Designated Driver

The night was still young in the city; the streets that had been filled with people were finally starting to thin out as they filtered into the club, though that didn’t stop crowds from still being outside waiting to get in. Leopold was one of those patrons as he walked from place to place while keeping his coat clutched to his slender frame. Though it wasn’t cold there was a chill enough in the air that he wanted to find some place to go in and get his drink on. Normally he would be at his usual spot with his friends but they all had someplace to be and he didn’t feel like hanging about at an empty table.

Eventually Leopold managed to find a bar that wasn’t at capacity, a gay bar that he had frequented a few times when similar situations had arisen. None of his friends were gay so he normally didn’t darken the door of these types of places while with them. When he did go he found himself getting fawned over by the larger men and often found his drinks being paid for in exchange for the company. While he didn’t consider himself to be as needy as some of the twinks that were in the bar he nevertheless gave up his coat when able to.

Once he got past the coat and ID check Leopold opened the door and was immediately met with the sound of pounding music. It was the one thing that he wasn’t a fan of as the tiger’s ears twitched while he went inside, but it was better than still wandering around finding another nightclub that wasn’t at capacity. He made his way towards the bar and found a few empty spots as most of the patrons were on the dance floor. As he looked over the mostly shirtless crowd he could see that the courtship dance already starting between some as the bigger man began to dance more possessively around those that they were probably going to claim for the night.

Leopold had no real intention of going out on the dance floor to join them, the tiger intent on just having a few drinks for the time being. Perhaps later he might be convinced to go out but for the moment he was happy where he was as he got his drink. There was one good thing about this place, he thought as he handed his card towards the rather studly stallion bartender that was clad in a speedo, the view was rather nice. It was one of the primary reasons he went to this particular establishment when he could and he was not disappointed as he drank while watching the others.

When Leopold had finished up he set the empty glass down and got the attention of the bartender once more. “Next round’s on me,” a deep, gruff voice said behind him, the tiger turning to see a very large man standing next to him. “I believe you already have my tab.”

The horse looked at the larger man for a few seconds before he nodded his head and asked Leopold if he wanted the same, which the tiger nodded before turning back to the one that paid for him. Even in the darkness of the bar he could tell that the man was rather unusual in nature, looking somewhat like a dragon but with stony grey skin instead of scales. Though his body was mostly covered he could also see that there were glowing blue lines on his arms that were similar to his eyes, which while extremely unusual had a captivating hue that made the tiger feel at ease despite such a strange creature. As he stared into those eyes the other man smirked down at him until he heard the clink of a glass down on the bar.

When Leopold looked back he saw the stallion had put a fresh drink in front of him. That was fast… and when the tiger grabbed the new glass he found the one that paid for it sat down. “Thanks for the drink,” Leopold said as another glass was given to the other man. “My name is Leopold.”

“My name is Galiren,” The other man replied as he sipped his drink. “It’s a pleasure to meet you Leo, quite the interesting name for a tiger. Anyway, I couldn’t help but notice that unlike most of those in this place you aren’t quite playing predator or prey.”

“Yeah, just out for the night since my friends had other plans,” Leopold said, finding himself being more open than usual even while mostly sober. “I was going to stay home for the night but I didn’t feel like being alone. I suppose after a few drinks I might see if I can join in the hunt as you call it, but for the moment I’m just not in the mood to dance in the mating display of the twink.”

“I can certainly understand such a thing,” Galiren stated with his grin growing wider. “Well I’m out for a night on the town and have been looking for someone to join me. Since you caught my eye and your on your own than maybe you’d be willing to join a gargoyle like me.”

A gargoyle… as he looked up and down Leopold found that the name was quite fitting for the creature next to him. While he had planned to just have a few drinks and see where the night took him there was so intriguing about this man that he found himself nodding his head. He expected that the bigger guy would lead him out onto the dance floor or something but instead after getting his card back he lead him out of the bar. For a brief moment he realized that Galiren hadn’t paid the stallion but from the big smile on the face of the equine and the growing bulge in his speedo it appeared to be on the house.

The two left with Galiren’s arm around Leopold’s shoulder, which as they went out into the night he felt almost giddy. His intention had not been to be picked up but it appeared that exactly was what was happening. When he asked where they were going the gargoyle just chuckled and gave him a wink, which only once more drew attention to those glowing blue eyes. There was something captivating about them that he found himself drawn to look at them more than once, unaware that wisps of blue vapor had been starting to drift off of him towards the other man.

The walk was rather short and when they got to the next spot it was a metal door in an alley with no markings on it. Though Leopold had a brief moment of clarity that he had just followed someone he had just met to a sketchy place he found the gargoyle’s arm around his shoulders to be reassuring. Galiren knocked on the door a few times and a slat opened up, a pair of eyes looking at the two before it closed again and opened. The bouncer seemed to know who Galiren was as he stepped aside to allow the two to enter through to the other side.

Leopold found himself gasping despite himself as he saw what was on the other side. Though he wasn’t sure what to expect considering the outside he found himself in a rather lively nightclub scene that was much more bustling than the bar he had just left. As the music reverberated through the club the tiger found that it wasn’t at the obnoxious noise level that most had it at, though he found himself distracted by those that were dancing to it. As the bright lights swirled about he found that this nightclub also only featured men and of a certain type as the muscular creatures danced about without a stitch of clothing on.

