

## By the Light of the Mines

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The cavern glowed with the rich, warm colors of the underworld. The rock was a natural rich crimson hue, the richness brought out all the more by the yellow and orange mining lights that shone out from the central spire. Even the hazard markers along the guard rails twinkled like ruby stars in constellations of perfect lines webbing out across the chasm. The air was a perpetual haze of dust that scattered the light, creating a fiery fog. It was far from the pitch black of the ancient mines of Earth, but even the mining ancestors had known that shiny was valuable and glowing was even better.

Ilium had become the commodity of the modern century. Prospectors had struck their claim, bringing in miners from all over the system. There were many ways to maximize profits, but when the Ilium mine was young, it was best if the workers were too - at least for the owners. Experienced crews were worth their weight in palladium once the mine was established. Those wanting to cut their teeth made their fortunes by taking on the risk. Still, there hadn't been any blow outs in at least three weeks. It was enough for Callum to feel a bit optimistic.

Heavy treaded boots echoed across the metal gantry as he headed toward the spire, a respirator mask strapped over his youthful face. Dusty waves of rusty red hair swept back across the top of his head, though the sides were shaved to make it easier to slip the straps on and off. Goggles hid his green eyes, though a crest of freckles peeked out across his upper cheeks just above the gasket of his mask. Callum's clothing wasn't particularly unusual. Almost all of the miners wore some variation of the orange and red corporate safety vest.

A groaning hiss came as the elevator door ahead began to slowly close shut, sequestering the morning's crew of miners inside. Callum gritted his teeth behind his mask, propelling himself forward faster and faster. At the last second he turned sideways before crashing his shoulder directly into the navel of a very tall, very green Bilvian. Despite the fact that the miner was over seven feet tall and almost three hundred pounds of muscle, he was younger than Callum. His skin was a vivid lime green while his short, shaggy hair and chinstrap beard was a much darker spinach color, as was the fur that lined his forearms from elbow to wrist. Friendly emerald eyes looked down at the red headed miner.

"Eating late again?" The green giant asked, his long pointed ears twitching a little.

"The line was so long, I couldn't get my food in time." Callum said sheepishly.

"At least you didn't have to ride down with the mine carts this time." the Bilgian smirked, the dull amber lights of the elevator glinting off of his sharp canines.

"He doesn't take much room, Teize, he could probably fit in my toolbox." One of the older miners chuckled, slapping the green man's lower back.

"I know I'd like to show him my tools..." Another murmured. Callum blushed beneath his mask. He was glad that the other guys liked him enough to flirt playfully. He just wished Teize would take part, but when he looked up, his giant friend was smiling innocently and unaware. Callum exhaled slowly. Didn't Teize realize that Callum was just the right height to... do all sorts of things?

Once more the elevator door almost wheezed as it rotated open, revealing far more narrow tunnels spiraling out in various directions. The milky red fog of the central chasm still

crept down there, but they were more reliant on the jagged lightning veins of glowing amber that snaked its way through the tunnels. Callum was so intently focused on the veins of ore that he nearly shrank back as Teize swept past him, ducking his head as he got out of the elevator. Thankfully the tunnels they dug were held to a standard that accommodated the larger exotic species in the Union. Teize had made it almost ten meters before Callum swallowed hard and darted after him.

He had to admire how easy his friend had it. While he had on a respirator, goggles, a coat, a vest, high durability pants and boots, Teize went almost all natural. He wore company issued pants out of modesty but his taloned toes tapped and scraped on the rock. His green fur billowed on the faint circulation of subterranean air and his beard nearly sparkled as the phosphorescent dust settled on the fine, soft hairs. There were times, especially at night, that Callum believed he saw Teize's eyes glowing just like the ore. Teize denied it, of course, saying it was just the light of the mines.

Junctions, subjunctions, tunnels and veins. The duo eventually found the end of the line where the tower grew narrower and tighter. Ribs of reinforced metal had been forged and fused by the mining droids while the miners slept, as well as oxygenators and lighting rigs. It had become common practice for more common elements to be mined with completely automated systems, but when it came to Ilium, the natural touch was still required. Sensors were unable to get clear readings on the stuff and some element of natural intuition had seemed to bring the success rate of organics up to the point that the mining guild had come back into favor. In another couple years, Callum would have enough saved for a real start to his future.

