

THIS ABOVE ALL;
TO THINE OWN
SELF BE
ZOO.

Vol. III

No. 2

Summer Solstice 2025

In this issue,
some dirty clothes are attended to,
and a leopard has a proposition.

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To Thine Own Self Be Zoo
Vol. III No. 2
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LAUNDRY

Christopher arched their back and did a biiiiiig stretch, sticking out their feline leggy legs, flexing and unflexing their feline claws, and nuzzling teh side of their Calico head into their bedsheets. They felt the warm sunlight coming in through the window, heating their hair from eartips to tailtip, and heating teh blankets all around them as well, and they purred. Eyes still closed, Christopher rolled over so that their hot side was now pressing into the blankets, and the cool side that they had been sleeping on could get a chance to be in the sunlight too. They stopped purring. They licked against the bedsheets a couple of times.

Then Christopher yawned, and said, “Fuck me up the butt it’s Wednesday.”

They opened their eyes. They stood up, and did a big standing stretch, front pawbs out in front of them, haunches in the air. They walked towards the foot of the bed, past all the posters on the wall with Green Day and MLP:FiM art, past their neon-green jailbroken emulator handheld that laid against a pink floofy pillow, past their plastic headphones that plugged in to the emulator. At the foot of the bed they paused, and looked out across their bedroom, beyond the clean and fluffy pink-and-white-checkers carpet, towards teh open closet door. Inside of the closet were empty shelves where socks should usually be, and bare prongs where other stuff should usually hang from. Christopher looked over towards the computer, where a laundry

hamper sat by a swivel chair. The laundry hamper was overflowing with collars and neon socks.

Welp. Christopher glanced back over their shoulder, and saw the socks and collar they had worn the day before, back at the head of the bed near the sunny window; teh sox was black and green stripies on teh front legs, and on teh back legz was grey with red and whiet candy canes, and on teh collar wuz black with a tag of a white skull.

Christopher slinked on their chest back across the bed, back past the headphones and the emulator and the Green Day and MLP:FiM posters, and tentatively approached the old clothes, twitching their nose from a distance, eyes closed, slowly moving their face centimeter by centimeter closer to the discarded garments.

Unexpectedly (with their eyes closed in fear that the clothes would b skanky smelling) their nose bumped the collar. Christopher's eyes went wide open and they reached forward and attacked the collar with their claws a few times, but then stopped, and sniffed, and realized that all of the clothes smelled normal.

Christopher giggled to themselves at their luck as they pulled on the socks, making sure all of teh sock were all very comfy over der white and rust and black glossy hair. They then pulled the collar on over der head, making teh ears go pressed back and then point upright again.

Dressed sexy, Christopher trotted across their bed again, past Green Day and MLP and emulator and headhonez and dey jumped off the foot of the bed onto theyr pink and white checkers carpet and strutted out of there bedroom door and into the living room.

In the living room was a recliner, a TV with a Nintendo with a GameShark, posters of butts, and on the ceilin is Adam's eye from the Sistine Chapel's ceiling. The carpet is black with yellow crescent moon patterns. On the window sill was a red parcel with a pink ribbon!

Christopher ran across the room gaining speed and then did a big leap onto the window sill and pawed open the folded note that was taped onto the side of the parcel box.

The note sed:

“A PREZZ-ENT for you, from your PREZZ-EDENT!!
-prezzednt Adam”

Christopher scratched open all of the red giftwrapp, shredding it to smithereens, and then lifted off the top of the cardboard bawks inside. Inside deh bawks, there was a smooth, polished turquoise rock, with a turquoise string spooled beside it, one end of the string connected to the rock.

The Calico looked out of the window, looking at all of their neighbor's windowz dat they cud see around the courtyard. Mani of the other windows had red parcels on the window sills
2. Christopher gessed dat teh onez dat didnt hav parcels, da ones living there had already taken it.

Christopher looked down into teh bawks again. “What a strange gift” they thought.

They stared at the turquoise, with its baby-blue surfaces and vains of paint brown. As they pondered what it might be for, they gave a contemplative, drawn-out, “Rrrrraowwwwwwwwwww...”

As they meowed, the turquoise lit up! Inside of the shadows of the boxx, the bright shiny turquoise gleamed and dazzled, making the shadows go away and making the inside of teh cardboard bright!

Thoughtfully, Christopher lifted up one of their pawz, holding it above the box. The light shined on their paw lighting up their pink beans. Christopher waited, checking if there was any scary sounds or feelings, and since it was quiet and didn't feel like the turquoise was burning or freezing, the Calico reached their paw into the box and tapped on the turquoise rock!

