Gods and Monsters

Chapter Fenrir:

In the kingdom of Asgard the divine being known as Tyr sat along the balcony of the palace, watching the sun set on the city below as he held a length of ribbon in his hands. He had been standing there since that same sun was high in the sky and ever since he had gotten the news of the task that he had been ordained to perform. As much as he didn’t want to do it he knew that he would be the only one that was capable of such a feat, but it was from this ability that caused him so much ire. The gods had decreed that he used the ribbon Gleipnir in his hands to bind the great wolf Fenrir so that he may not wreck the destruction that he was ordained to cause by the fates early on in his life, keeping him underneath the palace and docile to try and prevent that fate from being fulfilled.

But Fenrir was Tyr’s friend, the giant bear man letting out a huge sigh as he started to pace back and forth along the balcony. He was the only one that the giant wolf had gotten close to, though that was partially due to none of the other deities wanting to get close due to the aura of destruction around him, and as such the two had become good friends while he was being kept captive down in his chambers. That was back when he was young and small and as the years passed Fenrir had grown bigger than any of them had expected to the point where he was going to need to be moved to larger quarters further down within the chambers of the palace, and for the safety of the realm they also decried that he would be bound so that he couldn’t attempt to destroy the foundation should he choose to try and fulfill his destiny. That led to the creation of Gleipnir; it was a ribbon that was made specifically for this purpose and once used to bind the wolf would prevent him from escaping unless someone undid it.

With day quickly turning to night Tyr decided to go down and complete the task that had been set before him, letting out one last heavy sigh before heading down towards the inner bowels of the palace. He stopped in the kitchens first in order to get the meal prepared specifically for the wolf and fortunately the man was large even for a Viking as he used his impressive musculature to hoist the huge tray up and bring it down with him. Even though Fenrir was slated to help destroy the realms Tyr always made sure that he was not only properly fed but also given some additional treats. Perhaps it was one of the main reasons that they were so friendly with one another, Tyr thought with a slight smile on his face as he got to the steel door at the bottom of the stairs and set the tray aside so he could unlock it.

As soon as the metal swung open he could feel the air shift, likely from the great wolf breathing in as Tyr walked inside. “It smells like the kitchen is trying some sort of new spice,” A low, deep voice said in the darkness as the bear went over and lit several of the braziers so that he could see. “It is quite pungent, something not from this realm for sure.”

“You are quite right my friend,” Tyr said as he banished the last of the shadows from the room, revealing the black-furred creature that had slowly gotten up from where he was laying. Though Fenrir was feral in stature he still stood head and shoulders above the bear warrior, which was a feat considering that he did the same to many that were within the kingdom. “We visited a tribe in one of the neighboring planes that was cultivating it and brought it back to try out, the chef owed me a favor and made a dish for you so that you could try it yourself.”

“You are too kind as always,” Fenrir replied, once more that deep voice reverberating through the stone at Tyr’s feet as the warrior grabbed the tray and brought it over towards him. “Tell me the news of the palace, has Loki finally gotten over his rivalry with Thor or are the two still at one another’s throat over the trick that he played on him?”

With Tyr being the only visitor that Fenrir usually got the two would spend quite a bit of time talking about the affairs of the other gods and goddesses that roamed the palace. With the constant threat that the wolf had over his head and his size starting to match even those that used to look over the creature in the bear man’s absence had become less frequent, with most not even bothering to talk to him. “You seem troubled,” Fenrir said as he gnawed the bone that remained of the huge slab of meat that had been brought down for him. “What is bothering you Tyr?”

Tyr knew that there wouldn’t be a better time and motioned for Fenrir to wait, then went out and grabbed the long length of ribbon and brought it back into the room with him. As soon as Fenrir saw what the bear was holding he let out a groan and put his paws to his face. “Not with this Ragnarok business again,” Fenrir said as Tyr moved over. “Why not just encase me in lead and put me in the front of the palace to rot?”

“You know I would never let them do that to you my friend,” Tyr said as he walked back over and patted Fenrir on the head. “But alas the gods and goddesses heed the fates, and they decree that you will bring doom and destruction on the planes when Ragnarok is unleashed and so they wish to take measures into their own hands. You’ve already outgrown this room too… and these bindings are to ensure that no matter how big that you get you will remain under control.”

Tyr could see the teeth of the wolf get bared as he took a step away, though it quickly turned to a look of resignation as he flopped down on his side. “As if being down here isn’t enough,” Fenrir responded as he looked at the stone walls that had been encroaching on him the last few years as he grew bigger. “I don’t suppose my new room will have a view?”

“It’ll be deeper down I’m afraid,” Tyr informed Fenrir, wanting to be as upfront as possible. “Part of the reason they want you restrained is so that you can’t gnaw at the foundations of the palace, so part of this is that you’re going to have to be muzzled as well. I don’t think that we have to do this today, maybe I can talk to Odin even and see if perhaps we’re not overreaching with this-“

“No, no…” Fenrir replied in resignation. “Once the mind of a god is made up usually that’s it, and you’ve been kind enough to me that I won’t give you any trouble. Let’s do this now before I decide to change my mind.”

As Tyr nodded he realized that while the entire time he had been concerned about how to break the news to his friend about his upgraded incarceration he hadn’t considered how he was actually going to do it. The ribbon that had been forged was rather long and stretchy but would also keep the wolf completely bound even if he attempted to struggle. Several times the bear man walked around his friend and thought about how to do the job, knowing that if he did poorly the gods would just assign someone else to do it and would likely not have as considerate a manner as he did. The bear continued to stand there until Fenrir asked if this was actually happening or not and finally Tyr decided to go with multiple layers starting with the forelimbs and working his way around the body of the wolf.

Tyr told Fenrir to get onto his back to make things easier and the wolf rolled his eyes while saying that he wasn’t sure why he would want to but obliged regardless. With the forelimbs being up higher than Tyr could quite reach he had to straddle the stomach of the wolf in order to do so, sliding into the thick fur as he used his newfound position to get the large lupine paws into a place where he could started. Before he began the bear man couldn’t help but press his fingers against them, watching them stretch slightly under the pressure as they flexed. He found himself biting his lips slightly as he continued to play with them for a bit before a grunt from the wolf beneath him reminded Tyr of his task and he wrapped the ribbon around them.

As the soft fabric was wound around the base of the paws and then brought upwards Tyr couldn’t help but admire the construction of it. The dwarves had outdone themselves with something that seemed as supple as silk yet could probably deflect arrows and possibly stop even Mjolnir in its tracks with its strength. It was hard to believe that it was all to bind the creature beneath him but he knew that there was also power in the wolf’s flanks after having a stone kicked in his direction when Fenrir had a tantrum that shook the palace walls with its force. Once he had finished with the individual paws he took another loop and wrapped the two against one another, effectively binding them so that he couldn’t move them apart.

“You certainly are not messing around,” Fenrir said as he watched the bear man on top of his chest start to weave the ribbon around his forelimbs and continue to tie them together. “At this rate you are going to have to feed me, I hope you are up to the task.”

“Please do not jest my friend,” Tyr replied with a sigh as he tightened the ribbon once he got to the next joint, seeing the wolf’s limbs press together before he continued his way up. “I’m having a hard enough time as it is doing this to you, and you need to stop squirming or I’m going to fall off.”

Tyr could see the wolf frown at that and huff before turning his head to the side, remaining in silence as the last of the black fur of his forelimbs disappeared under the bright white cloth-like metal. Though he felt bad chastising Fenrir like that the bear man was having a hard time of this, and it didn’t help that when he would tighten up the bindings it would cause the lupine creature to wiggle slightly. At first he thought that maybe he was causing discomfort and would have to redo the entire binding over again but when he would check in Fenrir merely said that he was fine. It wasn’t helping that the two started to no longer make eye contact with one another as Tyr got to the end of hie forelimbs that he could do and then had to decide where to go next with it.

It took a few minutes before Tyr got a plan in order, deciding to bind those wrapped-up forelimbs against the body of the wolf before moving onto the hindlegs in order to prevent potential distress and keep Fenrir from squirming around too much. With no way to get his upper body off of the ground though the wolf had to roll around in order to get Gleipnir around the large torso of the creature, Fenrir commenting on how humiliating this was to have to participate so actively in his own incarceration. While Tyr felt bad for him both knew that this was the only way to make sure that it was done to the specification of the other deities while making sure to keep Fenrir as comfortable as possible. It took a while but eventually they had gotten several of the white bindings to go around the chest and midsection of the creature before they got down to the point where it would be Fenrir’s hind legs next.

When Tyr told Fenrir to shift onto his back once more however the wolf suddenly seemed to realize something and refused, staying that he didn’t want to proceed any further and wanted the bear man to leave. The sudden change for heart shocked Tyr and he asked what was wrong, only for Fenrir to deny anything being the matter and telling him to just leave. When the bear man said that he wouldn’t he was surprised to have the wolf snap at him, but with his upper body effectively completely bound there was nothing that he could do except wiggle back and forth like a crocodile to try and get at him. More than once however Tyr had to jump out of the way to make sure that he stayed out of the range of those teeth that could easily take a limb off and waited for Fenrir to calm down before explaining that they had to get everything done that day.

