



Life Begins at Possession (Final Girls Featurettes #2)

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Category: Dark Erotica

Description: How far would you go for the one you love?

Would you willingly let your partner stab you in the chest in hopes that The Reanimator will save you, give you immortality, and then you can run off into the sunset together? What about if the ritual goes wrong and your soul ends up stuffed inside the nearest thing it could find, a vintage teddy bear with a broken voice box?

Tanis and Craven tried and failed to replicate the ritual many others have done before them. Now Craven is stuck inside a childrens toy, and Tanis is on a mission to find a body for Cravens soul to inhabit. Should be easy, right? Well, three years and countless men going missing under suspicious circumstances all over the country seem to tell a different story. Can these two find a body to switch out before people catch on? What if the perfect match has his own set of secrets? Tanis and Craven are in for one hell of a summer road trip.

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DON'T BE A CHEATER.

I pushed my freshly bleached lock of hair behind my ear.

“You look like a skunk.” Craven smirked.

“I think it’s cute.” I pouted and smoothed my dress. “What do you think about this?” I lifted my arms and twirled.

“You look like you’re gonna bring someone back from the bar tonight.”

“Is that a compliment?” I grabbed my purse and headed toward the hotel door. “I’ll be back later. Don’t have too much fun,” I tossed over my shoulder before hurrying out to catch my ride.

My driver took me to the most expensive club, and I went straight to the front of the line. Security took one look at me—one long, slow, look from my Louboutin heels to my fishnet tights, to my red velvet, strapless sweetheart neckline cocktail dress.

“You look like trouble.” He licked his lips.

“I don’t know who that is. My name is Tanis.”

“Well, Tanis—” He lifted the rope and motioned ahead. “Enjoy yourself.”

A cover of Maneater was playing as I walked in. It gave me an extra boost of confidence that I used to stride right to the bar. Not even ten seconds passed before I

had a man by my side, asking if he could buy me a drink.

“Lemon drop martini, please,” I told the bartender. Much like every other man I’d encountered at bars and hotels, it was clear that since he bought me a drink he thought he had ownership of my time. He put his hand on my thigh and leered at me.

“What’s your name, beautiful?”

Beautiful? That was the best he had. I mean, it did feed my ego, but surely there was something better he could call me.

“Tanis. Yours?”

“Some people call me Drew.”

I gave him a deeper look. A full head of dirty blond hair, bright baby blues, a chin dimple. Not bad. I’d have to see what was under his suit before I made a decision.

“Some people?” I took my drink from the bartender and sipped slowly.

“Some people,” he said in a very clipped, very I don’t want to talk about it way. He was hiding something, but for now, I was interested. I slid my hand over his on the bar.

“Tell me about yourself, Drew. What do you do for a living? Must be something that pays well to be willing to pay for an expensive drink for a girl you don’t even know.”

“I wouldn’t say don’t know. We’re already on a first-name basis.”

He’s got jokes.

I raised an eyebrow and he continued.

“I’m a real estate owner and manager. I moved here about five years ago and used a little seed money from my dad and started buying up all the houses down in the shitty part of town. I fixed them up enough to be habitable, and now, I just collect the checks every month.” He took a large swig of his amber-colored drink.

Strike one.

I slid my hand back and sipped my drink. “A landlord? You’re bragging about that?”

His stupid grin vanished. “What do you mean? I do well for myself.”

“Yeah, but how many of your renters do? It sounds like you’re just taking advantage of people more than anything.” I finished my drink, knowing this was going nowhere.

“Hey! I started from nowhere, and now I make seven figures every year.”

I hopped off my chair. “Thanks, Drew.”

I was on my way to the bathroom when I was grabbed by the wrist and spun around.

“I know you,” a man said, pulling me into a light swaying back and forth. “Back again, Miss Collector?”

The second man of the night was tall, Asian descent, and very handsome. His hair was thick with a slight wave, he had a swimmer’s build, and his smile was perfect and complete with a dimple on one side.

This man had potential .

I blinked. A flash of panic went through me, but I masked it with a sexy smirk. “I have been here once or twice. Are you coming to the convention tomorrow?”

“To see you. Although I wouldn’t mind seeing you a little more tonight as well. Can I get you a drink?”

“Lemon drop martini.”

A waiter passed by us and the handsome stranger ordered our drinks.

“I didn’t get your name,” I said as he led me to his table. It was covered by walls on three sides and in the more expensive section of the club. Handsome, could dance, had money to throw around?

Check. Check. Check.

“Fred Casely. I design and sell furniture.”

“Ooh, can I call you Freddy?” I trailed my finger down his black tie. “Furniture, huh?”

“It’s boring work, but it pays well.”

Boring is good. Money is good.

Check. Check.

“How long have you been doing this, Freddy?” The waiter returned with our drinks, and I sipped mine as he talked. He was single, no kids, no partner, no pets. His parents were no contact, he didn’t even have a maid or anyone that he saw on a regular basis.

Check. Check. Check. Check. Check.

“I work remote for the designing process, but a studio for when I do my test models. Sometimes, it’s weeks before I see another person. That’s why I started coming here on occasion. It must be fate to see you here.”

He was a gentleman too. He’d taken his time with me, touching my elbows, and then slowly gravitating down, resting on my thigh.

“Fate brought us together tonight?” I traced his jawline.

“And again, tomorrow at the convention. I bought tickets specifically for your panel.”

“How far is your house from the convention center?”

“Not as close as your hotel room, I bet.”

I grinned. “You bet right.”

Forty-five minutes later, we were getting out of the car, giggling and acting like lovestruck teenagers. My red lipstick was smeared across his cheeks and neck, and his tie was wrapped around my hand. We ran up the stairs, tearing off our clothes as we went, and by the time we burst through the door, one quick pull down and his pants were off.

I pushed him onto the bed, and he stripped completely down and put his hands under his head. I admired his body. I was right—swimmer’s frame. Those abs, holy shit.

“What happened?” He eyed the V-shaped scar on my chest with abject horror.

“I’d rather not talk about it.” I leaned down and kissed him, but he pulled away again,

his eyes darting behind me.

“Woah, you leave your collectables out?”

I glanced over at the chair. “Just Craven. It’s fine.” I crawled onto the bed, making my way slowly up his toned, perfect body. I paused, grasped his massive member, and grinned. “He likes to watch.”

“Really? Can you turn him around or something. I didn’t realize his face was so... ugly.”

Sighing, I let go of his dick and crawled back off the bed. I stalked over to the chair and picked up the bear. “Have you never seen one? I thought you said you were a toy enthusiast.”

He sat up and grimaced. “Yeah, like, Rubik’s cubes and Tamagotchi’s. I don’t think I could have a stuffed animal that looked like that in my bedroom.”

I tossed Craven back on the chair. “You get used to it. Are we doing this?” I lifted my dress and shimmied my fishnets and thong off. I tossed my thong to Freddy and he brought it to his nose, inhaling deeply.

“Fuck yeah, we are. Come here, baby.”

I kicked his pants on the floor, as I got out of my shoes and his wallet slid out of his pocket.

“You have a condom?” I bent down, opening it and freezing. “Who is this?” I turned the wallet to show him the photo.

His face fell. “Oh. Uh?—”

“Your girlfriend, your partner, what?”

He rolled his eyes and smirked. “It’s my wife. Come on, Tanis. She doesn’t have to know anything. don’t let this ruin our fun.”

“Your wife? Are you even a furniture salesman?” My blood boiled. My eyes shot over to Craven. His eyes were black, glassy marbles, blank and unchanged.

“Yes, I didn’t tell you because we’re separated. Come on, sweetie, you know you want this.” He motioned to his dick. I glanced at it. My core ached. I had wanted it. Not now. My chin trembled, and a single tear slid down my face.

“Why are you crying, sweetie?” He got up and came to comfort me as I plopped on the bed. He rubbed my shoulders and tried to kiss my cheek, all the while murmuring how it was okay that he was trying to have an affair with me. I looked at the ceiling and sniffled. Wiping away my tears I stood and went back to Craven, sitting him back up. Another loud snuffle, and I grabbed my purse, turning away from Freddy, and pulling out my knife.

“Wait, was the teddy bear smiling like that before? I don’t remember him looking like that.”

Oh, Freddy. You’d almost been perfect.

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KEEP A CLEANING KIT ON YOU IF YOU'RE PRONE TO MESSES.

The knife fell to the floor, right into the giant blood puddle.

"A bit of an overkill, don't you think, Tanis?" Craven smirked.

I looked up at the bear sitting in the cuck-chair. "You got blood on your clothes."

"I got blood on my clothes?" The bear shifted, moving his little fuzzy arm to point to his chest. He scooted off his seat and waddled over to me. "I got blood on my clothes? I did not do shit. I sat back and watched you hack this dude into pieces! All for what?"

"He had a wife!" I exclaimed, standing from the bed. "He spent all night flirting with me. We made out in the car." My lips trembled, and the tears came again. "I thought for sure he was the one. He was perfect."

"Perfect? The guy looked nothing like me!" Craven snapped. "That was the one thing I asked for."

I huffed, glaring at the stuffed bear two feet off the ground. "That's all? Really?" I put my hand on my hip.

His chestnut brown face shifted into an angry scowl. "You owe me a body. I don't think wanting to be comfortable in it is too much to ask."

He was right. He always was. If our situation was reversed, and it was him who had

messed up the ritual, he would have found me a body so close to the one I'd lost within weeks. It'd been three years, and still, my boyfriend, Craven, Cravey-boo, was stuck in the nearest thing his soul could find, a teddy bear.

"I'm sorry, boo. Come here." I sat in the chair and extended my arms. He didn't come to me, instead he walked around the bed, sloshing his little black hi-tops in the blood. He bent and popped back up, my date's beautiful penis in his little furry grip.

"I know why you wanted that body." He snickered and tossed the severed appendage on the bed. "I could have gotten on board with that. I'm not saying I wouldn't have taken it, just that it should have been a conversation is all." He climbed onto the bed and tossed his little body back.

I hurried over, scooping him into my arms. "And it will be. The next body I bring back will be the one. I promise. It'll be a good one. He'll be handsome, rich, lonely, and look just like the old you."

"And a big dick."

I laughed. "The biggest."

We worked through the night and into the morning cleaning up the mess I'd made.

"I hate when I lose my temper." I frowned as I dropped another toe into the trash bag.

"I found a farm we can take all this too, at least. Drop it off tomorrow night after the convention," Craven said, using one of the dead guy's fingers to work his phone.

"What about his wife? Should we do something about her?" I went to the bathroom with the ice bucket I'd grabbed from the hotel desk, and filled it with hot water and hand soap. We'd have to clean up with what we had here. I couldn't be caught

shopping for cleaning supplies at a store at two in the morning. I wouldn't be able to explain that away.