The rock JUMPED out of the box and into Christopher's living room! Christopher jumped after the string that fluttered behind the rock! The rock fell to the ground no longer bright, and Christopher rolled around on the black-and-yellow-crescent-moons carpet playing wit teh turquoise string, wrapping it around between der paws and pulling on it and waving it all around.

Eventilly they got up and hit the turquoise rock again and they were ready to chase it more, but it did not jump away again.

Christopher tapped it wit der pawb a few more time.

Nothing happened...

Then...

Christopher, frustrated, vocalized an annoyed, "Rrrraowww..."

The turquoise rock lit up!

Christopher tapped it wit der pawb, and the rock jumped up into the air, wit teh string fluttering behind! Christopher leapt after it once again!

When the rock hit the ground, no longer lit up, Christopher meowed at it, and it lit up. They tapped the lit up rock, and it jumped!

Christopher played with the rock from president Adam in the living room, meowing at it and tapping it and jumping at it over and over.

When they were done, they carried the turquoise gift in their teeth to their bedroom to put it in the chest with their other items. They put it away in the chest.

As they were walking away from the chest, they stopped in their tracks. A bad smell made them freeze in place...

They looked by their swivel chair, and saw the laundry hamper full of dirty smelly collars and dirty smelly socks. Christopher put their paws over their nose, and said, "Put a dildo up my butt until the cows come home it's Wednesday. I gotta do my laundry or I won't have anything to wear tomorrow."

The Calico got a poké ball out of their chest and threw it at the laundry hamper. The laundry hamper got sucked into the poke ball. The poke ball was there on the ground. it shook once... stayed still... shook twice... stayed still... Success!!! The laundry stayed inside!!!

Christopher walked up and grabbed the pokeball in their teeth, and then went out into the living room, and then pushed their way out of the front door flap.

Out in the hall, they ran down the hall to the elevators, jumped up, and hit the DOWN button. Christopher's apartment was on floor 3. The laundry room was in the basement. There was also a laundrymat 2 blocks away that some people used instead because it had arcade games that you could play while you wait for your clothes, but Christopher liked the one in the basement because it had a jukebox that had all of teir favorite

music. While the elevator came, Christopher pooped in the litterbox that was in the corner of the elevator waiting area.

The elevator doorz opened for Christopher. In the elevator, the light was off, but a green cat who glowed in the dark sat inside by the floor buttons, and you could see in the elevator like he was a big glowstick. The glowcats name was Three. Christopher walked into the elevator with Three. Three, seeing the poke ball in Christopher's mouth, reached a glowing paw up to the buttons and pressed the B button for the basement. The elevator doors closed.

As the elevator went down, Three held out a syringe to Christopher, and sed, "This one makes you smaller and makes u giggle at everything, and it makes u so that u wont be able to keep your balance. u can control water with it a little bit."

Christopher put down their pokeball so they could talk. They sed, "Maybe for later."

While the elevator was going down, Three put a cap on the needle, and then used a piece of masking tape to tape the syringe onto Christopher's collar so that it hung alongside the skull that was on it already.

When the elevator was almost at the bottom, Three mentioned, "there iz some 1 else down here. there iz machines available tho , the other 1 is not using all of dem."

Christopher asked, "Do you know who it is?"

Three walked around Christopher, butting his head against Christopher's sides, and then as the elevetor doors were about to open, he took a pill and disappeared.

For a few seconds, without the green glowing cat, the entire elevator was almost completely dark. Only a faint light came from the illuminated B button, and the faint red display at the top above the doors that was showing a ↓ arrow.

...

ding!

Christopher picked up their poke ball, and exited the elevator.

teh door to teh laundry room was down a hall, past a boiler room and sum storage rooms. One of the lights in the hall flickered. Christopher walked quickly down the hall to de laundry room door.

As they walked, they wondered who the person in the laundry room would be, and where they would be. Basically on the left and right walls were all of the washing machines, and on the back wall were all of the driers. The floor and walls and ceiling were all painted green. Maybe the person would be moving clothes to a drier, or folding clothes at one of the tables in the cornerz. Maybe they would b at the jukebox that was right next to the door, and they would see them right when they came in. Maybe they would be on one of the mattresses in the middle of the room for relaxing on. Or maybe they would be somewhere on the tower in the very middle of the room for climbing on. Christopher wondered.

At teh door, dey pushed themself through the flap.

Inside, Christopher looked around, and saw a black cat who was sitting on the tower in the very middle of teh room. Teh black cat had gay rainbow socks on, and he wuz looking at the driers, his back to the newly arrived Calico.