The struggling continued on for a few more moments before finally Fenrir let out a deep sigh and relented, turning onto his back while Tyr continued to hold the chain in his hand. He wasn’t quite sure what had caused such a visceral reaction in the lupine but with Fenrir not talking anymore the only thing that he could do was complete the task. Once the wolf was on his back once more the bear man hoisted himself up on the lower midsection like had previously, though as he did he could feel that Fenrir was squirming even more than he had before. It made Tyr wonder if perhaps the wolf was having second thoughts about allowing this to happen, and even though he had already managed to get him halfway bound up it could still cause a pain if Fenrir began to kick and struggle as he slowly lowered himself towards the hindquarters…

As Tyr got the hind legs into position he was suddenly greeted with something that he wasn’t expecting at all, the bear’s eyes widening as he saw the hard wolf cock jutting out between them. Was this the source of Fenrir’s frustration, he wondered to himself as he could feel the wolf trying to slide out from under him. “I… well… this is an unexpected development,” Tyr said as he found himself still staring at the throbbing shaft as it continued to almost point at him. “I didn’t realize…”

“Just hurry up and do what you’re going to do,” Fenrir growled as he continued to look away. Tyr just nodded and once more started to wrap the ribbon around the hind paws of the wolf, but as he did so he could see that it was causing the thick member to bob and bounce from the groin of the creature to the point where he found himself starting and stopping several times. “Am I really that distracting to you?”

Tyr found himself biting his lips as the wolf waited for a response, the bear feeling the feral wolf underneath him attempt to pull his body up so he could try and see what is going on. “Your… maleness is getting in the way of binding your legs,” Tyr finally said. “Unless you want to get it trapped within your rear leg bindings you’re going to have to soften up.”

“Easier said then done,” Fenrir replied with a slight growl. “I don’t exactly get any action down here you know, you being on top of me is probably the closest I’ve gotten to sex. So unless you want to take care of my little problem yourself then you’re going to have to think of another way.”

As the wolf continued to lie on his back he suddenly felt something wrap around the sensitive flesh, causing him to nearly bolt upright as Tyr wrapped his meaty hand around the thick shaft. “This is what you told me to do,” Tyr said as he turned back to see the shocked look on the wolf’s face stare back at him. “I don’t feel like spending several hours trying to figure out how to navigate around your maleness, and if you’re getting bound up like this than you should at least get something out of the deal. Now if you keep squirming around it’s going to take even longer for me to get done with you.”

There was several moments of silence before Tyr could feel the body of the wolf deflate underneath him slightly before letting out a grunt of approval. The bear nodded and went back to the task that he had set himself to do, taking both hands and rubbing them up and down against the throbbing shaft that was before him. He could feel the heartbeat of the other creature through his maleness and it was speeding up the more that he stroked the sensitive flesh. Though part of him wanted it to get done and over with so that he could continue with the task Tyr noticed that there were no more protests that came from the wolf, only groans of pleasure that made him wonder just how far he could take the trapped creature as he slowed himself down.

At first Fenrir didn’t seem to notice the change in pace but as the bear man leaned forward the low groans that came from him turned to an almost growl as Tyr leaned down further and fondled the furry sack that hung beneath the sheath that the cock had pushed out of. When the wolf tried to say something Tyr would just increase the pace or rub against a spot that seemed to be particularly pleasure-inducing and cause the back of the lupine to arch in response. It was hard to believe that this creature would cause the destruction of the planes as he was being teased and fondled by the bear warrior on top of him and the more he did it the more he could feel Fenrir getting into it as well. Though more than once he heard the wolf demand Tyr to finish him off but with the forepaws of the creature bound and his hind legs quivering in the air the bear realized just how much power this ribbon had given him.

Eventually Tyr decided that he still had a job to do and increased the pace in which he stroked Fenrir, which caused the wolf to orgasm almost immediately. The other man writhed in place as the bear man on top kept him somewhat pinned down, though for the warrior he had to brace himself as best he could with his feet while keeping the spurting cock of the wolf away from him. The last thing that Tyr wanted to have to try and explain to the others was how he managed to get covered in wolf cum as he went to the baths to wash off as jet after jet of Fenrir’s seed continued to pump out of the pent-up member until finally it died down while he felt the shaft start to soften in his grip immediately. Though he had tried his best to keep the wolf from getting hit there were several strands that glistened against the wolf’s fur that Tyr attempted to wipe off as best he could using the cloth that he could find in the room.

When Fenrir was finally finished Tyr could feel the chest of the wolf rising up and down as he panted heavily while the bear started to wrap up his hind paws. With the shaft of the beast sliding back into his sheath it was far easier for the bear man to get them together and bend them into a position where they would at least by somewhat comfortable while being tied up. As he did he heard no more complaints from the wolf either and that made the entire process easier as he finished with the legs and looped the ribbon around his hindquarters a few times for good measure. In the end the wolf would be unable to move a muscle other than squirm around and wag his tail as he recovered from the endeavor enough to start speaking once more.

“I trust that you will tell no one of that last part,” Fenrir said with a slight growl as Tyr slid off of him and allowed him to rest on his stomach once more. “I may be the destroyer in Ragnarok but I would prefer not to have anyone know of our little session and the… enjoyment that was gotten from it.”

“Your secret is safe with me, my friend,” Tyr replied as he patted the flanks of the wolf, which only caused Fenrir to shiver slightly. “Ah, my apologies, but there is one last thing we have to do before we’re all done here. As I mentioned the others above don’t want you to have the capacity to gnaw on anything and when the others come down to move you I’m sure they would appreciate you not chewing off their assorted limbs in response.”

“Sometimes they deserve to have their limbs gnawed off,” Fenrir replied before letting out a sigh. “But go ahead, you have already gotten me to this point so there’s no use in me saying otherwise. Just be quick about it, I grow tired and wish to rest after this.”

Tyr couldn’t help but wonder if perhaps it was something other than the binding that had caused the wolf to become so tired as he took the last bits of the ribbon and slid them underneath the bindings that had already been made to go up towards his head. There was just enough of Gleipnir to do what had to be done, the bear first wrapping it around the neck of the wolf twice before moving up and sliding it into the maw of the creature. There was a moment where Tyr could hear Fenrir gag slightly but when he asked the other male if he was alright the wolf just nodded his head and allowed the bear to continue. Once he had secured the ribbon inside the maw of the lupine muzzle he moved it around so it could wrap several times around the outside of it before the end was looped back and slid into the makeshift collar before tied into a knot.

Once he was finished Tyr looked over his work one last time before he asked Fenrir if he needed anything, then once he gotten the nod he watched as the wolf laid down his head and turned to his side. With his legs bound up to his body there was no way he could move other than having to scoot forward, and with his muzzle bound there was no reason to even do it. As the bear man stood there and watched the wolf close his eyes he couldn’t but think on how helpless Fenrir looked in that state, part of him feeling sorry for the creature and his fate as he snuffed out the braziers and started to make for the door. There was another part of him however that was having a completely different reaction to the entire thing as a small coy grin appeared on the bear man’s muzzle as he turned and locked the door before heading back up to the palace.

When Tyr got back to his room he finally allowed himself to express the emotion that he had been holding back the entire time as a mischievous smile formed on his face. One thing that he had never told anyone in the palace was that there was more than just friendship that continued to keep him going back to Fenrir’s room and helping him out. For the longest time he had harbored secret feelings towards the wolf, feelings that if the others found out about would probably not only get him to no longer care for the creature but potentially kicked out of the palace and possibly the realm itself. With Fenrir being the destroyer of Ragnarok the thought that anyone could harbor such emotions, whether it be actual love or even merely lust, was something that was unthinkable even to him when he first started to experience them himself.

All this experience had taught him was just how carnal those feelings were and that they weren’t just something that had been imagined, especially when he had taken the cock of that wolf in his hands. He found himself stroking his hands down his own fur as he imagined the feeling of that creature under him once more, feeling his cock pressed up against him as he did more than just stroke it. His own member began to stiffen and as he began to grow hornier by the second he found himself moving over towards his bed and reaching underneath it for the hand-carved wooden chest. Inside were an assortment of toys that he enjoyed, ones that he used in order to satisfy the lusts that he had for Fenrir as he continued to stroke his meat between his fingers.

As he held the dildo in his hands however he realized something that had caused him to pause. No one would visit Fenrir down in his new lair, which would be even deeper down in the catacombs of the palace, and after the display he had put on from when he was being bound it was clear at some level the lupine was actually enjoying himself. He also clearly wasn’t protesting when he had started to jerk him off either, and from the feeling of ecstasy from in between his legs he might be open to more, and if he wasn’t then it wasn’t like he could tell anyone about his secret fantasies. Tyr found that he no longer wanted to stroke himself off like he usually did after meeting with Fenrir, though he did keep the toy box close to him so that he would pick it up the next time that he would visit with the wolf.

It took almost a week for the guards that had been assigned to move Fenrir to his new holding area to get organized enough to move him down there, and the entire time Tyr waited. He didn’t want to enact anything when the wolf would be around others, even if he was gagged by the ribbon, and finally after a lot of logistics he was moved to the new lair further down in the catacombs. Once they were finished the bear man gave his friend a few days to get used to his new surroundings as well before he came down with the wooden box in one hand and the plate of food in the other. Even though they had warded the area so that Fenrir no longer needed to eat since that require the removal of his bindings Tyr said that he would continue to do so until it proved to be too dangerous.