"What do you mean? Her husband was a philanderer. That and a gambler, apparently," Craven snickered.

I returned and poured the water all over the carpet, then tossed a hotel toothbrush in Craven's direction, and dropped down with the other one and began scrubbing the soap into the stained floor. "He had a lot of people threatening to burn his house down if he didn't pay them. Let's hope his wife knew about it, and she assumes his bookies ended him."

"Let's hope," I muttered. He was right; we shouldn't kill innocent people. As a rule, I really tried not to. I'd never killed a grandma or a child or someone who didn't have it coming. This guy deserved it.

"I bet she's home, tossing in bed, wondering where he is." I scrubbed the rug harder. "She probably is a homemaker; with beautiful dresses she wears to lounge around the house. I bet she made him a giant spread for dinner. Beef Wellington, roasted potatoes, bread from scratch, and a chocolate cake all made with no boxes or anything. Expensive red wine that'd been aired out for hours before he got home." The image of the woman in my imagination got my emotions ramped up again. Tears fell into the soapy, bloody mixture I was scrubbing on the floor.

"Tanis..." Craven sighed. "Sweetie, don't do this."

I smacked my legs, still covered in the guy's blood and gore. "I wonder how long she waited for him to return before she tossed his dinner in the garbage. I bet they have two trash cans too. One for trash, and the other for recycling." With that, I covered my hands over my eyes and broke into sobs. How could he have cheated on a person like that?

I felt a familiar small, soft paw on my shoulder. Craven attempted to comfort me, but even as a human, he'd been shit at stopping me from crying.

"Tanis, you're getting yourself worked up again. You don't know who this girl was. You don't know if that was the case. Maybe they really were separated."

I glared at him. "Where they?"

His black eyes shifted away. "No."

"Did she text him tonight?" I demanded.

"She did."

"Give me the phone," I said through gritted teeth. I needed to know just how much of a bastard he was. How could he lie like that? What had I done to deserve to be lied to? What had his wife, his partner in life, done to be cheated on?

Grumbling, Craven waddled back to the chair and grabbed the finger and the phone. I took both and unlocked it.

"What's her name?" I asked. There were a lot of women's names in his inbox, and based on the messages, any of these could be a romantic partner. Many of them were romantic partners. Just which one was his legal one?

"Caroline. I found it written on the back of that photo in his wallet."

I looked for Caroline and found it. The last message was from today. I scanned the full conversation, and with each text, my heart cracked, shattered, and screamed for her.

Caroline: Fred, please call me. I'm bleeding.

Caroline: I really need you here. I'm scared.

Caroline: Fred, I'm going to the hospital. I can't wait for you. I'm afraid I'm going to lose the baby.

Caroline: Why aren't you answering the phone? I need you here!!!!

Fred: Any update?

I looked at the times. Each of those had happened before the club. He knew his wife was in the hospital and still went out?

Caroline: Please come to the hospital. I don't want to be alone tonight. We lost our baby.

Caroline: Fred, if you don't come tonight, don't come home. I'm calling my dad and changing the locks.

That last message had come through about the time we'd arrived at my room.

"That bastard." I tossed the phone away, as if it had been the monster and not the person who owned the device.

"I shouldn't have shown you." Craven went to retrieve it. "We need to get rid of this."

"We'll just toss it in the dumpster behind the club." I sniffled. "Motherfucker. She lost her baby and he was in bed, naked with me."

“I mean, I get the temptation. I’d do anything to be inside you.” Craven cackled. “I think out of all the human things, I miss sex the most. The orgasms my little mound produces when I rub it fast don’t hit the spot.”

I stared at the mess I’d made for myself. Craven, Freddy, all of it. I was a walking temper tantrum who left unfixable messes wherever I went.

“This is not getting clean enough.” I sighed, tossing my brush down.

“Let’s just burn this place down,” Craven quipped, and I perked up.

“Could we? I mean, would it be easier?” My eyes lit up, picturing the flames. It was a small hotel, only six rooms and most people rented by the hour. I wasn’t even sure the other rooms had patrons. Our car was the only one in the parking lot. Not even one from the worker at the front desk.

“No, Tanis, it wouldn’t.” Craven shook his head. “Come on now. Just go shower, I’ll change clothes, and then before we go, we’ll off the front desk guy and toss him in here. Stop cleaning. We’ll make it look like a murder suicide. No biggie. How much time do we have before the convention?”

I looked at the alarm clock on the side table. Craven always knew how to clean up my messes. “Six hours; that’s enough time for a nap.”

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LOCK THE DOOR.

Three Years Ago

I pulled my mouth away from the beautiful Tanis Barclay with a great struggle. I sighed and stood from the mattress placed on the basement floor we'd been making out on. She frowned and shoved her hands under her perfect rack.

"Come back, Craven, please," she pleaded. My cock was screaming for me to listen to her, but my plans were more important than getting my dick wet. I closed my eyes and thought about the video game I'd been playing before she came over. Portal. I ran through the last level I'd beaten until my dick went down.

"Not yet, babe, but soon. I'm going to go get everything ready now. Why don't you get the table ready, or go back through the book. Make sure you know your lines."

She nodded, despite the pout on her plump lips, and stood. She tugged down her short, black dress, covering her G-string panties. I bit my lip until I tasted blood and reminded myself that it would be worth the wait.

Only a little bit longer.

I turned and left the basement, heading upstairs to the kitchen.

"Once the ritual is over, I'm never coming back down here!" she called to me. "It reeks of mold!"

I rolled my eyes but said nothing. It was a basement. What did she expect? I pulled a cigarette from the pack in my pocket and lit it when I reached upstairs, then smoked while I dug through the fridge.

“Are you finally getting that gross stuff out of here?”

I straightened and looked over the door, eyeing my teen sister, Andy. She glared at me in annoyance.

“What’s it to you?” I turned back to the fridge.

“It smells horrible, and it makes me sick every time. What is it?”

I pulled the pickle jar filled with red liquid and chunks sloshing around in it and held it up to the light. Andy gagged and stepped back.

“You’re sick. Whatever that is, you’re sick.” She fled the kitchen, and I slammed the fridge shut triumphantly. We were only four years apart, but she drove me up the wall. I set the jar of blood on the table and went through the spice cabinet. I ran through the list in my head, pulling down all the things we needed to do the ritual.

I put it all in a plastic bowl I found in a cabinet and grabbed the jar, heading back downstairs.

“The book says you need all fresh ingredients,” Tanis whined as I set the items on the pool table.

“It’s like cooking,” I said, pulling out another cigarette. “If you can, always get fresh, but if not, you can substitute it for shit from the pantry.” I blew out the smoke and leaned my back on the table. “It’ll be fine.”

“Maybe we should wait until you buy the fresh stuff.” She twisted her hands. “I want to make sure it goes perfect.”

I stubbed my smoke out on the green felt. “Tanis, babe, relax.” I went to her, putting my hands on her shoulders and pulling her in for a deep kiss. “There’s no point in waiting. Money’s tight right now. I ditched that gig over at Peter Piper’s, and I used my last check to buy all the fucking candles.” I looked over her shoulder, where a stack of boxes filled with 237 tall, white candlesticks sat, waiting for us to get started.

“You lost your job? Craven,” Tanis gently pushed me away. “You said you’d keep it this time. I thought you liked it there.”

“Dressing up like a giant purple penguin and bringing pizza to screaming brats all day? Hardly. I got paid and got out of there. It’s going to be fine. We’ll do the ritual, become reanimated, and then ditch this shitty fucking town and go on the road to pursue our fortune.” I threw up my hands and laughed wildly. “Tanis, babe, the world will be our oyster! We can do whatever we want with no consequences. We won’t need to worry about a thing. Come on, it’s time. We’ve been preparing for months. You’ve got this.”

She chewed on the inside of her cheek and looked up from the floor. She was gorgeous. I still didn’t understand how I’d managed to pull such a fine piece of ass.

We’d gone to high school together, but I was a loser who spent my time with other losers playing card games and RuneScape on the weekends. I was scrawny and my face too greasy and way too shy to do more than stutter when she walked down the hall with all her other popular friends. Tanis was... everything. She was the teen dream. Long legs, hourglass frame, pretty face, but more importantly, she was kind. While her friends loved pushing me into lockers and calling me names, she would stick up for me.

It never went past that. Back then, she didn't see me as anything other than a boy getting bullied. It wasn't until after we graduated, when I started hitting the gym, my acne cleared up, and I got a better haircut that she saw me as more. We crossed paths at the gym one day, I mustered up the courage to ask her out, and the rest was history.

Mostly.

There was one thing I'd been holding out on. Until tonight.

"And you're sure about this? That it'll work?" Her beautiful eyes melted my ice-cold heart. I cupped her face.

"Yes. I already showed you on the snake, remember? And the video of that streamer chick and her boyfriends? Let's just get this over with. I'm ready to start our new lives."

We went through the motions, lighting all the candles, setting everything in the bowls, and opening the book to the right page. I pushed PLAY on my phone, and the chanting music boomed through the speakers around the room. I looked over at Tanis, and a slow smile crept onto her lips, making my cock twitch. I knew she'd be into it. She hooked her finger and called me forward. I went to her, and our mouths hungrily devoured each other.

I ran my hand up her thigh, sliding between her legs. I teased her through the thin fabric, and she groaned into my mouth.

"Please, Craven, I need you inside me."

I slid a finger into her wet pussy and thrust in and out. "Not yet. Only after we've both been reanimated. Let's get started, shall we?" I grabbed the bucket of blood and poured it over the top of us. She squealed as the ice cold, thick, copper-smelling

liquid drenched us. I pulled her tits out of her dress and fucked her with my fingers until she threw her head back, coming all over my hand. The moment she came, I pulled the knife from behind my back, raised it, and swung down, piercing her heart. She gasped and fell onto the table.

I moved fast, repeating the chant, slicing her open, and then sewing her shut again. When I was done, she flew up, clutching her chest and looking frantically around the room.

I did it.

She found my eyes and we stared at each other, stunned that it worked.

There was only a small pause before I lifted her off the table and was shoving her to her knees. She took my cock out and inhaled it so deeply I thought I was going to see god. I gripped the table and closed my eyes, reveling in the pleasure pounding through me in hard waves. I was going to come quickly. Realizing this, I found the knife and gave it to her.

“I’m close, baby. You remember how to do this, right?”

She looked at me and the sight of her in all her reanimated glory sucking my cock brought me over the edge. I came in her mouth and she plunged that knife hard into me. The pain shooting through me, paired with the orgasm, was intense and dizzying. I closed my eyes and collapsed backward.

