

Lucilius doesn't like it when outsiders meddle with his specimens, especially not when they belong to the High Council. A particularly persistent one by the name of Beelzebub had introduced himself as an overseer on trial; basically a new council member, used for dirty work. It's a common practice with the inexperienced ones. Should the fruits of their labor suffice, they are considered a council member.

The researcher has yet to go more than a decade of his life without being the final test to a council fledgling. As much as he enjoys making the council's lives hell, he would rather not be the one to test Beelzebub's resolve since he possesses a particularly foul temper. However, considering what is about to transpire, he might just do that.

The council has requested a thorough examination report of a primal beast several times by now, and only now they came to the conclusion that he won't provide such without being forced to do so. Well, they'll see where that gets them.

Thick iron cuffs click into their locks one by one as Lucilius makes a last few preparations for the examination - *on the specimen*, that is. Cuffed to the iron table lies a Belial, stark-naked and quivering. Not in fear, but in excitement. Lucilius avoids parading Lucifer around, especially with those pesky newbies who cannot appreciate his form. *Belial*, however, is a formidable candidate to make these examinations a living hell for those who are tasked with his observation.

"Hold still.", the Astral speaks while putting on gloves, allowing the latex to snap to his wrists.

The sound itself makes the beast on the table jolt, such a simple thing already sending him into a state of sweet ecstasy. Lucilius might've conditioned him a bit in that regard; once the gloves come on, Belial knows what is about to happen. And he loves it. About to retrieve a bottle of medical lubricant, Lucilius stops in his tracks and looks upon the pitiful thing on his table as he stares at him with great expectations darkening his gaze. Whereas Lucifer is a graceful creature, Belial reminds him more of a vile beast in heat, especially in a lab environment.

"This is going to be one of those... in-depth procedures, right?", Belial asks even though he knows the answer.

"Indeed.", the Astral responds, crouching down to rummage around in the cabinets under the examination table. Where'd he put the damn lube again? "I'm working from the top to the bottom, so be patient."

*Cue labored breathing.* "I'm already on edge, I don't know if--"

A loud knock. Lucilius has never been this happy to be interrupted by another Astral.

Lucilius has no time to invite the visitor in, because Beelzebub already opens the door before he can do so. His large frame barely fits through the door frame and he has to duck to enter without hitting his head. By looks, Beelzebub is the definition of a giant oaf and it doesn't get any better personality-wise.

Once the council member is able to scrutinize the picture unfolded before him (mostly Belial in that case), he seems willing to flee the scene as quickly as he entered it.

"Why is it like that?"

No hello or other greetings, straight to the beast in the room. Just no tact at all— *typical*.

Finally having found the lubricant, Lucilius stands straight once more and puts the bottle onto the trolley covered in other necessary medical equipment.

"This is a thorough examination in vivo. Sometimes they struggle.", Lucilius explains in a frighteningly casual manner, "Close the door and we shall begin."

And that Beelzebub does without further objections.

Meanwhile, Belial is rearing to go on the examination table, red dusting his shoulders and pupils dilated to the point where the red of his eyes is no longer visible. Telltale signs of excitement and sexual arousal in primal beasts. That council greenhorn won't know what hit him.

"I shall start with the head and move down from there.", Lucilius says as he puts on a face mask, more out of habit than anything else.

"I hope this is worth my time.", Beelzebub grunts at him

*Ditto*, Lucilius thinks to himself.

Oh, he has no idea what's in store for him.

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The other Astral shows no interest in the advanced senses that Lucilius tells him of, nor does he even bat an eye at the fact that Belial has the bite force of a wyvern. Core placements don't interest him either, but he does perk up a little at the mention of other facts pertaining to the matter, such as the regenerative abilities beasts have thanks to their core or that they can be tampered and tinkered with as much as one wishes. Perhaps he does have good taste after all.