“Thought this might be something more your speed,” Galiren said into Leopold’s ear, the tiger able to hear the gargoyle clearly as he was being escorted over towards one of the alcoves near the entrance. “Why don’t you go ahead and make yourself more comfortable, when in Rome after all.” Though the tiger normally didn’t even get completely naked in his own apartment he found himself doing so as he began to pull off his shirt. Even as his own inner voice told him this was crazy he kept going until he had his underwear in his hands and felt the equally naked gargoyle give his exposed rump a grope.

Once they had deposited their clothes Galiren ushered Leopold over to one of the open booths so he could acclimate, the glowing blue lines of the gargoyle making his own white belly fur look tinted in comparison as they sat on the cushy leather seats. “You certainly have a type it seems,” Leopold said after a naked bull with unnaturally golden fur and thick muscles got their drink. “Why bring me here though when there were others at the bar like them?”

“Because I knew that you would desire it more,” Galiren replied with a growing smile on his face as the tiger found himself blushing. “I have a sixth sense on this sort of thing, and I knew bringing you here will help develop your full potential.”

“My… full potential?” Leopold asked, his breath catching in his throat as he found the gargoyle continuing to advance on him. While he knew that Galiren seemed to fancy him there was a hunger in his eyes that he hadn’t expected, the tiger feeling those same predator vibes like the ones picking up guys in the previous establishment. There was something different about this though, but he found any worries of his melting at the touch of that smooth clawed hand pressed against his chest.

“We’ll get to that soon enough,” Galiren replied with a chuckle. “For now just enjoy the show of these handsome men being entranced by the beat of the music. All that strength, power, something that you lust for, don’t you?”

Though Leopold couldn’t quite catch the meaning initially of what the gargoyle was saying their drinks had come and Galiren pulled back before grabbing his own glass. Though the two engaged in small talk while they drank the tiger’s eyes kept bouncing back and forth from the naked muscular gargoyle man sitting next to him to the naked beefy hunks that were on the dance floor. The other man was right that he wanted to be a part of them, but the more he watched the more he realized that it wasn’t for the same reason as others in his position. Most would be happy with those powerful forms just grinding up against them until one took him home, but for Leopold his mind focused on the words that Galiren had said to him as he rubbed a hand down his own somewhat skinny form.

He didn’t lust to be with them… he lusted to BE them. The tiger had long since given up the ghost of becoming some jacked athlete but deep down he wanted to be huge, to have guys like him look up to his form and be in awe. Just the thought of being on the dance floor as their equals had caused his maleness to twitch slightly, a sensation that brought him back to the present. He hadn’t realized that he had both finished his drink and was staring at the dance floor while ignoring Galiren as the gargoyle offered to get him another.

“Sorry, I don’t know what came over me,” Leopold said with a slight huff as he shook his head to refocus his thoughts while attempting to change the subject. “I hope you don’t mind my saying, but your way of speaking is very unique. The gruff voice and accent don’t exactly match how you speak.”

“Ah, you noticed that, eh?” Galiren replied with a chuckle. “That’s a bit of a surprise considering how deep in the throes you’re in it right now. But I think I’ve let you marinade enough and I am quite hungry…”

“Oh… you want to order something?” Leopold asked, though the way that the gargoyle looked at him made him wonder if he was talking about a more carnal type of hunger. “I’m not sure if this bar has… food…”

“It does,” Galiren stated as Leopold found himself leaning back once more at the advancing gargoyle. “But I brought something in for myself.” Before the tiger could even ask what that meant he found the lips of the other man pressing against his own, and while it came with the usual sensation of arousal there was another feeling there that he had not expected. It was like something was pulling at his toes, drawing them upwards even though he could still feel them as he found himself opening his eyes and seeing the blue ones staring down intensely at him.

The tiger found his body going weak as the strong arms of Galiren wrapped around him while their intense make-out session continued. The gargoyle had suddenly become much more domineering and as their muzzles continued to press together the lips of the other man glowed with an almost white light. It wasn’t from the gargoyle though… as the tiger’s eyes began to roll back into his head a white vapor was being pulled from inside his mouth into the one kissing him. With the intense pleasure that was coming from the act Leopold could only lay there in the embrace of Galiren as his toes curled and twitched from something other than arousal.

A muffled groan escaped from the tiger as even with the sensual embrace he could feel something happening at his feet. It was enough to snap him out of the blissful trance he had been put in and as he looked down he not only saw that their cocks were pressed against one another while both fully erect but that his feet looked very odd. Even in the darkness of the club he could see that they looked swollen as he Galiren shifted back so that he could see what was going on. When he managed to bring up his feet he saw just how huge they were and that his shins had also begun to bloat with muscle.

“What… what was that?” Leopold asked, his voice breathy like he had just got done running a race while running his hands though the thicker fur of his feet paws.

“Just a little taste to begin with,” Galiren replied, though the gargoyle’s voice had shifted slightly. It sounded like there was an echo of another voice on top of the one that was speaking, but it was hard to tell what that was as Leopold’s focus was on the thick claws that capped his toes. “It’s what you wanted, right, to have a strong, powerful body just like those you’ve been eyeing up on the dance floor.”