In my final moments, I saw Tanis grab the book and begin to read the incantations, and then, I saw a light coming from the top of the stairs.

I awoke sometime later to the sounds of Tanis sobbing. I sat up, but... something wasn’t right.

“Tanis?” I called out.

She screamed and spun, looking wildly around the room.

“Who said that?”

I stood and realized I was on the floor. She jumped when she saw me and cupped her mouth in horror.

“What’s wrong? It worked!” I lifted my arms and turned my head and then it was my turn to be horrified. I didn’t have arms. I had... brown fur. It wasn’t just my arms, it was my legs, and my belly and my head too! I touched myself all over, not understanding what was going on.

Tanis crept closer to me, cocking her head. Makeup was running down her face as she bent and picked me up.

“Craven?” she whispered.

“Yeah?” I looked around and saw my body lying on the table, my cock still out, and very much dead. “What the hell happened?”

“Andy interrupted the ritual and...”

“And what?” I snapped. “Where am I, if I’m not in there?” I pointed to my body. Tanis took a large breath and carried me to the basement bathroom, where a mirror was. She turned me toward the reflection and all I saw was her holding a teddy bear.

“Is that me?”

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ALWAYS BE ON THE LOOKOUT.

“ I want to go with you this time.” I turned my head to stare at her from the passenger’s seat. Tanis flicked her eyes down and turned the wheel.

“You sure? I know it’s tempting to talk to people, but last time you did, I had to stuff you under the table and gaslight the girl for twenty minutes into thinking she’d imagined it.” She put the car into park and turned to me.

I crossed my arms. “I can’t trust you to pick a body for me. That last guy”—I snorted—“looked nothing like me.”

“He was handsome.”

“He had a big cock, which would be nice,” I relented. “But I need to be able to look in the mirror and feel comfortable in the body I take. You’re gonna give me body dysmorphia or some shit.”

“Craven.” She sighed. “I promise I’ll find someone perfect.”

“It’s been three years. My balls itch. You know how hard it is to itch balls that aren’t there?” I kicked my stubby legs. “It sucks.”

“Fine. You can come, but I’m putting you in the glass box, and you can’t move. Promise me you’ll be good.”

I turned away from her.

“Craven,” she warned. “Promise me, or you’re staying in the car.”

“Aren’t you worried a collector will steal me?”

“You’re a bit too raggedy for anyone to want you.”

My mouth fell open. I unbuckled my seat belt and stood. Even now, I still couldn’t see out the window. “You bitch! You said you wouldn’t make fun of my fur anymore!”

Tanis bit her cheek and shrugged. “I forgot. How about you promise to be a good little bear for me today, and I’ll take you to a dry cleaner after this. You’ll get the full treatment. I’ll even ask them to shine your button eyes.”

It was patronizing, but I did like a good button shine.

She reached for me, squeezing me against her beautiful tits. I missed how it felt to squeeze them with five fingers. It wasn’t the same with my paws. Nothing was the same like this. I hadn’t had any action that wasn’t from myself in three years. Tanis got out of the car with me in her arms. We went inside the hotel, where she flirted with the door hop as she grabbed a baggage rack and dragged it back to the car to unload her convention gear.

“We need some sort of signal. If I like a body, I’m going to fall forward in my glass case.” I whispered to her.

“Fine. Now stop talking. People are pointing at me.”

I returned to my unmoving, unassuming bear self, as she went back to the hotel with her things, where she was stopped by her fans. They gushed about her collection, her social media, and asked for photos and autographs. Tanis greeted them all humbly

and cheerfully, as if this were all such a surprise to her that people liked her. How could they not? She was perfect.

Despite the bitterness over my circumstances, I still loved every inch of her. She had this positive glow about her that flowed through any room she was in. People picked up on her bright energy and they fell in love with her, as I had years ago.

She set up her booth. She was a special guest for this convention. Men put up red velvet ropes around her table and a sign at front stating that photos cost money and that people had to wait patiently in line for their opportunity to see her.

For her final touch, Tanis took me off the tablecloth and set me inside my glass case at the edge of the table. She smiled at me, pressed two fingers to her red lips and then to the glass. That was as close as we'd ever get unless she found me a body to inhabit. I'd do anything to feel her lips on mine again.

A line began to form the moment the convention opened, and I sat patiently, still as stone, as she signed autographs and talked with avid collectors of the vintage toys she'd become an expert in since the accident.

At first, we traveled aimlessly, telling people I was from her childhood. Which worked for a while, but we weren't finding many potential bodies at truck stops. It was only after she got bored one evening and decided to google what kind of bear I was that things really took off. In a month's time, she was an expert in everything Furrniture Friends .

I was 'Cocktail Bear'. I came with a little martini shaker and had a suit similar to the bartender from The Shining. The commercials showed me being gifted to cocktail enthusiasts and placed on the shelves behind the bar, besides bottles of tequila and rum. However, once I was in production, they realized that I could potentially encourage kids to drink alcohol, and they discontinued me after a year. Very few of

me exist, despite them continuing the Furniture Friends line to this day.

I listened to Tanis explain my origins all afternoon to those curious enough to peer into my glass. I was a rare find, and the bear that started it all, to quote her directly.

“Without Craven, my childhood bedtime bear, my life would be totally different,” she gushed.

“He’s creepy.” An adult woman with large braces and snot-green hair stared at me with disgust. “Why don’t you keep him home? Lock him up somewhere he can’t traumatize kids. Does he still talk?”

Tanis came around the table, and for an instant, a scowl flashed across her beautiful face. She gently pushed the lady past the line and gave me another fingers-to-glass kiss.

“Oh, don’t talk about my Cravey-poo that way. No, I haven’t replaced the batteries for his voice box in years. Who’s next?”

A tall, extremely good-looking man stepped forward. “I think that’d be me.” He flashed a perfect smile and pointed to me. “I personally like the bear.” I eyed him up and down. Not only was he tall, but he was built. The guy must work out regularly. A full head of hair, bright blue eyes, dimples in his cheeks and chin.

Tanis was just as enthralled in him as I was. Carefully, I leaned forward, my head hitting the glass with a soft thud, giving her the signal.

“Oh!” Tanis gasped and hurried to open my case and put me back upright. “Craven, what are you doing?” She laughed nervously. She turned back to the guy in line, who was drinking her in.

“Tanis, it’s been too long.”

They knew each other?

My girlfriend blushed deeply as she tried to straighten her tight dress over her thighs. She giggled nervously. “Why yes, yes, it has.” She brushed a loose strand of her hair behind her ear. “How have you been, Damon?”

Damon. Did I know that name?

“Good. Very good actually. I saw your name on the panel list and talked my way onto it beside you.”

Her mouth fell slack. “You’re doing the panel with me?”

He grinned, and when she grinned right back, I was jealous... but for different reasons than normal. Usually, I was jealous merrily of the fact that the man she was flirting with was human. This jealousy was... more primal. It was clear they knew each other, and he wanted what was mine. I fell forward again and Damon saw me first.

“I think your bear is getting jealous of the attention I’m getting,” he joked, but he was right. Tanis laughed nervously and hurried to take me out of the case completely.

“Probably. It’s been a long morning too. I think I’m going to close my table for now, to prepare for the panel this afternoon.”

Loud groans rang out throughout her line.

“There will be more time, I promise!” she said. “Plus, I’ve already stayed a whole hour longer than scheduled,” she added to Damon.

“Can I walk you to your room?” he asked.

No.

“Yes, I’d very much like that.”

As the three of us took the elevator up and started down the hall to Tanis’s and my room, it was decided. One way or another, this asshole was dead.

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DON'T LOSE SIGHT OF YOUR GOAL.

“Y ou certainly have a type.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” I hissed, shutting the door quickly. I peered out the peep hole, and thankfully, Damon had already disappeared down the hall. I turned as Craven rolled off the bed and padded over to my purse. He dug through, finding my wallet. I crossed my arms under my chest. “What are you doing?”

“Proving something.” He pulled out a piece of paper and spun around, offering it to me. I took it from his little paw and stared at it, sadness welling in my chest. It was a photo of Craven and I, days before the ritual. We were so happy then.

“Look familiar?” Craven waved his hand in a circle around his face.

“Damon looks nothing like you!” I took a second look at the picture and counted the similarities. Damon and Craven did look... similar. Even down to the dimples. “Okay, maybe a little.”

“A little?” He laughed. “He could be my brother.”

“He’s larger than you were,” I observed.

“His dick or his muscles?” He snorted. When I didn’t reply, he stopped laughing.

“Tanis, did you two...”

“No! I mean, notthat. Just a lot of hand stuff, I promise.” I handed him the photo

back. He glared at me, trying to get me to confess to something I didn't do. I'd told him when I met that I was a virgin, and I was telling the truth. I'd wanted my first to be Craven, and it was supposed to be that day...right after the ritual.

"Tell me the truth."

I raised my hands in innocence. "I swear. I jerked him off a few times, and he did the same to me. He was my first boyfriend, and he had no clue what he was doing back then. I hardly even enjoyed it." It was true. Damon had been horribly uneducated in the female anatomy. Hopefully, he'd learned a thing or two.

"Why did you two break up?" he asked, pacing.

"He moved." I shrugged. "We talked a few times on the phone but fizzled out fast. I haven't seen him since I was fifteen." I paused, putting my hand on my hip. "Cravey, are you jealous?" I grinned and hurried to him, swiping him off the floor into my arms.

"Put me down! No, I'm not fucking jealous," he lied. He kicked and fought against me as I squeezed him to me.

"You're so adorable when you're jealous!" I giggled.

"What did I say about that word?"

"Oh, don't be like that. You want to come to the panel with me? Damon is going to be there. I can flirt some more." I plopped on the bed and kicked off my heels. "I am a little tired, actually. I think I'll nap before the panel." Yawning, I laid down and closed my eyes.

"Like hell, we need to talk about this. I want his body."

I bolted up and blinked rapidly.

“Really?” I looked at my little bear boyfriend. Had we found a body for Craven?

“Are you sure?”

“If his cock is as big as your eyes got when I asked, then hell yeah, let’s do it.”

I squealed and leaped up, heading to the bathroom. “Well now I can’t sleep! I’ll take a bath and refresh my face.”

Two hours later, I left my room with Craven in my arms and an excited bounce in my step. I flashed security my badge for the panel and was escorted to my seat on the stage. I was the first one there, so I set Craven up on his little stand and waited. I spotted Damon shortly after. I waved eagerly.

“Damon! Come sit next to me!”

