

SexQuest!
Episode II: Fate
by Quixerotic

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“The fate of this world and every life on it hangs in the balance.”

“Sorry, did you want coffee?” Elliot sat on the edge of his couch staring out the window. A pigeon had landed on the window ledge with a bagel around its neck. The pigeon cooed contently as it nibbled its necklace food. Meanwhile, the strange man, who introduced himself as Obadiah, continued to berate him — Elliot, that is, not the pigeon — about paying attention, and the fate of the universe, and other generally unpleasant things. Elliot wondered if the pigeon would get thirsty while eating its bagel, which led him to ask Obadiah if he wanted any coffee.

“No,” the man replied gravely. “Are you listening? I’m trying to explain to you that the world is ending.”

“Because I had sex. I mean, I remember priests yelling at me from a pulpit about having sex bringing about the end of the world, but I always figured God and/or gods really weren’t that interested in my masturbation habits.”

“Society did. This has nothing to do with any church’s weird obsession with everyone’s genitals.” Obadiah stood on the opposite side of the coffee table. He did not pace or gesture with his hands or move at all. As rigid as a statue, his eyes peered down at Elliot in an ever searching gaze that looked through the mortal man, the mortal man’s couch, and at the troublesome nest of rats beneath the floorboard. Obadiah never liked rats. He tried to stay focused, “The Askaru are coming.”

Elliot’s stared back blankly. “I’m sure that has a more dramatic effect if I knew what the Askaru were.”

Obadiah finally moved, throwing his hands up in exasperation and squatting down on an ottoman. “You know, centuries ago, I say something to a guy about ‘the Askaru are coming’ and the dumb bastard is calling up his troops ready to march to war before he even knows what the hell it is. I’ll say one thing about the feudal system, it had a clear chain of command.”

“Maybe you should talk with someone in government?” Elliot said, trying to be helpful. “I work in IT. Unless we can turn them off and turn them on again, I’m not sure I can help much with the Askaru. Fun to say though, As-car-oo.”

“No, that won’t help,” after a moment of hopeful consideration. “The Askaru are an ancient inter-dimensional race bent on the conquest of all known life.”

“That sounds serious.” Elliot said, slightly worried at last.

“Quite, but it’s not one of the good threats to existence.” Obadiah whined like a kid who got bad trading cards. “It’s not the Orgal Empire. Those guys show up and mean business. They drown every planet they conquer in liquid methane. Or the Binthrx, Harbingers of the Skull God. They strip the flesh off of every living creature on a planet and leave the bones to bleach in the sun in preparation for the day of the Feast of Bones. Even the really tiny creatures. If it has

bones, it's on the list for flesh stripping.”

A gnawing feeling of panic had been building in Elliot since he ran into Obadiah in the elevator. As they fled his workplace, leaving behind a cum-drunk Janice and an entire HR floor full of people fucking each other senseless, Elliot had sensed himself going into a little bit of shock. With Obadiah forcefully leading him home, he'd decided to lean into the full system shutdown and hope things turned out for the best when he came to his senses. But his pigeon friend finished his bread necklace and left, presumably to either get a drink of water or find another bread necklace, and Obadiah started talking about the Feast of Bones as if that were a likely thing to happen. These things didn't help Elliot's new anxiety. He wanted very much for Obadiah to go away and all of this to have been a bad dream. “I don't understand why you're telling me this.”

“Because you, Elliot, are the first line of defense against the oncoming horde. The Askaru are legion. A thousand men could count for a thousand lifetimes and not approach a fraction of a fraction of their number. Millions of worlds have fallen to them, and they have set their gaze upon Earth. The invasion has already begun. They have slipped in through cracks. As we speak, they plot their next move. Today, you have encountered one of their number. Janice from HR took their bargain and became one of them. She is no longer human. She is Askaru, and she spread her corruption to all her staff.”

“Janice is an alien?”

“No, hang on, you're throwing off my big speech.”

“Oh, sorry.”