Leopold was about to shake his head before he realized the strange creature was right, that he had been lusting after those that were there and that Galiren had seen it. Just as he was about to respond he was once more in the arms of the other man, one wrapped around his back while the other stroked their shafts together while pressing them together. “I… this is…” Leopold stammered, looking around in slight shock at such a lewd act being done in the open. “Is this alright?”

“I don’t think anyone would mind,” Galiren simply stated as he leaned in once more. “But enough talk, wouldn’t want you getting cold now.” Though Leopold wondered what that meant his mind suddenly went blank as he was once more ravished by the much bigger man, this time feeling that slick, smooth tongue push into his maw as his pleasure spiked. It was the most intense kiss he had ever had and all he could do was grip onto the stony shoulders of Galiren as that pulling sensation resumed.

This time it was more felt at his fingers and with them actually being in his range of vision he could see what was happening to them. As the glow returned to the muzzle of the gargoyle he felt a surreal moment where he couldn’t quite control the digits and as he watched he thought he saw an ethereal copy of them push out from their organic counterparts. As they were drawn backwards into his arms he felt the muscles tense and then suddenly push out, causing him to groan as his body was stimulated while they grew thick just like his paws did. He let out a muffled grunt as even with the tongue of the creature practically pushing into his throat all he could focus on was his fur thickening and his palms swelling while his wrists began to grow in tandem. They were getting huge, much bigger than even some of those muscle hunks on the dance floor as his fingernails morphed into claws that pushed out more from his fingertips.

Even with the transformation happening right before his eyes Leopold couldn’t find himself wanting to pull away. There was something to enticing about being in the embrace of this gargoyle, more so than the making out or the frotting that was happening between the two of them. There was a magnetism there that made it hard for him to think about anything but laying there and letting this handsome creature take him as more of the white vapor was pulled from his maw. Leopold wanted more than just to be with him; he wanted Galiren to claim him, to dominate him… to completely envelop him…

The eyes of the tiger began to grow half-lidded as his thoughts were becoming hazy and disjointed, but as he felt his knuckles pop and his forearms grow bigger he saw those ethereal fingers again. Once again there was a strange feeling that those were his digits and as he instinctively curled them they felt like they were gripping onto his own fur, which had started to lose its orange coloration and turn to a blue-tinted white. It was a bizarre enough sensation that his thoughts connected to realize something even stranger than his calves growing thick and his thighs starting to swell. As he watched those translucent fingers were being dragged up his arms until the elbow, and as his forearms kept bulging with new muscle they suddenly let go and he lost the sensation of his fingers entirely.

It was enough for Leopold to push away in shock, which was he did he saw that they were engaged in much more than a kiss. A thick rope of white light tinted with blue was connecting their maws and suddenly the tiger felt acutely aware of the pulling sensation that was happening onto his body. He also noticed that instead of the gargoyle muzzle Galiren’s face was outlined with a translucent black beak, though that disappeared when the energy stand between them was severed. Leopold found himself panting as he tried to grip onto something, only for his new claws to practically rip through the leather of the seat before they flopped down beside him.

With the entrancement broken Leopold saw that his legs had grown even thicker and more muscular than before, looking almost comical against his still somewhat skinny torso while his somewhat meaty arms did the same for his chest. They felt so heavy too and when he tried to use them to get up he found himself unable to move them more than a few inches. It was like his limbs were disconnected from his body, or that they no longer belonged to him. While he was too delirious with pleasure and shock to say anything in that regard he could sense a voice in his mind, one similar to the echo in Galiren’s telling him that he was absolutely correct.

Those limbs didn’t belong to him anymore.

They belonged to his new master.

Even though it wasn’t his voice it felt like the words were coming from his own mind, and with the thrum of stimulation that was still happening to his partially changed body he found it hard to refute. This Galiren was doing something to him, taking something from him, but the more it happened the more he had found himself desiring it. Even in this moment when the connection had been broken there was an innate need for him to continue, like he had left something half-finished other than his release. Though it was hard for him to wrap his head around, especially with the haze of pleasure suffusing his mind, as he looked at the gargoyle leering over him he could still see tendrils of what he believed to be his soul evaporating off of him and being absorbed by the other man.

This creature was consuming his soul… even just being next to him it was still happening. It was his very essence, the thing that made him what he was, and the voice reminded him it was connected to that previous form of his. Why bother with such a paltry thing when its removal could fuel something more substantial, the voice in his head replied, wouldn’t it be so much better to have it replaced with another that could give him what he always wanted? His focus was drawn once more to his arms and legs that looked athletic and was told that it was just the beginning, that what he saw was merely the residue of the transfer between the two of them.

It was his soul… for the body of his dreams.

With the white fur of his chest already tinted with blue he could still see that his somewhat scrawny upper body was being affected to, Leopold getting the chance to admire the gargoyle’s handiwork. The more he thought about though the more saying that Galiren was the one doing this too him didn’t seem right, not that it really mattered to the tiger in the slightest as he found himself able to move his arms and legs a little more. He was being given permission, a chance to see what just giving in and allowing the one on top of him to finish him off could do for him. Leopold was reassured that he would still be him… simply a much better version of him molded by the same creature that created the gargoyle that loomed over his body.