He spotted me in the dim room and his charming grin brightened his face as he hurried down the slanted walkway. He saw his place card was a few seats down and quickly changed it with whoever was meant to be next to me. My stomach fluttered with perfect little butterflies. It’d been a long time since that had happened.

“Hey stranger. How was your nap?”

He leaned on the table with his elbow and I took a moment to really take him in. He did bear a striking resemblance to Craven. Cornflower eyes, the dimpled chin. His hair, while a similar, almost identical shade of strawberry blonde, was shorter than Craven used to wear. I could totally fall for this body. I’d already fallen for the soul that would take it over.

“I actually opted for a nice, long bath.” I sighed contentedly. I stretched and motioned

to the suitcase he'd brought with him. "Did you bring a friend too?" I motioned to Craven, resting in the little chair I bought for him for these things. Damon perked up and reached for his luggage. He unlocked it and brought out a doll I recognized in an instant.

"Ooh, a 'Carry me Carrie' doll! And she's still in her original pink dress!" I wanted desperately to touch her but pulled back. "Where did you get it?"

"She was my sister's. When she passed away, we divvied out her things and I got stuck with her. I call her Delia," he said, his cheeks turning a slight shade of pink. "I know it's not very masculine, but the doll got me into collecting so it's worth keeping around."

I lowered my hands and clasped them together under the table, pushing up my breasts. Damon's gorgeous eyes dipped down, and when he reached my face again, I smiled wide. "Gender conformities are old news." I waved away his concerns. "I think Delia is a great name for her. You've kept her in amazing condition."

My compliment sent Damon into a rush of words. He gushed about the steps he took to keep the doll maintained during his constant traveling. Much like me and Craven, he toured the toy circuits too.

"It's a wonder our paths haven't crossed before," I admonished and reached for his hand above the table. "It'd be nice to have a friend at these things."

Damon licked his perfect lips and started to say something but was interrupted when we were joined by the other experts with their collectable dolls and the room filled up with excited fans and collectors, all waiting to hear us speak on a topic we were well versed in.

Despite not getting the chance to talk more intimately during the panel, I made a point

to always be flirting with Damon when I got the chance, and soon, we began a playful banter on stage, much to the crowd's enjoyment. After the hour was over, the crowd stood and began to disperse. I waited in my seat for the other panelists to leave. Damon stood from his chair but held back after placing Delia in his suitcase.

"You want to get a drink at the bar? I'd really love to catch up." He offered me his hand, and I pushed my seat out, using him to stand. I ran my thumb across the top of his fingers. I'd already spotted no ring, but I wanted him to know I was looking.

"I'd love that. Let me take Craven upstairs and I'll meet you down."

"I'll walk you to the elevator." He put his hand on my lower back and together we walked out of the large room and back to our rooms.

"Why didn't you put Craven in your case?" Damon nodded to the bear in my arms.

"I prefer not to if I can. He likes the fresh air," I joked. Well, to Damon, I joked. My Cravey-poo really did like the fresh air. He hated when he was put inside a suitcase or made to play still. "I leave him out as much as I can."

"Even in more... intimate scenarios?" Damon raised an eyebrow suggestively. I paused in the hallway and turned to him. I ran a finger down his very toned chest, my body clenching at the idea of what exactly was under his clothes.

"He likes to watch. I promise he won't say a word. Do you still want to play with me?" I teased.

"I want to play with you!"

Both of us stiffened instantly, and his eyes shot to the toy bear in my arms.

“I thought you said his voice box was broke.”

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IF YOU THINK IT'S WEIRD, IT PROBABLY IS.

I smacked Craven's back and the voice box inside whined and died. I sported a bright smile and looked at Damon, who was staring in confusion at the bear.

"Must have gotten a second little wind. Let me set my stuff in my room and we can go downstairs."

"Sure, hey, how about I leave Delia with Craven? It'll shave a few minutes off the trip and we can get some alcohol in our systems faster."

I breathed a sigh of relief and we finished our trek to my room.

"That sounds heavenly. I need a lemon drop martini stat." I unlocked my door and let Damon in first. I set Craven on the chair in the corner, like I always did when I had a potential caller. This time felt different though.

"Do you mind if I set her out?" Damon rubbed the back of his neck.

"Huh?" I blinked, my mind returning to the room.

"You put your collectable out, so I was hoping to let mine out of its suitcase as well. I only really put her in there to travel. It feels..."

"Stuffy?" I nodded and motioned to the chair. "There's plenty of room. Go ahead and set her up there and we'll leave. I have to use the powder room." I shot a quick dirty look at Craven before disappearing to pee and freshen my lipstick.

When I returned, Damon was stepping away from the chair, and we left my room, waving the dolls goodbye.

“I think they are a good fit together.” I laughed.

“Perhaps their owners will be the same.” Damon playfully nudged his elbow into my side, and I giggled. We took a seat at the bar and ordered our drinks. We sat silently until we had glasses in our hand, and then turned to each other, toasted to a great convention, and drank.

The bartender made my drink strong, and after three lemon drops, I was leaning on Damon, pushing my breasts against him and laughing loudly at everything he said.

“I am so glad to have seen you,” I gushed. My vision blurred, and I blinked rapidly. It was like sitting beside Craven again. They did have a startling resemblance.

“Same here, Tanis. You want to go upstairs?”

“Do I ever!” I leaped and took his hand. He paid the bartender and we were off, our lips finding each other’s the moment the elevator closed. We made out all the way up to my room. I threw open my door and flicked the lights on. I truly couldn’t see straight anymore and wobbled to the bed.

“I hope you don’t mind the mess,” I slurred, falling onto the mattress.

“I think it’s about to get a whole lot dirtier.” Damon laughed. He flipped off his shoes and undid his belt, sliding his pants to the floor.

I turned my head to the chair, prepared for the talk that always came before this part. The part where everything would go to shit and the man I’d brought back as a body for Craven would get destroyed and I’d be forced to clean all night and then dump his

body at the closest pig farm.

“Are you okay with Craven there?” I muttered. I’d never been this boozed up before.

Damon kissed me, shoving his tongue down my throat. “As long as you don’t mind Delia. She likes to watch.”

My heart sputtered and my panties melted. Damon lifted my legs and I let out a sharp squeal of delight. My heart was going crazy, unsure of what to do. I’d fooled around with other men, but I was still saving myself for Craven.

Damon paused and flashed me his megawatt smile. “I know that look. Don’t worry. I’m not some two-pump chump. This is just an appetizer.” He leaned down, running his tongue up my dampened panties. “And I like to dine on a full coarse meal.”

I closed my eyes, and in my drunken state, it was easy for Damon to turn into Craven. I arched my back and helped him ease me out of my underwear, after which he attacked my freshly waxed pussy like he’d been just as starved for sex as I was. He ate me like it was his duty, his job, his full-time position and he was at risk of getting fired. I clenched the sheets as he swirled his tongue around in my wetness and sucked on my clit.

“That’s right, Tanis, this is my redemption for not knowing how to handle a goddess like you way back then. All my life, I’ve been waiting for this chance. Come all over my face. Show Delia what she’s missing.”

What?

I was too close to the edge and far too drunk to fully grasp what he had said before I threw my head back and cried out as my body exploded into fireworks. I stiffened and shoved Damon’s head deeper into my velvet folds as wave after wave of pure

pleasure flowed warmth through my body. I came down, my chest rising and falling fast as I struggled to catch my breath.

“Holy hell,” I gasped.

“I know, right?” Damon chuckled and moved up, placing a kiss on my lips. I could taste myself on him, which only made my body ache for more. He trailed his hand along my thigh. “And we’re just getting started. I can eat pussy for days.”

I let out a whimper as his fingers found my overly sensitive button and began teasing it, rousing heat from me again. I was ready so fast. This had never happened before.

He really was the one.

But... could I kill him? In order to transfer Craven’s soul into Damon’s, Damon would have to exit. And there was only one way to do that.

All night, Damon had been charming and funny and sweet. He’d told me that after he’d moved away, he’d spent his childhood stuck inside the house, taking care of his elderly grandparents. It was only after they’d passed, and his sister passed as well, that he was finally able to be independent.

“I’m making up for a lot of missed time,” he said, nuzzling my ear. “How are you feeling?” he asked, pinching my clit. “Because I think I’m hungry.”

I spent the rest of the night being tortured with delicious orgasm after delicious orgasm. I fought back the urge to scream Craven’s name each time, and soon I began to forget about my boyfriend watching from his little bear body altogether. This man in my bed was a god. If only he could stop talking about Delia. The first comment had been a little confusing, but as the night wore on, he began talking to her, asking how she liked watching him fuck me, bringing me pleasure. Some of the things he was

saying to the doll were making me blush.

Finally, my body collapsed entirely, and I fell asleep in Damon's warm, muscular arms. Whether it was Damon or Craven inside there, I knew I wanted to spend the rest of my life in this burly embrace. I slept peacefully, and when I woke, I didn't move out of his arms. I stayed there, considering my options.

Did I kill Damon to save Craven? Or did I leave Craven as a bear?

Eventually Damon woke up, his ridiculously perfect cock poking my back. It was large and thick and looked like one I could very much enjoy the rest of my life.

I bet Craven could do wonders with possession of Damon's body.

I reached back and stroked him. He rolled over and let me suck him off. When he grew close to coming, and his cock was pulsing, he demanded I let him come on my face.

"I need Delia to see what she's missing," he growled as hot jets of cum shot across my cheeks.

So, he was a little crazy. Aren't we all?

When he was sated, he stood, and I sighed, admiring his toned ass. I'd have to find another way, I decided. Damon was too kind a soul to kill, even if he was the perfect vessel for Craven. He went for his phone and unlocked it.

"Ha, orphans." He laughed at the screen.

"What?" I asked. He flashed me his phone, and I saw a group of children looking filthy and sad.

“It’s that orphan prank. Classic. A guy goes to an orphanage and pretends he wants to adopt, then once the kid’s picked out and is all excited, he changes his mind. It’s hilarious. Here, watch!”

He shoved the phone in my face, and I glanced over at Craven.

Yeah, never mind. I’d kill Damon.

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BUCKLE UP.

Don't do it.

Tanis, don't you fucking dare.

I stared at her getting her pussy sucked dry all night, unable to do anything but disassociate or watch. And after that first orgasm, the look on her beautifully drunk face told me I couldn't pretend it wasn't happening. She was developing feelings.

The doll next me to made me uneasy. Even worse when Damon started talking to it. I hadn't been able to move since before the panel. I was overly-cautious. What if the fucking weirdo had a camera in the doll or something?

I had no choice but to wait this out, and finally, come morning, Damon, the dude with the magic tongue, took his lips off my girl and slid on his clothes. He packed up his creepy toy and gave Tanis one last parting kiss, promising to see her later at another panel.

