

Islands of Wet Dreams

Epilogue

By Draconicon

The archipelago of the *Motu o Moemoea*, aside from a few moments, had been fairly quiet. Many people passed from daydream to daydream, moving from one fantasy to another as the island took care of them. They were drawn deeper and deeper into their own perversions, not caring about judgment, not worried about the things that were happening to them. So what if a plant slid a tube up their cock? So what if they were impaled on a rather odd bit of machinery? So what if they were spreading their legs for softballs to target their nether regions? They were happy.

Then the mountain blew, and as *Maunga* exploded with fire and shadow, the dream ended. Crowds of people, suddenly aware of what they were doing, ran from their pleasurable partners and tools, rushing down the island to the nearest boat. Many of them didn't even bother, instead throwing themselves in the water and swimming for the central island. Still others were left in shock, fainting dead away at what they were found doing when they woke up.

Chaos reigned for almost an hour, driving vacationers to the boats and employees to the ground as some of the angrier people tried to attack those that - they believed - had put them through this. There were...unfortunate casualties before *Maunga* made himself known.

It was like the sun had delivered itself to the world, as the white-and-red figure dropped from the sky, landing among the panicking vacationers around him. They stared, but only for a moment before they started shouting for an explanation, for someone to tell them what was going on. Some people even called for refunds, or upgrades, out of sheer habit.

They lasted for barely a minute before his touch reached out to them, and one by one, their heads dropped, slipping back into the dream.

In barely a handful of seconds, the panicking beach crowd had been rendered comatose, all of them falling over and hitting the ground with a soft thud. Sand went flying, and erections and soaked panties could be seen from every angle. *Maunga* looked over them, and slowly shook his head.

“Such angry creatures...”

He looked over his shoulder, calling out.

“You can come out now.”

“Yeah, yeah, I know that much. I could tell that from back here.”

A black wolf pulled himself out of the ground, dragging himself like a cartoon from the hole of a sand dollar. He reached back in, dragging out a coyote, a human, and a werewolf in rapid succession, putting them behind him. All but the coyote looked perturbed, and the black wolf shook his head.

“Seriously, I could have done that.”

“I know you could, Studley, but I believe you said something about not being too obvious?”

“And a god coming out of the sky isn’t? Heh.”

“It’s less obvious than someone producing something impossible. From what I’ve seen in my dream, religious hysteria can be blamed on a number of things. The sand rising up in shackles, the water churning to release one of your old cousins, or other things that would cause physical damage, less so.”

“Yeah, but...eh, fair enough.”

“So.” The bigger, gray werewolf cleared his throat. “What the hell are we doing now? Looks like we’re right back where we’re started.”

“Oh, we’re in a much better place, actually, Mr. Finy-Heiny.”

“Toby, I swear to all the gods...”

The coyote chuckled.

“I’m part god myself, now, remember? Or, well, was. Or might be? Time is weird.

“Anyway, we’re in a much better place, now. Considering that *Maunga* is on our side, and he can start running the resort consciously instead of just by random dreams, I’m pretty sure that this place will be fine. Particularly considering everything else going on. I doubt that you’ll be causing any trouble. Will you, *Maunga*?”

“I have no plans for abusing my power. I make myself stronger with the pleasure and daydreams of people. To fill them with nightmares would be against my own interests.”

“Then I have one big question.”

“What is that, host of Coyote?”

“Can I stay here for a while? There’s a lot of mythological things here, and I only got a chance to study about five percent of them, and only one up close.”

“...You just want to fuck the dragon some more, don’t you, Professor?”

Toby turned to the human, giving him a level look.

“Yes, but that’s not the point. I want to try ALL of them.”

“Why am I not - you have your medication, right?”

“Medication?”

“...Don’t tell me you lost it. Lupe, he didn’t lose it, did he?”

“Not that I saw,” the werewolf muttered. “Then again, the little fuck might have thrown it away somewhere.”

“Ooooooh, I might have,” Toby admitted, rocking back and forth. “But let’s be honest, it’s more fun without -”

“Here.”

