Chapter 11: Kirdos

The wind howled across the sands of the desert, kicking up clouds of it as the sun slowly began to sink below the horizon. For anyone unfortunate enough to still be attempting to travel through the high dunes it meant that the scorching heat of day was about to turn into the freezing cold of night, and for Ranza that had the potential to spell a death sentence for him if he wasn’t careful. That had somewhat already been set for him though; the reason he was out in the middle of the dunes with little in the way of supplies was due to a bandit group that had raided his caravan that morning. Most of the guard had been killed or captured along with the merchants, and with nothing else that he could do he turned and ran as soon as he had found an opening to do so.

As Ranza continued to trudge his way along the dunes he found that the only thing he had actually managed to do was delay his own demise. If he had stayed perhaps he would have been able to be captured instead of outright killed, especially since he didn’t have any means to fight off the bandits. But he had already made his choice and he was going to have to live with it, which at the very least wouldn’t be that long as the light of day began to fade. He could feel his body shiver slightly from the increasing cold and knew if he didn’t find shelter soon the next morning he would merely be food for the animals that made the desert its home.

“Please…” Ranza whispered through cracked lips as he struggled through the shifting sand of a particularly large dune. “If anyone can hear me, I will do whatever you want if you save me. My body, my mind, my soul, it’s all yours if you can just let me see the light of one more morning.”

The impromptu prayer ended with a cough that came from his parched throat and Ranza mustered as much strength as he could in order to get over the lip of the dune. It took several minutes but eventually he got to the top, feeling the sun and wind on his back as he looked over the moonlit desert beneath him. Nothing… there was nothing there to save him on the other side. The only thing that he found was an endless sea of sand as he felt his strength give out and he fell to his knees.

When he put his weight on the other side of the dune however it caused the loose sand to shift underneath him, causing him to tumble down the opposite side of the huge dune with his body kicking up sand as it went. Ranza was unsure of exactly how long he rolled down the mountainous drift until he finally got to the bottom as an avalanche of sand threatened to prematurely bury him right there. With a loud groan the man slowly pulled himself away from the cascading grains and found purchase on a flat piece of stone, taking the solid ground as a respite and lying down on it. As the temperature continued to plunge he found the heat getting sucked out of his body, causing him to shiver as he watched the moon rise up over him for the last time before closing his eyes…

Suddenly a loud cracking sound caused him to bolt upright, his heart pumping as he heard something else other than the wind as he scanned the area to see what it could be. At first he saw nothing that would have made the sound but as he slowly stood up he could hear it happen again, and again, and with more frequency as it seemed to be rising up towards him. When he looked down at the stone that he was sitting on he began to notice silver lines starting to appear as the full moon continued to move over his head, and as he stared at the increasingly glowing pattern he began to see the sand around him start to get pulled down as though emptying into a cavern below. The rock Ranza stood on began to vibrate as more of the sand was pulled away until it emptied a small valley worth, and when it finally stopped the young man stepped to the edge of the platform he was now on and saw something had emerged from the sea of sand that receded from the uncovered cliff.

It looked like an ancient temple, and though Ranza had seen others during his travels he had never seen anything so well preserved as the one that laid beneath him. More importantly however it had a door, and if it had a door then it was likely he could at least try and shelter there for the night. As he searched the rock that he had been standing on he found that there was a path that led down to it, and though it was steep the man made his way down it as quickly as possible to get to potential shelter. Part of him wonder if his prayer had perhaps been answered as he eventually got to the entrance and took a moment to see the black stone columns that stretched upwards as well as the other features carved into the face of the otherwise brown cliff.

Ranza felt the chill seeping into his bones and quickly pushed forward, going through the narrow entrance of the temple into the room beyond. It was just a small antechamber, but with the moonlight streaming in through the door he could see that the stones were etched with a variety of silver lines that formed a mosaic of pictures. It seemed whatever civilization left this here was big into felines, and as he saw that a lot of them were humanoid in nature he wondered if these were the gods they served. On the wall opposite the entranceway there was another opening and this one had one humanoid feline in particular with spots and stripes while dozens of small silver humans bowed down in front of it.

Definitely a deity, Ranza thought to himself as he moved towards the other end of the room. As he got close he began to hear something echoing further in the temple, something he hadn’t expected to hear ever again but was a welcome noise. He practically rushed forward into the next chamber and as he did he found himself in a large circular room complete with a dome that stretched up into the sky and had moonlight streaming in so he could see, but more importantly there was a wall-sized engraving in black stone on the other side where a steady stream of water rushed down from the opening above into a large pool below. At first Ranza thought that he was hallucinating but as he rubbed his eyes and opened them again the pool remained as a glittering oasis illuminated by the moon above.

At this point the floor could have been filled with deadly asps and it wouldn’t have mattered to the young man as he sprinted forward, pulling the shawl that had been protecting him from the elements up to that point and tossing it aside. He could feel the sand that had been trapped in his short brown hair start to fall out as he went to the edge of the waterfall fountain and brought his face down into the water in order to drink. It was cool and refreshing and it took every ounce of his willpower not to just keep his sunburned face in it until he drowned. He could feel some of his hair floating around and as he brought his head back up he felt it drip tantalizingly down his exposed shoulders.

The drink revitalized him and as he sat on the polished stone lip of the pool Ranza finally had a chance to take in his surroundings. It appeared this was the only other room other than the small antechamber and every inch of it was carved in the same black stone as what he saw outside. It also seemed that the pool he sat near was the only other major feature in the room with a very large pedestal in the middle of it that sat almost directly underneath the small waterfall. This surprised the young man that there were no other statues, no reliefs, nothing else that was on the walls or on the floor that was covered in black sand.

“It feels like there should be something here,” Ranza said to himself as he noticed the waterfall and pool were directly opposite of where the main entrance was. “Of course knowing this area bandits probably took off with it already. Maybe there’s something on the pedestal itself that could give a clue…”

Ranza got up once more and with his strength returning he decided to try and jump over to where the pedestal was and see if he could see if there was anything on it. After gauging the jump he took off his shoes and took as best a running start he could before leaping across the water to the platform. He managed to get one foot on it but the other one fell short, and as it did it caused him to windmill his arms before falling backwards and landing in the water with a loud splash. Fortunately the bottom of the pool was much deeper than it looked as Ranza found himself completely submerged with his feet still not touching the bottom.

As Ranza floated there in the cold water he saw something in the shadow of the moonlight on the wall of the pool that caused him to pause. They looked like little circular portals were cut into the stone and then blocked off again, but with the lip of the fountain only a few inches off the base and these holes several feet down it wouldn’t be to release the water into the room… at least not on top. Very quickly however he began to feel his lungs burning and kicked his way to the surface. When he broke through into the air he let out a loud gasping breath, swimming over to the pedestal and pulling himself up and over onto the edge of it.

Only a few inches in however Ranza found his hand sinking down several inches as he saw that there was black sand in the pedestal too. With his wet body and clothes the grains instantly stuck to him, which prompted him to pull off his tunic to prevent it from getting any dirtier than it already was. The dip in the water helped clean his body though and as he sat there shirtless he chuckled to himself as he realized that was the first bath he had taken in quite some time. To his surprise the air didn’t feel as cold as he thought it would be with the exposed holes in the roof and with the cloth clinging to his legs starting to chaff he took those off as well and tossed both garments to the side.

This just left him with his underwear, but since it was unlikely anyone would find him here he decided to go with just that as he carefully got to his feet in order to avoid getting any more of the sand on him. As he wiggled his fingers though it actually wasn’t as gritty as he imagined, instead it felt like he was rubbing a rough marble surface as he slowly walked around the edge of the pedestal. As he got to the opposite end of where he had gotten up from he noticed that there was writing in silver letters that had been on the inner lip of the pedestal. As he tried to angle himself to read it however he found himself unable too, he would have to get closer in order to read it and instead of risking falling head over heels like he had already done today he just decided to step into the loose black sand and wash it off later.

When he got to about the middle of the pedestal he had sunk ankle deep into the material as he knelt down slightly in order to see what was written there. To his surprise Ranza found himself actually able to understand what it was, he had thought that it was going to be gibberish in some ancient language but it was actually as clear as day to him. “Stand here and be worshipped, my idol,” Ranza read out loud, tilting his head curiously as he stood back up and looked around. “So there was a relic or statue here, but I guess whatever it was is long gone now.”

Ranza shook his head and sighed as he made his way back over to the edge of the pedestal once more to pull himself out of the sand. It would have been interesting to find something here to make up for the terrible experience, but with nothing but black sand and a bunch of carvings he would come up empty handed. It didn’t really matter to him though, he thought to himself as he leaned his toned body over the edge to try and get to the edge of the pool, at the moment he just needed to survive long enough to escape the desert. Once he got home he could tell others what he found, though at the moment he was having trouble just getting off the pedestal without taking another dip in the pool.

When he tried unsuccessfully for the third time Ranza sighed loudly and decided to just swim over; the water was very pleasant anyway and with whatever idol no longer here it wasn’t like he would have some deity curse him for splashing around. Unlike the last time he just let his feet dip into the water before sliding in the rest of the way, then began to swim over towards the other side. A few seconds in however Ranza felt himself being pulled down into the water by his feet, something that caused him to panic as he kicked his way towards the relatively short distance to the other side.

More than once his head sank under the water before he managed to generate enough lift to get back up, eventually bringing his arm up and hooking it around the pool to keep himself from sinking as he coughed and sputtered. His feet felt like anchors and when he pulled himself up to get out of the water he saw that the arm he had grabbed the lip with was as black and shiny as the stone itself. It was like the sand had melted onto and fused with his skin and as he hoisted the rest of his body up he saw his feet were the same way all the way up past his ankles.

“Oh gods,” Ranza exclaimed as he took his still normal hand and tapped against his feet to find they were as hard as rock. “I am cursed!”

As Ranza felt panic rising up in his chest he put his stony hand against his chest and shuddered as he felt the same smooth, polished stone as what he sat on. He also felt his fingers move, which turned his fear into confusion as he brought his hand up and wiggled the digits in the air. Despite being completely petrified they moved as effortlessly as they always had, in fact they almost worked better than before as the pain that came from his desert travels seemed to disappear in that area. Perhaps the curse was delayed, Ranza thought as he stood up and looked around for his clothes, or that whatever it was that ruled this temple was allowing him to leave.