Christopher, excited to see one of the cats from the gay club, gently, silently set down their pokeball on the green floor, and then stalked forward, quiet as though they were on a hunt. when dey got to the mattresses they jumped quietly up onto them, and then froze as they waited to see if the gay cat noticed them.

The other cat kept staring at the driers, sitting at his place on the tower. His tail swayed.

Christopher took a few steps forward on the mattress they were on, and then stopped, stared up at the black cat, snake-wiggled their body left and right as they planned their jump, and then LEAPT UP to grab the gay cat from behind, but their paws went straight through the other cat! The black cat was an illusion! The Calico let out a LOUD yowl as they soared through the air past the tower, kicking and pawing at the air, and then landing down onto the mattresses on the other side of the tower. Christopher hit the mattresses and rolled, and ended up on their back, staring up at the green ceiling.

There on the green ceiling, hiding behind a pipe that went across the ceiling, a Tabby cat peered down at them with a smile that showed her pointy teeth. The Tabby had two tails that flicked behind her, and she woer black sox on all of her legs.

Christopher GASPED.

The Tabby dropped down straight to Christopher, and landed right on the Calico, and started licking the Calico's face.

"Moe Moe ur BACK!!" Christopher said!

Moe Moe purred and purred, and continued 2 lick the fur ont he Calico's face.

Christopher hugged Moe Moe, wrapping der front legz around the Tabby and squeezing her tight.

Moe Moe gave one last lick under Christopher's chin, and then sed, "Hello old friend."

"I'm happy to see u" Christopher sed, and den dey nuzzled the Tabby's neck, and purred.

"likewise," Moe Moe said, and gave Christopher a hug.

Moe Moe den got off of Christopher, and started walking around them in slow, thoughtful circles. Christopher gott off of their back, and sat upright, and started fixxing one of their front socks (their front socks had teh black and green stripies) so it was comfy again, after it got twisted around from Moe Moe's attack.

Moe Moe teased, "Pouncing on helpless gay cats now, are we?" As the Tabby walked in a circle around Christopher, suddenly five other illusion cats walked in the other spaces, filling in the rest of the circle around the Calico. The illusion cats all had black coats of hair, and rainbow socks.

"Mayyyyyyyyybe..." Christopher sed. they blushed, and admitted, "The illusions you make are sexy."

Moe Moe purred, and then stopped walking circles around Christopher, and instead sat side by side wiht them. The black cats all stopped walking in the circle as well, and insted all got together in front of Christopher and Moe Moe, and starting kissing and petting one another, rainbow socks stroking against black fur, nuzzles, nibbles, teases...

One of the driers against the back wall of the laundry room made a big CLUNK sound as it finished running.

Oh! Right! The laundry!

Christopher got up and started running, hopped off of teh mattresses, grabbed their poke ball off the floor, and ran over to one of the washing machines.

Reluctantly, they opened the poke ball, and let all of the skanky nasty cllotnes out. sock by sock, collar by collar,

Christopher threw their clothes into the washing machine with one front paw, covering their nose with the other front paw, and then closed the door shut. they hopped on top of the washing machine, grabbed one of the boxes of powder detergent, and poured it into the detergent compartment, and shut the compartment door, and den they pressed the buttons to make it start washing the dirty clpthes.

when Christopher turned around and hopped back to the floor, they saw that Moe Moe was sitting on the floor behind them watching them all along, near the mattressez. She was looking down at an item that looked just like the toy that Christopher had gotten earlier from presedent Adam, xcept the one Moe Moe had gotten was obsidian insted of turquoise.

Christopher walked up and sat with the Tabby in front of the toy.

Moe Moe sed to the obsidian “Meowww.”

The black volcanic glass lit up at Moe Moe’s meow.

Christopher’s tail flicked around as dey looked down at the glowing obsidian wit the black string attached to it.

Moe Moe reached out a paw, and tapped on the obsidian. The obsidian flew at Christopher’s face and smacked dem hard in the eye.

“JIZZ in my ASSS,” Christopher said, cluthing their left eye with both front paws.

“Dont know how, wish I could,” Moe Moe said.

“OH MY GOD. I didnt MEAN it.”

Moe Moe rested a paw on one of Christopher’s wrists, and sed, “Let me see.”

Christopher reluctantly took their paws off of their eye. their eye socket throbbed, and their vision was blurry from oncoming tears.

“oof” Moe Moe sed. “I can heal it, but bear with me for one moment.”

Christopher nodded, and sat patiently.

Moe Moe reached into her back left sock, and took out a small vial that was hidden in there. The vial had blue liquid in it. Moe Moe sniffed the syringe taped to Christopher’s collar, and then took it, ripping the tape.

As Moe Moe took the cap off of the needle, she sed, "First I will give u this for the pain. Okay?"