“..ahem, um, spread her corruption to her staff. Ah, yes. She is but one of the first volley in what will become a siege. Some will resist, but most will fall to the sway of the — actually, fuck it. It's too long. Kind of lost the gravitas of the whole thing. Also, I always thought it would be in like the throne room of some grand hall or maybe the floor of Congress. I don't know, you think about something for millennia, and then you're in some shoddy apartment in Brooklyn talking to a guy who looks like he might pee his pants.”

Elliot blinked. “I thought you were doing well. But maybe you're right, maybe you should be giving this to someone more important than me.”

“No, you're the most important person on the planet in this particular invasion,” Obadiah said, dismissively.

“For this one?”

“Oh yeah, different chosen ones defend against different inter-dimensional invasions. Think of how tired one guy would get if he had to defend the planet all the time. Also, I must say, you're taking this rather well.”

Elliot smiled. "I think I've gone insane," he said cheerfully. "Why not enjoy it?"

Obadiah moved faster than Elliot could comprehend. The tall man was instantly holding him by the shoulders and inches away from his face. "This is no joke. You are not insane. The world is in peril, and you must save it."

As he stared into Obadiah's eyes, he saw through time and space until once again he looked down on a planet of sexual monstrosities marshaled for war. The seriousness of the situation washed over Elliot. A tsunami of fear, anxiety, and blind panic drowned his mind. Elliot blacked out.

When Elliot came round, he was lying on the couch with his feet elevated and a cold rag on his head. Across the room near the window, Obadiah sat in a swirl of green smoke, the red glow of a pipe floating in the middle of the miasma. "Sorry about that. Showing a mortal a glimpse of the infinite void while they're awake is a time saver, but generally knocks them out for a while."

"That stuff is real," Elliot announced. "Everything you've said, it's true. Those things are coming here? To change the human race into things like them?"

"The Askaru started off more or less humanoid as well. They incorporate the kinks of any race they found and turned themselves into monsters in the process. They're able to change into forms that suit whatever planet they're invading, but two weeks here, and you'll have people with cat ears or made entirely out of latex and whatever else helps get people off."

"Why me?"

"Complicated. Giant engine of the Cosmos turning in an ineffable plan of probability. It has to be someone, so logically that someone is you. Best not to think about it." He puffed, apathetically.

"Alright then, how do we fight them?"

"You fight fire with fire."

"We burn down the planet before they get here?" Elliot asked, perplexed.

"What? No." Obadiah coughed. "Is that what that saying means?"

"Sure, you can't put out a fire with more fire. You put out a fire with water. Maybe snuff it out with dirt or something."

"Then why do they say that?"

Elliot shrugged. “If you burn away the stuff that the initial fire would burn, then that fire would go out. Presumably, you would have better control over the second fire. I’m not a firefighter. Also, the Askaru are not going to use fire are they?”

“Only the insatiable fire of human desires,” Obadiah answered gravely.

Elliot sighed. “I know you wanted that to sound threatening, but it came out silly.”

Obadiah stamped his foot. “This whole mysterious stranger bit is for you, you know. I don’t have to keep up with ooo and ahh of all this. Fucking, sex monsters from outer space are coming and you, through blind fucking luck, get to be the one that stops them. Using, this!” He held up the same thing he’d shown Elliot that morning, a cone shaped object made of wood and glass. “This is the Primordial Ark. It contains the pure genetic code of the prime human.”

“It looks like a butt plug.”

“Funny you should say that,” Obadiah answered with a sheepish grin. “It is. It’s a magical butt plug that will make you a superhuman. Don’t worry, it’s a one time thing. It’s not like you have to have in your magical butt plug while defending the earth.”

Elliot sighed. “You are undoubtedly the worse person I have ever met. You just keep making me sad in ways that I did not know were possible. I’m not shoving that thing in my ass.”