It was something that the young man didn’t want to test as he grabbed his wet clothes and made his way towards the entrance, only to remember too late that most of the floor in the temple was black sand as well. Ranza gasped as his heavier feet caused him to sink down even further and dropped his clothes, which picked up the grains as well. He cursed under his breath and reached down to carefully pick up his garment, but when he did his eyes widened as the strands dissolved between his fingers. It also caused his unaffected fingers to get coated and seemed to thicken the stone of his already afflicted hand.

Ranza quickly pulled himself back as best he could until the got to the solid stone of the altar area with the pool and when his feet had emerged at first he couldn’t believe it. Instead of normal toes and feet it looked like someone had carved huge stone paws on the ends of his feet, the black rock all the way up to his shins that felt like a bizarre pair of boots as he attempted to stand back up. As he stared at them he tried to wiggle his toes and found that the three merged toes wiggled back at him. They were also lighter than they seemed and he was able to move them with a little effort to another stone platform that was to the left of the pool.

As he laid down on the smooth rock Ranza looked up and saw the moon starting to move away from the holes in the temple, making the area darker as he felt exhaustion overtake him. As he closed his eyes he realized that he was in a strange building in the middle of nowhere with no food, water, and no real clothes to cover his body that was being petrified by the black sand that stood between him and freedom. At least he had shelter that was somewhat warm, he thought to himself as he drifted off, and maybe come morning he could figure something out…

When Ranza awoke once more he found himself still on his back and looking up at the ceiling, and as he looked through the exposed holes his head tilted to the side in confusion. Above him was the full moon, something that was impossible as he slowly sat up. Even if he had slept through the day it would have been the next night and the moon would be waning, but as he stared at it he found the silver orb to be just as full as the last time he had seen it. As he looked down at his own body he saw that the stone had crept up his legs to the knees and on his one arm to the elbow, and that fissures had formed in his forearms and shin that were a bright orange instead of black.

Stripes… as Ranza ran a finger along the cracks it was just like he was touching his skin, which meant the curse was growing more profound while changing him. Once he had gotten up and stretched he went over and drank from the pool once more, using his hands to cup the water to his lips. As he did the sand that had been stuck to them the previous night melded with his flesh and stone, and by the time he was done both hands sported a pair of claws and his more mutated hand looked like a paw. It was clear that this place was turning him to some sort of cat statue, tiger specifically, the main question was why?

Ranza looked at the black sand of the floor between him and the exit and he wondered if he could make it, though last time with his stone feet it felt like it was sinking into quicksand. It was possible that he may never escape, and though he had warmth and water that would only go so far in his survival. Strangely though as he put his hand to his stomach he didn’t feel hungry at all, which if the sight above was to be trusted he had been down here for a month. There was something else he was feeling though, something that caused him to bite his lip as his fingers shifted down from his flat stomach towards the leather pouch that kept his modesty.

It hadn’t been until that moment that he realized how horny he was until he felt his maleness pressing against the confines. As he used his corrupted hand to feel himself up though it made him realize just how big his hand had swollen, especially when he compared it to the other one that was just recently inflected. Looking further down neither limb held a candle to his feet that were absolutely huge, at last two, if not three times larger than what they had before and felt very pleasant to rub against one another. They had been the most exposed to the sand though, Ranza reasoned, and as he had that thought an extremely lewd thought came into his mind.

With nothing else to do in the temple Ranza decided to try out his little experiment, carefully going down to the black sand of the floor and taking a handful of it. Then with his other hand he held open his leather thong and dumped it inside. The feel of the grains against his sensitive flesh caused him to squirm, but he continued to dump more in until he had packed it tight enough that it was practically stretching it out. Once he was full he cradled the straining sand-covered leather and went over to the pool, sitting down with his legs splayed as he gathered up some of the water with his larger paw. For a brief moment he couldn’t believe he was doing this, but the growing lust in him wanted to see what would happen and he dumped the water against his groin.

The effect was instantaneous; Ranza let out a howl of pure pleasure as the water seeped into the sand and dissolved the leather away, causing his transformed cock to flop out as it grew from its somewhat small time into a thick, girthy member. Waves of pleasure cascaded through his body as not only his maleness grew but his balls underneath, feeling the tip sliding up against his inner thigh towards his knee as he bucked his hips up in ecstasy. When the growth began to slow Ranza wrapped his feline paw around the still widening shaft and began to stroke, building on the intense feelings he had already gained from the transformation. Ranza eventually calmed down enough to look at himself and was shocked to find that not only had his cock turned to black stone but the flesh around it, which as he used his other hand to stroke felt just as good as the rest of his body while he bucked up into the palm of his hand paw.

Just as he was about to get to orgasm though Ranza heard voices that grinded his masturbation to a stop. Had someone else managed to find this temple just like he did? With nowhere really to hide and all his clothes gone all the semi-transformed man could do was just stand there and hope he didn’t freak out whoever was coming with his changed limbs and stony cock that had begun to soften, though as he looked behind him there was one place he could hide. As quickly as he could Ranza lowered his body into the water, keeping a grip on the side as the weight from all his additional petrified parts as he saw a flickering light on the side of the hallway leading into the room.

“Man, this place just keeps getting weirder and weirder,” one of the voices said as Ranza peeked over the edge to see a man walk in holding a torch with another one right behind him holding a knife. “Can’t we go back and get the others to help us explore this place?”

“What, and split the loot we might find?” the other man, a slightly older, shorter, and pudgier guy compared to the first one, stated with a snicker. “These old temples are just filled with ancient artifacts that we can sell while the other guys are offloading the stuff stolen from those merchants. They can’t miss it if they don’t know it exists.”

As the two laughed Ranza felt his blood boil and his claws dig slight furrows into the stone as he realized he recognized them. The bandits… they were the ones that had driven him into the desert and left him for dead, or at least the group these two belonged to. Suddenly the ideas of escaping and surviving no longer mattered to him as sank down even lower into the water, there as only one thing he wanted at that moment.

Revenge.

The two bandits continued to look around in the temple, their voices becoming increasingly disappointed as they walked around the large room and found nothing but stand and stone. “Figures,” the second guy said as they began to approach the pool. “Someone else probably found this place and already took all the good stuff. At least we can get a drink of water and fill our canteens before we go back to rejoin the group.”

The first guy nodded and set the torch down against the stone to get the metal container off of his neck, only to jump and suddenly turn around as he heard a scream and a splash. As the bandit called out for his partner’s name he didn’t hear anything except for the agitation of something in the water, and as he reached for the torch once more a small wave of water came out from the pool and doused it. With his eyes used to the light from the fire the bandit found himself blind as his trembling hand reached for the sword on his back while he tried to keep an eye out for potential movement. He didn’t have to wait long as he once more heard a loud splash and the sound of something rolling down the stairs before landing on the sand below.

The bandit called out for his partner and though he heard the voice of the other man it looked and sounded like he was thrashing around in the sand. By this point the man’s eyes had adjusted enough to only seeing in moonlight to see the bigger man was down there, but it looked like he was completely coated in black sand that had started to liquify and melt around his body until it coated him like a shell. As he went down the steps to help his fellow thief out he caught movement out of the corner of his eye and turned, swinging his sword down on the entity that had attempted to sneak up on him. He felt his blade hit stone, then get turned away as Ranza took his forearm and shoved the bandit back.

“You…” Ranza said as the bandit fell to the ground with the sword clattering to the ground next to him in the darkness. He could see the look of shock and confusion on the face of the other man as he was beset upon by a naked, dripping wet man with paw-like feet and hands made out of solid rock just like what they stood on. “You assaulted a large caravan with eight wagons recently, am I right?”

“Please, don’t hurt me!” the bandit said as he got to the floor, displacing the black sand as he braced himself with his hands behind him.

“Answer me then!” Ranza replied angrily, his lips curled up in a snarl. “Caravan, eight wagons, was that your group or not?! And don’t you dare think about lying to me…”

“It… eight wagons…” the bandit said, his voice quivering slightly. “Yes, yes we did! But that was six months ago…”

The news shocked Ranza to the core, his mouth open slightly as he was taken aback by the answer. There was no way he had been down here six months, even with the full moon overhead he had thought that was maybe a month at a stretch. He wasn’t sure how that was possible, but as he looked at his stone hand he knew that there was some sort of magic down here at work. As his mind tried to put the answers together he took his eye off of the bandit, which allowed him to take a handful of the black sand and throw it right in Ranza’s wet face.

The bandit’s face lit up as he saw the strange creature clutch his head, watching Ranza back away as the black substance melted on him, but it soon turned to horror as the stone seemed to morph and twist. Groans turned to growls as something began to emerge from the gooey substance, the mouth of the transforming man opening and stretching into a muzzle as the stone seemed to spread even more over his head. That was enough for the bandit to see and abandoned both the sword and his friend to make a run for the exit. Before he could get halfway however he took a step and immediately sank waist deep in the black sand, which swirled around him and provided him no purchase to get out of as it turned to quicksand.

Ranza brought his hand down as the other one continued to feel the stone that had hardened over his head, feeling the feline features that had grown out of his face as he blinked his solid silver eyes. The second the bandit had thrown that sand on his face everything had become clear to him; not only the temple and how it worked but everything that went with it. As soon as he had bathed in the sacred waters he had accepted the mantle as the guardian for the temple, coming to life during the full moon when needed in order to protect it as well as everything within. The screams of the trapped bandit caused his rounded stone ears to twitch as he slowly stood up and stretched his body.

There were still quite a few parts of him that were still human, Ranza realized as he examined himself, some of the sand that had been thrown in his face had dusted onto his chest and caused the flesh there to turn to stone but otherwise retained his lean and somewhat small physique. He walked down to the floor and over the sand that firmed underneath his paws, allowing him to cross easily as he pressed a palm against the large round stone that had been the other bandit. He would deal with that one later as he passed it to go with the one that was still human, smirking as he saw him struggling to pull himself out of a quicksand that he would never escape from. With a mental comment Ranza stopped the water he had allowed to flow underneath to abate, and as it firmed the bandit started to climb out before a figure stepped in front of him that caused him to stop. He immediately stopped moving as the lion headed creature leaned down and looked at him, though more than once his eyes were drawn downward.

“Does the rest of your bandit group know that you two are here or of this place in general?” Ranza asked, the bandit shaking his head. “Very well, then I’m going to let you go on one very specific condition. You will go and tell your friends to come back here, say you found a place they can stash their loot that only you know about and is only available during the full moon, and then you will lead them back here.”