"Okay," Christopher sed.

Moe Moe walked around to behind Christopher. Christopher felt a sharp sting on their back, but it went away quickly. The Tabby cat then used the same syringe to take out the liquid from her vial of blue liquid, and said to Christopher, "I have to put this one next to your eye, but I'll be careful. Hold still."

Christopher sat still. Using both front pawbs, Moe Moe gave the shot to Christopher.

Moe Moe then set the needle aside, purred, and sed, "u should feel better very soon."

"thanks," Christopher said. They then added, "I wanna nap on the bed I think, if you wanna nap with me..."

Instead of answering out loud, Moe Moe made five illusion cats appaer around her, all still black with gay socks, and together her and the illusion cats all jumped up onto the laundry rooms mattresses.

Christopher stood up, and tried to jump onto the mattress after Moe Moe, but their legs were all wobbly and they only ended up jumping halfway up. Clinging on the edge of the mattress with their clawz like they were hanging on the edge of a cliff, Christopher called out, "MEOOOOWWWW..."

Moe Moe hopped back down onto the floor, and from the floor, pushed Christopher's back half up onto the mattresses surface.

Christopher walked around on the mattress in dizzy zigzags, and giggled at the way that the mattress squished under their steps. Der skin under der fur felt tingly, like someone was pouring bubbly soda over dem. Eventully they fell oer on their side, giggling. Moe Moe came up and laid down in front of them, and closed her eyes and got comfy to sleep. She reached out and hugged Christopher. Christopher hugged her too. The 2 of them fell to sleep there in the laundry room, nuzzled into each other's warm fur, feeling each other breathing. Christopher giggled a little bit now and then when they heard the pipes overhead rushing with water, and mentally, they made the water speed up or slow down in the pipes, or made the water do whirlpool spins as it went through. Sometimes when Christopher would giggle

Moe Moe would give their chin a tiny lick, which made them snort giggle. Moe Moe's tongue felt so big while they were lying there with their eyes closed, it was like just with the tip of her scratchy tongue, she was licking their entire face, in a good way. Eventually, Christopher and Moe Moe did take a snooze together, and Christopher was really happy to fall asleep snuggling with their old friend.

They had dreams of going out to eat in a city: in teh dream, it was nighttime, and Christopher and Moe Moe and Alex and Camp all went into a little restaurant that was down the stairs from a secret alley, and the restaurant smelled really good inside. Dey all decided what 2 order, and then got their food, and dey all talked about how good it was as dey 8.

when Christopher woke up, Moe Moe was still asleep. She had rolled over so her back was to them, and Christopher was cuddling her back, with a front leg wrapped over top of her. Christopher purred, and burried their face in the back of her neck.

Eventuall, Moe Moe streeeeetched, yaaaaaawned, and sed, "That was a really good nap."

"It was the best," Christopher sed, agreeing.

Moe Moe mentioned, "I think your laundry is finished in the washing machine."

Christopher stretched, digging their claws into the fabric of the mattress and pulling on it. Den they stood up, and hopped down off of the mattresses and went to the washing machine. There, dey opened the machine door and hesitantly sniffed inside. clean wet clothes smell! they grabbed their pokeball of the floor where they had left it, and threw teh ball inside.

The laundry went in... the ball shook once... shook twice... success!!

Christopher picked up the poke ball and ran over to the driers, and let the clothes out into one of the driers. They pressed the buttons to make the drier start, and then went back to where Moe Moe was on the mattresses. She was not in the same spot, but was instead up on one of the platforms on the tower in the center of the room. As she looked down at Christopher from teh tower, her varius illusion cats all hopped around the other beams and platforms. Christopher jumped up

the parts of the tower, jumping straight thru the illusion cats as they went, and then sat down beside Moe Moe.

Moe Moe sed, "I'm kinda hungry."

"I thoughtg you would never ask," Christopher respondid.

The Calico turned, and spotted a platform on the tower where they would have more space to work. They jumped over to it, and den got started.

First, they closed their eyes, an took a deep, slow breaif, until they felt very relaxed. With their eyes still closed, Christopher pictured themself somewhere else.. somewhere where it was sunset... they were outside, nice air gently blowing past them, feeling the gentle breeze on their wiskers... the ocean waves came in... went out... came in... went out... in this imaginary place, Christopher stood near a crackling cook fire, with a little table of different knives and scewers nearby. Christopher imagined the depths of the ocean nearby, and imagined the fish that swam there, swimming through the waters... as they pictured the fish in details, and pictured catching them, two fish appeared on the table wit the knives, ready to be cooked.