“The Ark would transform you into a perfect specimen. Increased muscle mass, sharper wit, better teeth, but most importantly, increased virility. The Askaru have very malleable chemical makeups to their bodies, right down to the the core level. They are hard programed to consume other genetic material and attempt to assimilate it. You have a unique genetic makeup that is corrosive to the Askaru. It has been passed down through your line for generations and makes you capable of defending yourself against their corruption. It is why you were able to defeat Janice. She was not pure Askaru, not yet. And you won’t fare well if you have a forty five minute refractory period. This will solve that.” Obadiah once again brandished the Ark. “You’re going to tell me that you’re more worried about something going up your ass than saving the whole planet?”

“It’s...*my* ass we’re talking about. If you asked the whole planet as one collective consciousness whether it wanted a weird space rock shoved up its...”

Obadiah stomped his foot and tossed the pipe towards the window. The window was closed, but the pipe went through it anyway and did not come out on the other side. “Look, it’s a *magical* butt plug. I mean we shouldn’t even call it a plug. It goes in, does its thing, and then comes right back out.”

Elliot clenched his ass tightly. “That’s insane. There’s got to be another way. Or maybe you should pick someone else.”

“You have to start taking this seriously,” Obadiah lectured. “We’re already behind. Once you’ve claimed the power of the Ark, you’ll be able to recruit others with its powers. The Askaru will attack again. They will send stronger and stronger minions until you are overwhelmed. Just Janice was enough to sap most of your power. You’re lucky you didn’t get stuck in that orgy or you would have been consumed body and mind. They would have turned you into their most dangerous weapon and conquered humanity in a week.” Obadiah turned around and stared at the wall. “Wait a moment.” He appeared to be looking at something as he stroked his chin. “They wouldn’t be so foolish as to attack the Sanctum.” He whirled around, a sudden ferocity in his eyes. “Elliot, I must go. My home is being attacked for all the good that it will do them. Nevertheless, I must oversee the defense and find out what they could have hoped to gain from this. Do not leave this apartment while I am gone. And please, make your peace with your destiny and shove that thing in your ass.”

Obadiah stepped over to the wall. Elliot heard a sound like a piece of paper crumpling and Obadiah vanished. Elliot looked down at the device in his hands. It glimmered as the glass caught the sunlight from the window. The wooden cone was smooth and seemed to have some type of lacquer covering it. The glass head was flawless and clear. As Elliot stared into it, he could see blurred images of people. Curious he brought it closer to his eyes, but no matter the clarity of the glass or his own sight, the images were blurred. He could tell they were humans and that they were naked. They also seemed to be vigorously interacting with one another. *What good is blurry magical porn?* he thought.

And then, the doorbell rang.

Elliot opened the door and found two women standing in the hallway. They were side by side so the quick comparison was easy to make.

As a teenager, Elliot had attended school where a pair of twins cheered on the cheer leading squad. Fueled by hormones, Elliot spent many nights fantasizing about the twins, Marcie and Marie, and carried this particular fascination in into adulthood. Something about the idea of twins appealed to him at a core level. Obadiah would have informed him that this was a mental manifestation of his body’s latent desire, predisposed through cosmic destiny, to pursue genetic purity in potential mates. The identical nature of the twins was an easy access point for that hidden motivation. Elliot attributed it to a pretty basic desire to fuck two chicks at the same time. And while at it, why settle for one pair of perfect breasts, when a second pair of identical breasts were available. Nevertheless, his lust for twins remained a furtive little secret, a taboo he did not pursue nor did he expect it to ever come to fruition.

This is why his jaw comically dropped as he stood in the open doorway. The two women waiting in the hallway could not be possible — Marcie and Marie naked and smiling. Several reasons came to his mind as to why this was impossible. First, neither of the girls had aged. They looked exactly as he remembered them, eighteen year old cheerleaders bouncing around on the side of a football field. The only possible difference came in their fuller forms, as Elliot

doubted remembering either girl with D cup breasts. Secondly, and much more pertinently, Marie had moved away for school after her sister, Marcie, had died after consuming a full bottle of tequila and attempting to drive a boat.