The feeding time also gave Tyr the excuse he needed in order to visit the wolf without worrying about raising suspicions, unlocking and opening the new bigger door in order to get inside. When he made his way into Fenrir’s room he no longer needed to light any sort of torches as the glow from the magical glyphs that activated as soon as he stepped inside allowed him to see perfectly fine. “Ah, it seems that my friend has brought me some sort of gift,” Fenrir said once the gag had been removed from his muzzle. “I’m surprised that those above would allow you to do such a thing.”

“In reality they don’t know what it is that I’ve brought for you,” Tyr replied as he patted the wooden box underneath his thick fingers. “I don’t think that you have any idea yourself, though before I show you what the contents of the box are I have to ask you something. That day when I first bound you, what was the real reason that you were so aroused?”

The question had clearly caught the wolf off-guard and Tyr could see Fenrir grit his teeth as though in anticipation of lashing out once more. “I already told you why that was,” Fenrir replied with a slight growl to his voice. “I do not get lavished with the same kind of attention that I’m sure someone like you is used to up in the main halls of the palace. Other than the guards who had manhandled me on the way down to my new accommodations you were the only one to have touched me at all, much less in the intimate way that you did before.”

“It seemed like you enjoyed it,” Tyr said, which once more caused Fenrir to squirm slightly. “Since you’re going to be down here until the time of Ragnarok I thought that perhaps we might find something to pass the time until then.” The bear man could feel the wolf tense slightly as he rubbed a hand against the bound-up thigh of the lupine creature, seeing the shocked look on his face.

“Tyr, what you speak of is forbidden,” Fenrir stated as he looked at the amorous advances of the bear man in surprise. “If anyone above found out what you are doing…”

“As if anyone will come down here to see what is going on,” Tyr replied as he watched the wolf squirm slightly. “Even if you were to consume me and I didn’t return back up to the surface it would be days, maybe even weeks before anyone would bother to come down here and see what my fate is. No, my dear friend, I think that anything I do to you down here will be kept quite secret until the day of Ragnarok’s arrival and your fated escape.”

With Tyr still pressed against the wolf he could feel the shiver that went down the body of the other creature at his predicament, and though he knew that the bear man would never actually harm him there was a slight glint of both fear and arousal in Fenrir’s eyes. The two could do whatever they wanted and no one would be the wiser; even if someone did come down here eventually none of the others would have the balls to ungag the dread wolf. One day this creature would potentially consume him, but for the time being the thought of having such a powerful creature as his toy caused his pants to tent. Since they were alone and he had already made his intentions clear, to which he received no rebuke from the wolf and saw that his unrestrained tail had started to flop up and down in response, and got up in order to undress himself.

At first he just started to pull off his tunic but as he started to bring the cloth up over his head the bear man could see Fenrir watching him in rapt interest, so with a grin on his muzzle he decided to tease the wolf a little further. He could see the creature wiggling around in his bindings as he continued to undress in front of him, exposing the thick fur-covered muscle of his chest and arms before he tossed it onto the muzzle of the other creature. Tyr couldn’t help but laugh as he watched Fenrir practically flop over himself in order to remove the garment from his face, only to stop once he had taken it off to see that the bear man had started with his pants and began to pull the half-hard cock out from beneath his waistband.

This was it, Tyr realized as he saw the wolf’s eyes widen upon seeing his member, was his fantasy about to become a reality? Or would Fenrir rebuke him and his lusts for the other creature would have to remain as nothing more than an unfulfilled desire? “I suppose it’s only fair since you got to see mine,” Fenrir said with a huff, causing the nervousness to drain from the bear man’s body as a smile formed on his muzzle. “Although it is rather… small.”

“Only when compared to a dire wolf monster,” Tyr replied as he felt himself laugh, which caused Fenrir to do the same. It felt like all the tension that had been in the room was released and it caused the man to get even hornier for what he was about to do next. While he would love nothing more than to assert his dominance over a creature that could just as easily rip him to shreds if he wasn’t being restrained, though he hoped that perhaps the one he believed to be his friend would spare him such an indignant death, he knew that he wanted the wolf to be just as prepped as he would be for the fun that they would have for him.

That was where the wooden chest came in; once Tyr had gotten completely naked and showed off his muscular ursine body to the other male he went over and grabbed the vessel to bring it over towards the restrained wolf. Inside had been something that the bear man had never shown anyone else before, his collection of adult toys that he had gathered from other realms in secret that he had visited. They ranged from the mundane dildo to the magical cock ring and as he picked up the latter one he could see the jaw of the wolf drop. That was a bit advanced for his lupine friend however and first he wanted to make sure that he could enjoy himself interruption and pulled up a thinner dildo that was attached to a cage and had a thin tube hanging out of it.

“What in the realms is that for?” Fenrir said as he watched Tyr brought the device over towards the wolf.

“To make sure that no one can hear your moans,” Tyr replied with a devilish grin. “Now open wide.”

When it was clear where the gag was going to go the wolf let out a growl, though the tone was lighter and more playful as he rolled to his side. “I’m not going to be humiliated by that thing so easily,” Fenrir said as he gave Tyr a fanged smile. “Even bound as much as I am I can still make sure that you’re pinned to the ground before you can put that on me. Maybe I’ll even put it on you instead.”

Though that would have been a sight to see Tyr was becoming far too lustful at this point to indulge in trying to see if Fenrir could make good on his promise, and though he saw the sharp teeth being presented to him the bear warrior trusted that he could both beat the wolf and that if he didn’t he wouldn’t be lying in a pool of his own blood next to a chest full of sex toys. But even with the assurance that death wasn’t on the table it was clear that Fenrir wanted him to fight for his right to gag him, and that was something the bear was more than ready to do as he darted forward. He heard the wolf snarl and attempt to pull his head away but with his body bound Tyr had the upper hand and eventually made it so that he was straddling the neck of the large creature for stability and to be prevented from being bucked off.

As the soft black fur of the wolf pressed against his own Tyr couldn’t help but let out a growl of arousal of his own. This was much different than his initial binding, this second round much more intimate in nature as he took the straps and slid them around the head of the lupine muzzle. The dildo slid in rather effortlessly once he had managed to line it up and when Fenrir tried to talk all that came out was garbled syllables as the shiny rubber length slid around and blocked his tongue from forming proper words. What did manage to escape past the wolf’s lips was a lustful moan of his own before the leather straps were pressed against the short fur of his muzzle and tightened down enough that it kept his jaws clamped together.

Tyr couldn’t help but chuckle at the look of surprise on Fenrir’s face as the wolf tried to wiggle his head to get the insidious device off, his breath coming out of his nostrils and large huffs as he tried to move his jaws up and down to wiggle the cage off of him. But the bear man had something for that too and took the tube that still hung out from between the teeth of the creature, attaching a bulb to it and beginning to squeeze. What little space that was left in the wolf’s maw quickly filled with the ballooning dildo as it caused the mouth to press up more against the cage it was trapped in, effectively rendering the predator unable to do anything with his muzzle other than move it around. Once he had made sure that it was properly inflated Tyr took off the bulb and locked the hose, then wrapped the ribbon around the restrained muzzle to add not only another layer of bondage but to make sure if someone did happen to come down that they wouldn’t see the gag that kept Fenrir from being able to let out any noise at all.

Even though this was just the start Tyr was having a hard time containing himself as his erection brushed through the thick fur that was still exposed even after once more creating the collar with the ribbon to hold it in place. He was hard as a rock and when he motioned for Fenrir to shift over onto his back he saw that the wolf was in the exact same place, the shaft that he had been careful not to bind with the hindlegs of the lupine still jutting up from his groin. That was just what he needed the wolf to be, but at the risk of him softening up and ruining the finally for tonight he grabbed another object and went over to the backside of the wolf. With the way the ribbon was wrapped Tyr just had to shift it a bit in order to gain access to Fenrir’s rather large pucker, the bear man teasing the opening with his hole that caused the other creature to try and push up into the air except that his legs were bound.

“This almost makes me wish that the other gods had ordered your binding many years ago,” Tyr said as he rubbed his hands along the furry flanks both covered and uncovered by the ribbon as he watched the wolf shudder in pleasure. “Perhaps I can tame you enough in order to prevent Ragnarok, could you imagine? They would probably erect statues in honor of my erection.”

When Tyr looked over at Fenrir his exposed eyes rolled at the joke, then instantly widened when he felt something push inside of him. Even with his much bigger size the wolf was tight as a drum and the last thing that the bear man wanted to do was actually hurt his friend, which was where the black metal plug came in. It was covered in runes and designed to expand in order to allow the one using it to take bigger and longer insertions, which is why he was taking the tip and teasing it around the hole of the other male. While he wanted nothing more than to plunge his throbbing cock into Fenrir and feel the wolf buck and squirm underneath him he knew from experience that it paid to stretch out first. The first thing he did however was push a finger inside to make sure that the wolf didn’t buck or become revulsed from the intrusion, but just as he thought after the initial insertion he could hear the huffed moans of pleasure come from Fenrir as the bear man carefully massaged his insides and got him ready for the next step.

