of flesh knock him in the

gut. But still, the rat goes wild: mind torn between love and hate. Lowen even feels the fool's pitiful load spew across his fur. He doesn't care. He slams the warrior right back into the mess he made.

It's the rat's breathing that sends him over the edge. He picks up, smearing the rat over a cornucopia of indulgence. Percival senses those balls *tighten*. Stiffen—*pulse*. He murmurs with a mouth full of damp floof as his lord no longer can contain his own vocalized delight. He groans, dragging it out until it's a window-rattling moan. It starts low, goes higher, then transitions into a feral snarl. Panting like a hungry wolf, Lowen reaches his peak. And the rat's world closes in like a vice.

Cum erupts. It splatters all over his vest, drooling over black and red. His golden eyes crack open once more, gaze droopy with satisfaction. He still breathes hot mist, hand ambiently brushing over the groaning man buried beneath his cock.

"Ha..." He rattles his lungs. "You were... good. I admit that."

He opens up his pants to see an exhausted Percival, lazed about and fur wild. He reaches down and grips him from his prison, dangling him by his tail once again.

The rat can't even speak. He's exhausted. From horror and pleasure, the bat does not care.

"I tire of delaying the inevitable." Lowen speaks with a dark wind. "You were good. Your death will be worthy of joining those above: immortalized in the royal stained glass."

"D-death...?" Percival hardly has his wits about him. His watery eyes can barely piece together the moving swashes of color that he sees. Fucked silly, he is. Thankfully, he can still *hear*.

“You didn’t think you’d be getting out of here alive, did you?”

Percival stammers. “B-but... my lord! My...”

“Yes.” Lowen cranes him high: right above his jaws. “*Your* lord. And your lord wants a snack.”

Jaws open. Wide, sickle-shaped fangs line the sides of a pink, slobber-infested maw. A flat, long tongue wallows in the copious amount of spit spawned during their sex. Glistening strands of spittle string like silk webs between his teeth, gleaming with puny beads of piercing light.

“No!” Percival barks out, reinvigorated. “Please, I’d do anything for you!”

Jaws close. Yellow eyes bask him in their glow.

“Then digest.”

Lowen’s pulsing throat fills Percival’s view once more. A deep, red pit. Arching muscle wobbles with an excited exhale. Spit flicks from the gooey muscle of his tonsils, flinging onto the rat’s face as he screams the heart wrenching wail of broken love.

Drop. Fall. Splatter. He lands on a tongue that’s slimier than a slug. His wet palms try to grip the teeth beside him. But a simple toss of Lowen’s head dislodges his grip, throwing him into his cheek. He barely fits within the confines of his slobbery maw, but that matters little. The behemoth’s strength is overpowering. He simply bats him around, crushing him into his throat. And finally, he shutters the rat away with a swallow.

He hears the scream inside him squelch with slobber. Silent now, the lord hums in satisfaction. And as he feels the worthless wretch plop into his stomach, he begins to strip of his soiled clothes.

He dresses well. So it's a long process. Especially when Lowen takes such care, so as to prevent his claws from ripping the fabric. And throughout it all, a pitiful rat boils within an oppressive gut. *Molded* by his body's will, not even by Lowen's conscious thought, he bends as he's melted. Turning gooey and gooier with each passing minute, he slaps himself uselessly on belly folds that happily slurp up his now-liquified form.