The revelation that Galiren was also not what he used to be was short-lived when he started to move again, this time lowering down his slightly developed chest and stomach. Whatever was causing this had seemed to grow impatient and left his enticements to continue to work on the tiger while he finished what he had started. With the renewed vigor in his body he could attempt to flee, or perhaps try to call for help, or simply ask to stop and this creature would probably let him go. But… he didn’t want that, he found his already tainted thoughts so fixated on the gains he had already gotten that he was willing to lose something the voice reminded him he didn’t even know he had to get a body… somewhat similar to those out on the dance floor.

It was those thoughts and the euphoria that Galiren had put him in that caused Leopold to lie there and watch, feeling his essence being drawn in a completely different direction than his mouth. By this point his feet and hands were completely covered in shaggy blue-tinted white fur with dark blue claws poking out of them while his limbs had a similar look. Even his stripes were starting to change, shifting to a dark blue hue while the orange coloration had started to drain even out of his shoulders. His body trembled as he watched the gargoyle nuzzle against his half-hard member, feeling it get fully erect once more while those wisps of white energy coalesced around it.

Leopold didn’t have to be told by the voice what was about to happen; Galiren was about to suck out his soul through his dick, able to watch this creature consume him while replacing it with something else. Already he could feel the tingling sensation of whatever it was in his hands and feet and suddenly he lost control over them once more. This time the loss was all the way up towards his hips and elbows as the digits grew bigger, his fingers and toes growing longer while the claws on them became sharper and bigger. All the while he was still seeing his legs and arms growing more defined as the bizarre numbing sensation continued.

Galiren didn’t wait long though before he got to the main course, Leopold’s fingers digging into the couch to the point of ripping the fabric as the gargoyle completely engulfed his throbbing cock. On the first dip of those smooth and yet somehow still soft lips despite being stony the tiger’s eyes widened and his senses became disoriented. For a few brief moments it felt like he was hovering above his body and as his vision came back to him he could see a ghostly blue muzzle hovering in his vision. It was his own feline snout and as the bigger man pulled back he felt it get drawn back into his head and down towards his neck.

The second his head felt disincorporated from the rest of his body he could feel his entire face twitching. The sensation was unreal; up until this point the tiger had only felt it in his hands and legs as his would was being sucked out from his mouth, with it being pulled downwards now the transformation was happening to his head. The thoughts of how bizarre this feeling was were quickly being washed away as new sensations poured into him, like the sand of his original self had been pulled out to form a hole that seawater was rushing into with every wave. It didn’t happen all at once but as his eyes began to glow with a faint blue light he could start to see that it really wasn’t the gargoyle that was eating his soul.

The outline of the phoenix could be seen controlling Galiren like a puppet, hovering just over him with his movements causing the gargoyle to do the same. The only place they were both on top of one another was at the head where the tendrils of his essence were being pulled into the beak that was superimposed over the reptilian muzzle of the man. Even if Leopold had the mind to stop what was happening he wouldn’t, not when the pleasure of what was happening to him was so intense it felt like he was orgasming every time the other man pulled back. With each bob of his head he could feel more of himself being consumed but also at the same time his body growing stronger as the entity did exactly what he promised…

He was going to make him bigger…

Much, much bigger…

As the ghostly head of the tiger’s soul briefly pushed up the fur of the feline’s neck more changes were happening to Leopold’s head. He could feel something happening to his face and skull but without any way of seeing it all he could do was guess that it was growing bigger. A snarl of pleasure escaped from his lips as his teeth began to grow sharper, the jaws cracking slightly from being pushed out by the power flowing into the void left by his soul. Glowing blue drool began to drip from the corners of his mouth as he felt something pushing up behind his ears, which as he managed to weather the waves of pleasure coming from the mouth on his throbbing cock he reached up and found he was growing horns.

That wasn’t what he wanted… was it? Leopold found himself unsure of what he had been thinking about before as the lust inside him grew. He remembered he wanted to be big, he wanted to be powerful, and horns would certainly do that as his ears twitched and lengthened slightly while turning light blue on the inside and dark blue on the outer fur. There had been something he was concerned about but it was hard for him to focus on it with his dick being sucked so expertly, especially as his shaft began to plump out and growl larger while several of his teeth lengthened into fangs that poked past his blue lips.

As Leopold continued to watch he found himself forgetting more things; the fact his friends had ditched him evaporated from where it had lingered in the back of his mind as well as what he had planned that night. The creature in front of him was quickly becoming his whole world and he was so grateful that Galiren had taken him under his wing. He wanted this, he wanted to be a big muscular creature just like those out there on the dance floor. No… he was going to be even bigger as he saw the changes cascade down to his chest where his shoulders swelled out and his chest bulked up like someone was sculpting him.

To his surprise as Leopold found more of his body being able to move again he brought his clawed hands to the top of Galiren’s head only to see the ethereal phoenix one push up. It moved effortlessly between his thick fingers while the gargoyle remained engulfed around his cock, though the tugging sensation he felt in his body was no longer there as the one he recognized as Slypher smirked at him. “I’m glad to see we’re enjoying ourselves,” Slypher said as their hand moved forward and pressed it against his chest. “How are you feeling?”

“Incr… uh…” Leopold found himself faltering, blaming the haze of pleasure that was coming from the gargoyle sucking him off as he just shook his head. “I feel good, real good.”

“That’s wonderful to hear,” Slypher replied with a chuckle. “You are making for quite the meal, so I thought I would pause a bit to savor your essence while my servant pleasures you. As I eluded to most find the act to be intensely pleasing, and I doubt you even care that you’ve been losing yourself.”