As the bandit nodded Ranza took some of the wetness from his human skin and placed it on the forehead of the man, then picked up a handful of sand and sprinkled it over him to create a solid disk of black stone as his eyes rolled back into his head. “You have been thusly marked,” Ranza stated as he reached down and pulled the otherwise human man up and back onto his feet. “Go now and perform your task.”

The bandit just gave a nod before calmly walking out of the entrance of the cave, Ranza watching him leave with the essence of the temple imprinted on his mind. A smirk formed on his muzzle before he went back to the one he had initially captured, rubbing his hands over it as he felt the creature within completely pacified by the power of this place. “I’m going to need a servant,” Ranza said as he felt the stone begin to shift and warp under his power, allowing the creature to sculpt it to his whims. “Someone will have to serve all the guests to my ascension, as well as service me until they get here.”

A month later a group of bandits made their way along the desert carrying several covered carts that were pushed along the sand by camels. They had been traveling through the desert upon the information of one of their scouts who had found an ancient temple where they could stash their loot and possibly hide out for a while, which with the local ruler of the area putting a price on their heads definitely sounded good to the group. There were ten on them in all with each one leading a cart full of the spoils they had gained from the caravans that they had looted.

“This information had better be good,” the one in the front of their own impromptu caravan said as day turned to night, tapping the back of his sword against the man next to him who had been leading the way. “If it turns out you sold us out to that bastard back at the capital I’ll make sure your death is the last thing that happens.”

The man just remained silent as he continued to walk forward, his eyes staring straight ahead as he walked forward with purpose. The others in the caravan muttered that the scout hadn’t seemed right ever since he had gotten back, especially when he told the others of this secret location, but with the heat on them they had little choice. As the last rays of light faded away and the moon rose over the horizon the scout held his hand up to stop them all. The leader relayed the order and the caravan came to a stop, the wind howling around them as they waited to see what was about to happen.

The bandits didn’t have to wait long as they all braced themselves upon feeling the ground shift beneath their feet. Several shouts went up in the air as the sand shifted around their feet but once more the scout told them to hold, and as they watched they saw it drain away to reveal solid ground under their feet as the temple eventually became exposed. The leader gasped at seeing the information was real and the group let out a cheer as they found their potential sanctuary before driving the camels and the carts carefully down the path to the entrance.

“You have done very well,” the leader of the bandits said to the scout once they had gotten inside, wheeling one of the carts in with him while the others did the same with the rest of them. “I think that perhaps we can talk about your place here, perhaps move you up from being a scout and put you on some of the more important jobs.”

“That’s fine,” the scout said simply. “I’m exactly where I want to be.”

The leader just shrugged and barked back to have everyone keep moving forward and to get the carts parked as they emerged into the main room. The scout informed them there was no need for torches and after they had parked their cart near the side of the room he motioned for the leader to look around at their new hideout while he got the others ready. The older man gave him a look and then proceeded to walk forward to investigate the area, which prompted the scout to look up towards the pedestal. A smile crossed his face as he did what he had been told, feeling the stone mark on his head start to spread as his gaze met with that of the creature on the pedestal.

Ranza smirked back as he sat cross-legged, watching the bandits slowly march in with their goods in tow. While he had seen several others glance up in his direction no one paid him too much attention even though his chest and back were still human. Part of the reason was by this point the petrification had reached his shoulders and thighs with the shiny black giving way to fissures of sandstone stripes, but he wasn’t quite at the point where he considered himself to be the idol that would stand there. The other reason why they weren’t aware of his partial human nature was because a black sandstone cheetah sat in front of him, blocking most of the partially transformed tiger’s body from view with its glistening silver spotted skin with his head in his lap.

At least there was one who certainly worshipped him so far, Ranza thought with an internal chuckle as he watched the other living statue bob his head up and down on his thick cock. The former bandit was so grateful for being given the sleek, lithe body that the tiger had sculpted for him that he turned tail and let him plow his tailhole for the entire rest of the full moon that night. When it was the next month and they were about to get more visitors he had found the cheetah statue standing on the platform next to the pedestal, animating a few seconds after he regained his senses and immediately going over to rub and grope his body. Since they had to wait for the rest of their guests to get down there he let his amorous companion service him, causing him orgasm just before he sensed the others arriving and still continuing to stimulate his maleness.

With everything set Ranza motioned for the cheetah to get ready for his ascension to becoming an idol, feeling that smooth muzzle pop off of him before he did what his guardian told him. The others had been so preoccupied with securing their ill-gotten spoils that they didn’t even notice that the two statues had started to move, or that the scout that had led them there looked like he had a black sandstone mask over his eyes, it was only when the leader went to take a drink from the pool that he saw the two feline statues were gone.

It was too late for them though, Ranza thought to himself as he watched the bandits try to figure out what was going on. As they started to panic Ranza mentally opened the portals in the pool and let the water drain into the floor, creating quicksand that they fell into one by one. Several attempted to climb up onto the carts only to have the wheels sink and cause them to fall in completely, while others with slightly calmer heads tried to head towards the exit only to sink up to their waists or chests. The only one that didn’t fall in was the scout that had already tasted the power of the temple and had walked on solid ground to where Ranza had stepped forward.

“My dear bandits,” Ranza stated to the six that remained above the surface of the quicksand. “You are here today to witness the birth of a new idol, one that you will all serve and worship. Since it was you all that made this possible I thought it would be only fitting after all, now if I may be prepared.”

The cheetah statue was joined by the scout bandit, who had disrobed completely until his toned body remained, in taking several prepared jars of black sand and pouring them over Ranza’s form. The black sand clung to his skin despite it being dry and the tiger let out a growl of pleasure as his handsome cheetah companion and his newest acolyte made sure the magical substance was everywhere. It was mostly a formality at this point but he knew the more there was the more powerful he would become, and as he felt those he had trapped look on in awe he felt a surge of pride and arousal. Once they were done Ranza rewarded the two with a kiss before he went to the edge of the pool and leapt effortlessly onto the pedestal that would serve to host his shining glory.

All the bandits could do was watch as Ranza turned to face them before he stepped back underneath the waterfall, letting out a loud roar that reverberated through the temple as the sacred waters bonded the sand to his flesh. As it the sand turned to stone in molded itself around his body, removing any last traces of humanity and imbuing the creature even more with the powers of this moonspelled temple. His feet paws gripped into the stone of the pedestal as his body redirected the water into the sand inside of it, which flowed upwards and caused the already tall feline to grow even more. Ranza accepted it all as he felt his body quiver and stretched while growing upwards as water cascaded down the solidified stone of his new form.

The magic wasn’t just concentrating within the transforming black sandstone tiger either, as the bandits that still had their wits about them continued to struggle to escape they began to see shapes emerge from the quicksand. All of them watched as four humanoid shapes rose up from the thick substance, and as the goo dripped away from them it revealed four feline statues. It was hard to tell what they were since they had no markings, their solid black bodies of polished stone glinting in the moonlight as they wordlessly went to their new lots in life. Ranza could sense that all of them were far more eager to serve their new master than their old lot in life, the still growing tiger watching as the four muscular males groped one another’s bodies and even stroked each other’s hard cocks on the command of their guardian.

Ranza let out one last roar as he flexed his new muscles, showing off his bulging pectorals and washboard abs as more stripes continued to form and grow deeper in his body. As the tiger statue stepped back down from his place he saw the cheetah and the human both bow deeply before the guardian told him to rise. “You did very, very well in luring the others here,” Ranza said as he went to the rather handsome guy whose face had just started to push out into a feline muzzle while the skin hardened around it. “I want you to become like me, a form that will be looked upon with as much adoration as mine.”

The scout nodded his head and Ranza turned him around, wanting to show off his transformation just as much as his own. His silver eyes locked on with the leader’s as he nuzzled the shoulder of his former bandit, letting him stare as his sandstone fingers traced down the scout’s chest before playing with the semi-hard length between his legs. He could feel the animosity just through the look alone but that only fed into his lusts as he took his member with his free hand and guided it to the puckered hole in front of him. Ranza kept the head nestled there for a bit since he knew that his foot long spire of throbbing stone would split open even the most stalwart of humans without preparation, but with the aid of his lunar magic he could see the same black sandstone as the other creeping over the scouts rear and knew it was assimilating his insides as well.

“I think it’s time for our guests to see about their gift,” Ranza said, taking the cheetah who was about to kneel down and help reward the scout and motioning at the six that were still trapped. “See which ones wish to join us, and which ones would rather be decoration. Feel free to dunk the latter.”

The cheetah statue nodded eagerly and hoped over towards the ones trapped in quicksand, the black substance immediately firming anywhere the graceful feline man stepped as Ranza turned his attention back to the scout. By this point the petrification had clearly started to seep into his mind as he saw the eyes of the man turning silver as his nose and upper jaw had turned black, producing stone fangs that had poked past his still human lower lips. That actually gave the tiger idol an idea and snapped his fingers, which caused one of the blank stone feline statues to go down where a jar of black sand had been created and bring it back up to them.

As the first of the bandits that were still up got dunked below the surface of the quicksand by the cheetah that hovered over them Ranza took the jar of sand and dumped it over the man, watching the grains stick completely to his skin before the container dissolved away. At this point the scout looked like a formless, shapeless creature, not unlike a lump of clay that needed to be molded by the sculptors hands. All that needed to be added was the proper slip in order to make it moldable, but instead of the sacred waters that he had been blessed with he had something else in mind. The encased man let out a grunt as Ranza was able to push the entirety of his cock in one solid thrust, the tiger feeling the modified hole stretch easily around him as the black sand that stuck to the human flesh immediately began to melt.

Already Ranza could feel this creature wish to kneel down to worship him, though at this point it was the tiger that had to do it since he stood head and shoulders over the smaller man as his paws roamed over his body. He could feel the black sandstone already solidifying and forming over the thin body, using the extra mass of the sand to sculpt him powerful, sturdy muscles. This wasn’t going to be like the cheetah, who had just passed over a bandit that swore fealty to him and then pushed the next one down beneath the surface of the quicksand, whose toned and graceful body was created for servile and lustful pursuits. He may be the guardian, Ranza mused as he slid his fingers around the smooth pectorals he had created, but he would need others to help in the even that their lunar temple would be discovered.

The sandstone tiger took his time as Ranza slowly thrusted in and out of the man, moving his hips forward as he took one of his hands and gave the growing feline statue a cock that others would worship almost as much as his own. As the body that he was rutting into grew sturdier the tiger idol stood up, his shaft pulling up the creature impaled on it and causing him to squirm as he slid down further on the thick length. Even though it stretched out the stomach of the smaller male including the washboard abs he had just been given the only thing that he felt was pleasure, especially when Ranza got to his face and revealed the silver eyes beneath the sand. For his final act however as the idol’s tiger shifted around and probed their way into the transformed man’s mouth he took the two fangs of the statue and pulled them down more, giving the tiger saber teeth as he felt the newly created living statue suck and lick on his fingers.