The furry rear of the wolf shook slightly as the fingers that had been inside of him, which the bear had gotten up to three before deciding he was ready, were pulled out and immediately replaced with the tip of the plug. A shiver went down Fenrir’s spine as the cool metal was placed against his bare flesh, but as the body heat of the wolf warmed it up it also caused the runes that were inscribed on the smooth surface to start to glow. It was faster than Tyr had ever seen and it was likely due to the magic that suffused the room already as he continued to slowly ease it into the tailhole before him. As it got to the widest part the wolf was practically quivering on the floor from the pleasure that it was giving him and Tyr made sure to continue to tease his friend, watching the thick cock nestled between the black fur of those bound legs start to drip from the stimulation.

Eventually the bear pushed in the plug the rest of the way, which caused Fenrir to practically jump, and then nestled the base of it against the fur before taking some of the ribbon and covering it up. Even though it was unlikely that the wolf would be able to get it out himself the extra layer of pressure that kept the magical implement inside of him made Tyr stroke his own cock at the mere thought of it. He remembered when he had taken his time with it and the delicious feeling of feeling it spread him open more and more as he got used to the previous setting and knew that in just a few days Fenrir would be ready for a different type of play back there. At the moment though there was one last thing he wanted to do with his wolf, his smile growing wider at the thought that Fenrir was his as he grabbed the silver ring etched with various designs and brought it to the cock of the wolf.

“I’m sure at this stage it’s probably hard for you to even think about me adding another layer of pleasure to what you’re already feeling,” Tyr said as he saw Fenrir look up at him. “But I want to make sure that you are properly stimulated the entire time so I have this special little gift for you. Once I wrap it around the base of your cock it’s going to prevent you from going soft and sliding back into your sheath, keeping you horny and aroused with nothing that you can do about it.”

The explanation left Fenrir stunned and before the wolf could recover Tyr had already wrapped his large fingers around the throbbing pink shaft and slipped the ring over it. The metal glowed slightly as it traveled all the way down, which was easier since it hadn’t gotten to the point where his knot had inflated yet. He could tell that it was getting close though and once he had nestled the magical ring against the base of Fenrir’s length he wanted to reward the wolf for how good he was, and since he had already used that plug on himself he knew exactly how to do it. After making sure that Fenrir was completely on his back he took his feet and used them to make sure he didn’t roll around as he leaned back with his own bare tailhole hovering over the leaking tool.

“One last thing,” Tyr said as he leaned forward and took one of the ribbon coils that was on Fenrir’s head and pulled it down so that it covered his eyes like a blindfold. “The gods did want me to be thorough with your binding after all, and I would hate to disappoint them. Now relax and enjoy yourself my friend, I want to make sure you remember this pleasure all the way to Ragnarok.”

There was a loud exhale that came from the wolf’s nostrils as Tyr moved back and began to press himself against the tip of that tapered length. There was something so alluring about how forbidden this act was, if the others knew what he was doing they would likely have him tied up next to Fenrir. But no one would see them, no one would know what he had done to the wolf to make him squirm, and that made everything even more intense as he began to push the tip inside of him. Despite everything went on with all the other gods and goddesses of Asgard for this moment Fenrir was his, and there was nothing that anyone could do to tell him otherwise as he let out a low moan from his hole being stretched open.

The sensation was electrifying and he began to feel Fenrir try and buck up beneath him while blowing air even harder out of his nose. The bear man found himself smiling as he could imagine what the wolf would be saying to him right now if he could, but with the gag in place the only thing that came out from the lupine muzzle was muffled huffs as Tyr began to slide down further. With the training that came from the plug and his own divine heritage he was able to take the girthy shaft with some ease and after a second of adjustment was able to start to slide up and down without problem. By this point Fenrir felt like he was almost ready to blow and could feel the knot bump up against his cheeks, and since his own twitching member was ready as well he decided to hasten things further and push down until the entirety of the wolf shaft was inside of him.

There was a loud, dawn out moan from the bear man that became even deeper as he pushed down hard, which eventually turned into a gasp as he felt the thick flesh pop inside of him. The second he had tied himself to Fenrir he felt the great wolf climax, the throbbing rod filling him with his cum while his own member fired its own jets onto the black fur and white ribbon of the wolf beneath him. The amount that the other male had produced made Tyr wonder if it was going to bubble up from his mouth at the rate he was being filed, but eventually Fenrir calmed down enough and left him only with a distended stomach that also bulged with the tip of the cock that was deep inside of his tailhole. After a minute he felt Fenrir squirming as though to get out, only for Tyr to let out a grunt as he felt the knot pull on his stretched hole before he sat down and essentially pinned Fenrir to the ground.

“I wouldn’t do that until you’ve softened, my friend,” Tyr said with a pleasured sigh as he leaned back against the ribbon-wrapped mound that was the wolf’s hind legs. “Just relax, we’ll be untied soon enough and I will clean you off. It’s the least that I can do after everything else.”

Taking the bear man’s advice to heart Fenrir stopped his struggling and eventually Tyr lifted himself up and felt the softening cock slide out of his cum-soaked rear end. He had prepared specifically for this and took a towel that he had placed in the chest and used it to clean both of them up. Though he had done the best he could the smell of their encounter would probably linger for a while, which he didn’t mind since it would hopefully remind Fenrir of their time together as he took great care to make sure there was no evidence of their encounter left on him. Once he had finished he took the chest and hid it in a corner of the room, Fenrir’s place being the best spot to keep such things hidden since it was unlikely anyone would look down there, and then left the bound and gagged wolf to continue to squirm as the ring kept the wolf shaft from getting completely soft and made it harden once more.

A few days passed and Tyr tried to find a means in order to go down and visit Fenrir again, but there had been an instability in the planes that required his attention and he couldn’t find the means to get down there. With the wolf bound and gagged with no need for such things as food or even air there was no pressing need for him to be fed and the bear man didn’t want to arouse suspicion by going down there without a reason. The last thing he needed was one of the gods following him down to see if he was conspiring with Fenrir and seeing him in one of their sessions, so instead he preoccupied himself with late nights stroking himself while imagining Fenrir in unimaginable pleasure along with the frustration of not getting off. If the magic didn’t do anything to keep the wolf clean he was going to be a right mess, but first he had to find a means to get down there so he could get Fenrir the release that he probably craved at this point.

It took nearly a week before the issue had been resolved and Tyr had found some free time where he could go down and visit with Fenrir, bringing him a hearty meal that he said was appeasement so if he did escape he might remember this small kindness. While the bear man really just wanted a means to go down and see his handiwork once more there was truth to what he said, enough so that the others agreed with his idea and allowed him to go down without question. By the time he reached the lower catacombs with tray in hand he could hear the sounds of loud huffing even before he got to where Fenrir was stashed away. After a week of those toys stimulating him Tyr could only imagine what he was about to walk into as he grabbed the key from his belt and opened the steel door.

Much to his relief the runes did also clean the wolf, but as Fenrir heard the door open his body immediately began to buck and squirm against the stone floor. Tyr saw that he was fully erect and that the silver ring was still at the base of it, and though he couldn’t see it he was sure that the other two toys were still there as well. The first thing he wanted to do though was ungag the wolf and allow him to eat while the food was still hot, though as he undid the bindings around his muzzle it released a torrent of wolf drool as the dildo was pulled out from his maw. It took more than a few seconds for Fenrir to catch his breath and as he did so Tyr went over and undid the plug as well while he allowed his friend to do so.

“You are… a right bastard for that one…” Fenrir said before shuddering as Tyr pulled out the plug, his eyes widening slightly as he saw that it had gained considerable length and girth from when he had put it in as he set it aside. “Every time I thought that I was going to get some rest that damnable thing got bigger, eventually just moving around caused it to make me nearly cum, except that this ring prevented me from doing so and I couldn’t simulate myself otherwise.”

“All I’m hearing is that you really enjoyed yourself,” Tyr replied with a chuckle. “I do apologize for not getting down here sooner, but there was something going on above and I didn’t want anyone to get suspicious for me coming down here in the middle of a crisis.”

“Aw, sad that you couldn’t sneak off to have your way with your secret sex toy?” Fenrir replied with a grumble, only to see that his commented had caused the bear man to smile even more. “What is it?”

“Nothing,” Tyr said as he slid over and began to feed the bound would the food he had brought. “Just that you consider yourself to be my sex toy.”

Fenrir frowned deeply at that but Tyr could tell that it was out of embarrassment then anything else. He imagined at this point even if anyone asked about what went on down here Fenrir wouldn’t say anything, not wanting anyone to know that he enjoyed being the plaything of one of the gods that not only brought him down here in the first place but bound him up as well. Perhaps he could cause the wolf to blush when Ragnarok came, Tyr thought to himself, but at the moment he had other ideas at hand to put the words of the wolf to truth. The second that they were finished the bear man once more inserted the mouth gag into the lupine muzzle, this time encountering much less resistance from the other creature as he was wrapped up once more to the point where his eyes and ears were covered too.