Losing himself… as the ghostly phoenix floated down and rested his elbows on his still thickening pectorals the tiger found himself blinking a few times. When he tried to think of something to refute the fact he found the connections to where he lived, his job, and a lot of other things were… gone. It was like the connection had been severed; while he knew the information was there he couldn’t connect to it how hard he tried. It was slightly frustrating and as he let out a growl it caught him by surprise enough for him to stop.

“Ah, that’s the other part of our deal manifesting,” Slypher said coyly. “In order to get all that strength I had to take from somewhere else, and it since you were becoming mine anyway I don’t need you thinking really. I wonder if you even know that you’re slowly losing your intellect… sometimes I can take everything from someone and they just have that smile on their face while it’s happening.”

The tiger found himself panicking slightly at what the… the very large bird guy was saying, though as Slypher rubbed his fingers against the swollen muscle of the huge tiger it caused him to calm down. “Not quite oblivious I see,” Slypher continued on. “Course I’ve been saving the best part for last, though I wonder what you would think at the sight of the trade that you made. Becoming a big dumb beast both physically and mentally while becoming the soulbound thrall of the one that made you that way… why don’t we go ahead and see?”

Before the tiger could ask what that meant Slypher reached in and his hand disappeared into the chest of the pleasure-stricken feline, only to pull back a few moments later. Suddenly Leopold found himself gasping as his perspective shifted and he found himself being grabbed by the back of the head and pulled upward, his vision eventually settling on the panting muscular tiger that was in front of him while the head of the phoenix was next to his ear. “No way…” Leopold gasped, watching as what was his head panted heavily while those sharp teeth gave him a ferocious and primal look he didn’t have before while his eyes scanned over the blue tinted fur. “That’s… that’s not me, that can’t be me.”

“You’re right, that’s not you,” Slypher teased as he tickled the chest of the tiger he was holding, prompting Leopold to look down at his own ghostly body that was sticking out of the heaving furry chest beneath him. “That’s me, or at least a husk of a creature that belongs to me. This is you, which is what I have been consuming tonight.”

“I… can’t believe this,” Leopold managed to say as he found himself still staring at those blue eyes that once belonged to him. “You’re just going to eat my soul and steal my body?”

“Of course,” Slypher replied simply, a shiver going down the ethereal spine of the tiger at being told so matter-of-fact. “Why, would you like me to stop? Return you to the state that you were in when I found you?”

The question caught Leopold by surprise and he found himself glancing at the particularly muscular form that he had been given already, though he could see that the tiger body wasn’t done yet as those blue horns kept pushing their way up until they were piercing into the couch. With his mind given back to him he knew he shouldn’t want this, that he should tell the phoenix to stop what he was doing… but… the words never came out. This body was magnificent and the pleasure was unlike anything he had ever experienced before, and for some reason being in the warm embrace of this terrifying creature was exactly where he wanted to be.

“The soul is the truest form of ourselves,” Slypher stated when Leopold felt the hand of the phoenix stroking his chin. “You can see now just how much this entices you, knowing that even as a Soulbound to me it is exactly what you desired. It always tickles me to no end how many of you creatures I can show exactly what’s happening to you and you’ll practically crawl into my beak just to get a taste of what I can offer.”

“But… I still shouldn’t want this,” Leopold stated as he hung his head down. “Is my life worth a bit of pleasure?”

“I think you’re misunderstanding what exactly is about to happen to you,” Slypher replied. “But don’t worry, most don’t understand the cycle quite like a phoenix can, you’ll understand soon enough.” Before Leopold could say anything he found his the arms of his soul being pinned to his body, looking back just in time for his eyes to widen as he saw the equally ethereal phoenix open his beak wide and expose the black void contained within. In one swoop his head was completely engulfed and it caused the thickly muscled blue tiger beneath to push his hips up in pure pleasure.

Suddenly the tiger found himself aware again, feeling like he had a strange sense of disconnection from his body as he once more was looking out of his own eyes. He could feel something happening in his chest and saw the ghostly bird man pushing his beak down over the neck of some equally transparent creature that was squirming about. As he watched it while still seeing the gargoyle deep-throating his huge cock through their bodies there was something about what he was seeing that caused him to tilt his head. As the shoulders of the feline entity were squished up and pulled into the gullet of the other man he could only see the outline of the feline head stretching out the phoenix as more of him disappeared into that ravenous beak, and that’s when it came to him…

…his master was hot when he consumed the souls of others.

Even though the huge tiger didn’t realize that he was essentially watching his own essence being consumed the sensations that came from it continued to permeate through his body. He assumed it was just Galiren working his shaft, and as more of his soul was pulled out of him it caused him to care even less. His eyes squeezed shut as his jaws stretched out even more from groaning, which as they did small spikes began to push out of his chin like a piercing. Similar ones appeared in his ears and as his snarling grew louder his body began to thrash both in pleasure and his transformation.

Slypher and Galiren both watched with bemused interest as the phoenix took his place back inside of the gargoyle, pulling the soul of the tiger with him. Even if Leopold knew that he was still getting his intellect drained it was unlikely he would tell him to stop, not with the massive gains he was getting with every second. As the hips the tiger were pulled into the phoenix the huge cock that Galiren had been sucking on grew even bigger, pushing past a foot in length and still lengthening while his hips bloated out. It was more than just growing stronger for the sake of how smart he was, Slypher wanted this tiger to be a brute and was exactly what he was going to get.