"Call, you wanna start boring while I check out last night's fissures?" Teize asked.

"Anything for you, big guy." Callum said, wishing his smile showed through his mask or his goggles. Callum waited for Teize to get clear before he turned on the drilling laser. Four, then eight small lasers shot out of the apparatus sitting on a tripod on the end of a track before one much larger beam shot down the center. All of them began to rotate, burning and cutting through the rock at the end of the tunnel. Teize, meanwhile, held out his large hand and flicked at his fingers until five obsidian black claws emerged. He began to claw and scrape at the curve of the wall off to one side, sending pebbles and flakes of rock skidding down to the tunnel floor. It took all of Callum's focus not to look at his beautiful partner. If he wasn't careful, he'd blow them both up. That was enough incentive to leave Teize's beautiful body to his imagination for the moment.

It had been a miracle that any of the races they had met had been bipedal, let alone able to learn english. Teize's people had been particularly adaptable to the worlds humans were able to colonize and were fairly close in most ways. Aside from the difference in skin and hair color, they tended to have very broad shoulders and very narrow waists, their legs being long and lanky. It was a body shape that some likened to funnels. They wore baggy pants at all times and seldom consented to wearing much else. At the end of long shifts, Callum wanted to use Teize's sweaty pecs and twelve pack abdomen as a slip and slide. It was hard to think the behemoth was two years his junior.

Teize growled slightly, bearing his fangs, his pointed ears tucking back tight against his head as glowing gold, green and teal stones began to pour out of the rock wall, skidding across the floor. Teize's digging only sped up as he carved out the cavity of the wall. As he dug deeper, his claws seemed to have a harder time getting through, clinking as they hit something far

denser. Teize shifted focus, digging up and around the object. He curved around, coming at it from multiple sides. Callum powered down the laser before he hopped off, moving over to his partner. The garbage rock fell away from the sides to reveal a football sized jewel of glowing amber ore. As Teize withdrew it from the wall, Callum could feel a faint static charge making the invisible hairs on the back of his neck and his arms stand up on end. Ilium wasn't radioactive, at least not in the classical sense, but it was still quite reactive. The stone they had just found was enough to power a shuttle for a year.

"You really got a nose for these things, big guy." Callum said, moving over to slide one hand around Teize's waist, leaning in to rest his head against the taller man's ribs. He wished he could rip off his gas mask and smell the behemoth's pits. He wanted nothing more than to fill his sinuses and lungs with the spicy musk of a real alien, but for now he'd have to content himself with proximity.

"What do you think? Stay on target, or call in for a subzone?" Teize asked.

"I'll call in for a subzone. While I do, maybe you wanna rest your claws and try a hand at the laser?" Callum asked. It was the closest he'd seen Teize come to frowning.

"We just barely got started, I got a lot more dig in me still." he said. Callum shrugged.

"Alright, you see what else you can dredge up, I'll make the call." Callum shrugged. Teize grinned, showing off his fangs again before he moved back to the wall, brandishing his claws before he really started to dig faster and deeper. Dust collected in his furry forearms, making them look like bracers. Callum merely shook his head in admiration, watching the contours of his partner's shoulders flex and shift as he went at it. He was a real digging machine. Cal? He was just a human along for the ride.

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Even at night, the mines were never quiet. There were hisses and clanks in the distance, along with the sputtering of spot welding and the chortle of the polisher machines. Muffled voices murmured over the public address system. It was a sort of white noise that Callum had grown used to. He wasn't sure if it was louder in the common area or the dormitories, though. After a long, grueling day, they were back near the surface. Recessed lights cast a dull greenish hue out from under the cupboards, shining on the brownish gray counters. Callum scraped the last of his porridge into his mouth, licking his lips.

The red head's goggles and respirator had been hung up by the door, leaving him covered with grime and dust from the day's ordeal. There was even a sharp line delineating the collar of his work jacket where his neck was darker than his back. Callum had stripped down to a white tanktop and loose gray pants. He'd tried going barefoot like Teize, but there were just too many places with metal grates and bolts that no one had bothered to make flush. His shoes were modest, enough to keep him safe.