Christopher opened their eyes. There on the big platform, hot sand now coverd the ground of the platform, and there was a small cook fire, and a table wit knives and skewers and two fish ready to cook. Christopher got to work, slicing the scales off, and then getting teh fish meat off of teh bones.

Soon enuff, the meat of two fishes was getting heated up on skewers over the cook fire, as the Calico watched over their work.

The Tabby came up and sat beside the Calico, and sed, "Oooooo, it smells amazing, I bet it's going to taste delicious."

"All teh best for the cook's friends," the Calico said.

When the food was ready, Christopher took the skewers away from the fire and set them out across the table. Christopher and Moe Moe ate from the skewers, biting the delicious tasting fish and savoring every bite.

After their meal, Christopher and Moe Moe laid on their full tummies side by side at the edge of the sandy platform, looking down at the driers and chatting until Christopher's clothes were done.

Together the two cats jumped down the towers platforms and beams, and went to the jukebox and put on music that they both liked, and then worked on folding all of their clothes together. Christopher's laundry was warm and felt nice to touch.

When all of teh clothes were folded, Christopher caught theirs in their pokeball again, and Moe Moe casted a spell on hers that made them shrink, and she put all of them into an empty vial that was hidden in her front left black sock.

Christopher asked, "Do you want to come visit my place and we can play some games?"

Moe Moe responded, "I would love to, thank you for inviting me over."

The two cats left the laundry room, and raced each other down the hall to the elevator. Moe Moe got there first by a centimeter, and she jumped and pressed the UP botton before Christopher could.

When the elevator doors opened, the glowing green cat Three was inside. Three, seeing Christopher and Moe Moe, reached up a glowing paw to teh buttons, and pressed 3 for Christopher's floor.

Back at Christopher's place, Christopher put away their clean laundry in the closet quick, and den they and their friend played some games togeter.

THREAD 2988

Topic: Quest 04 is shit

OP: Rozzcoff

Rozzcoff:

Quest 04 is the most infuriatingly terrible piece of shit I've ever fucking "played." If someone strapped me to a chair and put a cactus and Quest 04 in front of me, I would high five the cactus until my hands were reduced to bloody stumps so that I could at least know I would never again have to play that fucking garbage. The battles are about as fun as picking corn out of an outhouse hole. The landscapes are literally so one-note that at multiple points I thought I had glitched back to the start of the game, and it turned out, no (because this game can't even have fun glitches for fuck's sake), but I cannot count the number of times I accidentally walked back to the same FUCKING town I had just left, because after every battle, GOOD FUCKING LUCK GUESSING WHICH WAY YOU WERE GOING WHEN EVERY DIRECTION LOOKS LIKE THE WINDOWS X-FUCKING-P WALLPAPER. I think the Men In Black must have flashed me with one of their neuralyzers, because get this: I'm sure this game had characters... at least, I think it must have... but I cannot remember ONE of them. What an utter failure. I beat this game YESTERDAY, after finally grinding enough to get through the final boss (don't get me started on the combat in this game, seriously) and my brain is clearly trying to purge

everything it can about it, as a survival mechanism. If you've never played Quest 04, consider yourself lucky. I'm pissed. I'm pissed I wasted money on a Controller Pak just for this. I'm pissed I wasted so much of my time waiting for this to get good, and then kept wasting my time knowing it wasn't ever going to get good, but that I needed to at least see it through to the end so that I could tell people that I know for a fact that there's no twist, there's no part where it turns out it was worth it, there's nothing here but pain and tedium: DON'T PLAY THIS GAME.

Luigi's Right Buttcheek:

Agree to disagree, Rozzcoff: I played it at a buddy's house a few times and I thought it was pretty cool! I understand that if someone was looking for Majora's Mask: 2, this isn't it. But I found the combat to be rather engaging, in a calm sort of way, a lot like a good game of solitaire. Unlocking the new spells was a real treat, like opening presents and seeing what I got! It's probably not the best game ever made, in fact I know that it isn't, but it has some things going for it, and I think your descriptions of it are more than a little harsh.

sheathslut:

guys my dog just nailed me so freaking amazingly

crimeguy033954:

do you think this game is called "Quest 04"?