Though the tiger had regained full control of his body it’s only focus was thrusting deep into the gargoyle’s muzzle, huffing and snorting as his features became slightly more animalistic than humanoid. It wasn’t much of a push but Slypher knew it would help encourage his primal side, keeping him fueled on the instinctive need to rut while being completely bound to him. He would still be able to talk and rationalize… he will just prefer not to, especially not when he had such a bright master to do such a thing for him. Not only was the hulking creature something that both the phoenix and gargoyle preferred but also allowed him to easily do what he had planned next.

It didn’t take long after the kicking legs and feet of the tiger being slurped up by Slypher for the tiger to cum, letting out a loud roar as those that were watching continued to stroke themselves as they did. With something like Leopold fueling his powers it was easy to put the club under his thrall, especially since he had already been there before. The phoenix was the reason why they were all naked and had no inhibitions when it came to touching or groping one another as the beast of a creature he had created thrashed about on the couch. By the time the creature collapsed in sheer ecstasy from his orgasm his eyes opened slightly to reveal that they were a solid glowing blue just like the gargoyle that pulled off his cock.

“Looks like you did a right number on his one boss,” Galiren replied, his voice returning to normal as he leaned forward and moved the tiger’s head left to right. “He’s a right husk, this one. I suppose that was your intention though, and means that we’re moving on to phase two of this little plan?”

Galiren could feel his master nodding and rolled the massive tiger over onto his back. Just like with his chin and ears there were a number of smaller spines that had sprouted out of the blue and dark blue stripes of the Soulbound’s back. It only further accentuated the thick muscle that had been packed on the creature to the point of obscene, though he knew that once his master was in there that it would all be put to right. Without anyone controlling it the transformation of a brute pet was a little unwieldy, but with the feathery touch of the phoenix they would finish up their new soulbound quite expertly.

For Slypher this was normally when he took the imprint of the one he consumed and shape his own energy to fill whatever void was left behind… but there wouldn’t be a shadow tiger formed tonight, not when he had other ideas. With his essence still riding inside the body of the gargoyle it didn’t take much before they had the thick tiger flipped over and on his stomach. The huge beast of a tiger was practically drooling as he was hunched over with only a faint glow of blue in his otherwise white orbs. While the echo of Leopold was still in there and connected to the soul inside of Slypher there wasn’t much inside the body itself, which was what the phoenix and gargoyle were both about to change.

For Galiren he would handle the behemoth tiger’s body as his own muscular arms picked up the thick slabs of flesh that was the other man’s limbs. He could already feel the new Soulbound reacting to the presence of his master and even heard a small moan come from the feline. The gargoyle could sense that Leopold was feeling all of this and would about to experience an entirely new sensation. Galiren was feeling something of his own as the glowing blue lines on his form began to brighten even more.

With the cock of the gargoyle starting to push into the tailhole of the tiger a form began to emerge from his thick pecs. Slypher had begun to manifest his essence and as the one beneath them became more animated the phoenix could feel Leopold perking up. With the soul of the tiger inside of his own essence he essentially was Leopold, though given the state of his body Leo was a more apt name. The body beneath him looked like it belonged at some bodybuilding competition or maybe a museum with how his fangs continued to grow out until they were practically tusks.

Though not something he typically dabbled in Slypher admired this brute of a creature beneath him, watching the blue tinted drool dripping from his new saber teeth as Leo could sense his body once more. There was an intense disconnect for a while but the tiger could start to feel the raw strength that was underneath that striped fur, feeling his huge cock throb in pure pleasure as the gargoyle behind him thrusted in deeper. When he could see through his eyes again he saw that most of the club had stopped in order to stare at him eyes that had a similar hue to his own. These were all creatures corrupted by the phoenix… his new master as he let out a grunt despite himself.

“Now now, no need to hold back.”

It was just a whisper but Leo could hear it in his own head, his lips curling back in a pleasured snarl from both the cock inside him and feeling his body still changing. As an ethereal hand caressed his back he instinctively knew it was the touch of the phoenix sliding down his heavily muscled arm. Power flowed from the entity into his new body and he saw the thick, bulging cords settle and smooth out underneath the blue and white fur. His master had an ideal form for his body and while he continued to have spikes on his arms and thick claws his limbs became more proportional by the time those ghostly hands reached his own.

Suddenly Leo let out a gasp as he felt those fingers push into his own, though the phoenix was quick to remind him that those weren’t his anymore. They weren’t the digits of some tiger that wandered into the club, they were the clawed hands of a monstrous tiger slave that belonged to the phoenix slowly sinking into them. With the reminder the sensation that he was experiencing shifted from shock to pure bliss as he was given the euphoria of being taken over fully. This creature had already taken his essence after all, the tiger’s sluggish thoughts mused, it would only make sense that Slypher had claim to his body as well.

And claim it he did, Slypher’s form slowly flowing from the gargoyle on top of him to the tiger below. As the chest of the ethereal creature pressed against his own the spines that had emerged from his body to give him an even more primal appearance. With his arms and legs pressing against the couch as leverage for the gargoyle to get as deep inside as possible one might assume he had a feral stance, especially with his fur thickening even more and his glutes stretching a bit. While he would remain on two legs Slypher clearly wanted to make sure that everyone knew that this tiger was a beast as his feet sank into the tiger’s paws that swelled out even more.

