



Devouring Ulmaton, the delicious savage



Murdolock set out and traveled through endless fields and woods for several days; his inhuman shape had made him lose the sense of time, and now he was feeling tired and hungry. His cloaca had just released the dried and flabby mummy of Georges Nicolas, and he could feel within his coils those tiny and soft creatures growing in their eggshells.

Nothing seemed to satisfy his hunger, neither the wild pigs nor the fat-tailed goats living in that territory; yet once he used to find them very good food to eat alive, raw and not garnished. Even before his metamorphosis he had always been a cruel and wild beast of prey; now he had a new body with huge jaws and no limbs, and looking for his third human victim he felt like a man-eating tiger. He thought of the ecstasy he had experienced in the Canjal cannibal rites of the past, and also of the delicious taste of George's flesh and smooth skin. He got near to a tamarisk grove in pink bloom, and stopped by the side of a creek where red corncobs were standing on thick dark green stems. There were some beehives which looked like big cotton candies; they had been made by strange black and blue hymenoptera called *Apis cobalta*, whose transparent honey had an extraordinarily delicious taste.

And there a shining naked bowing silhouette finally attracted Murdolock's attention enthusiastically; a large human backside resembling the mask of some god of prosperity was there before his eyes, and its large pink anus looked like the reproductive organ of some prehistoric mushroom. The Canjal cryptic language defined that hole as *plumonir calatath lofam*; it was common among the savage tribe of the Ulmaton, whose anus, which was clearly seen in the middle of a cup-shaped

anatomical hollow called *zodakal*, was encircled by a dark almond-like halo. It was different from other types, though, such as the *plumonir dedelith*, whose anus was as dark and small as a coffee berry and with several grey wrinkles all around, or the *plumonir docalesh*, whose labrum looked like a pink Greek cross within a hairy triangle; the latter was common among a Bulab race called Ferbok, quite rare in Europe yet widely spread in America, who featured a double anus. Murdolock had learnt about all those strange anatomical classifications from the sacred books he had read in the Great Canjal Abbey in Calabria. He could see through the savage's skin and muscles as if they were made of transparent crystal; the big man's colon was over three meters long, and his double bladder and triple prostate were typical of the prestigious Ulmaton race. Murdolock's fixed his eyes on the man's backside and carefully observed the fair hair around his swollen perineum; just like any micro-cephalous being he had a stiff penis endowed with a long and thick bone called *baculum*, and in his scrotum a pair of testicles as big as goose eggs were hanging between his legs as if they were the jewels of some hypogeal creature. The owner of all that warm treasure was on his knees, drinking the water from the creek by sticking out his cow-like tongue; many small frogs were jumping like mad all around, and the savage swallowed them greedily. Murdolock wanted to eat that man after a slow and sweet game; he instinctively felt his serpent-like green tongue grow long and wet. He gently started to lick the anus of the unaware savage, whose sphincter got more and more soaked; the Bulab Ulmaton's first chakra was shining like a black and red mandala, and Murdolock stared at it through a delicate Kirlian effect. The lubricated *plumonir* got softer and cozy, protruding like a pink flower and ready to be penetrated, and the Acandish Meiolin's long tongue's hyperactive glands secreted their sticky saliva with an opiate effect similar to that of the juice produced by the carnivore mushrooms called *zovanach*, the viriol basic ingredient.

Murdolock heard a long, impressive moan: the savage opened wide his legs and showed his anatomical trophy as if it was a ripe peach or a divine rose. Still moaning, now ready for a wonderfully sublime death, the man turned around and Murdolock

recognized him at once: it was Mumba, Osvaldo Mezzi's jester. Caressing his own buttocks to highlight their size and quality, the savage spoke in his subnormal mix of Italian, English and Latin: "Mumba-always-desiderabit-questo...etiam-you-erit-homo...uh-uh-uh...introducitur-linguam-inside-Mumba...Mumba-felix-to-be-eat-by-te."