Not knowing what else to say to two naked, impossible women, Elliot asked, “Can I help you?”

“Of course you can, Elliot,” said one.

“We’re here to fulfill your wildest fantasy,” said the other.

“That’s very creepy. The back and forth talk thing.”

“We didn’t come here to talk,” said the other.

“We came here to cum,” said one.

They moved in unified, sensual steps, hips swaying from side to side and drawing Elliot’s gaze down to the small tufts of blond hair above pink pussy lips. Elliot had no choice but to back away. They closed the door behind them and looked around the apartment as if pleased to see it was otherwise vacant. Elliot noticed the two of them didn’t look in the same places, as if the two heads were part of one body. He feared they were actually connected somewhere on their sides, until they parted, gracefully walking over to him. They guided him over to the couch. Their scent and touch were warm and wonderful. Were it not for the panic, Elliot would have been overcome with desire. Even so, his cock strained against his pants. “You’re Askaru aren’t you?”

The two women frowned, “Has that old fart been telling you stories?”

“Telling you lies?”

“We’re not the bad guys.”

“His old ways want to keep you boring.”

“We want to make things fun!” One of the twins reached her hand down and inside of his shorts. She took hold of his cock and squeezed. “Doesn’t that feel fun.”

Elliot grunted in agreement. The other woman — Elliot decided to call that one Marie and the other one Marcie since as such, they weren’t actual people so much as Askaru manifestation of latent thoughts — started to take off his clothes. Elliot looked at their bodies. Smooth alabaster skin quivered underneath his touch as he slid his hand down over Marcie’s round ass. Their breasts squashed into his bare chest as Marie stripped away his shirt. He sighed with pleasure as they pulled away his shorts. Marcie dropped to the ground in front of him as she took his cock in her hand and started to stroke.

He looked down and saw the face of the girl he dreamed about in high school while the mirror image of that girl let her breasts hover in front of his mouth. He opened his mouth as the woman pushed her tit into his face, his tongue happily licking and sucking at the offered nipple. Meanwhile, he stole a glance down to his crotch where Marcie's happily eyed her prize for a moment before lowering her mouth on the length of Elliot's erect dick. The warmth of her mouth surrounded his entire being. He could not focus on anything but the pleasure of the woman sucking him off and her exact copy caressing his body while offering her wonderful breasts.

A thought cut through the haze, like a shrill note in an otherwise harmonic performance. The Ark was still in his hand. Neither of the women had attempted to remove it or bothered to have him put it down. He carefully tucked it behind him and started to explore with his other hand. While he massaged Marie's breast with one hand, he slipped the other between her legs and pushed his finger into her hungry snatch. She moaned and Marcie echoed the sound around his cock, the vibrations sending more waves of pleasure through his body. He started to feel sleepy. Marcie pulled herself from his cock with a wet pop. She grabbed hold of Marie's ass and pulled her over to straddle Elliot. She guided the twin down onto the throbbing cock. Elliot could only watch as his dick nudged its way between her wet folds until it slipped inside her with ease. She dropped down onto his full length in one motion, crying out in pleasure as he filled her up. Marcie remained between his legs as her twin started to bounce up and down along Elliot's length. She reached beneath them to squeeze his balls as her counterpart fucked him.

The haze returned, clouding Elliot's thoughts with nothing but the idea of pussy and tits and ass. His hands slapped at Marie's ass. He enjoyed the sound and how it made her flesh jiggle. The mammoth tits bobbed up and down only inches from his face. How wonderful that he could simply lean forward and take one of those rosy nipples into his mouth. If this one got tired, a perfect replica waited to take her place. He knew that, if he wanted it, the door could open and a legion of these perfect creatures would come in to lavish praise on him and take turns riding his cock until it exploded inside of them. He wrapped his arms around Marie and pulled her closer, absolutely ready to lose himself in her wonderful folds forever.

