Being A Fun Guy

In the confines of the Nexus Island resort two of the nexus lords were having lunch together, the black-furred deer and similarly colored fox sharing a table while various minions from all the realm kept a respectable distance. “I have to say that it is so nice to be able to talk to you without having to go through all the bother of having our second in commands relaying messages and such,” Olavar said with a grin as he watched Yavini eat his salad. “I know that I’m rather new to the scene but that nexus war was quite the pain in the backside.”

“Well that is thanks in no small part to those monsters of yours,” Yavini replied as the deer tore into his steak. “But I’m guessing you’re not here to ruminate on the machinations of the past. Why the sudden interest in my realm?”

Olavar took a second to wipe the blood and juices from his mouth that gave him a momentarily frightening visage before smiling at the fox. “I was actually wondering if you dealt much in mushrooms,” Olavar asked. “I’ve heard that there is one in some worlds that actually take over other creatures and I have to say that the idea fascinates me.”

“Yeah, I know which one you’re talking about,” Yavini replied. “I used something like that a few times on creatures in order to try and take over other areas of the realm, ever since the truce though I don’t really use them much since I can work on other projects that I can now utilize. Given your propensities I’m guessing that perhaps you want to give it a study?”

“I was actually thinking that we could team up,” Olavar stated. “I’m still trying to establish myself along with Garlan and while both our talents lend themselves to being shared with others the bear seems to have found more support in the overall community.” As Yavini was about to say something the deer quickly brought up his hands. “Yes, I know, my particular corner of the realm is probably the strangest, but I think that we could work really well together and this is the perfect bridge between our realms and I’ll even take point.”

“Well… if you’re going to do all the work I suppose I can lend a bit of power,” Yavini said as he rubbed his head. “But as someone that did the druid bit before I can tell you that the fungus infestations are a tough sell; they normally are associated with death and decay so people are really weary of something like that happening to them. You’re going to have to find an initial host that’s a real freak to let something like what you’re planning completely take them over.”

Olavar just smirked and thanked Yavini for the power as well as talking with him, the deer already having someone in mind that he had interacted with before in order to get his new little project off of the ground…

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In another part of the realm a draconic sabrewolf let out a loud huff as he managed to crawl up the rocky outcropping, pulling himself up until he completely cleared the edge of the ledge. “Try hiking, they said,” Serathin said with a groan as he looked up at the canopy of trees that surrounded him like they had been for the last two days. “It’ll be fun, they said.”

Once Serathin had taken a chance to catch his breath he used the rope that was connected around his waist and pulled up his rather heavy pack to join him. He had decided to take a week off and go out into the forest preserve after winning a set of camping gear in a contest, one that he didn’t even remember entering but didn’t want to let a good prize go to waste. He had always enjoyed camping back in the day but he had made the mistake with combining it with hiking as he made his way through the woods once his pack was on his back. While it was nice to be away from the complexities and problems of the city the fact that he was so far removed from technology unnerved him as he found a stream and decided to follow it.

Next time he was just going to take the paths, the hybrid thought to himself as he took out the one piece of technology he did have and looked at the screen. It was a GPS system that told him where he was so he didn’t get lost and as he checked his progress he suddenly felt himself sink down on stepping forward. As he looked down he realized that he had just stepped in a mud bank that was probably being fed by the nearby water source and had sunk nearly up to his knee. Fortunately he was still mostly on solid ground and with a little effort pulled up his leg even with feeling the suction like the ground didn’t want to let him go.

“Great…” Serathin said as he looked at his mud-caked leg once he had completely extracted it. “At least I’m wearing shorts.” When he looked up he saw that a lot of the area was basically a mud flat but with a little effort he managed to maneuver around a few dead trees stuck in he muck and continue his way up until he found a nice little pond that the water had cut into the ground from a small waterfall above. It was good a place to stop for the day and the area was rather scenic as he began to take his gear and set up camp.

