

SONS OF BELIAL

Azure licked their partner's anus, taking in nostril-flared sniffs as they did, creating as wide a cavity inside of their nose as possible for smell particles to land on. Smells were important to them. The hyper-flowery smell of Bluegreen's deodorant. The sweaty, musky, intestiney smell of Bluegreen's anal sphincter. It was no matter of "good" smells or "bad." The compelling thing was if a smell was strong. Azure and Bluegreen had met at a family Christmas gathering, after they had been excised from overly-delicate conversation for their chosen identities. They had gone on a walk together at a nature trail nearby their grandparents' house, gotten to talking, within the hour gotten up to things that would get them uninvited from future Christmas gatherings if they became known, and by February they were sharing a studio apartment together.

Eventually contented, Azure gave Bluegreen's anus a last deep puckered smooch, and then both of them stood up. Azure pulled up Bluegreen's pants and redid their belt, and they both stepped out of the alley and resumed their late night walk.

"That was really good. Thank you."

"Keh. No problem."

"You are the best kind of asexual."

"Keh. Thank you. I try."

"It's like if I was a vampire and you let me eat you, but like, 'eat you.'"

"Keh. Ass licker."

"You were the one who offered."

“Keh. Hey. I offered this time. You were the one who suggested it the last twenty times we walked by that alley. I figure it is hot as God’s tits out tonight, we’re already sweating like hell, I know that that’s a big thing for you, and the sweat adds to it for me too, I might as well offer. Give you a little bit of a treat.”

“The sweat adds to it?”

“Keh. Yeah. A lot.”

“I thought you just put up with me.”

“Keh. No. It’s just not sexual.”

“I need you to elaborate so much on how getting a sweaty rimjob is nonsexual. Is it something I could be doing better?”

“Keh. No. Keep it up.”

“But what is nonsexual about it? What is nonsexually good?”

“Keh. I imagine that I’m a newborn dog, and you’re the parent licking the slime off me.”

“No way.”

“Keh. Why not?”

“They don’t just lick the puppy’s buttthole! There’s no way that’s what they do.”

“Keh. No, I don’t think so either. I mean I assume not. But I think it’s like. The way I imagine it, the way you’re licking my sensitive stuff is like a proxy for how it would feel for all of my body to be new. So like, I’m extrapolating, but that really works for me. You’re just licking the one part, but I feel it across everything.”

“That’s awesome, what the fuck.”

“Keh. Yeah. I really like it. So, you weren’t worrying about me not getting anything out of it, but still, if you do think of it in the future, it’s good.”

“I can still smell your ass smell so much on my upper lip.”

“Keh, yeah wow! You just had your whole face in my ass recently, and now your face smells like your cousin’s ass! Wow. Unprecedented. Call a scientist. Let’s figure out the answer to this mystery.”

“I was just saying. Saying true things. I can still smell you so much.”

“Keh. Happy about that?”

“Not complaining.”

“Keh. Wanna circle back to the alley again?”

“No. Kinda. I really do but I think we were already pushing our luck how long we were just there. We can just resume when we get home later.”

“Keh. Yeah I’m not against that.”

“Love you.”

“Keh. You too. For real.”

“Watch these stairs, that one is uneven.”

“Oh thanks.”

“Use my hand. I believe in you. Yeah, we did it.”

“So pumped.”

“I can tell.”

“Keh. Hey, I wasn’t being mean.”

“I swear I am going to write a song about how my upper lip smells after eating your ass.”

“Keh. What kind of words would that be?”

“No, instrumental.”

“Keh. What? What would convey, ‘my cousin’s ass on my face?’”

“It’s... hard to explain, I guess. It would sound like it smells. I don’t know how else... Nirvana. It would sound like Nirvana.”

“Keh. It would smell like Teen Spirit?”

“Oh my god no. No that’s not what I meant at all stop.”

“Keh. Did you know that was their partner’s deodorant?”

“What?”

“Keh. Teen Spirit. That was the brand name of the deodorant their partner used.”

“Oh. I’ve never heard of that one.”

“Keh. Yeah I don’t know if that was like, more known at the time, or. I don’t know.”

“I can still smell you so much on my upper lip, it’s kind of driving me crazy. In a good way.”

“Keh. Gimme a kiss.”

“Mm.”

“Keh. Thanks.”

“Does anyone still make Teen Spirit?”

“Keh. I think so. Krista—my wombmate, your cousin—they wear it.”

“Oh.”

“Perv.”

“What!”

“You totally remember just immediately what everyone you meet smells like, huh?”

“Maybe! Also you cannot say wombmate, you’re not twins!”

“Keh. Well, sibling sounds way too, I don’t know, medical, so that’s what we decided on at some point. Do you like how they smell?”

“I plead the fifth. But yes.”

“Keh. So yes, that’s what Teen Spirit smells like. They’re eccentric though. I don’t know if they buy it at the store or if they bought a thirty pack that’s been sealed since nineteen ninety. So I don’t know if anyone still makes it.”

“Are you otherkin?”

“Keh. What? Why?”

“The being a puppy getting licked by your parent thing.”

“Keh. Oh, yeah. Therian. I. Kind of identify as a lot of things. Age regression. Connectedness. The universe sort of, bridging, together parts of itself, across itself, through itself, in me. Animals are part of that. Why not, right?”

“Yeah, why not totally. Want me to call you anything different?”

“They is still good.”

“They is basically overpowered.”

“Keh. Honestly.”

“Want me to lick your forehead like a dog?”

“Please.”

“Mmlm.”

“Keh. Thanks.”

“Happy to help. Love you.”

“Keh. You too. Mm.”

“Mm.”

“Mm. Keh. Mm. Okay yeah I can taste what you’re talking about with the lip. Keh.”

“It’s really good.”

“Keh. Not complaining, I guess.”

“Mmmmmmmmmmmmm-m.”

“Sexual.”

“Mhm. Mm.”

“Mm.”

“Mm.”

“Mm.”

“Mm.”

“Mm.”

“Mm.”