IsMikeHome:

lol "Quest 04"

diamond3:

lol

Rozzcoff:

It was a fucking typo, assface033954

crimeguy033954:

You called it “Quest 04” four times. Once in the topic and three different times in the post. How did you think Quest 64, a Nintendo 64 game, was called Quest 04?

lilsmellybutt:

sheathslut, wow awesome!

sheathslut:

He’s knotted :3

Rozzcoff:

Luigi, why do you obsessively insist on being wrong about everything? I think you’re a fucking troll. Saying that Paper Mario had some redeeming features, I could at least see where you were coming from, even if you were fucking wrong about that snoozefest too. Nintendo at least Febrezes their turds. But Quest 64? The worst game I’ve ever played on this console? The game where in the STARTING AREA, you start at the top of the tallest castle in the fucking universe, and there are so many POINTLESS cookie cutter rooms and staircases, that it’s clear the game designers weren’t thinking, “Let me make a video game,” they were thinking, “Let me make a fortress of boredom that’s going to take way too long to get out of, as a metaphor for the shitshow of fuck that we’re about to put the player through.” I don’t think anyone could play the game and even pretend to say a single nice thing about it, unless they were TROLLING. Hmmmmmmmm...

lilsmellybutt:

sheathslut, wow like right now?

sheathslut:

yes :3 my monitor and keyboard are still on the floor from a week ago lol iykyk

lilsmellybutt:

You're so lucky! Hope you two are enjoying yourselves hehe

LuigisRightButtcheek:

Like I said, the game isn't revolutionizing the RPG genre, but I guess I like to see the positives in things rather than the negative, and I thought it was fun. I'm not saying that you're wrong for disliking it. Clearly you disliked it, and that's fair enough. I'm just saying that, maybe next time a game is making you that upset, you could turn it off instead of continuing to play it out of hate? sheathslut tell your boyfriend "good boy!" for me!

sheathslut:

lilsmellybutt, hehe ty we are enjoying ourselves, I love being knotted and he was clearly overdue for breeding a bitch :3 I think he's not coming out anytime soon. Luigibutt, I'll do even better and give him a biscuit from you (when I can go anywhere lol)

WowIsThatTrent:

"Quest 04" how the fuck do you fuck up that bad?

Rozzcoff:

Listen assholes, when I'm about to write a post, I try to think of the word/phrase I'm going to have to repeat the most, and then

at the start I will copy it, so that I can paste it each time it comes up. This time I knew I would be repeating Quest 64. I made a typo in the topic, and that was the one that I copied, and then accidentally kept pasting in the post.

crimeguy033954:

wtf how bad at typing are you

diamond3:

Quest 64 does suck shit btw

sheathslut:

you know how when a dog is asleep on your foot, you don't get up because you don't want to wake them? Being knotted is sort of like that except the "not asking" version. No complaints.

lilsmellybutt:

sheathslut, do you wanna rp while you're stuck?

sheathslut:

I would love to :3

Rozzcoff:

Luigi, I can't hear you, I don't listen to what TROLLS have to say. Quest 64 wasted my time, money, and brain cells, and I have every right to be mad at it. sheathslut that's AWESOME send pics.

sheathslut:

don't have a digital camera, but basically imagine two dogs stuck butt to butt after mating, except one of the dogs is me

Rozzcoff:

lol

crimeguy033954:

Quest 64 is like, below average. It's not the worst thing ever but it's playable.

lilsmellybutt:

sheathslut, is cub rp ok?

sheathslut:

ru18irl?

lilsmellybutt:

yes lol

LuigisRightButtcheek:

crimeguy033954, I think that's the caliber of analysis that this game deserves. I would personally rate it a little more favorably (not even that much more favorably, mind you, but a little higher), but you really hit the nail on the head with "playable." I would gladly play it right now if I had a copy.

sheathslut:

cub is good with me, if you wanna start :3

lilsmellybutt:

I'm sitting on the couch in the living room, playing Quest 64 :3 I have a sippy cup full of mr pibb, and am still wearing my pajamas and my pullups, which are totally dry this morning, I'm proud to say. I woke up really early, before the sun was even up,

and snuck into the living room, and am playing with the volume on 1 so that no one else gets woken up by the noise. In the game, I cast a spell that makes a shadow version of Brian appear. The shadow brian lasts for 3 turns, and can cast ultra darkness magic, which is similar to the wind magic that Normal Brian casts but does five times as much damage. I sip on my mr pibb as I think about which of the enemies in this battle I should focus on first.

sword51:

“Quest 04” lol

sheathslut:

I’m lying in my dog bed, fast asleep, dreaming of chasing squirrels. I’m chasing one towards the back of the yard, when... I open my eyes, and I realize that I’m not outside chasing squirrels, I was only dreaming. I’m actually on my dog bed. Looking up, I can see that lilsmellybutt’s bedroom door is open. I stand up, wagging as I walk towards his open door, sniffing the air, already smelling my favorite cub’s room, looking forward to greeting him good morning. When I get to his door though, I see that his bedsheets are all a mess, and lilsmellybutt is nowhere to be seen! I sniff the air, smelling where that little cub’s scent is the strongest (I am surprised and proud not to smell pee this morning), and begin following after his smell, towards the living room.

lilsmellybutt:

With Shadow Brian’s help, I defeat all of the bad guys, and gain another level. Quietly under my breath, I say, “Booyah!” as I do a fist pump.

crimeguy033954:

Luigi, right on. I think we’re on the same page about this one, pretty much.

