

The oil lantern flickered, gently illuminating the dark, rocky underbelly of the manor. Legosi made sure to hold onto it as hard as he could. Even with night vision, there was no telling what could be underneath such a crowded manor... or *who*. He had been walking for what now felt like hours—a continuous descent into the inky, creeping below; the sensation tantamount to those nightmares where he got dragged to the ground by a pair of hands—Sometimes Tem’s, sometimes Riz’s even though the bear was alive—sometimes his mom’s.

*This place... there’s something bad here. I just know it.*

It was supposed to be a simple mission; near a property built in the rebuilt back alley market, disappearances had begun to occur. Seven total victims—all last seen around the perimeter of the Kibishi family household. They were a powerful family of elephants—entrepreneurs and owners of many tech companies—funding the reconstruction of the BAM. It was a controversial move by the more radical herbivore population, but that backlash only seemed to make the fire behind their resolve even stronger.

Were they seeking something out inside of the back alley market? Louis definitely thought so.

*“They’re up to no good. I know that they were involved in the back alley market’s meat trading back when I was the Shisihigumi’s leader. Why the sudden interest in rebuilding a place that was supposed to be nothing but a memory?”*

Even if the newly built BAM was under intense regulation from Louis and the Beastars board of directors, they could certainly get away with something nefarious. It wasn’t the first time that Legosi had seen a herald of society engage in the most gruesome of sins with the protective veneer of their public image. How could he forget the Kopi Luwak and Deshico? An insane man that would’ve skinned him were he to find out about his nature as a hybrid inevitably stuck with the wolf.

*I never expected them to have catacombs underneath their mansion...*

Sneaking into the party was pretty easy. The eldest son was having a bachelor party and like most people drowning in their own wealth, he made as big of a show as he could. He let his friends invite their own friends, and with the wave of animals rushing into the manor, it was incredibly easy to get in.

He had to turn the entire mansion upside down—checking every room he could while trying to blend into the rest of the partygoers. When he got out of here, he would need to thank Louis for lending him the suit and making sure he was presentable. Legosi still cringed at the grimace on Louis’ face when he first asked the cervid what he thought of his outfit.

*“You look homeless yet stuck up at the same time. Impressive.”*

But then, as he was about to leave, Legosi found something. Even while traveling through the dark tunnel system hidden beneath the mansion, he could still hardly believe that he found something so... he couldn’t even describe the feeling in a single word. Finding a hidden entrance behind a portrait was something taken out of a fun mystery story, yet the discovery

left him with a horrible twisting feeling in his stomach. It was like his body wanted to cannibalize itself as soon as the path opened, every muscle of his body shooting out a foreboding warning that what he was about to do was a terrible idea.

And so, he was here now; walking through what looked to be an infinitely extending concrete road. It was fitting in a twisted way for herbivores so wealthy to have skeletons *that* big in their closet. They always presented themselves as people that had nothing to hide—no craving for meat and were surrounded by so many security measures that they never felt any danger—it was simply *too* perfect.

The tunnel's structure was winding and twisted. It was like an old, antique rabbit's den from the war; a distorted labyrinth meant to distract and confuse those foolish enough to try and venture deep underground. The only exception was that the actual tunnels were *massive*—probably to accommodate the size of the Kibishis

*But what would a family of elephants want with war-like pathways? Maybe to transport hyperdrug after Louis started cracking hard down on the main producers—*

Legosi's train of thought *halted*. Dead on their tracks, all thoughts halted as his brain hyperfocused on the damp, wet *squelch* that echoed through the tunnels. Despite how quiet it was, the noise and its afterglow felt *ear-shattering*. The thick scent of dust and decay had coated the scent that was now currently infiltrating his nostrils, but now—painfully aware of what he was standing on—the pit inside Legosi's stomach grew deeper.

*This is blood.*

Bending down and scooting the lamp closer, he realized that it was more than a measly blood splatter. Not only was it fresh, but it lead up to erratic drag marks sprayed all over the floor—the potential victim being pulled violently through a struggle. They went on and on, farther than what his lamp could show him and deep into the dark void. The trail was fresh—these weren't the remains of some gone long horrible act, but instead the brutal trail of something that just happened.