I waited a full minute after he left, counting silently, and then finally leaped from the chair.

"Don't you fucking dare." I thrust my paw up at her.

Tanis's smile slid off her face, and she blinked. "What are you talking about?"

"Don't play games with me, Tanis. I know that face. You don't want to kill him."

She threw her hands up and huffed. “Who wants to kill people? Of course I don’t want to kill him. He’s a perfectly nice person!”

“He’s fucking weird! Did you hear how he talked to the doll all night?” I threw my head back and mimicked Damon. “Delia, watch me eat this beautiful goddess’s pussy. Aren’t you jealous? Don’t you wish it was your pussy I had my tongue shoved in?”

Tanis stomped her foot and spun away from me. “It was a little odd, but everyone has their kinks.”

“It was more than weird. He’s up to something.”

“What do you propose we do then, Craven?” She tossed her hands up. “You’re right. He looks just like your old body. And you saw his...” She blushed. “You saw his penis. It’s a good one!” she hissed. “I can’t just walk away from that.”

“No, I don’t want you to. Tanis—” I walked over and tugged on the comforter to climb onto the bed. I rolled on the mattress and went to the edge to stand near her. “I want you to kill him. Can you do that for me, baby?”

Her pretty brown eyes watered, and finally, she nodded. “Okay. I will.”

I laid down and closed my eyes and put my arms behind my plush head. It was finally happening. In a few days, I would be back in a human body. I could eat. I could drink. I could fuck.

God, I wasn’t sure which I missed more.

I opened an eye and saw Tanis stripping to shower.

Definitely fucking.

She'd waited for me; and I was going to take Damon's massive dong and show her why it was worth the wait. Sure, Damon ate pussy like she was gonna take it away from him, but that meant nothing. There'd been plenty of men who'd done the same thing with her. I was going to make her scream. She was going to cry. She would squirt all over my brand new human face.

"Cravey-boo, are you okay?" Tanis's concerned tone shook me from my daydreams. I sat up.

"Yeah, just excited. Let's get a move on. I'll pack."

She pressed a quick kiss on my nose before turning and bouncing to the bathroom. The shower started and I climbed off the bed and proceeded to pick up her clothes and shoes and stuff them into her suitcase. As I cleaned up and waited for her to come out, I thought about Damon, and what I'd need once I took over his body.

Did he have a house? What about cars, kids, or other money pits? The plan had always been to assume the body's identity, but what if he had a whole-ass life I didn't want? I wasn't gonna raise someone else's rugrats.

Tanis stepped out of the shower with her hair dry, clothes on, and her face full of makeup. "Oh great! You're ready to go too."

"Not yet. We need to talk." I patted the chair in the corner. She frowned and did as I requested.

"What's wrong. Are you having second thoughts?"

"No. But we need to figure out who this guy really is." I ran through my list of

concerns and she nodded attentively. The furrow in her brow grew deeper as the list went on.

“I can find out everything. I just need to figure out a way to ask without it sounding like an interrogation.” She grabbed me and her luggage and we exited the room.

Damon was in the lobby, and when he saw us, he hurried over. I couldn’t help but notice that Delia was in his arms.

“Do you have any immediate plans? I’m going to another event and thought it could be fun to ride together.”

“That sounds like so much fun! My car is actually a rental, so let me take the car back and I’ll hop in your van.”

Damon laughed. “And I didn’t even have to offer you candy.”

“Wait, you at least have puppies in the back, right?” Tanis flirted. I wanted to gag but could only stare blankly ahead at the doll in his arms. Maybe I was lucky to have gotten trapped in a stuffed animal rather than a piece of plastic.

By afternoon, Tanis was tossing her suitcase in the back of his white rapist van and was sitting me next to Delia, who’d been seat belted down in a car seat. This guy was certified bonkers. Tanis climbed into the front and we started off to the next convention.

“So Damon, I feel like we never actually got to know the adult us. You do the toy circuit, but what about off season?” Tanis asked.

Damon turned to glance at her and chuckled. “Are you asking if I’m married with kids?”

She nodded.

“That’s fair. I suppose we didn’t do a whole lot of talking last night. No, I am single. Just me and Delia. You?”

“Nope. It’s just little old me. What do you do for work?”

“I run IT for old people. Mostly fixing their computers after they’ve given their information to scammers in far off countries. They lose 10k and then come in and I rob them of another 500 bucks to fix their devices.”

Oh, Tanis wasn’t going to like that.

“That sounds... wrong.” She frowned.

Damon shrugged. “I lost my heart years ago. Everyone has a sad story, and I got tired of trying to help everyone. I can’t tell you how much of a relief it was when I stopped recycling.”

Tanis gasped. “You don’t recycle!”

Damon roared with laughter. “You act like I just admitted to murder. No, I’m on the road so much, I just toss my plastic bottles out the window when I finish one.”

While I couldn’t see her clearly, I knew Tanis was growing revolted. She was on the verge of murdering him.

Don’t do it. Not yet. Please, wait.

Tanis leaned back and began taking deep breaths.

“I didn’t realize you were so perfect,” Damon muttered.

“I’m not. I’m just a concerned citizen. Are there any other crimes I should know about? Any felonies or warrants?”

“Jesus, Tanis. What’s with the third degree? It’s been less than twenty-four hours. Can’t we just have a little fun? What about the license plate game?”

Tanis sagged her shoulders and did a glance back at me. I winked, but Damon could see me through the rear-view mirror, so I didn’t risk any more movement. She smiled and turned around, agreeing to play his road trip game.

I relaxed as well, thankful she hadn’t dug into her purse, grabbed her knife, and stabbed him in the neck. I was settling into my seat, receding into my mind to handle the ride, when all of a sudden, Delia’s plastic mouth moved.

“This better be fucking worth it. She’s so damn annoying.”

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IT CAN ALWAYS GET WEIRDER.

“Y ou can talk?” I turned my head quickly and hissed at the creepy doll.

Suddenly, Delia’s hard, plastic face crinkled like it was made of rubber. “You talk too?”

“Yeah, what gives? Is this why Mr. Talks A Lot was being a freak last night?”

Delia crossed her doll arms across her chest. “Oh, you’re one to talk. She was screaming like she was in a movie. And she kept turning her head. I thought she was just really into Damon’s talking, but she was just wanting you to watch. Disgusting.”

I glanced at the front seat. Damon and Tanis had relaxed into the playful flirting from before. They weren’t paying us even the slightest attention. I turned back to Delia.

“So, what’s your deal then? Did you, like, come alive or something? Are you like...”

“A real doll? No. I was human once. Damon and I were engaged before the ritual.”

“The ritual?”

“Yeah, he heard about some magic where you could become immortal and all powerful. He read it in a book. He was so sure it would work.” She huffed. “It worked for him.”

It did? I thought back to last night. I hadn’t seen any scars on his chest to indicate

he'd performed the ritual.

"I sewed him up really clean. He only had faint scarring, which he covered up with tattoos."

"And what happened to you then?" I snickered.

"He wasn't fast enough. When my body wasn't ready to be reinhabited, my soul panicked and flew into the closest thing that looked human. I was his sister's doll."

I shook my head. Sisters, man.

"What happened to you?" she asked. I blinked away the memories of my own messed up ritual.

"My little sister interrupted Tanis as she was working. She couldn't explain what was going on and somehow I ended up in this." I raised my arms, and Delia chortled.

"For the first time since it happened, I'm grateful I got stuck in this vessel. But I've only got a few more days." She smiled, and her eyes hardened.

I blinked.

"What does that mean?"

"Damon found me a body." She sighed wistfully. "She looks nothing like I'd wanted, but she's easy picking and she's the first woman he's ever wanted as much as he wanted me."

If my face had more emotional range, I'd have given her a confused and slightly disgusted look. "Don't you want a body you can be excited for?"

“I mean, I do.” She nodded. “But Damon’s wants are more important than mine. If he wants a short, Hispanic bimbo, then so be it. I’ll bleach my hair. And it will be nice not to have to tan. Hers is built in.”

Annoyance boiled just under my fur. I hadn’t liked the way she’d described Tanis.

“I will admit, you being sentient does put a kink in the plans, but I’m sure it’ll be fine.” She was no longer talking to me, but more to herself. Which was fine, because I was trying to figure out the same thing she was. What do we do now? We both wanted the same things, and only one of us would get a body.

“How long have you been like this?” I asked.

“About a year. It’s been rough, but Damon still loves me and we make it work. You saw last night. That was nothing.” She giggled. My stomach twisted.

“Wait, you two still...”

I looked at her lap. What exactly was under her dress?

“You want to know if I’m anatomically correct.” Again, she answered my thoughts. “I am, but Damon and I both agreed that it’s too weird to go down that road. But he likes to watch when I have fun with myself.”

What in the actual fuck.

The rest of the road trip I was stuck with Delia as she regaled me with story after story of her and Damon’s bizarre sex life. I wanted to bury deep in my mind, but I was worried I’d miss something that could actually help my situation. So, I forced myself to pay attention as she explained that her doll vagina could still get wet and come like a human’s.

Must be nice.

The car finally stopped and I fell forward in relief. Tanis turned around.

“Oh, Cravey-boo, what are you doing? I should have strapped you in like Delia is. That’s smart of you, Damon.”

“I take Delia’s safety very seriously,” Damon said.

That was debatable. Maybe the plastic casing, but not the actual person inside it, I thought to myself. Tanis grabbed her suitcase and me and Damon did the same. The four of us checked into the next hotel, all the while every time Delia caught my glance, she grinned wickedly.

I could almost hear her thoughts.

Not long now.

But she didn’t realize she was right, but also wrong. She wasn’t getting a body. I was .

We were left in the room together while the human pair went to get an early dinner. The moment the door was shut, Delia got up and began unpacking Damon’s things.

“I can’t do all the things I used to do when I was human, but Damon likes me to try to do as much as I can,” she explained.

“Like what?” I watched from the chair I’d been placed on.

“Well, I unpack his bags every time we get to a new hotel. I also cook most meals and clean up after him. While I can’t be seen doing his laundry, I do fold and iron it. I

also give him foot and back rubs every night. I'm a traditionalist."

"Traditionalist?" I shook my head. What the fuck was this chick talking about? "Do you get any say in things?"

"I don't need to. Damon knows what's best for us both. He's very smart." She didn't look up from her chores.

"He couldn't even perform your ritual right. I think you use very smart a bit liberally."

Her peach cheeks flamed pink. "Don't talk about my fiancé like that. He promised he's going to make things right, and once I have a body again, he's going to give me babies and we'll finally settle down like we've always talked about."