Once he had made sure that Fenrir was secured he went back over to the groin of the wolf, taking his hand and stroking it up and down the slick rod to cause him to shiver. Tyr wondered if perhaps Fenrir thought that they were going to have another session like the one before, but the bear man wasn’t going to be doing anything of the sort. The wolf had just spent a week getting his tailhole trained and Tyr was ready to use it, this time fingering the huge creature’s ring of muscle to find it much looser than before. When he was sure that Fenrir could handle it the bear once more disrobed completely and rubbed his hands against the flank of the other man while whispering to him to relax when he felt momentary tenseness in the muscle there.

After getting Fenrir to relax once more Tyr took his semi-hard member and guided the tip into the wolf’s hole, trying to keep it slow as he knew even with the plug that he wouldn’t be used to something so girthy pushing into him. As expected the wolf’s back arched almost completely to the point where only his rear and head were touching the floor as he was penetrated for the first time by something other than the toy, and since he was going from having nothing inside him to the bear man’s heavy cock it caused a cascade of pleasure unlike anything he had ever experienced before. Tyr was also experiencing his own euphoria as his entire body quivered from feeling the inner walls of the wolf clamp down on his thick rod, pressing against the sensitive flesh as he found himself pushing in deeper despite trying to take it slow. With the initial rush of Tyr spreading open Fenrir subsiding the wolf flopped back down but continued to quiver like jelly in the grasp of the bear man who was panting from the heat and pressure that engulfed his cock.

It was unlike anything he ever experienced and no toy could ever replicate this feeling, Tyr thought to himself as he gritted his teeth and tried to pull out. It was like Fenrir’s tailhole was trying to keep him inside though, like it was the most natural thing in the world to have his maleness sheathed inside the whining wolf beneath him. All the other pleasures he had experienced were nothing compared to this moment and though he couldn’t see anything under the ribbon that restrained Fenrir’s entire body he could almost see the same ripples of ecstasy. Gods, goddesses, even Ragnarok fell by the wayside to the feeling the bear man had as he finally pulled out enough where he could push back in and cause the wolf’s body to jump once more.

Though Tyr would have loved to hear what Fenrir would have moaned out there was something more enticing about him having to remain silent, yet another feeling of power and control that drove the bear man to thrust harder as the wolf got used to him being inside. It was just enough to feel the bigger male writhe and squirm under his grasp and as the bear began to lean forward he took his hand and reached out to grab Fenrir’s shaft. He could already feel that the wolf was on a hair trigger and as he began to push down on the prostrate of the other male it caused him to cum. Tyr decided to let go and allow the wolf to be hands-free, which would be the only way that Fenrir could cum from now on.

Since he still had his own orgasm to build up to Tyr was more than fine with slowly thrusting in and out once he had regained his composure enough to control himself. That had only just been the tip of the iceberg for the bear man as he looked down and watched his shaft disappear into the pucker he was thrusting into. With Fenrir completely at his mercy he knew of all sorts of things that were on the other realms that he could experiment with, including using a substance called rubber to completely coat his body in another layer to restrict his movement even more and to create a shiny creature that he could plow into. Just the idea of having the wolf completely covered in head to toe, seeing the outline of the ribbon that immobilized him underneath a layer of the hardened substance that would only allow for a wiggle of his body, made him orgasm as well.

Tyr held on tight to the edges of the ribbon in order to steady himself as he orgasmed inside Fenrir this time, which with how pent up the wolf was actually caused the creature to climax as well for the second time. It made him wonder just how many times he could do it, though at the moment he needed a second to rest and recover. He left the wolf a squirming pile of pleasured fur and flesh as he went over to the part of the room where he had hidden the chest of sex toys. A grin came over his face as he rummaged through a few of them before he found something that he thought would be fun.

“Now unfortunately are time together was going to be rather short,” Tyr informed Fenrir as he went over and took the ring off of the wolf’s cock, which made the pleasure-stricken creature nearly melt into a puddle with the way he relaxed. “I do have something else that your anatomy is going to be interesting to accommodate, I just need to adjust your ribbon for a bit. I don’t think you’re going to mind though, right?”

All Fenrir could do was idly move his tail back and forth, continuing to remain completely still on the floor as Tyr adjusted the ribbon. It wasn’t until the wolf felt something get pushed up against the opening of his sheath the caused him to tense, but by that time the bear man had already secured the vibrating stone with the ribbon in a way that kept it tight. Once he had gotten it fully secured Tyr stood up and allowed Fenrir to flop around in torturous pleasure while he took a similar stone but in plug for and inserted it into his used tailhole. Once he had secured everything Tyr made his way back to the door and closed it behind him, hoping that he wouldn’t be too long before he could once more allow the dread wolf a bit of release before Ragnarok…

Chapter Phoenix:

Serathin whistled to himself as he made his way through the institute that he called home. As someone who could shift through multiple dimensions of his own personal timeline this place was where such a thing was possible, allowing him to see and experience things that he would have never even dreamed of before while at the same time maintaining his own safety and security. At the moment however he wasn’t thinking about any of that, the only thing that was on the hybrid’s mind at the moment was the Chinese food that that he had ordered and how he planned to eat all of it back in his room. Just as he was about to get into his apartment however he felt the cell phone in his pocket start to vibrate incessantly, quickly reaching the point where he fished it out instead of his keys as he looked to see what the messages were about.

As soon as he saw who it was and what they wanted him for Serathin sighed and put the phone back, then turned away from the door and made his way to the opposite side of the campus where the offices were. It didn’t take him long to find the one that had sent the texts in the first place, the bull man that was one of his SHIFT supervisors sitting at one of the conference tables typing away at his computer. “You know if you’re not going to use your office ever I would be happy to take it.” Serathin commented as he walked inside and sat down in a nearby chair after resting his bags on the table.

“I don’t like being in confined spaces,” the bull man replied before he took a tablet and slid it over to him. “Plus your office is your pod, not to mention your trash can if the few times I poked my head in are any indication. But we’re not here to discuss accommodations, we need you to shift to this location immediately and gather data on the phenomenon that is going on there.”

Serathin frowned slightly and looked at the tablet, cycling through the pictures that were on there. “You’re telling me that this can’t wait until after dinner,” Serathin stated as he saw a number of anthro creatures in each of the slides, the first one with them in a normal scenario while the second one almost always has them lying in a hospital bed. “I don’t get it, are all these people dying of something? I’m not doing disease control duty again, I already pulled that shift twice in the last week.”

“It’s not some sort of disease,” the bull explained. “At least not one that we can find out about with our passive scans of the timeline there. Those pictures only show you the before and after, apparently all these creatures that you see in that tablet reported feelings of extreme euphoria and exhibited strange behaviors before they suddenly became comatose. Now while they all eventually recover when they do wake up they report feelings of intense emptiness and lack of self.”

“So it’s a succubus then,” Serathin replied as he pulled out one of his lo mein containers and started to eat. “Or some sort of brain parasite, either way it still doesn’t tell me why I have to go right now.”

“You have to go because you have an alter that’s currently in the town being affected,” the bull man replied as he took the container of shrimp and noodles and pulled it away from him, causing the draconic sabrewolf to sit there with a look of contempt on his face and several noodles hanging from his chopsticks. “This is also something that has never happened before and we’re not sure how long it’s going to last, especially since it only affects people one at a time. Now we know that there’s nothing transformation related that’s happening here so you’re just going to have to grit your teeth and take one for the team.”

Serathin sighed and rolled his green eyes, then got up and took the tablet with him while also snatching the box of lo mein from the bull’s hands. Though he knew that time was of the essence he continued to walk slowly enough so that he could eat his dinner as much as he could before he got to his pod. He managed to finish most of one container and was crunching through several of his crab rangoons as he entered into the metal door that had his name on it, seeing the chair that he used to shift to different timelines waiting for him. He put the rest of the food on the nearby desk which despite the bull ragging on him was relatively clean before he walked over and placed the tablet into the computer terminal, which brought up the timeline that they wanted him to investigate before he sat down in his chair.

Since there was already a version of him inside of the world it wouldn’t take much for him to get into sync, the computer guiding his psyche so that he didn’t have to do it himself to try and find not only his own mind but the timeline that it resided in to. Within a matter of seconds Serathin blinked his eyes once more and found himself standing in the middle of a sidewalk in a small town, breathing out clouds of frozen vapor as he felt the winter jacket and snow pants he wore wrapped around him. A small town in the middle of winter, it was almost an idyllic sight as he once more started to walk once again. Just like always his mind was suddenly filled with knowledge of what this version of Serathin was doing and used it to continue his daily life like normal while also trying to investigate the source of this mysterious outbreak.

The first thing that Serathin tried to sense was some sort of demonic or infernal aura that was around the town, though even as he just walked around the town felt as clean as the fresh-fallen snow he tracked through. Most of the times one can sense an infestation of that sort with a sense of dread or a dark feeling, this just felt like a normal place that probably didn’t have decent cable. At least this timeline seemed to have modern technology as he passed by a computer store, though he hoped that he didn’t have to stay here too long in order to solve whatever mystery was going on. He wasn’t fond of living the lives of his alters for long periods of time, often just coming in when something interesting was happening and then leaving after he had gathered the data or, in some rare instances, stopped what was happening.