The coyote turned, just in time to have two pill bottles jammed into his hands. Toby looked up, grumbling at the smirk on Studley’s face.

“Why?”

“Because sometimes you need ‘em. And sometimes, you gotta focus.”

“Says the god of chaos...”

“Yeah, well, I’m chaos. That means I’m unpredictable. So, don’t expect me to agree with you just because it causes chaos.”

Shaking his head, Toby started to shove the bottles to a nonexistent pocket, only for them to fall to the beach below. They rolled away, almost landing in the water before the sand pulled up, and rolled them back. They tapped against his heel three times before he gave in and picked them up again.

All the while, *Maunga* and Lupe were talking.

“You know I gotta make a report about this. Just...fuck. Is there anything I gotta tell the government about you besides the fact you’re a god? They’re gonna chew my ass out anyway for this; don’t want to miss something that’ll make ‘em even more pissed off.”

“I am an ancient god, perhaps of the order you would term primordial. However, I do not believe there is anything else you need to be concerned about.”

“Your funeral if they find something and decide to nuke the place, bub.”

“I’d like to see them try.”

“So...”

Everyone turned to Carl, the human rubbing the back of his head.

“So...is this it? Are we all going back to...to real life, then?”

It was a good question. Studley looked at Carl, and then at Toby, while Toby was, as usual, absorbed with the island. Lupe looked at Studley, Carl looked at Toby, and *Maunga* looked at everyone. Nobody said anything, not for a good few minutes, before Studley shrugged.

“I guess as ‘real’ as real life tends to be, yeah.”

“So...what about the island?”

“Leave that to me,” *Maunga* said. “This is my home...and I will open it to the world.”

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6 months later...

Studley was in the middle of another meeting in the hotel, this time with a rather amiable mouse, when the phone in the middle of the table started to ring. He held up a finger to the masked rodent.

“One second, please.”

“Take your time. We’re almost ready to sign, anyway.”

We. Lots of people in that we, and you’re the only one I’ve met, he thought as he picked up the phone. Still, the mouse captain’s technology would be rather useful for establishing the archipelago as a crossroads between the different supernatural dimensions, particularly with *Maunga’s* help. They just needed to make sure it didn’t set off any alarm bells before it was ready.

“Hello?”

“You know, you really should call. I thought you’d let me know if you were doing anything stupid out there.”

“Lupe, hey, how’s it going?”

“Pretty sure you know how it’s going. The APSE wanted to kick me to the curb. They settled with kicking my ass for a few weeks. They’re really not happy about having a fucking god on the loose out there.”

“Yeah, well, it’s not like he’s causing any trouble.”

“I’m not talking about Maunga here.”

Studley blinked, pulling the phone from his ear and glaring at it. A few seconds later, he heard a howl from the other end, followed by a stream of cursing.

“How the FUCK did you give me a wet willy through the phone?!”

“God, remember? Don’t tell me you told them about me.”

“No, Coyote. Didn’t tell them about Toby, though. I had to say something, though. Not like they’d believe that a college prof and a mercenary could kill one of the old-school gods.”

“No, guess not. So, why aren’t you out hunting him?”

“Mostly because I’m on ‘vacation.’ Don’t want me out and causing embarrassing situations or something. So, got any room at the hotel out there?”

“...Yeah, you know what? I think I just might.”

“Great. Open the fucking front door.”

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Lupe hung up his cell phone, and went back to rubbing at his ear. The slime from that stupid trick was still dripping from the fur on the edges, and he was almost certain that it wasn't going to come off until he had a chance to get a shower.

Damn it, Studley, you know I hate that, he thought to himself, waiting for the wolf to let him in. The new gate at the dock was something to keep out anyone that the administration didn't want on the island, and each island had something similar. It ruined some of the locales, particularly the forest island, considering that the fence had to be there to sell the whole 'secret base' look, but it was better than the alternative.

After all, people just wandering onto the island getting stuck was part of the problem of the original set-up. At least this way, the people people falling into sexual daydreams were the people that wanted to.