The tearing sounds grew louder as the talons of the tiger dug into the cushions while he was being plowed into. Galiren’s grin grew bigger as his eyes shifted from blue to gold along with the lines on his body as the phoenix inside him exited. With Slypher gaining more control over the tiger’s form it also allowed him to tweak the growling beast to the way he wanted it. The muscle that had grown in all bulgy and almost grotesque rippled and smoothed out as Leo felt his muzzle crack and pop before growing slightly longer. His entire skull reshaped to become something more primitive as his thoughts continued to grow muddled, the clear thinking he enjoyed while merely in his soul form becoming increasingly corrupted from the brute brain that he was being filtered into.

The fingers of the tiger twitched and suddenly Leo could no longer flex them, but he could still feel them moving about as they gripped onto the couch. His master once more whispered to just enjoy and allow him to take control as the chest of the phoenix sank further into his back. For a few brief moments it felt like Galiren’s cock was pushing in impossibly deep but even as he could see the bulge from the tip of it stretching out his washboard abs and thick fur there was another similar sensation happening to his own member. Leo let out another snarl as the essence of Slypher’s maleness slid into his own, causing it to plump out even more while it dripped with blue-tinted pre while bobbing up and down from the thrusting behind him.

Though he couldn’t see it Leo could feel himself losing control, which was good because he was starting to get into a heady rut with this new mindset. He had lost all connection with his job, his friends, all he could think about was the thick cock inside him and how he wanted to get his own new shaft buried in some hot guy. When he looked out at the athletic bodies that were there he might have pushed the gargoyle off to pounce on of them, but when he tried to move he found that his toned up form was more focused on grinding back against the one on top of him. By this point most of Slypher’s body had transferred into his own form, the phoenix finding the hulking physique of the new slave he had created quite roomy with only his head remaining exposed.

It was the part that Slypher enjoyed the most; as the tip of his ethereal beak started to push into the back of the snarling tiger’s head Leo’s eyes snapped open. The soft, subtle glow that marked the power of the phoenix inside of him suddenly grew in intensity as he felt his very psyche get pushed aside. Even with all the power and strength he had acquired the phoenix still dominated him like he was nothing, though as that thought went through his mind he was reminded he was far more than that. He was a Soulbound, a slave to the phoenix that was pushing his own mind aside to make room for his own.

As the beak disappeared Galiren watched with bemused interested while still plowing into the possessed tiger. He could sense that Leo was losing control of this brutish tiger but in reality it had not been his to begin with. The second that the phoenix ate his soul it was now an extension of the avian creature for him to do with as he pleased. At this moment Slypher was interested in taking an active role just like he had been with the gargoyle, stroking his hand underneath Leo’s chin as he let out a roar. His entire head was quivering as his mind was taken, his entire corrupted brain becoming host to the one that had done so in the first place as his the head of the phoenix finished pushing into him.

For a few brief moments with the large jaws of the tiger stretched open Galiren could see the ghostly beak within it before the maw snapped down. The eyes were a solid glowing blue and the pause in their momentum was quickly restored as Leo was given a back seat to his own body. The Soulbound Slave was more than happy to let his master take control and the ecstasy that he felt in doing so was reinforced for later. Slypher made himself very comfortable as the look of instinct and primal thought that was being fostered in the tiger was replaced with a familiar and devious intellect.

With Galiren having control of his own body again it didn’t take him long to finish, letting out a snort of his own as he orgasmed. From the feel of it the new tiger monster did the same, partially from the intense pleasure of being taken over mixed with his insides being filled by the gargoyle behind him. The two panted heavily as those that had been watching began to disperse from the mental command of the phoenix residing inside the huge tiger. Once they had taken a minute to recover Galiren quickly got up and pulled himself out of his master before allowing the possessed tiger to turn around and take stock of himself.

While not as detailed as the gargoyle himself Galiren could see that Slypher had definitely leaned into the primal tiger morph for this new Soulbound, placing his hands on the thick pecs that were only moderately obscured by the thick layer of blue-tinted white fur covering them. It led down to his ten-pack abs and then to the huge, bright blue cock that still throbbed even having been completely spent. The arms and legs had been given definition and looked less like some bulky bodybuilder and more like a hunter of the ancient world as he leaned forward and licked the thick fang that framed the lips of the new creature. Galiren could feel a rumble of contentment from the creature underneath him and the smaller spikes that adorned the chest of the tiger press against his own skin.

With his own stony body even the sharpest of adornments wouldn’t have bothered the gargoyle, but Slypher had taken measures to make sure that they only looked intimidating with the tips blunted as he let out a sigh of desire. “I knew that we would find someone to share this lovely night with,” Slypher said with a grin on the tiger muzzle he possessed as Galiren continued to stroke up and down his body. “What do you think?”

“Great work as always boss,” Galiren replied, his voice back to its usual gruff tone as he got up and helped Slypher do the same. “How is Leo doing in there?”