Once he had finished Ranza lowered the creature down once more and pulled out his maleness, letting it soften once more as he went to see how his other servant had done. As the tiger idol went down to the sandy floor he saw another three creature crawl up from the ooze, the blank feline statues moving over towards their other counterparts while he looked at the rest. “Now there’s a surprise,” Ranza said with a fanged smile as he looked down at the bandit leader, who had almost sank up to his neck and was begging him to not become like the others. “Oh, don’t worry, I’m sure we can find a place for you…”

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When Ranza opened his eyes again the tiger idol once more felt the cool water of the waterfall he had gone under after taking his place as the centerpiece and protector of this temple. While it was hard to gauge with the way he stood he found that he had grown again, probably going from eight to nine feet. Though he still couldn’t move he saw his own muscular body that had posed with his arms down and his feet slightly spread, which allowed the water that came from above to cascade through the bright orange sandstone that had formed small valleys in his stony body. The feeling of the water trickling from stripe to stripe from his head and back down to his legs and down against the pedestal he stood on made him strangely feel very… potent, like it was pure power that ran along his hard stone flesh as his eyes gazed out towards the entrance.

As always the light from the full moon streamed overhead and shined down on the sand, which allowed the tiger statue to see everything as he waited to see what had awakened him from his slumber. All around the temple were feline statues of solid black sandstone, slumbering until the one that they knelt before had need of them, and to his side he had his cheetah and sabertooth tiger waiting for him as well. There were three others as well, but after he had turned them into housecats he relegated them to the back of the temple where they would wait to worship their master and his servants with their bodies.

At the moment however neither Ranza nor the others would move a muscle, at least not yet, continuing to look like adornments to some ancient feline deity. When his gaze looked over towards the carts that the bandits had brought in he saw that they had started to deteriorate, the wheels falling off of some of them while others were completely tipped over. The tiger idol cared not for such material things, but it did make him wonder just how long he had been down there this time. While they had been unfrozen before, mostly so that he and the others could slake their lusts with one another, this was the first time his guardian instincts had kicked in and rendered him motionless.

Finally it appeared his question would be answered as Ranza saw light coming from the entrance, though it wasn’t torch light. It looked like someone was reflecting the light of the moon into the passageway, but as it hit him in the eyes and would have caused him to flinch he realized that it didn’t carry the same arcane energy. When the one that was shining it came inside the tiger found himself looking down in curiosity as it appeared the light was being generated from a thin tube that looked like a lantern. There were others that were coming in as well and at first Ranza couldn’t understand what they were saying, but as time went on the language seemed to come to him like the water flowing through his stripes as he saw the first man point at him and gasp.

“You see?” the older man said to his younger counterpart. “You and the entire department thought that my readings were just false echoes, I’m the one that knew there was something down here.”

“Well that sand trick sure was something,” a third man behind the two said, this one much larger and more muscular than the others as he held something black and shiny in his hands. “Did you know that would happen professor?”

The older man coughed and looked down, then wiped his brow with his forehead before gesturing to the ground below. “Look at that, this is the only place in the entire desert that seems to have black sand,” the professor said before gesturing up at the walls and statues including Ranza. “These statues and this entire place also appears to be made out of black sandstone, something that isn’t normally found in this area. I think we found some sort of ancient worship site to whatever feline deity these creatures are supposed to represent.”

“Given how hung these creatures are I can take a few guesses on how they paid homage,” the muscular man said with a chuckle, elbowing the younger man who just gave him a look. “What, it’s a joke.” An atmosphere of silence filled the air and even Ranza felt uncomfortable as the big guy went to one of the decrepit carts. “Hey look at this, didn’t you say some bandit tribe disappeared around here too?”

“Yes, the ruler of the area had a death warrant on a group of killers that fled into the desert,” the older man said as he looked over one of the other carts and picked up one of the pieces of gold jewelry that had spilled out. “It appears they were keeping their spoils here, perhaps this was even their tomb. But if that was the case than where are the bones?”

“This place is giving me the creeps without needing bones,” the younger man said as he pressed a hand against one of the statues, Ranza shivering as he felt the touch translated to him. “Maybe we should just call the college and tell them what you found, you can say you were right and we can get out of here.”

“Now hold on,” the big guy said, Ranza sensing malicious intent as he gestured around. “Now what about my finder’s fee for all this? You found a temple full of treasure and naked cat men statues, that’s going to be worth something and I want my cut.”

“Sir, we already paid you for getting us here and back,” the professor said as he stepped forward. “When the archeology department gets here it’s all going to a museum-“

“And the museum can pay me!” the man shouted, the tiger idol slowly moving forward as it sensed the need to strike. “Now either you get me the money to make this worthwhile, or I’m going to kill you two and bury you in this sand so you join the bandits that used to be here. The desert is a very dangerous place, after all.”

While Ranza was unsure what was happening he sensed the murderous intent and jumped off the pedestal, his stone feet hitting the sand with a thud as he let out a loud, booming roar. The sheer surprise caused the big guy to turn towards him and as he did the object in his hand spouted fire and launched something at him with high speed. The tiger statue felt it hit his abs and was taken aback slightly as he looked down, seeing the otherwise flawless polished sandstone cracked and pitted by the metal round that quickly fell out of him. When Ranza heard a click he saw the guy was about to do it again and with a mental order he was suddenly sucked down into the quicksand that formed around his feet.

The two other man watched on in both shock and fear as Ranza went over to where the guy was buried up to his neck, bending down first and bringing up a handful of sand to pour over the damage. As the grains cascaded down his body it melded with and repaired everything, leaving the area just as smoothed and polished as it had been before as he got to the pool that his assailant had sank into and reached down. He could feel the limbs of the man trying to flail at him but that only served to make the suction worse, a fact that put a smile on the tiger statue’s face as he found the item that the man had and brought it up. It looked harmless enough, and as he tapped the metal cylinder it popped open and several more objects fell out of it before he crushed the entire thing in his grip.

“I think you know that it’s not very wise to go into someone’s house and start harming the host,” Ranza said with a growl before he looked over at the sabertooth tiger and cheetah, the two statues coming to life and moving over towards him. “Luckily a few friends of mine are going to teach you some manners while I figure out what to do with the other intruders to my domain.”

As Ranza stood back up the other two statues had already reached down and pulled the quicksand covered man out, whose strength was no matched for two magical statue felines that dragged him to a new alcove that the tiger idol had created the last time they were unfrozen. “That just leaves you two,” Ranza said as he slowly moved towards them, which caused them to back away before the tiger stopped. “Before you try to run out of here screaming I’ll tell you that you will meet the same fate as your friend… well, a similar fate anyway.”

“Run?” the older man said as he brought his hands up. “Why would I run? You are the greatest thing that I have ever seen in my entire life! A temple found only by the light of the full moon and populated with strange feline… I guess werestatues would be an interesting interpretation? I could write academic papers for the rest of my life on just what I seen and probably be put on a television circuit, people would come from across the globe to see you.”

“Across the globe… globe…” Ranza muttered to himself as he tried to figure out a lot of what the strange words this man said, though the idea of having worshippers coming in and paying homage to him was an enticing thought and he could always use more statues if there were really that many people coming here. As he looked over at the other man though he saw him holding up a strange box with that light on it. “What is that, what are you doing?”

“Putting you on YouTube,” the younger man said with a grin. “This is going viral.”

“You… Tube?” Ranza asked before a look of frustration crossed the tiger idol’s face. “What the hell is a YOUTUBE?!”

Meanwhile back in the nexus realm the portal closed and the huge tiger statue appeared on the pedestal next to Kirdos. “I expecting something rather artistic from you and I was certainly right,” Raven commented first. “The fact that not only is he technically a werestatue and a tiger but you also made him into that delightful water feature. The layout was really nice too, more of a contained setting where your original werecreature could show of his trophies.”

“For the personality shift I liked that even when he started to change he was still a bit on the meek side and then grew more dominant as time went on,” Viratan spoke up next. “Like it wasn’t the transformation that was corrupting him but the power that came with it. The cheetah and the sabertooth tiger servants were great too and the fact that he wasn’t just a statue but thought of himself as a temple idol was great.”

“Yeah, and I thought the transformation via sand was really cool too,” Serathin said after finishing up the muffin he was eating. “Usually when you think of werecreature it’s by bite or, well, other things, as opposed to the cursed sand or idol like you had. I also found it interesting that you didn’t go with a traditional werecreature going from man to beast but one that went from statue to living creature, a very solid performance if I do say so myself.”

“And that was our judges for Kirdos,” Renzyl said as he walked over to the last platform. “Gosh, I guess it’s just little old me left to show their werecreature. No sense in delaying the grand finale, let us begin the end….”

Chapter Twelve: Renzyl

As Vyle slowly opened his eyes he found himself staring up at a light that shined down on him, which for him was the first major indicator that he was no longer in his apartment. The second was that instead of the usual comforter and sheets that adorned his fluffy grey dragon body there was nothing, feeling a shiver as continued to try and shake the deep sleep that left him lying there. When he finally could get some feeling back into his limbs he found himself unable to do more than shift them around as it felt like something was pressed against his wrists and arms that prevented him from moving. He was able to move his head up slightly though and when he craned it enough to look down at himself he confirmed that he was naked and lying on a table with what looked and felt like a sheet of rubber draped over it.

“Umm… hello?” Vyle called out, wiggling more in an attempt to escape only to find that the bindings on his limbs left little for him to move. “If someone is out there, I think you just made a mistake, I’m not supposed to be here! Someone let me out!”

The dragon felt his ears twitch as he heard something off in the distance, eventually hearing a speaker crackle to life. “Subject is awake,” a voice said. “Begin process.”

That didn’t sound good, Vyle thought to himself, but at the moment there was nothing he could do but squirm against the rubber table as he heard more movement in the darkness beyond the pool of light that he was in. At first he thought that perhaps there might be someone coming towards him that he could appeal too, but when something finally did appear in his vision it was a mechanical arm with an electronic eye. It scanned him from the tips of his horns down to his feet, the color hue shifting slightly when it went over his orange markings, before it disappeared back into the darkness. Whatever process the voice on the speaker was talking about the dragon didn’t want to be a part of, especially when he began to feel something moving underneath the rubber sheet that pressed up against his restrained body.