However, Beelzebub's curiosity quickly dwindles again once Lucilius gets onto the topic of other specialized organs, such as a winged primal's larger lungs that can fill out most of their ribcage due to the fact that they don't have a heart. In addition to that, their chest and back muscles are highly developed in comparison to those of a skydweller, aptly showcased by flexing them. Cue a yawn from Beelzebub's side when Lucilius moves on to the stomach cavity and speaks of the things a primal can ingest without suffering fatal intoxication - even particularly aggressive acids that would dissolve a life form within seconds cannot damage their stomach lining.

But then, Lucilius moves lower.

"Alright, I think I've gained extensive insight into... whatever beasts you've created.", Beelzebub says, checking the notes on his clipboard.

"I do believe we have a last section to cover.", Lucilius states.

He can hear Belial give a whine so high pitched that it is barely audible even to the ears of an Astral.

"Oh?"

A dainty finger brushes over the beast's abdomen, past the navel and all the way down to his mound. Lucilius minds not the bewildered gazes Beelzebub gives him. He makes it a point to rub over the engorged folds of Belial's sex as excruciatingly slow as he can before parting them with two fingers, allowing the other Astral to catch a deep glimpse at the primal's... *more delicate anatomy*.

"A primal beast's external genital structure isn't much different from ours. They also possess functioning ovaries and testes, but—" Cue Lucilius withdrawing his hand and reaching for the lubricant to squirt some onto his fingers. "—they do have certain other traits that are worth mentioning."

Beelzebub's hood covers most of his face, but Lucilius can imagine the expression of sheer terror. The mental image is making it hard to keep up the act, but he manages to retain his cold demeanor. *And thus, the worst and best part of the in-vivo examination begins.* With two lubed up fingers, the researcher spreads Belial's sex anew, avoiding his swollen clit on purpose. The area of interest lies just below it. *How convenient for further edging.*

"This small plate is actually the glans of their penis. At rest, it seals the sheath and ensures that no urine may trickle into it since that could cause an infection." A finger traces the area he's speaking of: a small oval shield of

tissue with a slit, which he rubs over next. "Speaking of which, the urethra is located right here, in the middle of the plate."

As requested prior, Belial is keeping quiet. All that betrays his arousal is the quivering of his thigh each time Lucilius finger swipes over the small slit. He continues this for a moment longer before he moves further down. His fingers spread the primal's folds some more in order to reveal his twitching cunt, dyed in the same bright purple that Belial's blood bears.

"A primal's vagina usually bears a bright coloration such as this one when their cycle reaches its peak and they go into heat.", Lucilius continues with his needlessly extensive explanation, only to lower his voice, "And I think this one is presenting to you right now."

Lucilius can feel the contractions just under the pads of his fingers, the sensation itself causing him to make an attempt at swallowing the lump that's forming in his throat. It takes every ounce of his will power to stop himself from relieving Belial of a fraction of his agony. In the meantime, Beelzebub seems to have similar issues with his composure, long fingernails clawing into the metal table top as if he's suffering unspeakable torture. *Well, technically he is.* Whether this is unbearable arousal or boundless irritation matters not to Lucilius; he just wants to watch him suffer.

"Next, I'll attempt to stimulate the beast so that I can show you his penis. Their penile variations differ greatly from the ones known among us Astrals.", the researcher tells Beelzebub and promptly makes his threat reality.

His hand slides back up to Belial's mound before he brushes over his folds once more with the entire breadth of his hand, slowly transitioning from teasing touches to gentle circles drawn. The primal voices his approval in the shape of a throaty purr, his legs spreading as much as the cuffs allow him to. A trickle of slick from his cunt makes its way onto the metal surface, now that his thighs have given way. Lucilius gives him a few moments more of gentle rubbing, before focusing on a different part of him. Using his second hand, he spreads Belial's sex just beneath his mound to reveal his clit that only seems to have swollen further since the last time he actively paid attention to it.

Well, now the wait shall pay off. The primal has been on his best behavior; that calls for a little reward.