If someone was bleeding, he needed to help. If they were already dead, he would tear apart the perpetrators to *near* death—he still needed to bring someone to Louis for him to judge.

He sprinted forward, nose going into overdrive as he trailed the scent of bloodshed. He ran even faster than the lantern's light trail, swiftly moving through the inky void of darkness. The floor lost its uniform and plain nature; the smooth concrete surface began to fade into a path made out of old, weather stone. It jutted outwards and downwards erratically, turning uneven the further Legosi ventured in.

The wolf's feet constantly swiveled around the uneven rock architecture. One false step would be enough to send his face crashing into the floor—a possibility all the more likely with how fast he ran. Every hard step he took against the rock made his legs ache—adrenaline pushing him forward, not even a second of respite for his overworked body. If he could save someone, it would all be worth it.

*It's my duty as a Beestar to protect people.* He jumped over a large gap in the floor, sprinting forward through the uneven stone tiles in case they fell—he didn't know if they would, but Legosi wouldn't take any chances. *This changed world... I won't let anyone desecrate it, especially people like these!*

The stench of blood grew stronger—almost like a toxic miasma that grew stronger the deeper Legosi went. Not just that, but even more scents were slowly inserting themselves into the mix; gunpowder—a fruity yet ashy odor—a metallic smell different from the iron-filled aroma of blood.

*I'm getting nearer. I can smell it! I just gotta—*

Legosi gasped for air. He was adrift, limbs flailing with wild abandon. The sound of the rock slabs crumbling underneath echoed through his mind as gravity took hold. The seconds he remained in the air felt eternal. The oil lamp flew through the air, its flickering flame failing to illuminate anything.

The wolf closed his eyes. With a thundering crash, pain spread through his body like fire. The strain was so intense that he didn't dare to move—letting himself wallow in the acute burning over every inch of his body against the risk of making everything worse. He felt blood oozing from a wound on his right leg, now mixing with the scent he was chasing. The feeling of his matted fur sticking to his stained suit was disgusting—enough to make him groan and gag.

*I messed... up*

Even if Louis was to look for him, he wouldn't be able to find the hidden path; too well known among criminals and had no strong scents for hunting. The ache over the cervid's potential anguish compounded the agony spread over his muscles. Every breath that he took made his wounded ribs scream out in pain.

"N-ngh... Louis..."

And as he let himself lay down in what could be his future tomb, he felt his senses slowly drift away. Slowly falling deep into slumber, he let the sound of the lantern's flame lull him into a pleasant drift to distract from the intense pain coursing through his veins.

*This is a dead end.*

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Legosi was swimming, yet this wasn't the pool from his old high school or the beach near The Hidden Condo. The waters were murky, almost swamp-like. From above, he could see the crimson moon bathing the entire world in its blood-red light.

Looking below him, even through the thick waters, the wolf saw something. He thought that it was a rock formation or even a ship thanks to its size—a massive shadow that elongated to even beyond his line of sight. The wolf understood what it was soon enough when he saw the

massive silhouette move with fluidity so seamlessly that the possibility of being a mirage crossed his mind.

*What the...*

He tried screaming at it just as how he tried speaking to a shark when the Shishigumi dropped him off a cliff into the sea below, but the shadow gave no response. It only inched closer and closer, growing in size even more.

*How... What is this?!*

Appendages *burst* from the shadow, overtaking the crimson sea with its massive body. It was like the ocean itself was wrapped around its tendrils, and they all rapidly accelerated toward Legosi like viscous heat-seeking missiles. He still tried screaming his pleas through botched sea language while swimming away, but it was for naught.

“STOP!”

That horrible stench of blood remained when Legosi opened his eyes, but he was no longer in an ocean of crimson liquid. He was on a bed—definitely not his own, the mattress was softer and it didn't carry his scent—inside of what looked to be an old-timey room. Semi-transparent pink curtains draped over the bed, revealing an interior with a vanity that looked older than he was as the main centerpiece of the room.

His first instinct was to pinch himself to wake himself up, but all he got out of that was a slight cut on his arm and the realization that he was awake.