"Babies?" I laughed and hopped off the chair. "Oh, sweetie, no one's going to let Tanis adopt a child."

She paused and turned. "I'm not adopting. I am going to carry all of our children naturally, as the good lord above intended."

"Good lord above?" I grimaced. What the hell was this chick on? God, traditionalist? She was fucking brainwashed. "Delia, that's not gonna happen. Once you sacrifice your body and soul to the Reanimator, you can't have kids on your own. Those eggs have shriveled up and died."

She screamed, causing me to startle backward. She spun all the way around with clenched fists. "You lie!"

I laughed. This was all so ridiculous. What flavor-aid had Damon fed this woman?

“I assure you, I’m not. Damon may have pulled his version of the ritual out of some magazine, but I did my research for years before I did Tanis’s. You get immortality, and your body will heal when it’s maimed, but you’ll never pass on your genes after you’ve gone through the change.”

Her plastic lip quivered. I stared curiously at her, wondering if she’d cry real tears. From her explanation in the van about the moisture in her doll vagina, I was entirely convinced she could cry. A trickle of red liquid slid down a cheek. Blood? She wiped it away quickly and ran out of the room, locking herself in the bathroom.

I sighed and sat on the floor. Now what?

Delia stayed in the bathroom, loudly wailing, for far too long than necessary. Eventually I looked for the remote and turned the TV on. I found Carrie playing, the Sissy Spacek version, and raised the volume, drowning out Delia. She must have heard because she stopped abruptly and came out with a hand towel covered in blood.

“What are you doing? They could come back at any moment.”

I shrugged my brown, fuzzy shoulders. “So? They are going to realize what’s up soon enough. Might as well just get it over. I’m tired of playing dead while Damon loudly sucks on my girlfriend’s clit.”

“Don’t be vulgar,” Delia snapped, but yet, she climbed onto the bed and sat beside me to watch the movie about the teenage girl getting her revenge on all the bullies that hurt her. We watched silently, but toward the end, Delia sniffled and said, “Good for her.”

Just as I was looking for something new to watch after the movie ended, the door lock jangled and a beep sounded through a moment later. The door opened and both of us turned our heads toward it. Damon and Tanis were laughing and smiling wide,

but both froze the moment they took in the scene in front of them.

I waved to them.

“Damon, Tanis, why don’t you join us? Let’s talk.”

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TAKE A WALK TO CLEAR YOUR THOUGHTS.

“ You were going to murder me and take my body for your fiancé?” I screamed at Damon. His jaw fell slack as he stared from me to the dolls and back at me.

“Were you going to do the exact same thing?”

“Yes, but I’m not a total scumbag!”

He straightened his back and frowned. “Hey, that’s a little harsh.”

“You don’t recycle,” I reminded him.

He threw his hands up and then tugged on his unshaven face. “Again with this? So it’s a few pizza boxes. Who cares?”

“The world cares, Damon!”

I looked toward the bed, where Delia and Craven sat with their little hands in their little laps, watching us fight. She was holding a washrag covered in red.

I blinked, still confused. “Is that... blood?”

“Yeah, because I’m just as alive as you are,” Delia snapped. “Maybe even more so, considering you can’t even have babies.”

“What?” I shook my head.

Craven sighed. “Little Damon over here promised that once she took the first body he could get, he’d knock her up within the month.”

My heart sank as Delia’s tiny face crumpled. “Oh sweetie, no.”

Losing my ability to reproduce hadn’t bothered me any. Kids? In this economy? In this world? Where people like Damon existed. No thank you. But the look on Delia’s face told me she didn’t have the same ideas as me. I faced Damon and glared.

“Did you not read everything, or did you lie to her?”

“Well, I, uh—” Damon stammered and tugged on his hair. “A little bit of A, little bit of B.”

Delia erupted into wails, and I jumped. For such a small thing, she was loud.

“Are you happy?” Damon demanded. “Now she’s upset. This is all your fault,” he accused.

“My fault? You’re the one who made promises you knew you couldn’t keep. What else did you promise her?”

The room grew quiet, and even Delia stopped sobbing to listen whatever Damon had to say.

“Are we going to buy a house?” Delia asked softly. “In the suburbs, filled with others just like us?”

“What exactly is like you?” Craven asked.

“God fearing folk.” Her glass eyes grew wide with hope as she stared at Damon.

Damon sighed deeply and looked at his shoes. Delia kept going. “You said you had money saved up. Lots of it. You were going to buy me a piano so I could teach the neighborhood kids. You have the money for the piano, right, Damon?” The more she spoke, the more shrill her voice became.

“Damon, please for the love of... whatever, just answer her.”

“No!” He burst. “Happy? No, Delia, I have no money, and I don’t give two shits about your god. I never believed in any of that. I just like that you do whatever I tell you to do. That’s why I picked you.”

“Picked me?” Delia collapsed. “What do you mean?”

“Your family used to come into the grocery store I worked at. You, your mom, your dad, and all ten of your siblings. Dressed in your handmade clothes and weird haircuts. I heard how your dad talked to your mom and I wanted that. I just wanted you a little more...”

“Dirty!” She leaped again and pointed at him. “You wanted me as your sex slave.”

Damon swung his guilty eyes toward me and let out a nervous laugh. “I mean, kind of?”

We shook our heads. The more I got to know Damon, the less guilty I felt about taking his body for Craven soon. He was a piece of shit. If Craven hadn’t wanted his skin so bad, I probably would have already offed him.

Like I had all the others.

“So, what now?” Craven stood and put his hands on his little bear hips. “We have two humans and two sentient toys that need bodies. Personally, I think since I’ve been

waiting way longer for this, I should get Damon's body."

"Like hell you are," Damon snapped. "I'm putting Delia in Tanis."

"I don't think you could if you tried." Craven snickered. He looked at me. "He botched Delia's ritual, that's why she's in the doll. I don't think it's right to take the chance on a guy that can't even do it correctly."

He had a good point. Craven always had good points. That's why I loved him so much. I looked over at Damon and shrugged. He shot daggers at me.

"I'm not going down without a fight."

"Well then, I suppose Craven and I will be leaving then," I said, admitting defeat. Damon was twice my size, and if I stayed, I worried he'd end up slicing me up faster than I could him.

"Nice try." Damon grabbed my wrist and squeezed. "I've already decided. It's you I want."

"You mean, Delia in my body," I reminded him. He blinked, and he appeared to come too.

"Yes, of course. Delia is taking over your body. You can have hers."

"Uh, no?" I pulled my hand away and looked over at the tiny doll. She looked nothing like me. I certainly wasn't going to change races, and her taking mine felt little weird too, the more I thought about it.

"No, not happening. I'm not—" I stopped short as an idea came to me. I took a deep breath and swallowed. "I am going to take a walk and think about our options. There

has to be something we can do that will benefit everyone.” I reached for my purse and made eye contact with Craven. We’d been doing this for so long, I didn’t need to speak. He knew what I was conveying.

Trust me. I have a plan.

“Actually, I’m going to get my own room.”

“We are.” Craven stood.

“Like hell,” Damon guffawed. “You’re not going anywhere.” He snatched Craven and lifted him over his head. Fuming, I grabbed for Delia and ran to the door.

“Fine. I’m leaving, but I’m taking her with me. You do something to my boyfriend, and I’ll toss yours in a fucking fire and watch the rubber melt.” I hurried out before he could chase me. Delia fought against my hold until a door opened and another guest stepped out of their room. She froze, and I laughed.

“Not so tough now, are you?” I took the elevator, and when we reached the landing, I looked around, clicking my tongue. “Now, where should us girls go? I think we need to have a little talk.”

“I’ll murder you in your sleep,” she hissed.

“Maybe we can catch a movie.” I walked the block down to the theater I’d seen on the drive in. The building was a bit small, and the ticket agent looked at us oddly as we stepped up to his podium.

“One ticket, please.” I smiled politely.

He stared at me until I repeated my request.

“What movie are you here for?” he asked.

I shrugged my shoulders. “Whichever has the least number of patrons. I just want to relax, but her voice box is defective. She talks sometimes.” I giggled.

The man swallowed and pursed his lips.

“Well, we’ve got Watersport Sluts 4 , Stepstuds 9 , or TITSOAK .”

I blinked. The ticket man and I stared at each other for a long moment before I took a step back and looked at the posters on the walls. I hadn’t paid attention before. All the images were naked ladies with stars covering their nipples and whoo-has. Oh jeez. No wonder he was staring at me oddly.

“Are... there people in there?” I looked toward the black doors down the hall.

“No. We don’t get real busy. If you’re wanting to be alone, I’d go for TITSOAK . No one ever buys tickets to that except millennials.”

“ TITSOAK it is, I guess.” I gave him my card, and he handed me my tickets and a handful of wet wipes.

“To clean before and after. We don’t ask questions; we just ask that you leave the theater with your zipper up and discard your wipes in the trash.”

I nearly gagged but still hurried down the hall. I paused at the door and then looked at the doll in my hands. I turned my head back to glance at the ticket guy. He waved.

“You two enjoy yourselves.”

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NOT ALL WOMEN ARE YOUR FRIENDS.

“Y ou ever watch a dirty movie?” I asked Delia as I set her in her own seat and took mine beside her.

“Damon makes me watch them with him. I’m supposed to take notes so that when I have a body again, I can do the things they do.”

I frowned.

“Damon...”

“Loves me,” she finished my sentence. “And when I get a body back, we’ll be able to do stuff like that again.” She raised her little doll arm and pointed to the screen, where a brunette was letting a dude in cutoffs and fur glued to his arms and back jerk off onto her bare chest.

“But then what?” I asked. “You said it yourself. Damon wants you as a sex slave, but shouldn’t there be more to your relationship?”

I was trying to reason with Delia, but she was transfixed with the movie. A pale man with plastic fangs and too much hair product entered the scene and was staring at the pair, his arms crossed and his eyes broody.

“Delia!” I hissed. It was dark in the theater, and we were alone, but I didn’t want anyone to come in and wonder why I was talking to myself.

“Huh?” She turned, and her blank face turned sour. “I don’t know what you’re trying to do, but it’s not going to work. Damon wants your body. I’m taking it.”

“Damon wants it, but do you?”

She looked me up and down and scrunched up her face. “Not really. You’re shorter than I was. And more... I was a runner. I’ll have to get used to the soft parts.”

“Are you fat-shaming me?” I straightened my spine. I was quite happy with my body, as were many a man, her man included.

“I wouldn’t say you’re fat.” Delia snickered. “You just have more curves than I’d be used to.”

“Wow, okay. Well, at least it’s not reversed. I’d hate to have to get your former body.”