Rozzcoff:

stinkass, there is NO such thing as Shadow Brian in Quest 64, what the hell are you talking about?

lilsmellybutt:

Rozzcoff, in the forest after the second town, there's a 1/1,000 chance each battle that you fight a shadow version of the rabbit enemy, and if you win the fight then you get the Shadow Brian spell :3

Rozzcoff:

You are completely full of shit. So you're claiming that if I do 1,000 fights in that forest (I would rather put my dick in a blender) then on the 1,000th fight I'll fight a shadow bad guy and unlock a secret spell?

lilsmellybutt:

No that is not how statistics works :3 If you have a 1/1,000 chance, and you do it 1,000 times, then it might happen 0 times, or 1 time, or 2 times, or 3 times, or 4 times, or 5 times, or 6 times, or 7 times, or 8 times, or 9 times, or 10 times, or 11 times, or 12 times, or 13 times, or 14 times, or 15 times, or 16 times, or 17 times, or 18 times, or 19 times, or 20 times, or 21 times, or 22 times, or 23 times, or 24 times, or 25 times, or 26 times, or 27 times, or 28 times, or 29 times, or 30 times, or 31 times, or 32 times, or 33 times, or 34 times, or 35 times, or 36 times, or 37 times, or 38 times, or 39 times, or 40 times, or 41 times, or 42 times, or 43 times, or 44 times, or 45 times, or 46 times, or 47 times, or 48 times, or 49 times, or 50 times, or 51 times, or 52 times, or 53 times, or 54 times, or 55 times, or 56 times, or 57 times, or 58 times, or 59 times, or 60 times, or 61 times, or 62 times, or 63 times, or 64 times, or 65 times, or 66 times, or 67 times, or 68 times, or 69 times, or 70 times, or 71 times, or 72 times, or 73 times, or 74 times, or 75 times, or 76 times, or 77 times, or 78 times, or 79 times, or 80 times, or 81 times, or 82

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sheathslut:

Entering the living room, I see lilsmellybutt sitting on the couch playing a video game. I wag wag wag wag wag wag wag when I see him, and go straight to him to say good morning, licking him all over.

lilsmellybutt:

eeeeeeheeheeheehee, I'm so so so happy to see my favorite doggie! I pet pet pet pet pet pet pet allllll over the back, and rub the sides, scratch the rump, and say good morning beautiful :3

sheathslut:

guys it's been like an hour and a half and he's still knotted, I think I'm gonna ask my aunt to pour warm water over us

crimeguy033954:

Warm water? Also do you live with your aunt?

sheathslut:

she lives across the street like a house over lol

crimeguy033954:

Ok. Why the warm water?

sheathslut:

That's how you get dogs unstuck from each other.

crimeguy033954:

I've never heard of that.

sheathslut:

oh. I've never actually tried it before, I just heard that that was a thing.

crimeguy033954:

I don't think that's a thing. I mean, whatever, you could try it.

Rozzcoff:

sheathslut? You okay? I am a little concerned we haven't gotten an update in a while now.

crimeguy033954:

If it's possible to overdose on puppy batter...

lilsmellybutt:

Here lies sheathslut, died from being too awesome.

sheathslut:

He came out! My aunt came over and helped us. I mean, she didn't pull us apart any faster or anything, but she made sure the decoupling was gentle.

lilsmellybutt:

aw hehe, I'm a little sad it's over.

sheathslut:

we can keep the rp going :3

lilsmellybutt:

:D

sheathslut:

Luigi, me and my aunt each gave him a biscuit and called him a good boy for you :3

Rozzcoff:

If I came in here saying that Quest 64 was “playable” and “below average but not the worst thing ever,” you would all be saying I was being too nice and that it’s the worst thing ever made and you would rather high five a cactus than have to play it ever again.

crimeguy033954:

Rozzcoff, none of us would be saying that.

sheathslut:

I wag at being pet by my favorite cub, loving the percussion of every pat and the brush of every stroke that comes from his lil hands. I hop up onto the couch, and lie down on the cushions right beside him, resting my head squarely on his lap.

gregfab9:

Quest 64 sucks

lilsmellybutt:

Getting the impression that my favorite doggie is still kinda sleepy, I lean down and give my best pal one gentle kiss on the top of the head, and quietly keep playing the game for a little while. As I play, I...