Looking down at himself, he noticed that the elegant suit Louis had gotten him was replaced with a floaty black robe with red lines adorning the edges of the cloth. There was a symbol stitched on where a breast pocket would be; a circle with a strange creature sprawling tendrils from its mouth made with red string.

The wolf whined at the thought of being undressed. It was probably for the best—his suit tattered and bloody—but he would've preferred if he was asked. He'd gotten enough comments about his penis size for a lifetime... even if they did stroke his ego a little. He just preferred to hear such words coming out of Haru's mouth rather than a stranger's.

*Ugh. I wanted to forget about that mask party. Gross.*

He quickly patted himself down. Just as he feared, his phone was taken away from him. He tried sniffing for it—the plastic case had his scent, after all—but the only thing he picked up besides the blood was a strange fruity scent. It wasn't *actual* fruit—it was far too artificial. It was more akin to the kind of fruit-based aroma that scented markers had.

*I can't stay here forever. I might as well investigate.*

Whatever leads he had were now on the back burner. He had to get out of here *alive* first. The fact that they hadn't gutted him while unconscious was already pressing enough—The

immediate conclusion would be to torture him, but he wasn't just left to roam around the premises freely but had his wounds disinfected and cleaned as well.

What were they doing down here anyways? His gut instinct was hyperdrug, but the substance always had a chemical, almost acid-like scent—an odor that was nowhere to be seen. Firearms, perhaps? But the amount of effort with the tunnels would simply not be worth it—firearms smuggling was one of the *least* economical ventures compared to the others kind of trafficking done inside the BAM.

He opened the ornate door—packaged with a doorknob that seemed to be made out of *genuine* gold—and ventured outside. Instead of the dark tunnels, Legosi found himself inside a massive cathedral—almost tantamount to a mansion covered in religious symbols. A chandelier showered the entire room in a golden glow.

“Hello?” Legosi asked, his echo reverberating through the grand entrance hall. “I’m armed.” He lied, still clutching his waist in case he was being observed. “I need to go home. I’m willing to negotiate... as long as you let everyone else here go home too.”

Legosi’s ears perked up at the jingling of the jewels attached to the chandelier. Inside the gleaming cage that was the decoration was a small rodent clad in robes just like his own.

“Y-you? Were you the one whose blood was smeared all over the tunnels?”

“I? I haven’t shed blood around sacred ground recently.” The rodent’s voice was droning and slow, like a text-to-speech bot trying to sound like a real person. “I’m glad to see that you’ve woken from slumber. Please, follow me.” The rodent threw himself to the ground, landing seamlessly despite the massive drop height. Not even a grunt was heard from the small animal, who turned around and stared back at Legosi. “Are you coming, foreign *Canis lupus*?”

*That fall should’ve shattered his legs... how did he...* Still, Legosi knew that imprudently prodding would only stoke his captor’s anger. Now that he was out of the chandelier, Legosi saw that it was a rat—a full foot shorter than Kibi if he was to guess. “Can you at least tell me what I’m doing here? And what are these clothes?” He said while pulling on his robe.

“It’s the cloth of the enlightened.” The mouse bluntly explained. “It’s a sign of honor and luck to wear it. Like how rabbits wear a vial of their loved one’s ashed limbs.”

So *that’s what Haru’s dad was wearing...* Legosi shuddered at the morbid thought but quickly shoved his disgust back inside. He had no right to judge. He howled at the moon whenever he was euphoric, and for as many explanations as he could give—like saying that the celestial body was staring back at him and the night’s howling winds were its response—he probably sounded as insane if not more than a hare carrying ashes around one’s neck.

“Now, let us go to the communion hall. You will be above the surface after we explain our purpose.”

“So it’s just not you?” It was obvious that it wasn’t, but hearing it from the rodent’s mouth would lend more credence to his report to Louis once he’s freed. “I thought that you were the one running everything.”

“Not at all. We follow the forbidden messages buried beneath the false truth.” The mouse said, but the way he explained it made it sound almost as if he was reciting a speech rather than freely expressing his thoughts. “The truth is that your society is built around repression and lies. We reject those foolish rules.”