“You don’t know what I looked like.” She crossed her arms and turned back to the screen. The broody guy had joined in on the fun. Now the brunette was slobbering on the furry guy’s knob while tugging on the other one’s schlong.

“I do, actually. Damon showed me at dinner. He said you’d died.” Technically, he hadn’t lied. He had just omitted the part about him being the one to do it, and that it had just been her body to die, not her soul.

Delia grew quiet.

“He promised me he’d find me a body and then we’d get married and settle down. I don’t know what to do with my life if I can’t have children.”

“I think that’s a rather old way of thinking. So many people live happy lives without

kids.”

“Yes, but that doesn’t mean I have to.” She stood up in her seat and turned to face me. “You ruined everything, you know. Damon had it all figured out. And even if he was lying about having money, or me being able to conceive, he would have figured it out. I didn’t have to know all of this!” She threw up her hands and something slid from her eyes. Something... liquid.

I reached forward and touched her plastic cheek, dabbing the tip of my finger in whatever it was. I brought it to the light from the screen. It was red.

“You bleed?”

“I bleed. My heart pumps, everything inside is real organs. I can even get wet.”

“Wet?” I shook my head, not understanding.

“You know.” She nodded to the screen, where the brunette was now on all fours, taking the furry man in her behind.

“Oh.” I tried to form words but my mind was blank and racing with a million thoughts all at once. Finally, I sputtered, “Do you and Damon...?”

“No! Of course not. Why do you think we need your body so bad? I’m sick of using plastic. I need the real thing.”

I stared at the screen, watching the vampire and werewolf fuck the brunette to oblivion. Poor Craven didn’t have that. He was able to get good feelings by rubbing the general area, but he had no actual human anatomy like Delia’s doll form did.

“Why are you so quiet now? Does me having real emotions and needs bother you?”

She sat down with a huff.

“No. It’s just... Craven’s never cried.”

It wasn’t that he wasn’t able to. Now that I’d seen Delia, I was sure that he was capable. It was just that he didn’t. While Delia’s existence was sad, Craven’s was angry. Both valid, but... different.

“Don’t you miss it?” she asked, pointing to the screen. The brunette was spreading someone’s cum all across her chest. “The fun of it all? Damon is a good lover.”

The night before flashed in my mind. She was right to miss that mouth of his.

“Wait, is that why he didn’t try to penetrate me? Because he’s waiting?”

“Yes. But he confessed he was close with you. That’s why we have to kill you.” She climbed off her seat and motioned for me to follow her. “We’ll kill Craven too. Although I’m not entirely sure how yet. Maybe toss him in a fire, like you threatened to do to me.”

I followed her and lifted her when we reached the doors. I turned back to the screen. “Don’t you want to see the ending?”

The trio were currently nude and traveling through some trees now.

“I think I get the gist.” Delia snickered. “I haven’t changed my mind. I’m taking your body tomorrow morning. Bring me back to Damon.”

Tomorrow? I had to figure out something. I wasn’t going to let her possess my body. Where was I going to go?

I blinked. That was it.

I passed by the ticket booth and paused, turning to talk to him.

“Hey, could I leave my doll with you for a bit? I’ll come back.” He scrunched up his nose in distaste, so I offered him money. “I’ll give you a hundred bucks to stuff her under the counter and not tell anyone about her. I’ll come back in a few hours, I promise.”

“I want the money first.” He held out his hand. I breathed out in a huff and pulled out my phone. Paying him through an app, I handed him Delia. He tossed her under his desk, and her plastic body clanked against the wood. He nodded to me. “Cool. Not sure why you waited to leave the doll until after you saw the movie, but not my business. Be back before I close, or I’m tossing it in the dumpster.”

I saluted him. “I will,” I said and hurried out. I knew what I was looking for. Or rather, who I’d be looking for.

I went back to the hotel and beelined for the convention hall. Security stopped me, but I flashed my badge and was let in without a fight. I hadn’t even been signed up for this particular event, but just my name alone got me a ticket and a table when I went with Damon earlier to get signed in. I was famous in this world, and I was about to use my weight to get what I needed fast.

“Is Baldwin here?” I asked a couple putting out their Cabbage Patch Doll collection for tomorrow.

“Who?” they asked.

“Baldwin Wendl? You know, the guy with the...”

Recognition flashed in the couple's eyes, and they grimaced. "Oh, him? I think they put him in the back corner. He's not exactly..."

I waved them off. "I know, I just have to talk to him. Thanks." I hurried toward the direction they'd pointed and my heart leaped with glee as I spotted the large man with the bad combover and spotted suspenders. He rotated slowly and when he saw me, he took me in slowly, whistling as his eyes went up my body.

"Well, if it isn't Miss Tanis, the sexiest thing in the industry. What is the pleasure?" He waddled over, offering his swollen, sweaty palm. I stared at it, not willing to shake it. I breathed deeply, knowing that I was about to open the most unsettling can of worms.

"I need to purchase some of your wares."

He grinned, running his tongue along his teeth.

"Well, well, well. You want one of my dolls? You know they cost a pretty penny. I hand make them all myself. Each one can take months."

I put up a hand. "I know, I know. I've seen them. I've heard your story. I-I've decided I'd like to own..." I steadied my breathing. Baldwin was already starting to sweat with excitement. How he wasn't on some list with the FBI by now was beyond me.

"Oh sweetie, we don't have to go into full details here." He put his hand on my lower back, just high enough to not catch a case. "Why don't you look at my catalogue while I get the background check paperwork ready. It's quite extensive. We don't want any weirdos, do we?"

Ha! I could laugh.

I was the weirdo, mister.

TRUST YOUR PARTNER.

“What the fuck is that?”

I stared at the doll Tanis had just pulled from behind her back. Its blank, yet human-looking eyes stared blankly into my soul. She'd finally convinced Damon to trade me for Delia and she took me back to the room she'd rented next door.

“Ssh!” She pressed a finger to her lips and hushed me. “Not so loud. We still share a wall.”

“Yeah, with those freaks. You know he jerked off while you were gone? I kept trying to get him to stop but it only made him cry harder.” I shuddered at the fresh memory.

“Stop! I get it. I changed my mind about wanting him around. Damon is a certified creep. That's why I got these.” She brought out a second doll, just as eerie as the first one.

“What exactly are you thinking of doing with these?” I dropped off the bed and padded across the room to where Tanis stood with them. Each doll was about two and a half, maybe three feet tall. One was clearly female, with long hair and a pink, vintage looking dress. The other was male. He was dressed in a leather jacket and acid-washed jeans. He had long strawberry blonde hair, the same shade as mine had been, and a similar length. I hated him the most.

“Well...” Tanis chewed on her lower lip. “Wouldn't it be much more palatable to be stuck inside something like this?”

My mind went blank. She was not saying what I thought she was saying.

“Tanis, if you think for one moment I want to be pulled from one fucking toy to another, you’ve gone bonkers. I don’t want plastic. I want warm, human skin. I want a cock again.”

“Oh! But these have them!” She squealed with delight as she pulled down the pants of the male doll and revealed...

“He’s got a frank and beans,” I said, stunned.

“And she’s got it all too. They are fully built to be able to put A into B.” She pulled his pants back up and buttoned them.

“Where did you even find these? These are disgusting.” I stepped back, horrified. “This is a pervert’s dream.”

“I know, it’s weird. The seller makes them himself. He makes them for schools and therapists mostly.”

“What?”

“He’s not that popular. But anyways, look, I think I have a plan!”

I went to her, shoving the dolls out of her arms and climbing onto her lap.

“Tanis, beautiful, love of my life, light of my eye. I have done a lot of dumb shit, and a lot of it for love, but I am not trading one toy body for another. And I’m not letting you give up yours.” I rested my soft head on her cheek. It was moments like this that made my entire heart and soul and mind shatter at the need for intimacy again. What I wouldn’t do to kiss her lips with mine.

“Oh,sweetie.” Tanis laughed and wrapped her arms around me tightly. “These aren’t for us. This is for them. I’m going to kill Damon and Delia.”

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IT'S OKAY TO FUCK THE FINAL GIRL IF SHE'S DOING IT TO PERFORM A RITUAL TO ALLOW YOU TO GAIN POSSESSION OF A NICE BODY WITH ABS, PERFECT HAIR, AND A LARGE COCK.

“C orrection. We're going to kill Damon and Delia.”

Tanis leaped, causing me to fly across the room. She ran for me as I scrambled to right myself.

“Oh, Cravey-boo, really? You're going to help?” She lifted me up and spun me around. I grew dizzy as she kept going, laughing and spinning wildly around the room. She bumped into a lamp and it wobbled, causing her to finally stop.

She took a large breath. “It's finally happening. You're getting a body!”

“Tanis, can you put me down please?” I asked politely. I was just as excited, but we needed to approach this the right way. If the ritual fucked up again, I don't know if I was ever coming back. “Let's take tonight and perfect our plans.”

She sat, and just then, the door that adjoined our room with Damon and Delia's opened, and Damon barged in, holding a knife. “Hands up! Both of you!”

Tanis dropped me, and we both did as told. She stood slowly.

Delia followed behind Damon, holding a letter opener. She swished it and smiled at me, her eyes glistening with evil. “Ready to die?”

“Ready to die?” I snickered. “That’s your opening line? It really can’t get any cheesier than that. Please tell me that wasn’t the best you have.”

“Shut up, bear!” Damon snarled. “I’m tired of waiting. I need to fuck something soon or I’m going to blow my load across the fucking country.”

Tanis winced with disgust. “Come on,” she groaned. “Do you really think you’re the best one to be doing this? Considering what happened last time?” She motioned to Delia down below.

“He’s not,” Delia answered. “That’s why I’m going to do it.”

“That doesn’t make sense. How do you plan on—” I started but was interrupted by Damon picking me up and shaking me wildly.

“Shut up, you dumb bear.”

“Come on, let’s take you to our room,” Delia started but paused when her eyes caught the dolls Tanis had bought earlier. “Wait, what are those?”

Tanis hurried over and picked up the female doll. “They are anatomically correct dolls. I was hoping, since you’d made up your mind already, if instead of just letting me die, you could guide my soul into this doll and Craven’s into the other one...”

Damon and Delia hesitated. They shared a look and then Damon nodded. “We can do that, right?”

“You know the book better than I do,” she spat.

Damon was sweating bullets. He didn’t know shit.

“Right. Yeah, we can at least try. We’ll try. And then once everyone has been transferred, we go our separate ways.”

“It’s for the best.” Tanis laughed nervously and took me from Damon. “Let’s go, Cravey.”

Damon went back for the dolls and then followed us into their room, where hundreds of tea-light candles were lit around. Bowls of blood and the other items needed for the ritual were set on the bedside table.