Vyle felt his breathing quicken as he felt something emerge up near his fluffy paw pads, sliding up against the underside of them before the restraints that had been holding his feet suddenly disengaged. He immediately pulled this legs back and gasped when he saw that what had just caressed him were a pair of shiny, bright red tentacles that had come up through the latex sheet that he laid on. He tried to keep his feet away from them but it didn’t take long before the two thick appendages managed to wrap around his ankles and pull his legs back down with surprising strength. Once more Vyle felt himself spread out and splay-eagled on the table, but this time his body was shivering as the tentacles continued to coil their way up the lean muscle of his calves.

A few moments later his arms were released only for the same thing to quickly happen to them, Vyle only able to get up for a few moments before he was pulled back down with his wrists covered in a similar manner. With his limbs restrained he could feel a lot more movement happening beneath him and started to feel a number of smaller tentacles start to slither up the sides of his body and around his neck and head as well. The dragon’s mind raced as he found himself in an impossible situation that was quickly beginning to escalate, wondering if some shadowy organization had just kidnapped him only to feed him to an alien tentacle creature or eldritch god. As more of his fur was being covered by the tentacles and several of them began to slither up his neck and head more movement began to happen, this time a screen coming down in front of his eyes that displayed a full moon only with a hypnotic swirl in the middle of it.

“You are a creature of the night.” The voice from the speaker echoed out, this time accompanied by a buzzing noise as Vyle continued to pant.

“What’s going on here?!” Vyle shouted back, trying to get the attention of whoever was on the other end of the speaker. “Hey, stop this thing! It’s… ah…”

Vyle quickly found himself distracted as something began to slither up between his thighs, causing his legs to squeeze together briefly before they were pulled apart once more to allow the tentacles access. With his head still being held down all the dragon could do was gasp and squirm as one of them started to slither between his legs while several smaller ones made their way up and curled around the base of his groin. It quickly became apparent where these tentacles were going to go and as the tip pressed up between his furred cheeks and started to tease the holes between them his muzzle opened in a sharp gasp.

“You are a creature of rubber,” the voice continued to drone on as the moon spiral grew bigger, though all Vyle could concentrate on was his insides starting to get spread open as several of the tendrils that pushed up his face had started to wiggle their way into his mouth. His body instinctively shifted as he felt the rubber playing with his tongue and cheeks but the remaining restraints kept his body down tight. “When you are activated you will become a latex beast.”

A latex beast… the words were echoing in the mind of the dragon as pleasure suffused through it, not only from the tentacle starting to slide deeper into his hole or the ones that had coiled around his stiffening cock but also from just the sheer number of them that had started to wrap around his body. When he did manage to arch his back up enough to try and get his head out of the grasp of the ones around his head, which proved fruitless as they had even curled around his horns, he saw his chest and stomach completely covered in the writhing shiny red appendages. He couldn’t even see most of his body anymore, save for a few patches of fur on his legs as they kicked up from the continuing penetration. As his head once more fell back the tentacles that were pushing their way inside his mouth had made it impossible for him to close it again, and as they began to slither towards his throat he suddenly felt something dripping down his entire body.

“Host has been accepted,” the voice said. “Continue conditioning and initiate containment.”

Vyle was unable to do anything but let out a muffled grunt as all he could do was feel the squirming, wiggling mass of rubber constantly slithering and stimulating his increasingly gooey body, but as he continued to stare up he saw something start to move down towards him. It was another sheet of black rubber that was stretched over a frame that was a similar size as the table he was on, except this one had a hole in it where his head would go. “You are a latex predator of the night,” the voice droned on once more. “When you are released you hunt and capture prey using your body.”

Latex predator… hunt and capture prey… the words were starting to become hard to understand against the lust that was being pumped into him by the tentacles. He could feel the one pushing into his tailhole going even deeper, aided by the goo that was dripping over his body and starting to pool around him until the second sheet of rubber was placed on top of him as the monitor briefly moved away. The second the two rectangles touched Vyle let out a muffled groan as the rubber suctioned against his body, squeezing the tentacles that were coiled around him even tighter against his form as well as his fully erect cock. The only thing that had been left exposed was his head and with most of the other tentacles contained he was able to look down at himself even with feeling at least two of them starting to push out his throat.

“You are an apex predator…” As Vyle looked down at his body the rubber-clad form looked nothing like his old form, the soft, fluffy, somewhat lithe form actually looked rather muscular in nature… the body of a predator. It didn’t take long to see the reality of what gave him that shape though as a multitude of tentacles could be seen slithering underneath the rubber, giving the body a constantly shifting appearance especially around his groin as his trapped cock was completely enveloped by them. “When you are activated you will use your tentacles to capture your target.”

Suddenly the tentacle in his tailhole surged forward several inches all at once and caused the dragon’s entire body to tense, his eyes squeezing shut as his head started to get enveloped once more. The screen that had been keeping the swirl in front of his head moved away but Vyle could still see it in his vision, as though they had been imprinted on him as something else moved in front of his head. It was some sort of rubber mask shaped like a wolf and as it lowered itself down over his face he could see lenses that projected the same image as the one that had been in front of him. With nearly his entire head covered in tentacles and his muzzle stuffed full all the dragon could do was watch as it was pressed against him and merged with the rubber coating his body, sealing the dragon in with the tentacles that completely enveloped him.

“You are a rubber werewolf,” the voice said, Vyle groaning as the tentacle inside him started to stimulate him, reinforcing the commands with pleasure while the ones in his maw and around his maleness did the same. “You are a beast, a hunter, and your master is-“

Vyle’s entire body tensed as the last words were cut off by two of the tentacles pushing their way into his ears, causing his eyes to widen and his entire body to tremble. The liquid rubber that had coated his entire body could be felt leaking into him, coating and corrupting his mind as his body strained. The dragon was completely lost in the haze of pleasure as the tentacles overloaded him, obliterated his rational thinking with stretching his tailhole and mouth while the ones inside his skull began to shift his thoughts. As they continued to wiggle their way inside though he suddenly could hear the voice again, but there was something else there too, another voice speaking to the dragon’s lust-stricken mind that blocked the other one.

“You are a rubber-“

*Tentacle monster.*

“Your task is to hunt and-“

*Corrupt rubber lovers into creatures like you.*

“You are ruled by-“

*Your own instincts and desires for latex.*

“Your master is-“

*…no one.*

A loud growl escaped from Vyle’s body as he suddenly found himself with the intense need to escape, his body pulling straining against the rubber that held him as well as the tentacles and goo within captive. Need to hunt… need to convert… the words implanted by both his captors and the mysterious entity within drummed in his increasingly gooey skull as he tensed his entire body before pushing upwards with every fiber of his being. The new muscle that had been thickening underneath the influence of the tentacles all tensed and suddenly there was a loud ripping sound as the rubber that had been designed to contain him tore at the fame. As the creature that had been Vyle slowly shifted his hulking form up alarms started to go off as words started to flash on the lenses of his eyes, only for the beast to reach up with his free clawed hand and rip it off to reveal the heavily fanged tentacle maw underneath before he let out a loud, powerful roar…

The next time Vyle opened his eyes he found himself face down in the sand, feeling water run over his lower body as the dragon slowly lifted his head and looked around. This time light came from the sun streaming overhead as a particularly strong wave washed over him and pushed him even further into the beach and over his head. He coughed and sputtered as he pulled himself up as the cold water woke him quickly and completely, feeling it drip down his fur as he rubbed his hands against his head. As he looked around he found himself on a small beach near the cove, a place he didn’t quite recongize as he took a deep breath and hoisted himself to his feet.

Getting up turned out to be much easier than he had imagined and the excessive force he used caused him to topple backwards once more into the water with a splash. At first Vyle thought that he had tripped on something in the sand but as he pulled his feet from where they had accidently dug in his eyes widened in surprise. They were at least twice as big as he remembered them when he had went to bed the night before and as his eyes trailed upward he saw that his legs had grown to match. While he had never considered himself the skinny type he wasn’t by any means athletic or strong, but as he flexed his calves and thighs he found his legs had become rather buff.

When his gaze got to his groin he found that he was naked, but what really surprised him was that his maleness had also grown considerably as well. As he put his hand against it he felt his body shiver as blood rushed to it, the dragon noting briefly that his hands and arms had undergone a similar transformation as his legs. Not wanting to get cited for public indecency he stopped himself before he started stroking his new length, instead focusing on his chest and finding that he had a decent set of pectorals and washboard abs that definitely weren’t there before that were highlighted by his wet fur. Everything else about him looked the same however as far as his grey fur and orange markings, even his aqua green eyes when he turned and looked at himself in the reflection of the water.

As the buff dragon got to his feet once more, noting his new strength this time as he slowly stood, he scratched his head as he wondered how he got there. He didn’t see any cars or his clothes, and when he tried to remember what happened the night before the only thing he got were half-remembered images of being in a dark room. Trying to think back to that time also felt like it was making his skin crawl and it caused his body to shiver, and had he been looking down he would have seen the tubular lumps on under his fur swell up and slithered slightly before disappearing once more. At that point however he had heard an explosion that caused him to look back out into the ocean and see a column of black smoke rise up from the horizon, and squinting his eyes to try and see what it was he could just make out what looked to be some sort of offshore oil rig platform or something of that nature that was heavily on fire.

None of that concerned him however, instead the more pressing matter for Vyle was how to find clothes and get back to his apartment before someone spotted him and he was cited for his nudity. Since the beach was unfamiliar to him he decided to go inland and hope that he could find at least a towel or something, using his hands to cover himself as best he could as he made his way off the beach and away from the shoreline. As soon as he crested one of the hills however he had to stop and duck behind the tall scrub grass as he saw a parking lot with a car in it, his gaze scanning the area to find that there was a family that looked like they were setting up for a birthday party. He also saw kids and the last thing he needed was that on his record, but with the group at the shelter the car was unattended and he made his way down hoping there was at least something to cover himself with…

A few minutes later Vyle was back walking along a dirt path he had found near the beach, grumbling to himself as he covered himself with the only thing that he had found in the backseat of the car. “Can’t believe they didn’t even have a banner or anything,” the dragon said to himself as he held the dozen large party balloons against his midsection. “I don’t know if this makes my situation better or worse…”

There was a loud pop that caused Vyle to jump slightly, then shifted the balloons around to try and cover the gap as he continued to walk. He had hoped by this point a car or something would pass by that he could flag down but it was early in the morning and nothing had come by yet. It didn’t help either that the feel of the rubbery surface of the balloons against his groin was starting to get him aroused, which also wouldn’t help his situation either. There was still the fact he didn’t know why he woke up naked on the beach in the first place, but that was a question that could be looked into after he had gotten clothes.