Murdolock didn't hesitate to penetrate the man's wet and warm hole deeper and deeper, like a real serpent exploring the burrow of some undefended rodents' brood; the tongue's saliva allowed the beast to slip very easily further into the dark tunnel of the savage's rectum, leading his senses to the highest erotic ecstasy. Mumba's screams of pleasure could be heard all through the forest, and attracted a multitude of small reptiles, insects, butterflies and birds of any kind: goldfinches, parakeets, cockatiels, hummingbirds and canaries came by in a cloud of colorful feathers, witnessing the mingle of those huge and extraordinary coils of a demon-serpent with that naked human flesh. That climax phase was defined *cavarnasch* or "joy of the open rose"; the Bulab gave intense moans of sexual pleasure in a C musical note, and his anus started to emanate a strong smell of milk and sperm.

Mumba had always wanted such a death. He had been nurtured within the Canjal convent to be sacrificed in their cannibal rites, and having become one of the best samples of their breeding he had been selected to be offered to Murdolock; but then Leone XV attacked the abbey, the sect was dispersed and Mumba was taken to Rome. There he got frozen; they wanted to see if his suspended soul would manage to reach the astral dimension called *Santan Canjal*. The experiment failed and after a few years Osvaldo Mezzi decided to bring him back to life and make him the jester of Castel Sant'Angelo.

But Mumba wanted to escape and come back to the land of the carnivore mushrooms, where at last he could be sacrificed in a Canjal rite; indeed he dreamt of Murdolock every night.

And now their destinies were joined again. That frightening black dragon-like form appealed to Mumba a lot; he found it the sexiest thing ever seen on Earth. Murdolock was the perfect Canjal, the ancestral utopian form of a divine priest whose hungry jaws and stomach made up the best altar to be sacrificed on. There was no greater experience or more sublime ecstasy for a savage than being food for such an amazing Canjal demon. Murdolock coiled around that deliriously horny naked flesh, caressing that white skin as smooth as silk which smelled like milky sweat. As the serpent's tongue invaded the whole length of the Bulab's colon, a new climax phase began; it was called *dagapulash* or "death of the black orchid". Now the savage's moans sounded in a D musical note and the extreme pleasure reached his umbilicus.

"Tua-linguam-my-stomach...wonderful!...Uh-wonderful!"

Then Mumba longed for Murdolock's black cloaca; it looked like a big elephant's vagina, a humid tar butterfly as greasy as mildew from rotten wood, and it was offered to the savage in a sort of hellish rite. Mumba's large lips and flat tongue started to lick and suck it so greedily that the serpent-demon had several uncontrollable orgasms. Now the savage's moans, a symphony of heavenly perceptions from his anus, were in the musical note E; it was the phase called *zulafalak* or "exploding nymph", when sexual ecstasy involves the stomach and the diaphragm. Then Murdolock's tongue forced his cardia and went up through his esophagus, and other four phases soon followed: *sorekol*, *capival*, *dopolak*, *orgomal* and *pucupan*, respectively corresponding to the notes F, G, A, B. The new climax of his pleasure was reached when the Meiolin's tongue came out of the savage's mouth putting an end to his moans; now he belonged to the serpent-demon, he was the Canjal's divine food, and for over twenty minutes he twisted his body with frenzy in a shocking series of convulsive orgasms. The Bulab was about to explode with pleasure and unable to utter any words, but Murdolock could read his mind telepathically: "Pray-Murdolock-eat-nunc...Mumba-gaudium-suo-est-incredibilis...eat-me-I-quaero-tibi".

"Of course! – said the serpent-man – I got inside you before, now you'll get inside me!". His jaws opened wide and swallowed the savage's monumental backside and his warm

bowels; Mumba raised his legs to ease the deglutition, and that mountain of flesh, arms, feet and head disappeared in the reptile's huge stomach to be slowly digested, still alive and in pure ecstasy.