With nothing overtly magical in nature happening Serathin went to the next lead he could think of and stopped by the local hospital in order to try and get a bead on those that had been affected. Fortunately fate was with him in this endeavor and he actually worked there as a coroner, which meant that he could hopefully have access to all the files that he needed and possibly the latest patient that came in exhibiting such symptoms. Since none of the patients died however he wouldn’t have anything in his office, but luckily with this being a smaller town he still had access to all the data files using his own access card. As he went to the computer in this Serathin’s office he hoped that he wouldn’t get his alter self fired as he looked into the database of those that checked in with the mysterious illness.

A few hours and a delivered pizza later Serathin had taken the data he gathered and cross-checked it with the mental database he was connected to through the institute that was looking into this place, and sure enough he had found a connection that would have been impossible to find otherwise. The original victim was a miner that had been doing a safety check in a new shaft that had been drilled with machinery, then it was his wife that was affected as well after him. The next one that they had found was a personal secretary that would have had no connection to the miner or the wife, except through the timelines he could see that the two of them were having an affair. In fact everyone that had contracted the illness were connected in one way or another to being married, dating, or adultery.

“Great, my food went cold because of some sort of untraceable STD,” Serathin mumbled to himself as he traced the last victim’s timeline and found someone that they were probably sexually active with. “Hopefully this is just as simple as an itchy crotch and I can hand in my card for overtime pay.” With the address of the snow leopard that was the last contact of the lizardman he left the coroner’s office and walked over towards their house. Even with the town being rather small it was on the other side of it and by the time Serathin had walked over there it had gotten even colder out as night fell.

From the timeline of the snow leopard, whose name was Dash, the feline lived alone and hopefully whatever it was that affected these people hadn’t been passed on to its next conquest as he knocked on the door. Serathin found himself chewing on his lips as he waited and gave one more loud rapport on the wood before turning away and looking at the street. Though there was no one really walking by the last thing he wanted to do was look suspicious when he was pretty sure this guy was about to be comatose in a few days, but just as he thought about leaving and coming back in the morning the door opened. The snow leopard that was on the other side had a big grin on his face as he asked Serathin who he was and why he was knocking so late at night.

Serathin introduced himself as innocently as he could and even produced the coroner badge he had picked up at the hospital. “I know that this seems strange for someone like me to knock at your door but right now the we’re looking into the cases of those comatose victims,” Serathin explained, the snow leopard still smiling at him. “I was wondering if perhaps I could come in and talk to you about the latest victim?”

For a few seconds Dash looked him over and for more than a moment Serathin thought that he was about to get the door slammed in his face, only for the snow leopard to smile even wider and allow him inside. Even before the hybrid got past the front door he could tell that the snow leopard had been cooking and as they passed by the dining room he could see a number of plates of food that looked like they had just been prepared. “I’m afraid that I don’t really know him all that well,” Dash said as he actually guided Serathin into the kitchen where a number of pots and pans were strewn about. “I think I remember talking to him once at a bar and that was it.”

“Actually our sources say that you were intimate with him a few nights before he fell ill,” Serathin replied bluntly, which caused the snow leopard to drop the spoon he had been holding. “I’m sure that this is something that you remember, and I want to tell you that you can tell me anything and it will stay between us as… doctor-patient confidentiality.” Though the draconic sabrewolf wasn’t sure that would actually work with a coroner he decided to roll the dice, but even though it looked like the feline believed him Dash just shook his head.

“I think I would remember sleeping with some guy,” Dash said as he took a spoonful of the sauce that he was cooking and brought it over towards Serathin. “You mind trying this for me?” Though the hybrid was a bit leery on trying anything from someone that could be sick with some sort of disease he tried it anyway, then gave a nod of approval when he found it tasted delicious. “Anyway I’m sorry to say that your sources are wrong, I never slept with that guy in my life.”

Serathin frowned slightly as it sounded like Dash was telling the truth, though if that was the case then the institute fucked up and that was just as unlikely. “Well, if that’s the case then I’m sorry that I barged in on you like this,” Serathin said as he got up from the chair. “I’ll leave you to prepare for your party.”

“Party?” The snow leopard said in question.

“Well I imagine that you’re making all this food for something,” Serathin said as he gestured out towards the dining room that could be seen from the kitchen. “There must be enough food to feed about thirty people out there already, are you saying that you aren’t preparing for something big tonight?”

“Nope, just love cooking!” Dash replied happily, his tail wagging in the air as he went back to his sauce before turning off the heat. “I’ve always been passionate about it but could never get around to it, the last day or so I’ve just been wanting to cook everything I can put my hands on!” As the snow leopard continued to hum to himself Serathin realized that this might be the bizarre behavior that’s been reported in the others. Perhaps the others had been acting out their passions as well to the extreme, and when they woke up whatever caused it had burned out that part of their brains?

“Actually, before I go, do you mind if I just give you a quick check-up?” Serathin asked. “I just want to make sure that you’re alright.” Dash nodded and went over towards the chair that the draconic sabrewolf gestured for him to take. Once the snow leopard took a seat he attempted to examine him to see if there was any sort of signs of brain trauma or something that he could record in order to confirm that this feline was infected or influenced by the same thing that had affected the other patients.

Much to the hybrid’s surprise as soon as he leaned in to look into the eyes of the snow leopard he suddenly found a muzzle pressed against his own. Serathin had not been expecting the kiss but it definitely felt nice, letting out a muffled grunt as he tried to pull away and get control of the situation only for Dash to become more insistent by the second. It wasn’t long before the draconic sabrewolf felt himself on the floor with the other man on top of him with a tongue stuck down into his muzzle while feeling this creature grope underneath his shirt. There hadn’t been any signs of such lust before but even though he knew that this should be stopped those thoughts were starting to get a bit fuzzy.

The make-out session continued until finally Dash pulled away, which caused Serathin to let out a gasp as he finally was able to breathe once more. When he looked up he saw that while the snow leopard was still smiling at him there was something wiggling past his lips. With them being ethereal in nature and the thoughts in the hybrid’s head becoming slower it was hard to make out what they were but eventually he saw that they were some sort of ghostly tentacles that had started to slither out not only from his muzzle but his nostrils as well. It was some sort of possession… not demonic in nature but something that seemed to feed off the desires of those that were its host as Serathin saw a paw get offered to him to help him up.

Even though Serathin had enough information for what he needed he found himself taking the hand of the possessed snow leopard, getting pulled back onto his feet with surprising strength before being pulled out of the kitchen and up the stairs. The felines eyes were a milky white at this point and more tendrils had emerged, this time from his ears as the hybrid was led up towards a door in particular. Even with his thoughts being muddled he had been in the situation enough times to know where this was going, but the idea of attempting to escape evaporated from his mind even as it formed. As he was brought into the bedroom the two passed by a mirror and Serathin happened to catch his reflection, seeing that his eyes had started to become tinged with the same white that had obfuscated the snow leopard.

The second that the two were close to the bed Serathin found himself pushed down onto it, his clothes being pulled off of his body as he laid there. He found no reason in his mind to stop it and as his pants were slid off of his waist he could see that his cock was already starting to firm up from the simulation. In the back of his mind he knew there was something that he should be doing but it was lost in the haze that settled into his brain as he stared up at the ceiling. Without realizing it a smile had started to grow on his muzzle as his body was flooded with pleasure as the snow leopard slid on top of him after becoming just as naked as he was.

With the hybrid pacified it didn’t even phase Serathin as a much bigger ghostly tentacle emerged from the snow leopard’s maw, causing Dash’s muzzle to stretch open despite its translucent nature before sliding between the saber teeth of the one beneath him. With the corruption of the parasitic entity already starting to alter his thoughts the hybrid found himself opening his maw and allowing the tentacle inside, which it had already done once before when he mistook it for the snow leopard’s tongue. A muffled grunt escaped from Serathin’s lips as he felt something starting to get spread open as well, looking down to see that his legs were being pulled apart and the thickly-furred hips of the feline were pushing up against his thighs with his cock pointed straight at him.

Dash’s eyes were a solid white by this point and with the increasing number of tentacles coiled around his limbs the snow leopard looked more like a puppet than a living creature. Even the cock of the other man was guided into the hole beneath by a tentacle that had slipped around it, Serathin’s back arching slightly as he felt the head of it get pushed into him. Whatever had caused his thoughts to become so muddied had also seemed to relax his body to the point where no prep was needed, all he had to do was start to push the throbbing member inside of him as the tentacle started to do the same into his maw. The snow leopard started to lean forward and as their eyes locked the green irises of the hybrid grew cloudier by the minute, especially as the ones that were in the snow leopard’s ears began to push into his and cause him to twitch.

Eventually Serathin’s body started to writhe as the pleasure that he was experiencing became more unfiltered by the second with the rather large cock of the snow leopard pushing deeper inside of him while his own was trapped between their furry stomachs. His eyes had rolled back into his head by this point as the translucent creature infested his brain, causing him to twitch as the tentacles in his ears continued to push inside while the one in his maw slithered down into his throat. He was so inundated with euphoric bliss that he didn’t even notice as a shimmering white orb began to push its way out of the snow leopard, briefly stretching out the feline maw before it traveled through the tentacle that connected their muzzles. As it began to slide past the saber teeth of the other creature and push into his maw however something began to shift, Serathin starting to become more aware of his surroundings as his still unblocked nostrils sniffed the air.