By this point Serathin had managed to figure out how to get the new tent and everything ready to the point where there was still a bit of sun as he got his campfire started. As he pulled out the food packets for dinner though he nostrils scrunched up as he smelled something that wasn’t the smoke from the crackling wood. It was a sweet scent, but with an earthiness to it as well that he couldn’t quite place as he looked about the woods. Whatever he smelled was much different than the typical woodsy bouquet as he eventually tracked it towards the waterfall that fed into pond.

Since he had been meaning to wash the mud off of his leg anyway and with no one else around he stripped off his clothes to keep them from getting wet. Even his underwear had to go since he didn’t want to spend all night trying to dry them out as he pushed his naked body through the cold water. It didn’t take much for him to get to the other side and as he looked around the small cave. The smell was powerful to the point of intoxicating and he took a few more steps inside the light that streamed in from the cave entrance was replaced with a glow that was a little deeper in.

Mushrooms… but they were not like anything he had ever seen before as he knelt down to look at the rather large fungi. They were like glowing orbs that had a green bioluminescence to them that was not only on the cap but also the mycelium that anchored it to the rock. The fungus was framed with black leaves that adorned them and as he continued to lean forward to examine them they seemed to pulsate with increasing intensity. It was like they could sense that he was there and as he could see green dots of light that floated around like lightning bugs he was distracted by it enough to miss that the fungus balls had swelled to the point of trembling.

Serathin let out a gasp as the fungus balls burst and suddenly the draconic sabrewolf was surrounded by a whirlwind of glowing green lights that swirled around him. The sweet woodsy smell was almost overpowering and though he was slightly disoriented by it he stumbled his way over to the beam of sunlight. About a minute later he splashed his way through the waterfall and practically belly flopped into the pond. Water was pushed up into his nose and mouth before Serathin managed to surface once more and crawled to the shore, coughing and sputtering as he shook his body to get the wetness out of his fur.

As he looked back at the cave Serathin saw the faint glow behind the waterfall and guessed that it was creating a pressure that was keeping the glowing spores from getting out. Eventually the cave completely dark and the hybrid just shook his head as he went back to his campsite while still dripping. He was thankful that he had gotten the fire started already and while it wouldn’t get too cold out he would appreciate being dry before going to bed. The draconic sabrewolf sat out for a while as he prepared his dinner and found himself ravenous enough to also eat two of his snack bars as well.

Eventually the fire burned down to embers and with a bowl full of water from the pond it was quenched completely. As he looked up at the stary night sky he found that it was beautiful as usual, but he was feeling quite tired and the sounds of the forest were lulling him to sleep he went into the tent to sleep for the night. The sleeping bag was surprisingly comfortable but with the warmth of the night he just laid on top of it with his pillow behind his head. Serathin scratched his chest and his eyes slowly drifted off to sleep he found his hand going up to his chest, scratching the fur and briefly exposing the glowing green dust that was disappearing into his flesh…

When Serathin opened his eyes again it was because there was a glowing light that was in his tent. After rubbing his eyes he looked around for the source of the luminescence that had roused him from his slumber at first he thought that some of the sores had somehow leaked in. When there was nothing floating around that could have caused it he looked down at himself and as he brought his hands to his face the glow came with it. At first Serathin thought that perhaps the spores had gotten stuck into his scales but as he looked at his fingers he realized that it was actually tendrils that had already started to spread around the claws and push their way up to his black fur.

Hyphae… finally his knowledge came to good use, though how much that helped in the matter he didn’t know as he suddenly felt aware of a tingling sensation on the skin. The glow in the tent was getting brighter and the hybrid could feel a tightness in his chest. He found himself practically clawing at the tent flap and as he went outside the air felt strange on his skin, like it was the first time he was feeling it. The sensations of his body had only increased and as he clambered over the grass he saw that the hyphae were not just growing over his arms as he made his way towards the pond.

Serathin let out a groan as he got to the edge of the water and as he continued to pant he felt something wiggle over his tongue and around his teeth as his reflection showed the same tendrils wrapping around his teeth and tongue. It was like they were growing over them and as several clusters began to grow out from his nostrils and ears the hue shifted in coloration. It was going from green to purple and as he continued to watch the head in the reflection he began to feel a pressure in his ears. With being out in the night air it seemed to spur on the strange growth that could be seen on his feet and, with a little bit of flexing, growing out of his tailhole as well. While his fur had seemed to block most of the spores from taking root his scales and the wet areas of his body proved to be fertile ground for the mycelia on his body to spread.