“I... I see.” How was he supposed to respond to that? The mouse dropped a bomb on him and he didn’t even know what the bomb was supposed to mean. “And where’s the communion hall? Do you, uh... pray there?”

“Praying is for those that need salvation from above because they’re too weak to grasp it for themselves. We follow teachings, yet are not bound by them.”

The mouse led him into a door that reached so high that it was a mystery as to how it was installed in the first place without disturbing the foundation—the entire underground chapel *underneath* an already opulently large mansion with a series of tunnels sandwiched underneath was already ludicrous, but having to think about the construction of such a massive series of structures only made his head spin.

With a haunting creak, the door revealed a massive underground chapel illuminated by what Legosi assumed to be artificial light peering through the stained glass illustrations—five in total; from left to right, a monkey wielding a staff, a pig clutching a blood-coated dagger, a white horse in a praying motion, a water buffalo holding a green gem, and a white dragon wearing royal attire.

In the center was a giant opening on the ground filled with water that looked to be a pool, but Legosi doubted that it was anything remotely close to that. It carried the stale scent of the ocean—the one brought by bacteria that digested electroplankton. He found out about it back when he buried those meat scraps on the beach with Gouhin.

Surrounding the ocean pool was a myriad of animals frolicking around. Some of them were wearing the same kind of robes he had, while some others... were going about their way with no clothes on. The scent of sex infested the air the longer he stood inside—the odor of seed marring every single inch of the walls and floor.

*The blood... it all leads here too...* The primary scent—the one belonging to the brutal drag marks present in the tunnels—was the one that stuck out the most, but underneath that, there was an *infinite* amount of blood trails all swirling together into a horrific blend of odors that assaulted his nose.

The source? The pool in the middle—an entrance to the deepest depths of the ocean... or to hell, considering how deep he was below the surface. The thought that this was just his brain experiencing the trauma of the fall and displaying it all in a macabre cult performance passed his mind—the thought somehow less disturbing than the possibility of everything in front of him being real.

“Welcome back, brother Ichinose.”

Legosi jumped as the scent of a cervid entered his nostrils. For a second, he thought that Louis was the one speaking to him—a despair-inducing thought—but the second he look at the deer next to him and the mouse, the differences were stark.

Instead of the almost golden-like pelt that adorned Louis’ body, the deer in front of Legosi had soft brown fur. The wolf couldn’t tell if it was the natural color or if the cervid’s fur had lost color from the lack of sunlight. His cock was locked behind a gold chastity cage that seemed to hold no key—a strange sigil in place of where a lock would be.

His expression was distant—even more unreadable than the Mouse who Legosi supposed was the Ichinose the cervid was referring to. His pupils were a series of collapsing gray spirals that delineated the lack of anything happening behind them. Reading expressions was hard for Legosi, but he could at least tell when someone was *expressing* themselves through their face. What was in front of him was a simulacrum of a person—a shadow of a fully formed animal being that was now a shell with all the personal edges sanded down.

“Good evening, dear Milo. You did a good job on dressing up our guest.”

*Was he the one that...* Of course, it had to be a deer. If they had a canine in their ranks, they probably noticed that Louis’ stench was all over him.

“Yes. I was told to do a good job.” He robotically explained before turning his gaze to Legosi—his speed crawling to a disturbing degree. “Do you wish to utilize my services, guest?”

“S-services?”

Legosi saw a little bit of pre dripping through Milo’s cage. The scent of herbivore semen was like an aphrodisiac in a gaseous form, but he couldn’t do anything to stop it. “What do you...” He knew what they were, but he had to stall. He needed time to focus himself—to drive away the rush of thoughts that always came bursting whenever he so much as *imagined* a herbivore in a compromising position.

“Fuck.” The wolf whispered under his breath, fangs pressing against his lip.

“Of course, sir. I can do anything you ask of me.” Milo bowed in a curtain call-esque manner before flashing a faint smile. “I can serve as a top. I can serve as a bottom. I can make sure to feed you the best meat the BAM can offer, or you can feed it to me—”

“M-meat?! But why would I do that to y—” Legosi heard what meat did to herbivores’ stomachs. It was like poison to them. “Are you serious?”