Smoke.

It had gone unnoticed with their rutting but even as the snow leopard continued to plunge deep into his tailhole Serathin realized that black clouds had started to rise up from the floorboards. The kitchen… as his thoughts started to coalesce he remembered that Dash had never turned off the burners before they started and with both of them enthralled neither had bothered to do so. He tried to say something but he found his throat stretched, but with the room heating up quickly it was snapping him out of it enough that he knew he had to take action. The ethereal tentacles hadn’t yet slid over his body and even with the ones in his brain causing his body to relax and allow whatever parasitic seeding was happening he took his big draconic feet and brought them to the chest of the snow leopard.

With one big push he had caused the feline to fly backwards, hitting the wall before hitting the floor as Serathin let out a loud gasp from the tentacles and cock that left his body. As both Dash and Serathin struggled to their feet the hybrid could see glowing coming up from the cracks in the floor and could feel it becoming hotter by the second as smoke continued to fill the room and make it hard to see. With the parasite retracting into the snow leopard still, likely also sensing the danger, Serathin carefully crept along the floor to look down the stairs and saw that flames were already spreading into the main hallway and had started to creep up the stairs towards them. Once more the hybrid’s thoughts were sharp and he went over to Dash to try and pick him up, only to see him still reeling from the possession and unable to move much more than a few steps as they both started to cough.

He was going to have to get Dash outside immediately, Serathin thought to himself as he looked to the windows that were nearby. There were two in the room and as he thought back to coming up to the house he remembered that there was a roof over the porch area and which window that would be over. He grabbed the snow leopard and practically dragged him towards it, grabbing a blanket off the bed as he did and used it to punch out the window as well as the frame. Almost immediately a blast of cold air hit them both as the smoke poured out of the new opening, though all that mattered to Serathin was getting the snow leopard and himself outside as he started to see fire trucks coming up the street.

The house groaned loudly as Serathin had to practically take the snow leopard by the feet after bracing him against the windowsill, flipping him head over heels onto the blanket that had fallen to the other side. Just as Serathin was about to do the same however he heard a loud crack and looked over to see the heavy wardrobe next to the window start to sink into the fire-weakened floor. “Ah fuck,” was all Serathin could say before the floor gave out from under him, failing to catch the window as he plunged into the fires beneath…

The next second Serathin gasped loudly and nearly fell out of the chair he was sitting in, patting his body for the flames that no longer existed before his brain caught up with what happened. As soon as he remembered where he was he immediately started to breathe through his nose, recalling the training that he was given in the event of an alter death. “Well that was just fantastic…” Serathin grumbled after he had steadied his breathing and reminded himself that he was, in fact, still alive as he looked at the screen in front of him that showed the burning house of the timeline where his alter had perished. “Sorry man, didn’t mean to do that to you.”

After submitting the data of the timeline that was streamed to the computer he shut everything down and went over to the desk with his Chinese food, sticking his finger in one of the boxes and sighing as he felt the cold noodles within. At least they would know what was causing the commotion in that timeline, Serathin thought to himself as he shook his head before leaving the pod completely. When he left he found that night had fallen on the institute as well, which only soured his mood even more as he walked back towards his apartment with his cold takeout. Even though he had eaten in his alter form it didn’t translate to the real world and he felt his stomach was growling more than ever as he finally got back and stepped inside.

Twenty minutes later Serathin sat on his couch with his bowl full of reheated noodles, watching a movie he had already seen a dozen times while he tried to unwind from his latest encounter. While he was thankful that he had managed to save Dash it meant that he was probably still going to go comatose in a few days, and unless he wanted to borrow an ABC suit to go back into that timeline he couldn’t do anything about it. Since the parasite only infected one person at a time he wondered if since his alter had been chosen and then he died, or at least he thought he did since the machine kicked him out before he would experience anything close to death. It was a safety measure that kept the SHIFT personnel safe and keep them from living through the trauma that likely would come with the experience of dying, though that still didn’t stop Serathin from thinking about those moments right before the floor gave out. He mostly just wondered what he could have done to save himself, though as he put the empty plate of food he found something else occupying his thoughts as he pressed a hand against his stomach.

“I knew I shouldn’t have kept eating…” Serathin said with a groan as he got up from the couch and turned off the television. Since he was home alone the only thing he had on was a pair of compression shorts and as he patted the purple fur of his stomach it looked slightly distended and jiggled a bit. “Lost an alter and now a stomachache, this night just keeps on getting better.”

As Serathin made his way back towards his bedroom he heard a buzzing sound and looked back to see that his phone had started to buzz once more. He had put it on the counter when he reheated his Chinese food and could see the screen from where he stood, sighing heavily when it was his supervisor texting him something about the data that he had streamed from his latest alter. It was something that he didn’t want to deal with at the moment and even as his phone started to blow up with messages saying that there was something they needed to talk about the draconic sabrewolf just turned off his phone and tossed it on the couch. He was in no mood to deal with any more emergencies for the night and with his full stomach still rumbling all he wanted to do was lie in bed and attempt to get some sleep.

With the distraction turned off for the night Serathin went to his bed and laid down on the bed, not bothering to cover up as he began to feel very warm. Part of him wondered if it had something to do with the experience had just undertaken as he rubbed his hands along his arms as though to try and cool himself down. As he stared up at the ceiling he found himself not tired at all, in fact it felt like a ton of adrenaline had just been dumped into his system and it was only his stomach that caused him to remain lying down. After a few minutes of just lying there and doing nothing he sighed and attempted to sit up, only to find it much harder to lift his hips as he looked down at himself and his eyes widened.

Serathin’s hands immediately went to the purple fur of his stomach as his belly continued to bulge outward, going from merely overeating to looking like he had just swallowed a beach ball as he attempted to sit up. It wasn’t the only thing that had grown either as his fingers slipped down on the underside of his taut stomach and found that his erection had slipped out of his shorts and was pressed against it. He found himself panting and groaning as the skin of his stomach rippled, swelling slightly more while his cock did the same. As soon as his fingers had brushed against the sensitive flesh of his maleness he found himself stroking it while his other hand pushed against his stomach and felt his fingers sink down until it pressed up against something hard.

The draconic sabrewolf’s panic increased when he could feel whatever it was that started to make him look like he was pregnant shift around inside of him when he touched it, feeling like some sort of stone or… or an egg. His mind flashed back to when the infested snow leopard had been on top of him and remembered seeing something slide into him through the tentacle that had buried itself into his muzzle, but there’s no way that it could have possibly be there with him right now. The other victims also had never reported as having swollen stomachs either, which meant whatever was happening to him was a mutation of the event in that timeline. It still drew him back towards the fact that nothing can happen to him physically or mentally in another timeline, but as he stared at himself in the mirror and clutched his swollen stomach he looked into his glowing green eyes and remembered that the encounter with the Bal’Kar had tainted his soul enough to give him his new irises…

If this egg had somehow attached to his soul it meant that he had big problems, but at the moment as he staggered forward he was having trouble of thinking about anything but the pleasure that was coursing through his system as he continued to stroke his member unabated. Lewd thoughts had started to filter into his mind as all the kinky things he had encountered during his time in the SHIFT institute were brought back to stimulate him further, which were a lot as he started to pant. The draconic sabrewolf was almost overwhelmed and somewhere deep inside he could feel that it was starting to be the same for whatever was growing inside of him, making him wonder if perhaps this creature had bit off more than it could chew since it fed off of desire and passion which he had no short supply of. Suddenly the hybrid remembered that the possessing creature had latched onto something specific for the snow leopard he encountered, in this case cooking, and as Serathin continued to see vivid memories flash through his mind he could start to see that what enticed him was actually starting to mutate the egg inside of him.

Thoughts of transformation and corruption flooded his mind as he suddenly felt his stomach jiggle, causing Serathin to pause right as he got to the doorway with one hand still squeezing his thickening shaft. A loud crack echoed in his ears and he realized that the soul egg had just broken inside of him and felt power start to rush through his system. The hybrid’s temperature spiked as he began to breathe harder and as he fell to his knees he saw that something was being pushed out of his mouth and nostrils. It reminded him of when he walked out into the town as his stomach began to deflate, tendrils of pure energy shifting through his body as his breath burned while it pushed out. Even as he started to breathe out smoke though all he could focus on was the pleasure that came with being transformed, transforming others, corrupting and influencing their minds or having the same done to him. It was like every dark desire he had was bubbling to the surface and he started to feel almost demonic in nature, but as his body began to shift and grow he knew that it was deeper and even more disturbing than that as he let out a deep moan.

Serathin was suddenly interrupted however as he heard the door to his apartment get kicked open, causing him to snap out of his lustful thoughts as he turned just in time to see several heavily armed security men for the institute barge in. Before he could react they fired a net gun at him and with his body still in the throes of its pleasured changes there was little that he could do as the strands wrapped around him and bound him tightly. The bindings only seemed to enhance his desire for it further and the guards found the infected hybrid writhing around as they dragged his naked body towards the door and put him into a containment pod. As soon as the door closed time within froze, and after a sweep of the rest of the place they activated the steel container that caused it to float several inches off the ground before they pushed it through the crowd of onlookers and into the nearby containment vehicle.