Eventually, the steel gate opened with a hum and a groan, letting him step through off of the pier and onto the sand. His large paws sank through the grains, sucking him in almost up to his ankles before he got his momentum back, and he looked around.

Even though there was a steel wall around the island now, there was still a great deal of the resort left. The cabanas were still around, and Carlone was working with some of the muscle builders. The dragon had toned it down a bit, from what he'd seen; last time, everyone had looked like they'd dwarf the Mr. Olympus competitors. Now they were just Adonises, which was...something, at least, even if they were all packing bulges that would put anyone's eyes out if they looked too close.

He walked across the beach, playfully nabbing a vixen by the waist as she walked by with dazed eyes. She was obviously still in the middle of one of *Maunga's* daydreams, and she looked like she was in the middle of a fantasy, still. She let out a playful screech as he pulled her close as he walked.

“Oh, no, a monster has me! Oh, no, someone heeeeeeelp, hee hee!”

“Yeah, yeah, rawr, rawr. How long until your swimsuit comes off?”

“...About a year with that performance, dick.”

“Oh ho, you like it like that, huh?”

Lupe chuckled. Well, if that was how it was going to be...

He tossed her forward a few feet, and threw his head back. The piercing howl that left his muzzle echoed over the island, freezing everyone in place as he held the hunting howl for a good minute, putting everything he had in his lungs into it. He flexed his claws, tensed his muscles, and just...showed off.

When he finally brought his head down, the vixen's swimsuit was so soaked that he could see her pussy through it. She grinned.

"Thaaaaat's the monster I want. I mean, Eeeeeeeek!"

"Hehehe...get running, girl. You got twenty seconds."

The vixen giggled, running off down the beach without hesitation. He watched her go, shaking his head a few times.

You know, the ASPE can go fuck themselves, at least, regarding this place, he thought. Seriously, the guy feeds off of sex, and you only get in here if you really want it. They think this is dangerous? They need a wake-up call.

He waited a full twenty seconds, and then ripped through the sand, barely avoiding a naga in the process. Well, not entirely avoiding him...but he was sure that the hypnotic snake would heal from the stomp to the head quick enough.

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"And that seems to wrap up my studies of centaurs. Thank you *very* much for all your patience."

"No...problem..."

Toby wriggled out from under the centaur male, his ass still speckled with seed as he made his way to his notebooks. The centaur in question collapsed, still panting, still hard behind him as he started to scrawl.

Centaur stamina massively overblown, at least in terms of sexual conquest. A half-decent nymphomaniac would exhaust an entire herd in little more than four hours. No staying power, either; cums within two minutes, even with full numbing agent applications, he wrote.

The coyote put the notebook back down, and leaned back against one of the rocks. It was...quite a day. Staring up at the sun coming through the trees, the coyote couldn't help but imagine what it was like out there, past this world of mythology. Slippery memories came through, no longer filtered through the pills. He was sure Studley would come and make him take a few in a couple of days, but as of now...

The sparkles drifted past his eyes, running through his head like little fireflies of thought. Nothing serious, never focused. Just little ideas passing through. Little ideas that linked to other little ideas, forming different theories.

Dragons descended from kobolds, perhaps? Seems odd to regress downwards. After all, kobolds would be the ones that have to come in multitudes. But what would they hunt that they needed big stuff for? Then again, kobolds are fake, and dragons are real; that would make a big difference, if the dragons came second.

A theory to look into. Maybe he'd ask Rumiir, if the big blue came back later. The dragon had taken to flying out and about, scouting the air and the lands around the island, watching for anything that might come in that didn't belong. *Maunga* had released Rumiir from his responsibilities, but that didn't mean that the big blue wanted to give up all his convenient partners for play.

Toby rubbed at his crotch, grinding away some of the slime that was left over after his latest experiments, before pulling the notebook back up and flicking to the beginning.

“Satyrs, did that. Kobolds, did them. Minotaurs, mmm, those were fun. Nymphs, little picky, but generally very indulging. Tentacle plants...Find a volunteer.”