Ichinose scoffed at Legosi’s question, pulling on the wolf’s robes while glaring daggers at him. “Shut your chattering tongue, guest. The animals here are not bound by biological limitations.”

“So he can eat meat...?” *But how? It should be impossible...* “Uh, but I think I’ll pass for now.”

“Do not worry about potentially hurting me. Pain is of no concern to me.” Milo blankly explained. “Many have clawed at me during sex. I enjoy it. Anything that makes my current owner happy is something I will take.”

Milo pointed at some claw marks present on his neck. The act should’ve been a weird show of pride—like how Louis loved to roll up his pants’ leg to show off his prosthetic leg and the stump it was connected to—but with the distant look on Milo’s face, it made it look like he was a puppet showing off its features at the behest of its puppeteer.

“N-no thanks, I’m not particularly in the mood...”

“Do you not enjoy meat, foreign *Canis lupus*?” Ichinose asked—an indignant tone adorning his words. “That statement is undoubtedly false. I can feel the life coursing through your veins, canine.”

“I *do* eat it, but I don’t indulge in it mindlessly. It’s something sacred, after all.” The euphoria that biting into flesh was thrilling—that fact was undeniable. But still, a constant state of elation... it sounded like a dream that he’d be unable to wake up from. “I just don’t want it right now. That’s all.”

“Pity. Denying yourself earthly pleasures is a disservice to one’s body.” Ichinose turned to Legosi, brows raising as he inspected the wolf. “Gods, you’re skinny.”

“Yeah, people tell me that a lot...” *It’s not my fault. I’m just very tall and not much of a big eater.*

“But we can deal with it later. We’ll be conducting our community sermon soon.” Ichinose then turned to the crowd and snapped his finger. “I need someone to take care of our guest while I make preparations. Volunteers?”

“Of course, brother Ichinose!” A blue-furred cat raised his hand as he approached the pair.

Without warning, he grasped Legosi’s hand and began shaking it with a monstrous grip—the pressure contrasting with his smooth, calm expression. “You must be the poor chap that fell through the tunnels, right? We really need to patch that thing up.”

“N-no worries...” *Actually... I wonder how I’m not that hurt in the first place. My leg feels fine, but I swore that I twisted it really badly when I fell.*

“Thank you. Now, Milo.” The mouse said in a haughty tone. “Come and make yourself useful.”

“Yes, sir.”

The two went deeper into a passage at the end of the room, disappearing through the door.

“Now, let’s leave brother Ichinose alone. I’m sure that he’ll be very busy!” The feline exclaimed—his voice resembling the tone of an over-excited car salesman. “Come on now, come on now.”



Legosi walked forward, ushered by the cat's pressure and his bombastic voice. The wolf felt that feline paw around his back, pushing him forward forcefully enough for it to be noticeable.

Going down the stairways and trying his hardest to avoid gazing at the ominous pool squared down the middle, Legosi got a closer look at the crowd of robe-clad animals. While some of the naked ones were either simply basking in pleasant nudism and others were fucking each other with no regard.

There was a trio of canines—two spit-roasting a far smaller fox—while moaning loudly. Their mouths hung open as they stuffed the smaller canine without any regard for care. The entourage of other animals continued talking through the echoing moans, conversing like nothing was happening at all.

*They smell so... intense...*

Legosi was thankful for the robes because he would've been *certainly* tenting through his dress pants now that he was beginning to get hard. Lingered thoughts about fantasies with his old canine roommates began to bloom into the surface—the memories of masturbating together and wishing that they did something beyond that. He didn't know if they did it, but Legosi remembered fondly looking at them stroking their dicks and craving to touch them to see how different they were from his own.

"My name's Danael." The cat said. "What about you, brother?"

"...Legosi." He said reluctantly. Revealing too much was unwise, but trying to lie through his teeth would probably be even worse. They took his phone and wallet, so they probably knew his name.

"What a wonderful name, Legosi!" He rejoiced. "I'm sure that you're nervous, but no need. Your apprehension is as fickle as stage fright!"

"And why's that?"