Callum had tried to take advantage of the privacy to catch up on his studies, but it just didn't feel the same tonight. He often felt like he could get the most done right before bed, when all the world retired to slumber. It felt like he was stealing time, carving out his own niche. He was stealing time, of course, but only from himself. He stayed up to get stress free time to himself but it came at the cost of sleep which interfered with breakfast and then he was late to

everything and it started all over again. Maybe he should be a little more responsible like Teize and head to bed a little early for once.

The tablet went dark with a snap of the power switch, clattering as it was set down. Callum stretched his shoulders as he got up, moving back to the door at the back of the common room. It was probably the only door in the entire mine they had bothered to lubricate, getting rid of every squeak and hiss. It opened silently, revealing the bedroom that Teize and he shared. Teize always went to bed first and Callum crept in during the dead of night to slip up to the top bunk. In fact, Callum couldn't recall the last time he'd come back to bed so early, making it understandable that he'd stumbled in on Teize in the middle of... something.

Teize's white cotton pants were hanging haphazardly on one of the metal hooks on the wall where they had been unceremoniously tossed, leaving Teize as naked as he had apparently always longed to be. Teize was leaning back comfortably, one arm propped up behind his head like a pillow while the other was firmly locked around the rubbery, leathery cucumber green root of his manhood. It was the first time Callum had ever seen it and it was better than he had ever imagined.

The base itself was as long as a human's cock was in its entirety, though it seemed to look more like some sort of organic sleeve or harness that anchored everything to Teize's groin. The same flesh that made up the sleeve swept down to a plump, leathery sack that looked as though it held four orange sized testicles. The balls sagged low enough that they almost touched where the same dark fur that covered his forearms, covered everything from his knees to his ankles. It was all captivating, but Callum was drawn instead to the massive spire of flesh that seemed to rise higher and higher and higher, pendulous and tall, far above the strong hand that held its base.

Callum was reminded of holograms of horses, their anatomy having a clear medial ring that bulged out before their phallus continued. While Teize's ring was not exactly in the center, it denoted where the lighter leathery flesh suddenly gave way to far softer, far longer green skin. The cock wasn't just impressive in girth or heft, but it rose up above Teize's eyes in his reclined state. It had to be almost three feet long, and it was drooling silvery cum that stretched down in rubbery webs to glisten across Teize's muscled chest and his puffy nipples and his glistening fangs and his eyes that were looking right at Callum and-

"Shit!" Callum muttered. Teize panted irregularly, halfway caught between the shock of being caught and the obvious immense pleasure.

"C--Cal!" Teize muttered, unable to let go of his cock, "I'm sorry!" he sputtered.

"Don't be, it's amazing!" Callum said. Teize's right eye twitched a little.

"Wh-what?" he asked, moaning, unable to stop jerking off the base of his cock.

"It's amazing, one of the best things I've ever seen..." Callum said.

"I-I can't stop, not when I'm this far, I..." Teize panted harder, groaning. His cock seemed to stretch even taller, growing firmer, extending like some sort of thick vine.

"Is this why you come to bed early every night?" Callum asked, his own modest human cock getting hard at the sight of his roommate. A purple blush tinged Teize's beard rimmed cheeks.

"Yeah, and why I get up early..." he said softly. Callum's jaw dropped.

"Twice a day?" he asked in awe.

"Cal!" Teize grunted with frustration. Callum cringed slightly.

“Sorry, I just didn’t realize what I was missing out on... I’ve had a crush on you for a long time, but I had no idea you were such a pervert.” Callum grinned, moving closer. Teize shook his head as if to warn him away.

“Cal, I... I can’t control myself like this, I can’t stop, I can’t-” Teize gasped as he saw Callum tug off his tank top and throw it aside, undoing his pants next. Teize bore his fangs, his eyes clenching shut, his towering cock aching and pulsing. The veins pulsed with a rapid heart beat. His claws glinted. His fangs dug into his bottom lip before his eyes snapped open. A growl escaped his lips before he lunged.

Callum had heard of pain and pleasure supposedly being a heady mix that rivaled most recreational drugs. He wasn’t sure that they had meant being tackled by a seven foot tall, mildly furry green beast man. The human’s shoulder rang out with pain as it hit the deck plating, bearing the brunt of his impact. His head smacked against the molding where the floor met the wall with slightly less force, though it was still enough for Cal to see stars. He gasped as he was suddenly picked up like a rag doll and flipped over. His hands smacked the floor hard enough to sting, his knees aching as they smacked down beneath him.