Suddenly as Vyle began to see the rode turn from dirt to pavement something wafted past his nose that caused him to sniff the air. It was… not food, but whatever it was caused him to practically start salivating as he caught wind of the trail of the faint but wonderful smell. Without even realizing it he began to follow it, going down one of the two roads where the scent was stronger until he eventually found himself in a small residential neighborhood. When he saw the houses Vyle stopped his blind following of the scent when he realized there might be people that could see him, though fortunately there was no one out as he quickly hopped over into the woods that bordered the backyards of some of the houses.

One of the first houses he went past thankfully had laundry that was out, which included a bath towel that Vyle darted in and snatched before retreating back into the woods. As he let go of the balloons and wrapped the cloth around his waist he felt almost disappointed that he had too, especially when he found that it almost didn’t wrap completely around his hips. Being out in the woods nearly naked was an almost a liberating experience, one that was tempered with the thought that if he was caught then he would be in the opposite situation. With at least his waist covered he felt a little better about his situation, though he still needed clothes as he continued to walk past the row of houses until he stopped at one in particular.

He didn’t know why but Vyle thought that was the one to try and get help from, his nostrils still flaring as he moved from the woods to the well-manicured lawn to knock on the sliding glass door. As he looked inside the house he hoped someone was there, and as he stood there he began to see movement in response. Not wanting to be confrontative, especially with his new physique, he took a step back as he saw the cheetah appear and pause slightly at the sight of the big dragon at his door. All Vyle could think of to do at that point was just smile sheepishly and wave, then call out that he needed some help.

Minutes later Vyle found himself sitting on the couch inside the cheetah’s living room, who fortunately was a doctor, sitting in a pair of sweat pants and sweat shirt that he had been given. “You’re lucky my last boyfriend was a rhino,” the cheetah said as he put the medical kit that he had grabbed and set it down on the table in front of him. “My name is Dr. Sydney Hill, though considering you were naked in my house you can just call me Sydney. So you woke up on a beach with no recollection of how you got there?”

“That’s right,” Vyle replied, watching as the feline took out a stick and told him to open his mouth. The dragon could feel his body shiver as he felt his tongue get pushed around while the cheetah looked inside, then was told to close it. “I don’t remember anything that happened, all I know is that when I woke up I was on the beach somewhere I didn’t recognize… oh, and some oil rig was on fire.”

“I actually heard about that on the news,” Sydney explained as he got ready for the next test. “Something about a pressure backwash caused the whole thing to go up, fortunately it had been set for decommissioning anyway so no one had been on it at the time. I’d say that maybe you were there but I doubt the explosion would knock you out and just burn off your clothing while leaving your fine physique… I mean, your body unharmed.”

Vyle could tell the cheetah got slightly flustered and just moved onto the next test, explaining he was using an otoscope to check for bleeding as he held the dragon’s ears. “Hmmm… your ear canals are significantly enlarged and look a bit swollen,” Sydney said before checking the other one. “Might be a sign of cranial trauma, are you sure you’re not feeling dizzy, vertigo, headaches, anything like that?”

Vyle just shook his head and lifted up his shirt when he was told to as he waited for the next test. How was he going to tell this doctor that he had also just gained a hundred pounds of muscle over the night? Not to mention the other strange feelings he had been getting, one of which was feeling himself constantly drifting over towards the other man whenever he was around him. It was like there was something that attracted him to the cheetah, more than just the looks of the admittedly handsome man. Those feelings intensified as he felt fingers press against his chest while a stethoscope was placed against it, his tongue pushing past his lips briefly as he felt the feline rub against his body.

“Well, I can’t find anything medically wrong with you,” Sydney said as he pulled away, snapping the dragon out of his growing lust as he was told to put his sweatshirt down once more. “I would recommend going to a hospital just to be safe, there’s not much that I can do here other than just a physical exam.” Once more Vyle shook his head as the thought of the hospital felt extremely unappealing to him, only to feel a pair of hands press against his that caused him to look back up at the cheetah. “I’m serious Vyle, if this was more than just a night of too much fun you need to get scanned… tell you what, I’m working a double shift tonight so why don’t you stay here and clear your head and I’ll take you to the hospital and check you out personally when I get done?”

The offer took Vyle slightly by surprise and he found himself nodding, which caused the cheetah to smile and get up and after checking his watch announce that he was running late. The dragon continued to sit there and watch as Sydney gathered up the kit and put it away, informing Vyle that there were leftovers in the fridge if he was hungry and there was a television remote somewhere. He also advised the dragon try not to sleep if he could just in case it was a concussion and that he would be back before midnight. Before Vyle could say or ask anything the other man was already out the door and speeding off down the street, leaving him alone in a stranger’s house wearing stranger’s clothing.

For most of the day Vyle did what the doctor instructed and either watched television or played on the video game console attached to it, though as day turned to night he felt himself starting to become more restless. At first he thought he was just hungry since he hadn’t touched any of the food in the fridge, feeling guilty eating something that wasn’t his, but even when he gave in and filled his belly he still grew increasingly anxious. There was also the fact that as the night wore on he began to smell the odor that brought him there in the first place and it was causing his arousal to stir. More than once he caught himself tenting the sweats he wore and after a while he just let it be, not wanting to do something like that in another person’s house that he just met.

What Vyle did find himself doing was eventually going into the doctor’s bedroom, which was where he found the source of that smell to be coming from. He sniffed around the air until he found himself in front of the closet and before he realized what he was doing he had begun to open it to reveal the contents within. What the dragon saw caused him to step back slightly, his mouth open slightly and his eyes wide in surprise at the garments contained within. Rubber… all manner of suits and gear was inside and as he began to look through them a smile found its way on Vyle’s face.

“What a kinky cat,” Vyle said with a chuckle as he looked at a few of the full suits, only to see a card fall out of one of them that he picked up and read. “The Ties that Bind… must be the store where he got all this stuff from. Looks like it might also be a bondage club too.”

As Vyle put the card in his sweatpants and once more felt the rubber between his fingers there something about it that felt… familiar… enticing… like he was supposed to be inside something like this. He found himself touching it more and more and eventually pressed his entire face into the shiny material, rubbing it against himself as he let out a huff. Any thoughts of how inappropriate this was to be touching another man’s gear went out the window as he found himself taking a step back and pulling off his sweatshirt, needing to feel more of that material against his body. His sweatpants went soon after, pulling them down and allowing his rock hard cock to spring free before he kicked them aside to be naked once more.

Before Vyle could once more embrace the gear that he had found however he stopped as he looked at his outstretched hands, his chest still heaving up and down as he stared at his fingers that had started to look strange. His eyes widened in shock as the digits began to shift, then lengthen right in front of his eyes as it felt like something was pushing them from the inside! He found himself stumbling backwards as he suddenly became aware of feeling something slithering around inside his arms, pushing out the fur from underneath as he fell back onto the bed. As he began to feel something thick and wet drooling out of his mouth his eyes caught a glint of light, the reddening eyes of the dragon looking over to see the full moon shining down on him through the window before a surge of pleasure hit his chest.

Growls escaped from Vyle’s throat as his stomach and chest began to wiggle just like his arms did, feeling the tentacles that had been hidden within starting to stir as red liquid latex leaked from his mouth. Instead of dripping down to the bed below however it melted his fur, staining it red and assimilating the strands as his feet began do stretch and grow just like his hands did. As his fingers and toes started to turn shiny tendrils began to emerge from them, coiling around the digits and causing even more pleasure to cascade through the transforming creature’s body as he felt his tail whip around. As the growing swells in his stomach and chest began to travel towards his neck and throat Vyle’s eyes snapped open to reveal bright red irises as everything from the night before bubbled up into his mind, the moon activating the rubber werecreature within while he let out a loud moan of pleasure.

Suddenly it felt to Vyle like his entire body stretched all at once as the bulge in his throat traveled upwards before several rubber tentacles pushed their way out, mingling with his tongue that stretched out with them as they coiled around his muzzle and started to slither across his head. The dragon’s chest heaved as more goo spread over his body until it was completely a dark crimson, save for the brighter red of the previously orange lines as dozens of rubber tentacles emerged from his body. Yble found himself flipping over onto his stomach and thrusting his wiggling tendril-encased cock into the sheets as his tailhole was stretched open, this time with more of tentacles pushing out that wrapped around his hips, thighs and joined in the stroking of his cock as it felt like he was being penetrated but in reverse. It didn’t take long before his entire body was completely coiled around, feeling them wrap around his horns as there were two large points of pressure just beyond his shoulder blades.

As Vyle’s jaw stretched and his muzzle began to take a more lupine shape his chest pushed down as two larger rubber tentacles emerged from his back, the sensation nearly causing him to orgasm right there as dozens of smaller ones wrapped around it while they continued to reach out into the air. The transforming creature’s brain was on fire as more tendrils pushed out of his ears and nostrils, adding to his corrupted body as the rubbery appendages began to melt and merge into one another. All the former dragon could do was growl in increasingly deeper octaves as instincts and orders emerged in his brain once more, spurring him on as his draconic feet morphed into something more lupine in nature.

When the rubber werecreature’s body finally settled Vyle panted heavily, his crimson rubber eyes swirling with light red spirals as he felt a second pair of horns twitch against the ears of his mostly wolf-like head. What he had lost in his feet and muzzle though had been made up in as he felt a pair of latex wings flap after the last of the tendrils knit together to become the membranes and a second draconic tail had grown from the first as becoming a werewolf couldn’t override his dragon self completely. As the latex beast slowly slid off the bed the moonlight glinted off of his body, which had grown to a massive size while still retaining the proportions that gave him an Adonis-like form. He found himself squeezing his thick, heavy rubber cock as he went over towards the closet briefly before seeing there was no prey there the apex predator went back through the hallway and to the sliding glass door…

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Deeper in the city a young lemur man walks through the subway station, the lone being in the rather expansive area. It was extremely late at night on a weekday and the only reason that he had been out was because the bar he enjoyed going to had a fetish night that he wanted to participate in. The street clothes he wore on covered most of his body but as he walked the occasional glint of a shiny blue catsuit could be seen underneath. More than once he had to bite his lip as he felt his clothing rubbing against the rubber that acted as a second skin against his furry body as he made his way down the stairs and towards the train.