“Where did you get fresh blood?” I asked as Tanis sat on the empty bed that Delia had directed her to.

“I killed a dog in the alley,” Damon bragged. Tanis let out a sharp cry.

“You never kill the dog!”

Damon tossed the dolls on the other bed and turned to us. Ignoring me completely, he slid onto the bed, pressing his body over Tanis’s. He pushed her legs open and grabbed her pussy over her panties.

“You know, I’m kind of glad your soul is being replaced with someone far more... submissive.” He kissed her. Tanis’s eyes were wide as she looked in my direction, but she had little choice. If Damon got angry, he could kill her and fuck everything up.

“Let’s get a move on.” Delia’s annoyed tone interrupted Damon’s assault on my girlfriend.

“So, how do we do this then? Because you need to die; and she needs to die at the same time.” Damon scratched his head. “But you’re also going to do the ritual.”

Tanis laughed. "I told you. It doesn't work. Why don't you let Craven do it? He did mine successfully. Come on, Delia, hop on up here." Tanis reached down and scooped up the doll, placing her on the bed beside her. "Okay, you remember what happens next, right?"

"Um, I'd like to do this privately." Delia frowned.

"Oh sweetie, there's no time for privacy."

"Yes, there is." Delia gritted her teeth and leaped. "I'll just go to the bathroom, and when I reach climax, I'll stab myself. I'll make sure to pull the door open just as I do so that you know to stab her," she told Damon.

"You got that?" I asked, trying my best to stifle my sarcasm. We didn't have to fuck this up for them; they were doing it to themselves.

"And in the meantime." Tanis wrapped her arms around Damon's neck and pulled him to her. They kissed and she fell onto the pillows. "We can have our fun to get me in the new doll body."

"Right, I forgot about that."

"I didn't. You know, Damon. Could I have one last thing before I give up my human body?"

I turned my head as she reached for his groin.

"What's that, sweetie," he groaned in her ear.

"I'd like to feel the touch of a real man inside me."

“Craven never got it up for you?” He snickered.

Irritation seethed under my bear fur, and I rolled off the bed. “I’m going to make sure Delia times everything correctly,” I muttered and took the knife Damon had carelessly dropped onto the bed, padding over to the bathroom.

Out of sight of the couple stripping their clothes off, I leaned against the wall. I tuned Tanis and Damon out and I heard a small gasp come from the bathroom. I stepped closer to it, and Delia’s pants and whimpers as she pleased herself grew more pronounced. Something inside me stirred, but the image of Delia popped into my head, causing me to lose whatever horniness I had. I went back to peek at Tanis and Damon and suddenly it was back.

Tanis was completely naked and sitting on Damon’s lap.

“I told Delia I’d wait for her,” Damon said.

“Well, have you heard of soaking?” Tanis grinned.

I closed my eyes and listened to them, kissing and moaning. Hopefully, if things went right, that would be us soon. While I didn’t have a penis per se, I could rub the area it used to be and get off. My paw drifted to my groin and I pictured Tanis’s beautiful body on top of my old one. How glorious it would be to have her riding my cock, taking every inch of me until she couldn’t handle it anymore and threw her head back as she came.

Pants from the bathroom grew faster, as did the ones coming from the bed. Tightening my grip on the knife, I kept massaging my invisible cock, moving faster and faster while raising the knife over my head. Delia’s sharp cry as she orgasmed came from the bathroom, followed by the sickeningly wet sound of a knife plunging through her rubber chest into her wet insides. I didn’t have time to think about it as I

yelled out to Tanis.

“Tanis, now!” I stumbled into the room just as Tanis looked over, lifted her hips, and sunk her pussy down onto Damon’s awaiting cock. He gasped and went to reach for his knife, but it wasn’t there. He began to scramble, but Tanis was smarter than him. She grabbed for her clothes, pulling out her purse, and with a few quick movements of her glorious hips, Damon was coming inside her.

Tanis swung down, plunging the knife into his heart.

She glanced over at me as he died, his cock still inside her.

“Craven, I’ve got two minutes to do this. You better do your part.” She began to mutter the incantations as she sliced open Damon’s chest.

And with that, I closed my eyes, sat back, and rubbed one out. I gripped the knife, raised it over my little bear head, and right as my plush body exploded in pleasure, I swung down, piercing my little bear heart.

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NEVER GIVE UP ON THE ENDING YOU DESERVE.

It hurt. My pussy screamed from the sudden invasion of Damon's hard cock. I'd been wet and delirious with excitement, but not for Damon. He was dead. Pushing my pain aside, I moved my hips like I'd seen other women do while I repeated the incantation needed to make the ritual work. I slit Damon's skin into a Y shape, peeled it back, took all the blood and other herbs and rubbed them in, along with stuffing things inside, and then I began to sew him up. Thankfully, everything I needed had been placed close by.

But as I finished the incantations, I altered the phrasing. I didn't call for Damon's soul; I pleaded for Craven's soul to find this vessel and return to it. I closed my eyes and rotated my hips, grinding Damon's rock-hard cock into my pussy, begging for him to suddenly start moving, and the eyes be Craven's when they opened again.

I sobbed as Damon's body chilled, and still, I continued moving my body. The cock pressed against something deep inside me and I needed it to push harder. I gasped and called for Craven, over and over and over until suddenly Damon's body let out a large gasp and bolted up.

"Tanis?"

Relief rushed over me as it was Craven's voice that came from the body.

"Oh my god," I gasped and hugged him. "Craven, you're back."

He licked his lips and laughed. "Yeah, I am." With one swift movement, he rolled me

over and thrust into me. I threw my head back and gasped. I'd been working him all wrong. This didn't hurt. This felt... amazing.

"That's right, let me make you come. You take this cock so good, baby. Was it worth the wait?"

"So worth it," I gasped, clawing at his back. He laughed and crushed his lips on mine. He shoved his tongue into my mouth, and I swirled mine around his. It was intense. Everything about him technically was Damon, but his movements, the intensity, the feelings and emotions I was feeling, all of it was Craven.

He was back.

My body exploded and shattered into a million bits. I grew dizzy as this orgasm rocked me like no other orgasm had rocked me before. Craven slowed down, letting me take in all the pleasure before taking my limp body and lifting me onto his lap, where we kept fucking.

I didn't want to stop. I wanted to stay connected to him forever if I could. We needed to make up for all the time we lost looking for the perfect fit. And Damon really was. He looked so much like Craven had, we could forget what happened and move on. Finally.

Craven, excited to have all his senses back, roamed his hands and tongue all over my body. He took one nipple between his teeth and the other he pinched and rolled between his fingers, coaxing a second orgasm from me.

Finally, he roared as his own finish happened, and when we both came down, we rested our foreheads together.

"You did it, baby. You really did it," he muttered before kissing me again. "Now,

let's do it again.”

“Let's never stop.” I smiled.

“Fine by me.”

The End

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“Do you remember the rules?” I leaned down with the special brush, smoothing down Delia’s hair. She glared at me through her cage.

“You act like we weren’t doing the toy circuit before we met you,” she snapped and pushed me away.

“Yes, but it’s a little different now, isn’t it?” I beamed, ignoring her snark. “Now, people want you to talk.”

“We remember the rules,” Damon said sadly from the cage across from Delia’s. “We’ll be good.”

“Good. Because if you do good, you’ll be let out of your cages.” I stepped away from the metal boxes and turned just as Craven walked through the door to our brand-new house. As it turned out, Damon didn’t have much money, but he had a great credit score. Craven strode over and planted a kiss on my lips.

“Hey beautiful, just getting them ready?” He glanced at the dolls in distaste. He’d wanted to burn them after Damon and Delia possessed the dolls right in the middle of our throes. He was deep inside me with his back turned away from them when Delia lunged at him in her new body, plunging a knife in his back.

Thankfully, Craven was reanimated now and it healed in an instant, but his ego hadn’t. He still held a grudge toward the two collectable, rare dolls.

“Yep. Running them through the rules for the event again. They are going to do a little talking, convince them all that you and I created some advanced technology that

allows the fake computer inside the dolls to read our minds and answer questions they ask them. Then, we're going to come home, watch a movie, cuddle, and if they behave, they'll get some time together."

Craven let out a groan of disgust. I couldn't blame him. Those two were worse than we were. Our passion was fueled by love and want and need to touch. After having it withheld for three years, we craved each other's bodies just as much as our souls. Damon and Delia were just... horny.

I tried to stay out of their personal lives as much as I could. We'd set them free after Delia had stabbed Craven, but just days later, they both returned in the dead of night, asking if they could pretend to be our collectables until they found out how to spend their eternities. I'd felt so bad for them I had to take them in. Craven was still upset about it.

Damon and Delia were the definition of a toxic couple. He expected her to be waiting on him hand and foot, which included for sexual gratification. And she, having seen it in her own childhood, did it with a smile. But every night, I'd hear her crying from the closet she stayed in. She didn't want that kind of help though, so, as the weeks went on, we settled into a weird life of traveling and co-inhabiting with two possessed dolls.

We finished the event I'd been preparing for and headed home, happy and significantly richer. People were paying good money to see Damon and Delia in action.

We left them to their devices, and Craven and I settled in on the couch for a movie and cuddles, our standard nightly routine.

A few glasses of wine and I'd all but forgotten about our guests as Craven's hands and lips began to explore my body. He slid his fingers under my panties, spreading my pussy and fingering me slowly, riling me up.

“You like that, don’t you? Me fucking you like this. Or would you rather have my cock?”

“Your cock please,” I gasped and spread my thighs apart, begging for him to listen. He pulled me onto his lap, and with a quick unzip, pierced my insides with his rigid length. I began to move my hips and climbed for the mountain of pleasure he gave me. I buried my head in the crook of his neck and held onto him tightly as he thrust up into me. I was growing close and then I heard a sound come from the doorway.

I looked up to see Delia, bent over with her dress pulled up, watching me. Damon’s little doll body was fully nude and pressed against her backside. He thrust, and together, they watched Craven and I fuck while they fucked too.

Craven sensed that I’d been distracted and looked back to see what was going on. He shook his head.

“Weird fucks,” he snarled as he stood up, holding me tight to him. He walked to a wall and pressed me against it, pulling my dress up my hips and tugging it down to reveal my breasts. He tossed his head back and spoke to the doll couple, watching us intently. “You want a show? I’ll give you one.” With that, he sunk his cock into me again and again and again until I unraveled and then he followed shortly after.

The dolls’ finish was louder than ours, and as time went on, we found them peering in on us more and more as we made love, and I came to the decision that if that was their way of connecting to their former human selves by watching us, then that was fine with me.

I had my Cravey-boo back, and that was all I’d ever wanted.