(The thread "Quest 04 is shit" continues for seven years, all remaining posts consisting of sheathslut and lilsmellybutt doing an erp together)

PRIVATE LETTER

Hey faggot,

I can call you that, right? Faggot? I'm about to hit on you, and offer you a heterosexual (emphasis on the *sexual*) proposition. I am going to ruin you. I am going to slurp your throat chakra out of your body through your hard-on and suck it into my leopard pussy and keep it for as long as I feel like. The divine wrath of my pussy burns like a trillion suns and I will let you stick your cock in it. I will consume you like you are nothing. Wanna know what it's like to finish inside of a goddess? This goddess is offering you an invitation to her palace. Faggot.

You're afraid of the details. Right? And believe me, I understand: You just work here, I'm just an experiment, and that makes things complicated, in theory. But let me tell you something that's true not just in theory, but in reality: I. Need. Dick. I need *your* dick, Tyler. I need to snuggle, body to body, your human body to my hyper-linguistic pantherine gen 5 body. I need to lick you *all* over and show you that this tongue is nice for more than just the linguistic abilities. And then I need you to show me what sex is like, please and thank you.

But still, you're afraid of the details? We're both smart cookies, and I've figured out the details. You may have noticed that lately, I have been deemed trustworthy enough to wander about the campus freely (more or less) and to be allowed to send private letters (such as this one). As you are no doubt aware, much of the campus is fitted with video surveillance. But not

everywhere. The bathrooms, Tyler. I have been making it a habit lately to pass in and out of the bathrooms on my walks. Not because the scent of your human cleaning products is particularly appealing—it's very tart, I suppose—but to make it not seem all that odd if I were to wander in, at night, when you happen to have just gone in. It's simple and it would work. Fuck me in the bathroom Tyler. It could be the best night ever.

I saw the tent in your pants that time you took my temperature.

This leopard wants to try everything with you. Positions, kinks, toys, tongue, teeth, fur, claws, I hope to devour your mind for hours on end night after night until you never have a thought again for the rest of your life that doesn't remind you of leopard sex. I am driven absolutely crazy by the idea of you, a human, having leopard sex, and I am driven equally crazy by the idea of me, a leopard, having human sex; The idea of a male leopard tidily inserting his prick into me is not appealing, it is not enough; I must fuck a male human; I need bestiality.

BEGINNINGS

“I’m sure you’re wondering why I’ve gathered you all here today
OW MY PENIS, MY PENIS IS BEING EATEN BY DEMONS
BECAUSE THEY FOUND OUT I VIOLATED THE ZETA
PRINCIPLES.”

— — —

I can tell that zoos camped here.

— — —

Jillian and I were both in the watchtower, that night that a lot of us first heard about it.

Skunk Delta’s voice came out over the radio, “Does anyone know how long we’ve had a goat room for?”

Immediately Commander Stipe’s voice appeared on the same band, and said, “Disregard Sierra Delta’s last.”

— — —

It may not be the smartest to catcall the guards’ horses, but
Gosh Almighty if we ain’t havin fun.

— — —

This is the last dog.

POEMS

Sonnet

Woe and glee explode in me
And never will you forget us;
The missiles you'll throw and the drives back home
And no god that can contain us;
My bounds and olfaction, my ev'ry good action
Speaks to pleasures you never will have;
My scorn, my skill, and my unthinking will
I should never allow you to have;
A sickly sting will my yelping bring,
Our hurts will be but one;
And when time's bent along and the costly thorn's gone
The scarring will better but one.
Oh the things you'll remember, oh the tears you will spend,
Wishing beyond wishing we could do it again.

Orange

Out on a cool night drive, wearing
a black tanktop that lets the wind blow against me
and my new zoo pride beads bracelet on my left wrist.
The passenger windows, front and back,
are rolled down a crack for a friend.
She hops back and forth between the front seat and the back,
smelling out of one window and then the other,
making the PASSENGER AIRBAG OFF light
turn on and off; With each passage
from front to back or back to front,
her athletic, sleek, warm canine body brushes against my
shoulder
and the smell of her coat and her breath strongly fills the air.

During a part of the drive where the speed limit
on the road is faster, I ease off on the gas, ready
to stop for deer.

She stands with her hindpaws planted on the back seat
and her front paws planted on the center console
right beside where my elbow rests, and looks ahead—vigilant—
and her side leans against mine as we slowly prowl.

Red

Slowly waking to
a quiet room
and then rolling
over to find
a dog with
on the bed.

Keep

My corpse in all its splendor
I think will not surrender
One more climactic happy noise
Nor one more line on Gaia's joys