As Serathin began to reach up to his ear as he could feel the plant spreading inside his fingers twitched before he could do anything, his eyes becoming unfocused. When it touched his brain he gasped loudly and exposed the almost complete purple glowing of the tendrils that had completely dominated his mouth and began to spread down his throat. For a brief second there was panic but as he continued to kneel there his hand eventually fell away from his head. His breath came out more raggedly and with a tinge of wetness to it as he found himself becoming lightheaded, though that wasn’t the only reaction his increasingly fuzzy thoughts noted.

Up until that point Serathin had been ignoring the low sensation of pleasure that was coming from his groin, but as he fell backwards and began to writhe on the ground it was mostly from his cock that was completely erect. The glowing purple hyphae had completely engulfed it and he could feel it growing into his slit, spreading just like it had down his throat and through his tailhole. The area around the water was practically lit up as the draconic sabrewolf’s hips started to thrust upwards, though his hands went to his chest as he found himself drawing increasingly less air. His lungs didn’t have the usual burning that came with suffocation though and as he looked down at his chest his eyes widened as he saw more of the purple hyphae spreading out from his nipples.

They were spreading up from his chest, not down, Serathin realized as a purple haze began to fill his vision. The tendrils that were starting to inch up from his eyes was making it hard to see, though the more the growing spores overtook him the more he could sense other things. The crashing of the water on the rocks, the air gently blowing through the grove, even the embers that had escaped his extinguishing could be felt on his increasingly sensitive body. By this point the glowing purple tendrils had spread through his fur, though it was harder to see with it being black though it shined through the silver stripes, and as his maleness throbbed he didn’t even have to touch it in order to have it feed pleasure to the rest of his form as more of the tendrils began to stimulate his prostate.

As the tendrils reached his pupils and the mycelia encased his body his jaws stretched out in a silent cry of pure pleasure as he came. As his pulsating member spurted his seed was the usual white at first, but with every get it became increasingly tinted with purple until it was a deep lavender by the end. When it was done the infested sabrewolf slumped back against the ground, the mycelia that had spread over his body continuing to spread over him inside and out as his purple hyphae-covered eyes remained open even as he became completely still. The night passed with the infested creature laying there motionless for the longest while, but as the moon rose completely overhead the digits of the infested creature began to twitch before his entire body started to sit up…

When Serathin came too again he found himself standing in the sunlight, his eyes adjusting as though he was seeing the brightness for the first time. He realized that he was on his back and as he slowly got up from where he was lying down he could feel something pulling up from the ground that was connected to his skin. Though it was hard for him to look behind him it was clear from the dirt pressed against his back that the long tendrils holding them together were anchored to his skin. As he got used to the brightness however there was something that caught his attention; there was a mushroom that looked like a somewhat normal toadstool on his stomach, but as he tugged at the stem he found that it was growing directly out of his skin!

As he shifted his position he found that there were actually a number of them growing not only on the purple fur of his stomach but were also growing all over him. When he brought up his arms he saw that they weren’t all the same type either as he found shelf-like mushrooms adorning his biceps and forearms. When he brought his fingers up to his neck he found more of the same on them, and when he wiggled it to see how stuck they were to his body he was surprised to find that it snapped off rather painlessly. There was a strange sense of loss but it was fleeting, and he could already sense the mycelia that had taken over his body were growing a new one.

It wasn’t just the outside of his body either; as Serathin yawned he found something press up against his top lip and realized that there were a few growing on his tongue and inside his mouth. A cursory examination felt similar tiny ones growing out of his nostrils and even one pushing its way out of his ear. He realized at that point that he wasn’t breathing either and he wondered just what happened to him that night… but as he thought about how to combat that infestation the idea seemed… distasteful to him. Even though he was pretty sure he couldn’t feel his heart beating he was still alive and it made him wonder just how much of his vital functions were being handled by the fungi infesting his form.