"Well, as you can see, everyone here is happy. They're untethered by the emotional walls and boundaries that make the people above so miserable." Danael then pointed to the small glowing amulet hanging from his neck—an accessory unique to his personage. "I had gifts that I originally rejected, but I learned to harness them for pleasure—pleasure that I deserve."

"Pleasure?"

Danael sighed dreamily. "Take a look around, my friend."

*I've been trying to look at the floor the entire time...* "What... do you want me to focus on?" He asked, playing dumb.

"Why, everyone here is having a great time! They're indulging in the sins that are forbidden but those above. Look over there!"

Danael pointed at a boar—not clad in robes but instead wearing nothing but a black shawl and loincloth with golden jewelry adorning the rest of his naked body. Layers of fat adorned his frame—like velvet wrapping around hard metal. Nipple piercings hung from his hefty moobs; a pair of soft, pudgy mounds with a dough-like consistency. The loincloth was barely visible underneath the boar’s pudgy belly—rolls forming an extensive set of love handles.

*What’s that gleaming...* Legosi noticed that the tips of the boar’s tusks were solid gold, reflecting the artificial light peering through the stained glass.

The boar was laying on a large throne-like chair. Around him was a giant course of meals all laid out in front of him, with catering carts full of empty plates surrounding the table.

Next to him was a bull—and just like Milo—he was completely naked with a blank expression painted on his face. He was mindlessly passing food from the table onto the boar’s mouth, only showing a hint of expression when the boar pet the top of his head; a warped, unnatural smile that stretched enough for it to be clear that it was painful.

“Our dear Shugo was a random tavern owner, but when he met me, I let him see that he didn’t need to be bound to a life of humility.” Danael explained since Shugo was clearly too busy stuffing his own face and praising his bull assistant to do so. “He wanted nothing more than to taste the forbidden fruit of the world, and who was I to deny him an avenue to do so?”

“Meat?”

“No, not that. Meat is easily found by most.” Danael held the crystal, smiling fondly at the gem. “Our greatest enemy is not other animals, but our own mind. You must learn to beat it if you ever wish to be free.”

“Beat?”

He shoved his amulet at Legosi’s face. The intense cyan glow emanating from the crystal almost blinded Legosi. The wolf jerked his head away from the intense light—globes of color remaining in his vision even when he closed his eyes.

“W-what the?! Be more careful!”

A buzz traveled through Legosi’s ears. It was like another, intense layer on top of the high pitch ringing of tinnitus. Images flashed through his shut eyes; a hare with his same blueish-gray fur color making out with a stag sporting massive antlers was one of them, followed by variations of the same situations with a myriad of different animals... all of them with an uncanny resemblance to himself and people close to him.

*That was... a big rabbit... a large panda... what was...*

“Saw something you like?” Danael asked. “Because I’m sure that you did. Feline mysticism is quite the beast, isn’t it?”

"I-Maybe! What is it to you?!" Legosi clutched his robe as he tried to adjust it in a way where his now fully stiff dick wouldn't be visible. He could feel the area around his groin turning moist as the assault of stimuli made easy work of his restraint. "Just... why did it feel so..."

"It's what you want, Legosi," Danael explained.

As the feline tenderly placed his hand around the wolf's shoulder, something seemingly caught his attention. The fur around his neck stood up and emerald pupils dilated into giant green orbs.

"Brother Thales!" Danael cheered. "Welcome back!"

Legosi turned around... to see an elephant covered in brown fur. He had gotten used to the image of elephant skin being rough in texture with gray coloration, and what was in front of him went against everything he knew about them.

"You must be the Legosi that my fellow brothers told me about." The mammoth spoke. He had a cigarette holder in his hand and a cane on the other. A fruity scent emanated from the cigarette, entering Legosi's nostrils. "Good evening, my name's Thales. I'm the leader of the Loptyr church. I assume that you have many questions."

"...Yes," Legosi said, voice quivering.

"Before I ask any of your questions, do you have any wishes that you think cannot be granted?"

"Why are you asking me that?"

"Brother Thales only has your best interest at heart!" Danael whined. "There's no harm in asking, right?"

"I... I guess." Legosi pressed his hands against his hips. "If I was to say, I guess..."