While he was glad that there was no one there to potentially catch him in his risqué outfit, even one as covered up as his was, there was also a downside to being alone though as he could feel his head tilt and his eyes dart to whenever he heard a noise. Most of the time he had to remind himself that he was just being paranoid, but he also knew that this late at night all sorts of unsavory creature wandered around. When he got to the platform however he found himself just as alone as ever, and as he looked up at the schedule he saw that the train he thought he had been on time for was delayed by ten minutes. The lemur sighed and decided that he could fit in a smoke before he went home, going over to the plexiglass room at the back of the station while taking out a cigarette.

When he got inside the smoking area the door slammed shut behind him and he took out his lighter as the residual sounds of the station disappeared from the sound-proof room. As he searched for his lighter he had his back turned from the platform as well, which caused him to miss the rubber creature that had come down the same stairs he did while sniffing the air. Vyle had been stalking this one since he had gotten out of the club and as he turned his head he could see his prey inside of the enclosure. He could smell the lust and rubber on this one and as he moved forward his padded latex feet squeaked on the floor, though the lemur couldn’t hear it as continued to search for his lighter.

When he finally did the club-goer turned back around while he lit up his cigarette, only to stop and look up at the huge creature that had pressed itself against the glass. The muzzle of the werebeast was curled in a snarl and as the cigarette dropped from the mouth of the lemur he saw several gooey tentacles push out onto the glass as more of the creature’s smooth body began to morph into the tendrils that comprised its rubber flesh. As the gaze of the stunned man looked down he could also see something else pressing up against the glass, the thick red rubber cock squeaking against the glass. The lemur found himself backing up in the small room until he was pressed into the corner as the creature went to the door and opened it, the rubber wolf-dragon stepped inside and closing the door behind him.

Vyle’s entire body trembled in anticipation as he leaned forward and inhaled deeply, then let his mouth tentacles out even further as he stepped towards the male. The lemur did the only thing he could think of and held out the hand with the lighter, pointing the flame in his direction before a dark red clawed hand grabbed it and snuffed it out. As the latex palm of the corrupted creature pressed against the fist of the smaller male more tentacles emerged from his hand and forearm, pushing over the fur of the other creature and sliding inside his suit while coiling around the limb. In his panicked brain the only thing that the lemur could say was that his suit was really expensive, indicating not to ruin it before he stopped talking as Vyle leaned in.

“Don’t worry,” Vyle said as he briefly retracted his mouth tentacles to speak, flashing the other man a toothy grin on his muzzle. “I’m going to give you something much better…” the words of the monster trailed off and he once more snarled in lust, then opened his muzzle wide before clamping it onto the lemur’s. Vyle watched as the eyes of the other man almost immediately started to roll back in bliss as his mouth bulged from the tentacles pushing in, immediately stretching out his throat as Vyle took his free hand and ripped the street clothing off the other man’s body to reveal the rubber catsuit beneath.

The latex hugged every contour and curve of the thin creature’s body, and as Vyle could feel the lemur swallowing against the tentacles invading and corrupting his mouth he could see the ones where he had enveloped the club-goer’s arm had already started to swell as well. Not only was the werecreature able to infect and convert the creature’s body but the rubber he wore as well, lifting and pressing the lemur up against the wall and spreading his legs wide with several tentacles that came from his thighs. Vyle let out a growl of triumph as he turned another creature to his pack, creating another rubber lycanthrope as he pulled his muzzle away and let the tentacles that had been contained within start to slither over the lemur’s head and push into his ears.

The lemur let out a muffled cry of pleasure as the thick red liquid latex immediately began to infect his mind, Vyle briefly seeing the other man’s eyes start to have swirls forming before they disappeared form his head being completely engulfed. With his mind corrupted his body was next, the rubber dragon wolf pushing up his heavy cock and sliding it against the latex-clad rear of the other male. As it began to press inside, warping the material so it could stretch without breaking the suit, he began to feel something throbbing against his abs. He looked down to see the bulge in the front of the lemur’s suit growing larger, and with his free hand Vyle pressed his other tentacle hand against it and watched as the rubber swelled with the invading tendrils.

As Vyle continued to keep his hand pressed against the thickening cock inside of the suit he felt his own pushing up inside, feeling it throb with intense arousal at creating another werebeast like him. The glass wall shook as he began to thrust up into the rubberized hole of the other male as tentacles continued to slither through the blue latex, watching as several of a smiliar coloration began to sprout from the thickening pectorals and growing arms of the creature against him. The muffled grunts and moans that could be heard were growing deeper and more bestial as Vyle felt a pair of horns grow out of the transforming lemur’s head, then a second the pushed their way through the tentacles that smothered him and continued to pump into his skull. Eventually blue goo began to mix with his red and form into purple latex as the chest of the creature pushed forward from the heavy tentacles pushing out of his back, forming into a pair of latex wings as another one became the draconic tail of the increasingly muscled creature.

Vyle decided it was time to pull back all of his tentacles and as he did he felt others wrapping around them, particularly his tongue and mouth ones as he revealed the lupine muzzle underneath them stretched open with several of his own. Soon the first rubber werecreature felt many more sliding through his own, causing the two to wrap around one another as the goo covered feet of the former lemur was able to touch the floor from his stretching spine as his feet warped into huge wolf paws. The two engaged in a corrupted embrace with them jamming as many of their muzzle tentacles into one another as possible while their squeaking bodies continued to rub together, Vyle thrusting up hard into his newest creation while the thick blue rubber cock of the other rubber werewolf-dragon slid tantalizing up and down his abs…

Once more Vyle woke up with a snort, and for once he found himself on his own bed as the light from the sun shined down on his face. He groaned as he tried to bring up his hand to shield it and got up from his bed, hearing the frame creak from being unused to his new muscular body. “Whoa… what a dream,” Vyle said as he looked down at himself and saw that he was still a prime physical specimen of dragon. “Or at least… part of a dream?”

Vyle found himself yawning and decided that he could think about that more later as he looked for something to wear, finding solace that this time when he woke up naked he didn’t have to wander around in the open to do it. As he tried to put on any of his clothing though he found that it was all way too small for him, even his normal workout clothes were tight on his body as he chucked them to the side. Eventually however he stumbled upon the sweats that Sydney had given him, remembering the cheetah and the promise that he had made to take him to the doctor that night…

That night…

A shiver of pleasure went down the dragon’s spine as he images came to his mind, highly charged ones that involved him turning into some sort of monster and terrorizing the town. Surely that couldn’t have happened though, he thought to himself as he pulled up the clothes. As he got to the door of his bedroom though he smelled something that caused him to pause, both because it was delicious and it wasn’t something he was expecting to smell in his apartment. When he went through the hallway the aroma was unmistakable and caused his mouth to water…

…pancakes!

As Vyle rushed into the kitchen however he stopped short at seeing three strangers inside of his apartment, two of them sitting in the living room while another was inside the kitchen making the food he smelled. “What the heck?” Vyle said, causing the three to look at him. “What are you all doing in my apartment?”

“You invited us here,” the husky man sitting next to a snow leopard said as they both smiled at him.

“Um, I don’t think I did,” Vyle replied as he eyed them up. “I would have remembered.”

“Well I remember you giving me this address after fucking me on a weight room bench and turning me into a rubber lycanthrope,” the snow leopard explained, which caused the dragon’s jaw to drop.

“When then you two found me in the shower wearing my rubber briefs and spit-roasted me until I became one myself,” the husky chimed in. “Afterwards you said to stay here with you.”

“For me it was after we hunted those two down after you had sex with me in my catsuit in the smoking room of the train station,” the lemur added as he came in with several plates of pancakes and set them down. “That was also after you filled me so full of tentacles that I became a rubber werewolf myself. Also I hope you don’t mind that I made us breakfast, turning into a monster and rutting all night can really draw up the appetite.”

As the others went over to eat Vyle continued to just stand there; each time they told him where they had met he suddenly remembered his encounter with them, corrupting all of them within the night and then bringing them back here when the day started to break. Stranger still he felt an odd sense of pride about it as he looked them over, especially when he remembered them in their rubber werecreature forms with tentacles slithering all over their transformed bodies. As he felt himself begin to get hard though he quickly got himself under control and sat at his table where a plate of pancakes was waiting for him. He did find himself surprisingly hungry and before he knew it he had wolfed down the entire stack along with everyone else.

“So, what are we doing next time?” the snow leopard asked. “Splitting up, finding our own prey, or are we going to go as a group?”

“Wait, are you talking about turning others?” Vyle asked, the others all nodding in agreement. “Don’t you think we should figure out what’s going on with us? I mean, this isn’t really normal.”

“No, but it is fun,” the lemur said, grinning at the other two and Vyle seeing a hint of fangs in his smile. As he looked at each of them he also noticed that they were all quite muscular in nature like he was, and while for the two that were on the couch that may have made sense being in a gym he distinctly remembered the lemur being a skinny twig of a guy. “C’mon, you’re the one who made us this way after all.”

Vyle realized that what the other man had said was true, even if he wasn’t in complete control of his faculties he knew deep down he could have fought it and instead indulged in his primal need. “I think we should all do something together,” the husky said as Vyle remained in contemplation. “I know of a few rubber clubs where we could find a feast of easy prey.”

The mention of a rubber club lit up a lightbulb in Vyle’s mind and he reached into the sweatpants that he had stolen from Sydney’s house, looking at the card and seeing the times on it. “Actually, I think I’m going to go it alone,” Vyle said, everyone else looking at the dragon as he got up from the table. “I’m going to at least try and figure out what happened to us, maybe before the next full moon we can reverse it, but until then I would suggest that you all just stay here and wait for me.”

Vyle didn’t wait for a response before he was out the door, heading down the stairs and out into the city. Since he wasn’t sure where Dr. Sydney lived or worked the only clue that he had was the club, and until then he would go out and look for clues on what might have happened with him starting with that oil rig fire. While he could have done that sort of research in his house he didn’t want to spend another second with the three as they talked about plans to corrupted others into monsters like themselves…

…mostly because he started to find himself enjoying it.

By the time it got around time for the club to open however Vyle’s research had turned up nothing when it came to what caused him to become like this. The oil rig fire was categorized as an accident and there had been no follow-up to try and find the cause, especially since most of it had been burnt to a crisp. If there was any record of what had been done to him it would be elsewhere but unless he started asking questions and possibly attracting the wrong kinds of attention he decided to wait on that. He still had four weeks until the next full moon when he would become that beast again and at the moment the only one he trusted to talk to was the one who let him in their house after his first change.