A large, clawed hand caressed Callum’s stomach, holding him up slightly. It was only then that Cal realized how much harder he would have hit the floor if Teize hadn’t had at least a slight grip. Teize’s lips twitched, his pointed ears extending outward from the sides of his head. He leaned down, bringing his nose to the base of Cal’s rusty red hair where it met his neck. He inhaled sharply and then shuddered. Closing his eyes, tipping his head back, his immense cock didn’t just drape down across Cal’s ass cheeks, it contoured along his spine from the cleft of his butt, along the supple curve of his lower back and all the way up to his shoulder blades.

Teize’s hot, humid breath blasted against Callum’s neck like a predator that had pinned his prey, but somehow Cal didn’t feel afraid. They had worked together, they had trusted each other with their lives, they even risked being blown up on a daily basis. A slow, sly smile crossed Callum’s lips. It was an impish, playful expression as he slowly swayed his hips side to side and pressed his head back so that his sweat dappled neck was right against Teize’s nose.

“You dreamed about this, didn’t you?” he asked. A moaning growl escaped Teize’s lips, his fangs glinting.

“Fuck... Of course, but I know I shouldn’t. I could break you, or worse...” he muttered. Callum’s face faltered.

“What’s, uh, worse than breaking me?” he asked. Teize bore his teeth a bit, eyes clenching shut.

“The colonizer’s curse...” he murmured. Somewhere deep in Callum’s brain, a tiny led bulb of memory lit up from his limited years of education. On Earth, colonizers had devastated populations by introducing diseases and cultural shifts that obliterated their natural way of life. It had also inevitably led to the colonizers intermarrying with those they colonized. Similar events had occurred when humans set out into space except for one thing - the reverse had also been true. Some worlds had proven too hostile to colonize and indigenous populations had affected the humans instead, resulting in near-human species like the Bilgians, like Teize.

“That can still happen?” Callum asked. Teize nodded slowly.

“I had an uncle whose husband used to be from New Alto on Luna, you’d never be able to tell.” Teize said. Callum considered, his smile returning even though it was softer and gentler.

“We’re miners, we don’t leave anything the way we found it... I think you better go down into my tunnels. Just try not to cause a cave in.” Callum whispered. The smile that crossed Teize’s lips wasn’t just genuine, it was holistic. Teize began kissing Callum all over his head before he slid back, moving his clawed hand from Cal’s belly to his hip. The muscled, prehensile cock seemed to slither down the human’s spine like a firm tongue.

A strange, excited moan escaped Cal’s lips as he felt that same cock inch its way down between his ass cheeks until the broad, blunt head found his pucker. It seemed to nuzzle and nudge against the ring of flesh with the same tenderness Teize himself had. It was a contrast to the sharp edges of the claws that delicately traced across his shoulder, his bicep, his tricep. It was as if Teize was admiring his partner, how muscled and strong he was for a human. For some reason, that made Cal feel even prouder.

The human arched his back, rotated his left arm, doing anything to show off his muscles and his curves. He turned his head, the limited light catching the glint of the fine stubble at the back edge of his cheeks. Teize purred deeper, his chest vibrating with pleasure. He maneuvered his own arm so that his thick, soft, dark green fur slid across his partner’s skin. Cal murmured, his lips tight but the sound audible. It was in that moment of intimacy that Teize made his move.

The head of the blunt, flexible shaft tightened as much as it could but it still forced Cal to stretch wide to accept it. Unlike conventional cocks, once it was inside it was able to flex and contort, helping to inch deeper. Cal shivered in surprise at the unusual sensation like something was crawling inside of him. It was, in a way, but the mild alarm seemed to melt away as the heat radiated inside of him, feeling the immense length curving and contouring, expanding to fill his gut with such supreme satisfaction.

While Teize’s cock had done most of the work so far, the large green beast man eased forward, coaxing it along until eventually his furry bush was brushing against Cal’s bare ass. He nudged forward, further, a little more, a little further until he was all the way in. His long torso curved over Cal’s back. It was unfortunate that humans were so short. Cal’s head barely reached the center of Teize’s muscled chest, but the green man used his hand to hold Cal to him, letting him slip back between those meaty pillows.