He made a note of that. It wasn't certain that he'd remember to read that note later, but better to do that than risk forgetting it. Again. And again. The tentacle plants had a way of making one fall so deep into their pleasure that they forgot about the world around them, and he didn't need that.

As he continued through the list, he heard a soft buzzing sound. Toby thought it was one of the buzzing insects that were so plentiful, until it buzzed again, just above his head, and then buzzed once more -

“OW!”

The phone dropped off the branch he'd put it on, and landed right between his legs. The coyote fell forward, whimpering and clutching his balls as it kept on buzzing away. Panting, he kept one hand on his sack while sliding the answer button over.

“Mmmph...H-hello?”

“Toby, this isn't a bad time, is it?”

“Depends on...what a bad time...is...”

“You okay?”

“Juuuuust fine...dropped my phone on my balls...”

“You know, you wouldn't do that if you remembered where you put it. And if you just took

“What do you want, Studley? I was getting ready to...to study the tentacle plants.”

“Heh. Well, Lupe's back, and I was wondering if you've heard anything from Carl.”

“...Not much, really.”

“Really? I thought that he would be coming back for the six month reunion. You sent him the invitation, didn't you?”

“...I think so...”

“Well, I can go and get him, if you didn't. Just takes five -”

“No, no. I'll call him.”

“You sure?”

“Yeah. I should, anyway.”

If he could focus that long. He hung up, and redialed a different number. A number he barely remembered, if he was honest with himself.

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Carl was deep in his studies, hiding out in the corner of the campus grounds, when his phone rang. He blinked, looking down at it. He'd had to get a new phone after half of the stuff on the island, all those months ago, and it came up as an unknown number. Familiar, though, so he answered it.

"Hello?"

"...Hi, Carl."

"...Toby?"

"Yeah, it's me."

"Well, uh...long time, no hear."

Long time, indeed. Six whole months, with nothing. He'd almost thought that the old coyote had just forgotten about the rest of the world. He sat up, putting his book away as he leaned forward.

"What's up? I thought you'd be back here for the fall quarter, but nobody's said anything."

"*I should, but...I don't know. It's just so fascinating...out here.*"

"Toby, are you...are you okay? You don't sound right."

"*Just such lovely things. Easy thoughts. No pressure. Feels good out here.*"

"You're not taking your pills anymore, are you?"

"*It's better without them.*"

Goddamnit, he thought. He resisted the urge to slap himself; Toby would hear it.

"You know you need them. Maybe you could have called me before now, if you'd have been taking them."

"*I...maybe. Look. I...I called you for a reason. There's kind of a party out here. And...Studley said he can come and get you. Do you...want to?*"

Carl took a deep breath, let it out.

"Is it on the islands?"

"*...That's part of the reason I didn't call you, I think.*"

"Uh-huh."

“I know. I know you didn’t like it out here, that...it kinda got to you more than anyone else. You had to do a lot. I understand if you...don’t want to come out here.”

“If you think that I *want* to be on those islands, you’re crazy. I lost -”

He broke off, seeing some of the other students walking by. Lowering his voice, he held his hand over the phone, cupping it around his mouth.

“I lost my virginity to a ghost, and then ended up fucking a pinball machine, almost got choked out by a naga, and nearly was part of bringing about an apocalypse. I don’t want to be there -”

“Alright. You don’t have to come. I’ll let Studley -”

“But do you want me to come out there?”

“...”

Click.

Carl looked at the phone, and slowly shook his head. That wasn’t what he wanted to hear.

He managed to get back to reading his study materials for about a minute before he gave up. The shaky way that his old professor was talking, the way that he’d just cut off the conversation like that; it was too much like what he was worried about. Toby wasn’t just losing himself out there. He was deliberately avoiding the rest of the world.

He didn’t call me because he doesn’t want to deal with the real world. No other reason.

Before the island, he would have been willing to take that. It was the teacher’s choice, after all, and Toby was an adult, could make his own decisions...

But things had changed. He sighed, and flicked through his phone.

“Studley...that offer of a ride still open?”

The archipelago was a place of dreams...but one couldn’t live in a dream forever. It was time for Toby to wake up.

The End