“Oh, the same as always,” Slypher explained as he put the blue-furred hand of the tiger against his stomach. “I always enjoy it when they squirm, but once they settle in they find the pleasure of being a part of me far outweighs the need to be their own entity. Once we’re done here I may have to give him a little extra of my own essence to reward him for being so much fun and coming out to join us.”

The gargoyle nodded and with the show over as well as the essence of the phoenix being contained once more the dancers and other patrons went back to their normal routines. While he hadn’t taken all of them Slypher had made sure that this club would be more accommodating to his tastes as he saw that almost everyone was in a state of being completely undressed. It was certainly going to be a nice night for all those involved but with a new body to try out the possessed tiger would be finding a new place to hang out for a while. After Galiren grabbed some clothes for the hulking beast of a feline the two went out in order to spread a bit more fun…

Later that night a wolf had just walked out of the late night pizza parlor, one that was open specifically to cater to the needs of those that had partied all night. As he finished off the last of the large slice of greasy cheese that he had gotten the world had started to spin a bit less, though as he walked down a small alleyway that connected two streets he suddenly found some blurry creature in front of him. At first he thought someone had left a statue there but as it began to move he realized what he was seeing in his blurry vision was some sort of animate gargoyle. For a few moments he thought that someone had spiked his drink but as he stumbled backwards from it approaching he found himself swept up in the arms of a much larger man that had snuck up from behind.

“Looks like someone had a really fun night,” Galiren said with a chuckle as he approached the wolf. “Although can’t help but given the attire you weren’t intending on going home alone, were you?” As the gargoyle and possessed tiger looked down at the short shorts and crop top that the club goer wore it was clear this creature had been looking for a good time and came up short. Fortunately for the lupine man he had caught there attention, and given what Slypher sensed it was time for him to have a little late night snack of his own.

It didn’t take very long for the two to get the wolf into it, especially considering that he was sandwiched between two beefcakes that would have been a dream for him to catch at the club. When Galiren pulled the satchel off of the man to make sure it wouldn’t get damaged he heard something clinking around inside, reaching in and pulling out a nearly empty bottle of liquor. “Ah, looks like you weren’t quite done for the night,” Galiren said as he pulled the top off. “Here, we already have a designated driver set anyways.”

The wolf merely responded with a moan that was slightly muffled as he took a pull from the bottle, then immediately had his head tipped back while told to hold it. As the liquor burned in his maw the tiger’s muzzle came down and pressed their lips together, pushing his tongue in to taste the booze while they kissed. When he couldn’t hold it anymore the wolf swallowed the excess but as he did he felt more than the strong liquid running down his throat. Something other than alcohol was being pulled up into the feline muzzle of the bigger tiger and as his eyes began to roll back into his head a semi-translucent version of the wolf’s snout was seen being pulled into it.

With the soul of the wolf being sucked into the tiger, which was actually the phoenix inhabiting him, Galiren took his own clawed fingers and cut into the fabric that was bulging out more with each second. The second he released the cock contained inside he could see that it was almost completely erect, the intensely erotic act of Slypher consuming his essence combined with the mere thought of getting with them causing the shaft to bounce. It was the only thing that the gargoyle bothered to deal with as he could hear ripping seams a little lower. His head looked down and saw that the quivering feet of the wolf had started to burst out of his shoes, the thick black nails ripping through the sneakers as his swelling paws grew far past the capacity of the footwear.

As Slypher continued to feed the growing muscles traveled upwards, the joints popping slightly with the new cords thickening around his stretching bones. It didn’t take much for Galiren to realize that soon the wolf would be joining the tiger in their time out, especially as the dark grey fur began to shift to a blue hue. When he looked back up the facial features of the wolf could be seen stretching out the striped fur of the possessed tiger’s throat before disappearing while his knees bent to take on a slightly more feral gait. It wasn’t long before his shorts reached the same fate as his shoes as the already tight fabric popped right at the seams and exposed his growing hips as his maleness grew even bigger.

Galiren was already on his knees ready to service his master in this new form; Slypher had consumed enough that he would probably take control of them both, and as he put his fingers around the thick shaft he could already feel it reacting. No doubt the wolf was feeling the same degradation of his mental capacity even more than what the booze had provided him, but instead of slowing his senses it sharpened them and provided new instincts that would be better than just thinking everything out. Such processes were overrated when one was a brutish Soulbound sex slave, and since the phoenix appeared to be extremely possessive tonight there was no need for pesky things like independent thought. Plus it would deepen the pleasure that the two were feeling if they just lived in the moment as Galiren leaned in and licked the elongated shaft while his hands dug into the thickening fur of the wolf’s sides.

For Slypher he was starting to feel a bit of the buzz that the wolf had been feeling as he pulled more of that soul inside of him. When the shorts popped off of his body he had started to push the tiger’s maleness into that exposed hole, the already quivering man practically shaking as he was penetrated. Though it was something he had experienced before the fact that his spine had started to stretch and his arms were growing longer while it happened was definitely a new experience. With Galiren sucking him off the wolf didn’t stand a chance; this new body would soon belong to him just like Leo’s as the twitching fingers of the wolf slowly drifted to the gargoyle’s head.

As their mouths continued to press together and Slypher could feel the fangs of the increasingly brutish wolf growing he could see the wolf staring at him with pure lust. At this rate he would need Galiren to make sure they got home, Slypher thought to himself as he began to feel buzzed, because at this rate he didn’t want to stop the party any time soon…