What had started with a dangerous pounce had become a gentle, rhythmical dance. Teize’s admiration for Cal’s body shifted to two, firm grips on either side of his hips. The green man began to thrust forward and back, holding onto Cal, his body straightening upright as he remained on his knees as they did it vanewolf style. Cal moaned and grunted, thrusting back as Teize went forward. Drool leaked from the corner of his lips. His eyelids were puffy and pink from how tightly they were clenched. It would have been anatomically impossible to take something that big if it had been rigid, but it curved and tightened inside of him, following his own internal biology. Cal could only hope that Teize was getting half as much pleasure as he was as his body clenched down around his rod.

While the length of Teize’s cock was impressive, the sheath-like root of it remained firmer and harder. It pried Cal’s ass wider and wider as it rammed in and out, making his anus puffer and swollen, abused and loved at the same time. Teize was panting hard, his head lolled back, panting around his fangs. His long pointed ears had flattened against his head and his dark green hair was slicked with sweat. A new substance began to glisten as his nipples dribbled a faintly purple metallic milk. He reached up with one hand to smear it across his pec, feeling a

peppermint like tingle where it spread across his skin. Cal, meanwhile, felt as if his skin was burning up from friction, circulation, and elation.

Somewhere outside their room there were the muffled mumblings of the PA, the distant clanks and clangs of mine life, and the hiss of the air circulators. Tiny ribbons of the red glow tried to breach the metal slats on the window of the room, but everything was sealed up too tightly. Some tiny part in the back of Cal's mind wondered if right now there were other miners fucking like they were... Somehow it seemed equally sexy to imagine them as being one of a hundred horny miners, or them to be the only ones that had found love and lust. Either way, Cal felt special. He also felt... dizzy?

Cal's head lolled forward, his hair spilling across his face. It felt like his brain was swimming around inside his skull. His lungs stung, too... and his ribs felt hot. Was that normal? He'd never really thought about his ribs before other than one time he'd been pinned by a mining cart. He tried to open his eyes, although they stung as he did. The natural tone in his irises seemed to react to the oxygen, glowing suddenly as they turned from brown to red to orange, almost like molten steel.

What happened next happened almost imperceptibly fast. Cal's canine teeth, already the sharpest teeth humans possessed, seemed to push out further, descending down in his mouth. When the sharp tip poked his tongue, his tongue began to throb and tingle before an overly ample amount of drool suddenly leaked from his mouth. His ears tingled and stung before the cartilage seemed to firm and swell, pushing the tips of his ears into points, and the almost-human's nipples began to ache and throb. Sensing a sudden change in Cal's movements, Teize hesitated.

"Are you okay?" Teize asked.

"Y-yeah, this is amazing, keep going! I love you so much, fuck me harder big boy!" Cal panted, not turning back lest he startle Teize with the changes. He wanted them, he wanted more. Seemingly satisfied by his lover's request, Teize closed his eyes and grinned, his bushy green chinstrap beard billowing in the barely perceptible air currents. He thrust hard and fast, relentlessly, plumbing deep into Cal's depths.

Cal panted harder and harder, his jaw set, his orange eyes closed. He was on all fours, but he felt his position shifting, his posture changing. He wasn't sure why at first. His knees were locked in place, but he kept having to move his hands. He realized what it was when his spine began to pop and snap. Each vertebrae had swelled larger, gradually elongating his back. In turn, his ribs had begun to thicken and spread over a larger area. His skin felt tight like leather, but so far it had not marred his skin with stretch marks. The pliability seemed to be increasing at pace.

The sounds that had been muffled, distant white noise began to sharpen and refine themselves as the points of Cal's ears became sharper and more noticeable. He tilted his head to listen in, though he gasped in surprise as a volley of cum erupted from his cock. It was thick, sticky, copious, and ended as abruptly as it had started. There was a strange sort of disappointment that filled Callum's head at the lack of an orgasmic reward, at least for the moment before something incredible and unimaginable happened.

Looking down at his own manhood, Cal watched as the pink flesh grew firmer and harder like rubber, glistening almost unnaturally in the light. His balls began to feel heavier, sagging down as his sack got tougher. While well endowed for a human, it was nothing

compared to Bilgian physiology... at least for the moment. Cal watched with a drunken, transfixed focus as his cock seemed to wobble, throb, stretch, and widen. Shockingly enough, so did his urethra!