The caustic thought cut through again. *You can't let it end like this. You know they're stealing your soul or...whatever. Fight back. You know what you must do!* Reluctantly, Elliot pulled his hand away from Marie's delicious jiggly ass. He lamented every second parted from that delightful flesh that he had watched hop around in bloomers on Friday nights. Reaching behind him, he gripped the Ark and awkwardly moved it towards its fateful destination. The women sensed something and doubled their efforts. Marie's pussy clenched down on his shaft while he felt the other woman's mouth starting to lick his balls, teasing him with her expert tongue. Through a very careful maneuvering he managed to get the tip of the wooden plug aimed at his ass. He hesitated long enough to hope that Obadiah had not been playing a very elaborate cosmic joke on him. Then, he pushed back.

He expected pain, but none came. New vigor coursed through his body. Muscle defined and grew, his eyesight cleared, and he felt his cock surge with new life. As promised, the Ark

was inside him for only a moment before it slipped out, inert and drained of its magic. Elliot briefly glimpsed all the possibilities of sex that he had so long avoided. He realized that a little anal penetration was nothing to be nervous about. Looking at the two women writhing atop him, he saw something else. Though they remained the beautiful and perfect creatures from his younger memories, he could see within them a dark, sinister light. He recognized it immediately as the taint of the Askaru. He also knew the one cure.

With new strength, he lifted Marie up in the air as he stood. Spinning around, he dropped her on the couch and pushed her legs open wide. Grabbing Marcie, he put her in the same position, intertwining their legs to have equal access to both of their pussies. Looking down, he took account of his own changed physique. His cock bobbed out at a full eight inches with additional thickness to match. The two women looked at it with hungry eyes as a steady dribble of precum oozed from its tip. If they were disappointed or worried that they had failed to corrupt him before he used the Ark, it did not show. He took their legs onto his shoulder, knelt slightly and pushed his full length into Marie's waiting snatch. After a few hard thrusts, he pulled out and swapped to the other woman, pushing in to the hilt and causing her to grunt with pleasure. The two Askaru occupied their top halves by toying with each other's breasts and massaging one another's tongue. Moments before, the sight would have been enough to cause Elliot to cum in his pants, but now he had all the control he wanted.

Elliot continued ravishing their dripping pussies as tension built in their bodies. His hands reached out to massage their breasts until finally, he sensed one on the edge. Marie's body had begun to quiver. Her free leg wrapped around him, pulling him into her, and she mewled in disappointment when he pulled out to pleasure the other woman. He could almost feel his cum sloshing around in his balls as he shoved his cock back into Marie and then tossed the other girl aside. He leaned down and pushed his hand against her neck as she started to writhe beneath him. His hips pistoned up and down as his balls smacked against her ass. She gurgled and then screamed as orgasm exploded through her body. Elliot pulled out of her and let his cock spray a torrent of cum onto her chest. The pearly white fluid splashed on her glorious tits and trickled down to her stomach before the other Askaru lunged to lick it clean. Elliot shoved himself back inside Marie to pump several gouts of cum into her cunt before pulling free once again. Marie was a mess of pleasure and delirium.

Elliot moved over to the side of the couch. Marcie was on all fours licking Elliot's cum from her brood mate. Her pussy glistened like a split peach as Elliot took her meaty ass in his palms and position himself behind her. With a quick thrust, he speared his still hard cock inside of the other twin and slammed into her from behind. She paused her licking long enough to look back at him and smile. Her own body started to hum with pleasure as his balls swung forward to smack against her clit. As she went rigid, he pushed his full length inside and let himself cum again. More cum sprayed deep inside the other woman until she collapsed forward, joining the tangle of limbs.

Elliot stepped back and watched as the two beautiful females wriggled on top of one another. He admired his work for a moment before the sound of crumpling paper drew his attention. Obadiah slipped back into the room out of thin air, "Elliot! They're coming! You need

to — oh...I see.”

“Don’t worry, Obby, I used the magical butt plug and defeated the Askaru demon twins from my past.”

Obadiah scowled at being called Obby. “Well, it’s a start at least.”