Outside the streetlights flickered to life as Vyle walked into the downtown shop listed on the card, which on the front listed something completely different than the card and stocked various men’s and women’s clothing. As the dragon walked in though he was inundated with the sweet smell of rubber and lust that saturated the store and only had to sniff a few times to find that it was most concentrated near the back where a large orca man sat behind the counter. “Hello and welcome to Adrian’s Boutique,” the orca said in a bored tone. “How can I help you today?”

“I’m actually wondering if… um…” Vyle could see the other man look up at him and decided to put the card down on the counter before sliding it to him. “If there was anything that is fit to be tied?”

The orca looked between him and the card for a few seconds before his face broke into a wide grin. “Well aren’t you precious,” he said as he got up and pulled up his shirt to reveal the rubber harness underneath. “We don’t do code words sweetie, you just need to say you want the club in the back. Of course unless you got something underneath that, which given that outline in your sweats I’m guessing not, we need to get a strong, muscular fluff dragon like you something to get you more into the dress code.”

Vyle let out a yelp as he was grabbed by the hand and practically yanked into the back of the store, the orca doting on him in the dressing room before activating a secret door that swung open on the other side of it. As the dragon went down the stairs he found himself clad in only a pair of rubber briefs, a collar, and a pair of cuffs as he orca said that covering up the rest of him would be a travesty. As soon as he started downstairs the door closed behind him and once more he found himself nearly salivating as he reached the rubber fetish club in the basement. The dragon’s senses were almost overloaded as he saw the dozen or so people in various states of rubber gear, all of them pinging as potential prey as he could feel his body shift underneath his fur…

“Vyle?” a familiar voice said behind the dragon, causing Vyle to turn around and see Sydney standing there in a catsuit and rubber hood that covered everything but his eyes, ears, and muzzle. “It is you! When I saw that you had opened my closet and disappeared on me I thought for sure I had scared you off, if you were into this you should have just told me. How are you feeling by the way, did you go to the hospital?”

“I’m feeling much better actually,” Vyle replied as he began to feel himself tremble slightly at seeing all that rubber around him, trying to keep it together. “But I did want to talk to you about something. Is there someplace… more private we can talk?”

The cheetah nodded and together the two moved to a different room, this one with a couch on the outer wall and a rubber bench in the middle. Though there was a cobra and a horse man both on the couch it didn’t seem to phase the feline as he closed the door behind them. “Here, lay down on this,” Sydney said as he motioned to the bench. “You look tense and this has a vibration function.”

Vyle nodded and lied down on his back, the dragon feeling the rubber press against his bare back before it began to vibrate. “Ohhh, that does feel nice,” Vyle said as the cheetah looked down at him with a smile. “So I was wondering if you would know any cases of… unexplained muscle growth, or… growing additional limbs…”

“I mean, nothing that they taught me in med school,” Sydney said as he leaned down and stroked the fur on the dragon’s head and neck. “Unless you’re living next to a nuclear power plant or taking weird experimental steroids I can’t think of anything. If this is about the blurred memory if it is retrograde amnesia then it’ll all come back eventually.”

“I guess…” Vyle replied with a sigh, but before he could ask another question he suddenly felt something attach to his wrists and ankles. When he looked up he saw the cobra and stallion had come up to where he laid and had strapped his arms and legs to the bench and was in the process of wrapping a sheet of heavy rubber against him. “Hey, what going on?”

“Little initiation ritual we like to do for new people,” Sydney said with a grin as the rubber was tucked against him before a hose was turned on, suctioning the air out and sealing his body against it with only his tailhole, head, and his own cock exposed after the cobra had put it through a hole. “Considering how you practically darted here after finding my stash I figure you’d be down for this even after you left my house. Sometimes we do something on the roof top but with the full moon out it’s too easy to get caught.”

Vyle felt his body squirm in pleasure and his mind roared with lustful need, though when his brain caught up with what the cheetah said he looked up at him in concern. “You mean last night,” Vyne said as the cheetah unzipped his suit and flopped out his rather impressive cock in front of his face. “The full moon was last night, right?”

“Actually it technically lasts for three days,” the cobra said as he slid up on the dragon’s stomach, positioning his rear end against the throbbing cock sticking out while the stallion came up between Vyle’s outstretched legs. “Now will you gag him already Sydney? We’re here to rut, not to have astronomy lessons.”

The other two chuckled as Vyne’s eyes widened, but before he could warn them the cheetah gripped him by the sides of the head and slid the head of his throbbing maleness into the maw of the dragon. Almost instinctively he began to suck on it as the feel of the tight rubber against his skin and the lust of the three around him caused his corruption to boil to the surface, feeling his insides start to squirm as the cobra lubed up his cock and began to impale himself on it. As the scaled man let gravity guide him down he pressed his back against the muscular body of the horse, who had started to push his shaft into the tailhole of the restrained dragon.

Within a few minutes all three began to thrust and grope the dragon, feeling his body wiggle and quiver against them as they stretched open his maw. “Oh man, this guy is a grower,” the cobra said with a gasp as he kept bringing his hips up and down as he put a hand against the swelling bulge pushing out his stomach. “I don’t even think you’ve got me this deep.”

“Maybe you’d like both of us inside you,” the horse replied with a smirk before letting out a grunt and pushing forward, thrusting deeper into Vyne’s tailhole as he let out a loud grunt. When Sydney asked if he was alright the horse just gave a lustful smirk and nodded his head. “This guy is good, he’s spreading me open with his tail, he is getting in real deep too…”

Sydney just nodded before getting a surge of pleasure himself, the cheetah holding onto the head of the dragon whose throat had swallowed up his cock. Somehow it felt like instead of one tongue swirling around the sensitive flesh of his shaft there were multiple ones coiling around it while the real one had slid past his sack and between his legs. As he looked down and watched his cock slide in and out of his throat he began to notice that something else was there too, something that shifted around his maleness and over his member before he felt something probe against his tailhole. The doctor couldn’t believe it but it felt like the dragon had managed to get his tongue all the way between the furred globes of his rear, pushing out the rubber between his legs as he hilted himself up to the groin.

“Ohhh… something strange is happening…” Sydney said as it suddenly felt like his cock was growing erect again, even though he had already been there as the rubber around the base of his shaft started to have vein-like growths pushing up the shiny material. “Guys, I don’t think this is right…” the cheetah let out another gasp as the tongue had pushed deep enough into his tailhole to stimulate his prostate… before felt a second one push in next to it and stretch him out further! “Hey, something’s hap-“

When Sydney looked up while panting from the pleasure he could see the horse man was giving shallow thrusts into the dragon and was slightly turned, just enough for the cheetah to see the crimson red rubber tentacle that had been Vyne’s tail continued to thrust into him. Purple goo the same color as the rubber shirt he wore began to drip out of the equine’s mouth as his breath came out in pleasured gasps, his tongue turning the same purple and becoming shiny as he leaned forward from two bigger tentacles pushing out of his back. As he leaned against the cobra the scales of the other creature had what looked like dozens of tentacles underneath his skin as his own cock began to warp and morph, becoming more draconic and rubbery. As bright green rubber began to leak out from underneath the scales of the cobra his arms, swollen with growing muscle just like his chest and sides, went up to his neck just as a thick bulge pushed its way up and emerged from the man’s mouth. The new tendrils wrapped around the cobra’s head as his own forked tongue thickened and wrapped around the horse’s, who also had the same shiny tentacles push their way out as his muzzle had already started to shrink and reform into something more lupine.

Sydney blinked and looked down at his own rubber covered stomach, seeing tendrils pushing out of his thickening pectorals, and then down at the wolf muzzle engulfing his growing cock. As the corruption suffused through his body he heard a loud bang outside that caused the feline to slowly turn his head even as he felt tentacles starting to push up into it. The door had flung open and an orca had flopped onto the ground, looking up at the three transforming creatures and the corrupted rubber werebeast in the middle of them before several bright blue latex tentacles wrapped around him and dragged him back into the main room…

Back in the nexus realm Renzyl closed the portal and the dark red rubber tentacle werewolf-dragon stood there in its place, which prompted the judges to begin to write down their scores. As the rubber dragon stood there he heard a click from behind him and turned to see Haleon staring at him. “Seriously?” The synth eagle said, causing Renzyl to tilt his head in question. “Don’t give me that, you ripped your scenario right out of a movie!”

“I think not,” Renzyl replied with a smirk as he crossed his arms over his chest. “If it does seem similar I would say I was inspired by it.”

“That was nearly the entire plot!” Haleon said more loudly, this time causing the others to look over. “What, don’t think you can beat us?”

“First of all, the plot on that film is terrible anyway,” Renzyl replied before he looked to the others. “As for the leg up on the competition I think it would only be fitting to ask how many of you incorporated rubber into your werecreature designs?” Haleon huffed and ruffled his feathers but didn’t say anything, and anyone else that might of was cut off as the judges spoke up.

“I’ll go first with this one and I want to say that it was just a really good straight-up werewolf transformation with a real tentacle twist in there,” Serathin said. “The corruptive aspects, the sort of unaware nature of the beast coming out, and the fact you had the transformation come specifically from something within was just great. Great job overall.”

“Incorporating the tentacles into the design was a risky move in my opinion,” Raven stated once the draconic sabrewolf had stopped talking. “It could have potentially introduced a monster element that wasn’t a werecreature but more of an eldritch being, that being said I did like that when they weren’t in use they molded together to form a more streamlined creature. I also know that we’re not to show preference but the use of rubber was very well done, making the transformation start more like a suit before corrupting within.”

“As Serathin had mentioned I always like it when the change sort of sneaks up on someone and they’re not fully aware of the creature they can become,” Viratan said, taking a drink from his cup. “The whole beast predator was pretty spot on for the werecreature, but I did also enjoy whether intentional or not the fact that Vyle sort of allowed himself to get strapped up so he could turn the three of them at once. Also the fact that the three he converted had more knowledge and seemed to be more aggressive in their conversion than the one that turned them gave a great, if brief, reverse-alpha mentality to it.”

The other nexus lords nodded and as they looked at one another Serathin suddenly stood up. “Since Renzyl is now part of the show and our job here is done I’ll take over at the MC,” the hybrid said as he patted the bird and dragonwolf beside them. “I want to thank these two for coming along and judging with me, I hope they have as much fun as I did in watching the nexus lords do what they do best. Ravensflock has his factory and as stated before an accomplished designer, so if you like these designs go and commission him so that he can draw something out for you.”