The slit began to dilate and broaden, pressing outward in every direction like some sort of airlock iris. The dark interior grew larger and larger. There was a moment of shock, of trepidation, of concern and confusion... and then the wettest, most slippery, meaty, fulfilling rush of indescribable lust as a writhing, flexing, prehensile tentacle of crimson red came rushing out of the opening. It waggled and writhed, slapping a slimy web of some sort of liquid across Callum's belly. As it extended, it filled up the space inside, stretching Callum's original manhood wider and wider until it was a protective leathery sheath that the more sensitive member could retreat into.

Callum's new eel-like cock slipped up along his navel, his stomach, his sternum and then his collar bone. It pulsed with his heart but also with a mind of its own. As it settled in, Cal's balls began to throb and ache, wobbling around inside of his sack. The sensitive, tightly coiled organs shifted and moved on their own. Everything was happening at once from the microscopic to the macroscopic world. Cells divided at a rapid pace, then groups of cells, then entire masses. Cal's eyes went unfocused as he felt his two kiwi sized balls become four, then finally six... The testicles hung neatly suspended in a leathery pouch below his monstrous cock, a cock whose head was now blunt and wide, the red flesh teasing at one of his oddly puffy, oddly distended nipples until it began to drool a faintly violet liquid.

Teize had been so caught up in the feeling surrounding his cock and bathing his mind that he hadn't noticed the changes or even opened his eyes. It wasn't until Cal's most wonderful ass began to constrict, contract, and practically milk his cock that he realized what was happening. Glowing pearl colored eyes snapped open and he gasped, seeing the tips of pointed ears sticking out from the sides of Cal's head... and the red mottling spreading down his neck. In the previous few moments, Cal's entire torso had elongated, as had his arms. Teize felt a bit guilty, but it was as if his very cute friend had suddenly become handsome...

"They... shouldn't... have called it... a curs-" The end of Cal's statement was cut off as his mouth was invaded by his own cock. The appendage began to thrust itself in and out of his mouth, gliding between his fangs, reaching all the way back to his throat. Cal surrendered to it, reluctantly using one strong arm to keep himself upright while the other fondled his long prehensile dick. He was rewarded with gush after gush of minty semen that filled his mouth with a frosty tingling. The chill was the perfect counterbalance to the burning in his veins, and his body seemed to react to the cold with its own response.

The soft stubble that had been nearly invisible on Cal's cheeks began to thicken and harden, taking on an almost metallic quality. The hair took on an orange tinge a little brighter than his rust colored hair. Hundreds, then thousands of hairs bristled outward. At first it crept down along the backs of his cheeks, then his jawline, but soon his upper lip darkened too. His new fangs glinted in the pale light for only a moment before a cresting wave of a mustache crashed over the upper lip, obscuring them from view. The sides of the mustache plunged down, sinking into the curving tufts of hair along his jaw. His cheeks filled in, then even his throat grew soft with the facial foliage.

There was a perverse contradiction in Callum's face. His eyes and nose were youthful and innocent, but his orange beard was masculine and mature. His skin, despite working in the



mines, was vibrant and young, but his swelling muscles hinted at an uncanny strength. He was becoming the best of both, a duality of youthfulness and masculinity that nature seldom produced. What had started as sporadic orgasms became one long flow, the tingling goo pouring down his throat as he suckled from his own cock. Even Cal's nipples began to spurt and leak, dribbling an ever more opaque purple metallic substance down his chest.

What had started as an instinct and a whim had become purpose fit for Teize. He thrust like a madman, releasing all restraint on his own six testicles. He began to add his own semen to Callum's depths, accelerating the change. His nipples spurting and splattered, sending their thick cream across Cal's reddening back. The pigment was clearly not a burn or a histamine response. Cal's pink flesh merely turned to a rich, almost demonic red color. The wispy invisible hairs on his back took on a faintly orange tinge. The thicker, darker curls of hair on his ass cheeks grew fuzzier and brighter, and as his hairy legs trailed down to hairier ankles, it began...

One of Earth's first agricultural worlds had been an experiment in monocultures; entire prairies, hundreds of square kilometers, devoted to specific crops. The holo images of the vast fields of waving grain were synonymous with the bread belt. The budding, sprouting, vast stretches of orange fur that ringed and spread across Cal's ankles waved with the same majesty. They embraced his lower extremities like chaps, only tapering off at his broad, growing red feet. Cal had been kneeling all this time, his feet slightly angled up. As his toes twitched and flexed, he felt a more painful pressure at the tip of each digit.