Again, Lucilius has to utilize all of the strength available to not just lean down and suck Belial's clit until the only thing the primal knows how to scream is Lucilius' name. That will have to wait until their visitor has had enough of this. Instead, he uses his already lubricated fingers to swipe over the large bud, flick a fingertip against it, rub it in generous circles, pinch it with two fingers.

A loud thud on the metal table tells him that the primal has just dropped his head back down on it. His toes curl against the surface and it only gets worse when Lucilius adds more lubricant. Though eager to keep it all in to please his creator, Belial can no longer hold back soft gasps, his chest heaving with each and every one of them.

The researcher almost forgets about his actual goal but then finds himself reminded when Belial's cock unsheathes so abruptly that all of it springs forth with a single jut of the primal's hips. Finally freed from its Astral-made confide, the primal's cock flares and fills with blood quickly, giving it a vibrant purple hue, much like his cunt.

"Ah, there it is.", Lucilius huffs at it as if it was just a normal thing to do on an afternoon, "It doesn't work all the time because this one - well, he has performance anxiety." This is only half a lie, because sometimes it really just doesn't work. Belial doesn't have performance anxiety, though.

"Either way, this is one of the most common forms among primals, easily identified by its pointed tip." The Astral accentuates his words by rubbing the aforementioned pointed tip between his fingers, drawing a needy mewl from Belial.

He's still waiting on Beelzebub simply leaving.

"This area close to the base is called a knot. It creates a so-called tie during copulation to ensure conception by quite literally tying the two partners together." They are beasts after all, so the council shouldn't be surprised that they actually bear beastly traits. "The thin section below the knot is the base which is incredibly flexible compared to the rest of the penis."

And how does he demonstrate that fact? Without any reserve, Lucilius grips Belial's cock and pulls it towards his legs to showcase how flexible the base really is, only to let it snap back, hitting the primal's abdomen with a wet thud. Belial can only respond with another mewl, pathetic and high pitched.

He's about to ask Beelzebub whether he has any questions, but his desire wins the upper hand over him in the end. Without a trace of gentleness he grips Belial's cock and begins to stroke it quickly and in rough motions. The primal finally utters his first moan of the session, his back arching as much as the cuffs allow him to. Lucilius doesn't mind the wet squelching from the excess lubrication on his hands.

Considering how riled up Belial was already prior to this, it doesn't take long for him to reach his climax. The primal cries out as spurts of runny cum streak his abdomen up to his chest, his cock throbbing with each spasm of his peak.

Almost as if this was an orgasm so intense that even Lucilius felt it and now has to catch a break, there's a pause before he speaks once more, "Either way, that concludes this examination in vivo. Be sure to include all the details about primal anatomy in your report to the council."

By the time he can finish his sentence Beelzebub has already left the room in haste. *Heh, good.*

Finally able to rest at ease, Lucilius shoulders slump but there's no time to relax because all of his desires from a few moments ago return to him all at once. One hand holds Belial's cock aside, while two fingers of his other hand settle at each side of his clit.

In the same manner as a parched man in the desert, Lucilius leans down with haste and begins to suck hard on the sensitive bud, sucks on it until the only thing Belial is capable of doing is howl his name frantically, until his arousal overflows and stains the once clean surface of the examination table.

His cock throbs in his hand, desperate for attention, but Lucilius continues to flick his tongue against Belial's clit to the point where the primal downright begs for mercy.

When Lucilius straightens his frame once more, he notices that the little trickle of slick from earlier has turned into a puddle that slowly begins to inch its way towards the drain of the examination table. Unable to stop himself, the Astral sets his mind on a last, devastating move - he strikes Belial's mound with enough strength to create a nice resounding clap of skin on skin, forcing another mewl, along with a spurt of slick, out of him.

Even though he didn't actually do anything to take care of his own arousal, Lucilius feels like he could go for a cigarette. Or three.

"Take a bath after I undo the cuffs.", the Astral grunts at his creation.

"I can't even feel my legs.", Belial responds, still out of breath and shivering all over, likely due to overstimulation.

Another grunt follows in response as Lucilius removes his gloves and throws them away.

And after cleaning up, it's business as usual.