Such things were more efficient at nutrient absorption, water retention, and little to no waste disposal, Serathin thought to himself, and as he sniffed his body he didn’t find any stench of decay like he was some sort of mushroom zombie corpse. In fact he had a naturally earthy scent, like peat as he looked around his surroundings. One thing that was for certain was that his body had moved during the night and that he was no longer at the campsite. As he stood there however he could feel the thicker mycelia of his feet burrowing into the ground and realized he could sense where it had been, or at least where the waterfall was as he made his way towards the camp. It took a few hours before he got back to his campsite and when he did he found his stomach rumbling, and fortunately for him it seemed that his body could handle regular food as he consumed quite a few of his rations.

As more time passed and day slowly turned to night Serathin tried to figure out what happened to him, other then the fact that his body was covered with a web of mycelia that was capable of growing fungus that had taken over his systems. Part of him wanted to go back to town but any time he thought of it he could feel his body shudder. It appeared his infestation didn’t care for that idea at all and even the idea of trying to head back down made him sick. As he tried to figure out what to do though one thing did come to mind, the desire to grow and spread the fungus that had infested him. The draconic sabrewolf surmised that it was what it had done when it had taken over his mind.

Serathin realized that those thoughts were growing increasingly fervent as night progressed, and as he sat in the darkness next to his tent he found that the hyphae on his body was starting to glow. He could feel the alien presence in his mind and though it wasn’t technically sentient it knew how to manipulate its host as he held up a hand and saw the pulsating purple light spreading down it. The eyes of the hybrid began to glow and as they did a plan formed in the corrupted mind of the creature. He went to his pack and took out the GPS screen, activating the emergency distress beacon before putting it aside.

As he saw the ping go out it could potentially be days before anyone might catch on to it, and though his mushrooms were very efficient he still needed a means to wait for the rescue crew to arrive. During the day his hyphae had dug into the ground and with it spread out it sensed the perfect spot. Once again Serathin felt his body move of its own accord as the fungus knew where to go in order to keep them happy as he walked a little further down the river. When he got to the flood bank the hybrid realized that he was naked, but that mattered little to him as his muzzle was practically dripping with purple drool as he stepped forward.

The second that his foot slipped down into the wet mud it caused the infested hybrid to shudder, his cock already starting to push out as he waded out further. Even in his own headspace Serathin had thought that it would be slimy and gritty but instead he found it to be smooth and silky. It was a rather nutrient-rich silt and as he sank down to his knees he found himself groaning in arousal. He wasn’t sure whether this was the fungus or his own desire but as he waded further into the river bank the more he panted with pleasure.

For a moment Serathin’s hands drifted down to his groin but the hyphae were more than capable of stimulating him, which was good as he felt himself continuing to sink. His legs were absolutely tingling and he could feel the tendrils stretching out as his hips humped forward. While gravity was taking care of his journey downward the sensations of bliss were enough for him to scoop a handful of the thick substance and smear it over himself. Almost immediately he could feel the hyphae spreading out into the thick, wet substance and as his hips thrusted into the mud it was causing even more lust to build into him.

The bright neon purple glow of his body was becoming dimmer by the second as every handful of mud caked over his fur and spread over him. With the added weight it was also causing him to sink down further but when he got to his waist he just dived down and shoved his face into the substance. With no need for air since the mushrooms that already started to sprout and grow on his forehead and back were taking care of it he let the thick goo ooze into his mouth, feeling it fill his chest as more of it squished into his ears and nostrils. An almost giddy sensation rushed over him as the mud bubbled around his body, mostly due to the displacement of air and partially due to the tendrils that were sliding through it.

Spread… as the wings of the draconic sabrewolf folded in and allowed the mud to cover it his hips were still thrusting downwards, ready to spread his spores through the thick substance. This would do nicely to sustain him, and with the current of the river bringing more he could stay there indefinitely. As the glowing purple eyes looked up from the mud one last time while the last of his body disappeared beneath the surface though there was no need for him to wait that long. He imagined that soon enough there would be others to play host to the infestation as his eyes and horns dipped beneath the surface and left a smooth, unbroken surface before the first few mushrooms began to break through…