The pain grew stronger, sharper, more pronounced, and then suddenly dissipated with an oddly detached clatter of something small hitting the deck plating. His human toenails were gone, discarded as sharp, wicked looking black claws curved their way out of his toes like some sort of dragon or dinosaur. His toes elongated, his heels widened, his arch increased, and all of it was forged in red flesh.

Teize leaned down to kiss his lover's longer neck, his broader shoulders, watching with odd glee as his forearms grew a coat of orange fur. Callum hissed a little as his fingernails gave way to claws as well, though he dragged the sharp tips across the deck plating below with satisfaction. His throat tickled as his beard kept growing, stretching down inch after inch. The fact that the hair grew out from his throat as well as the underside of his chin just made it thicker, more luxurious, like a mane.

Red pigment crept up from underneath the cover of the beard, sweeping across his nose, surrounding his eyes and claiming his forehead. His long, pointed ears twitched as they, too, turned to the color of blood. No doubt his ancestors would have called him a demon, but Teize just wanted to call him the sexiest man he'd ever laid eyes on. Cal's pit hair took on the tangerine hue next, growing thicker and spongier, soaking in his Belgian sweat to keep his musk potent. Bones ached, joints popped and muscles continued to grow. In fact, all of Cal was still growing...

A look of surprise crossed Teize's face as he realized that he was having a harder time reaching the back of Cal's head with his lips... The human had been so short before, diminutive and sweet. With one cock up his ass and the other squirming down his throat, Cal's torso was now nearly as tall as he had been before. Teize's hearts fluttered as he realized his boyfriend was actually getting bigger than he was... In fact, with that massive beard and bigger sack, not to mention how hairy his shoulders were... he was looking kind of like Teize's dad...

“FUCK!” Teize howled as he threw his head back, sending a monumental eruption of semen into Cal’s ass. The sudden influx sent Cal over the edge too, his cheeks bulging and his throat throbbing as his own semen was redirected right back into him. Several long pulses came, filling him with so much spoooge from both ends that his newly muscled belly began to swell... and grow... and round... and bloat, pushing out down below his massive pectorals. Callum wobbled, eyes glazed over, his own cock slipping out of his beard rimmed mouth.

“T... Teize...” he muttered before his eyes rolled into the back of his head and he collapsed, passing out cold. Teize gasped, reaching down, pressing two fingers to his lover’s neck. His heartbeat was strong. The rise and fall of his back showed steady breathing. He was alive, stronger than ever. It wasn’t much of a surprise that he’d passed out given the complete metamorphosis he’d endured. Actually, it was a bit of a miracle that he’d lasted as long as he had. Teize tenderly contoured himself over and around his lover, entwining arms and legs around him in a protective embrace. He nuzzled his face against the back of Cal’s shoulder blades, letting his own eyes shut. Slowly, Teize’s breathing and hearts fell into rhythm with Callum until they were in perfect synchronicity.

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The cavern was alight with its ever present glow of warm, unearthly light. They were the same shades of molten stone, though the rock flowed out of the mind by the power of man and machine instead. The hazard markers thrummed in their steady pattern as if beckoning the two hulking beasts to hurry along the catwalks and reach the central spire. After a week of quarantine and invasive medical tests, then another two days of reluctantly granted personal time off, Teize and Callum were finally returning to work.

There was an odd freedom in Cal being able to skip his respirator mask, wearing only baggy company issued pants to protect his nether regions. His body was able to process the silicates and other materials in the air, even drawing some limited nutrition from it. The ground felt natural and right beneath his massive feet. His claws were almost diamond sharp if used in a specific way... it also had the added bonus of allowing for much more skin to skin contact in the elevator ride down.

No words were exchanged between Callum and Teize. Cal took up the entire rear of the elevator car with Teize pressing back against him under the guise of making more room for the other miners. The others said nothing, their respirators hiding the knowing smirks and curious grins. While Cal couldn’t say for sure, he was starting to think that they *had* actually been the first to break down and fuck in the mines, but his enhanced hearing indicated that they were only the first of many. Regardless of the outcome, it seemed that life had become a lot more profitable and a hell of a lot more pleasurable by the light of the mines.