When Serathin’s eyes opened once more he found himself staring up at a bright light in the ceiling, which caused him to groan and shield his yes with his hand before he rolled over to his side. It felt like he was in a sauna and as he looked around he saw that other than the shiny metal walls and floor there was nothing else in the room. A containment cell, he knew what it was the second that he regained his bearings and realized that there was something very serious going on if they put him there. It was a place where they quarantined SHIFT personnel that might have gotten corrupted or infected with something that traveled back with them, and as he looked down at himself he could see what warranted his stay in one.

The purple of his chest fur had turned mostly black along with his stripes, the hair singed like it was burned as his body felt… uneven, almost lopsided. When he tried to step forward he saw the blue scales of his draconic feet shift like it wasn’t attached his body anymore and as he looked behind him he saw his tail was bloated with something that made it look like an overstuffed plushie. The real change that caused him to gasp slightly is when he rubbed his muzzle and felt something hard underneath his cheek, but when his fingers trailed down his snout his eyes widened more when he found something missing.

He was missing a saber tooth.

As his hands went to his mouth one of the walls suddenly turned translucent and he saw his supervisor standing there along with a few others that Serathin recognized as researchers from the institute. “Murray, thank god,” Serathin said as he went up to the clear wall, only to step back when he let out a deep breath and it caused it to blacken with smoke that he had to wipe off. “What’s happening to me?”

“After we had gotten you contained we went and investigated the timeline,” Murray explained. “With your data we were able to figure out that all the victims were affected by a parasite that we’re dubbing the succubug, and though we managed to contain the incident we tried to retrieve your alter from the burned out building and found out that there wasn’t one.”

“No body?” Serathin replied. “How is that possible, the machine only kicks out in the event of certain death or torture.”

“We think this parasite is a soul entity, a creature that attaches itself to the very essence of the creature that it chose for its host,” Murray said. “Those were the strange readings that I wanted to talk to you about; our best guess is that when the egg of the succubug was implanted into you and then the alter was engulfed in flames it triggered some sort of mutation that traveled back with you, or the fact that you have such a… unique set of passions and desires that it affected the egg instead of the fire. All we know for sure is from what we can tell the egg has already hatched and you’re undergoing some sort of unexpected metamorphosis caused by the incident that’s not related to the life cycle of the succubug.”

“Well that’s interesting and all but that really doesn’t tell me anything about what’s happening to me,” Serathin replied, the frown on his face deepening when he saw the bull look down and shake his head. “Murray… you can fix this, right? They know how to change me back like they always do, and it isn’t like I haven’t had to spend some time as something else before.”

As Serathin looked on the bull said nothing, but suddenly his answer was given to him as he saw a familiar figure step out from the shadows and appear next to Murray. “Sorry Serathin,” the draconic sabrewolf said, the other Serathin standing there with his arms crossed. “There’s no coming back from this one.”

“Are you kidding me?” Serathin replied angrily, wisps of smoke rising up from his body as he looked at the green eyes of his doppleganger before flashing back to the bull. “They already initiated the Ouroboros protocol!?”

“They didn’t have a choice Serathin!” Murray finally shouted back, taking a tablet and pressing it up against the glass to show the heavily fluctuating graphs next to a picture of his face. “You were already beginning to experience localize phase shifting events, and the last thing we need is another Overlord running around corrupting timelines! Your body somehow absorbed not only the fires that engulfed your alter but also the powers and abilities of this soul creature, even when you were in capsule containment you were starting to breach so that higher ups decided to let this run its course and hope to contain you here. You’re terminal Serathin, and we had to protect the integrity of the timelines and this institution.”

The infected draconic sabrewolf didn’t know what to say, instead he angrily pounded once more against the glass and then walked away from it as he ran his hands through his mane. He had been completely cut off from his timelines… with Ouroboros protocol any SHIFTer who showed extremely instability had their own timeline looped back on themselves, which in turn meant that they couldn’t access any others. Since that cut the creature off from time itself it made him functionally immortal, and he saw that they had already filled in the void left by the circumvention by creating another Serathin from the ABC vat and attaching the loosened end to him to continue on with their work.

As Serathin pulled his hands back down he heard a clattering sound and found that not only had he taken two large clumps of purple fur that burned away in his hands but he also had lost a horn in the process. That’s right, he wasn’t Serathin anymore, he mused to himself as he looked at the hand that had punched the wall and saw the scaly blue skin had split and revealed black fur underneath. The creature from the egg was already growing past his body’s capacity to handle it, he mused as he pulled back the glove-like blue finger from his hand and saw that his finger claw was a bright blue in comparison. With how badly the draconic sabrewolf part of him was degrading it wouldn’t be long until this new creature would emerge, especially as the area where his skin had split started to smoke and start to travel upwards.

With the initial shock of his confinement and the news wearing off Serathin found his lusts that had been in the background were starting to come back with a vengeance. He could feel the same sensations from when the snow leopard had been on top of him but with even more kick, like he was having sex with multiple people at once as he began to pant. As he went down with his already exposed hand to stroke his cock he could see more smoke come off of the black and silver striped flesh, but just like with the rest of his body the only thing that seemed to come from the burning was more pleasure. While he knew that there was a whole room of people watching and examining his every movement he found himself not caring, in fact there was something about it that caused a thrill to go down his spine right before he felt the muscles of his back bulge.

The sudden sensation of his shoulders rolling back and something trying to push out caused him to lose his footing slightly, and when he did he saw something push through his toes. They were talons, which were bright blue just like his finger claws and as he flexed them he watched the blue scales tear away to reveal black underneath. Just above his ankles though he saw that the fur was starting to smolder and that something equally blue and luminescent began to emerge underneath. This was it, the creature thought as he felt something start to push up against the inside of his muzzle, he was ready to be reborn as he opened his eyes to reveal a glowing blue underneath.

The transforming creature stumbled to the wall that had been translucent before and pressed up against it, grinning as he rubbed his maleness against it as the actual tip of his shaft pushed through and revealed it was also a glowing electric blue coloration. Go ahead and watch boys, he thought as a grin spread open on his deforming muzzle, stroking up and down as the fur of his old body continued to burn away. The lumps on his back grew bigger by the second as he thought of all the fun that he had back when he was Serathin; all the creatures he corrupted, all the people he transformed, all the minds that he had bent to his control, not to mention those that did the same to him. As blue liquid fire began to drip from his nostrils and mouth he could feel those urges intensify, those passions building up in him just like his new body as he snapped his muzzle shut just so he could keep the others guessing while he felt something push up into it.

“Last calls on guesses boys,” the creature said through his parsed lips, though it was becoming harder to speak as it felt like he was talking through two mouths at once. “Sure you already have a pool going, I’d put my money onaaarrggghhhhh!”

The pleasure and power of the transformation was too much for Serathin to contain as the smoldering holes of his fur and scales suddenly erupted into flames, causing him to orgasm as a pair of black-feathered wings emerged from his back. The tips of the feathers glowed bright blue like a burning ember as tiny tongues of fire danced along the new appendages, joined by his draconic tail that was ripped apart and burst into flames from the new set of tail feathers. As his blue chest and black body continued to press against the window the last aspects of the draconic sabrewolf fell away, his other tooth falling to the ground and turning to ash as a shiny black beak pushed its way out and split the lupine muzzle until the last vestiges fell away from his burning body.

For a few moments the avian creature remained engulfed in blue flames, scorching the wall with his proximity, before the new phoenix man settled down enough to no longer be on fire. For a few moments as he panted tongues of fire continued to lick across his beak as a smile crossed his lips. The same fires that had burned away the body of Serathin also did the same for pesky things like his inhibitions and decency, leaving only the fires of desire, corruption, and lust in their path. It was a mindset that this creature was thoroughly enjoying as they stepped away from the wall and watched the soot fall away, the countermeasures of the room making sure that he wouldn’t be able to escape as they waited.

A few days passed since the loss of SHIFTer Serathin and the installation of the Ourboros protocol, and while his replacement picked up right where the last one fell off with no problems there was still the problem of what to do with the phoenix that had been created. The entity, who had chosen to go with the name Slypher after a bit of deliberation, was a handful even with the measures of the containment protocol that had been put into place. It was clear that the succubug integration had created something they had yet to fully understand, and since it was able to affect the very soul of the one that it had infected they needed to be extremely carefully. As the days went on though the phoenix that they had in the containment cell began to show signs of distress; not only was Slypher starting to lose feathers but the blue flames that licked around them were starting to go dim and they were becoming more lethargic.

After a lot of data crunching and analysis, along with a bit of speculation, they believed they figured out what they needed to do in order to ensure this new entity’s survival as well as keep everyone safe. Another day passed and Slypher was lying on the floor of his cell when they suddenly heard something open that caused their eyes to open. Though they had shifted between female and male forms several times in experimentation the phoenix had opted to be a bit of both for the time being and was too weak to shift back, one hand on their sizable breasts while the other stroked their rather large cock while retaining a more masculine build overall. As they looked around to see what was going on they saw something silver and shiny sitting next to them and a door that was in the ceiling quickly close back up.

“Put those on,” Murray said as Slypher picked up one of the bracelets and looked at them. “They’re special inhibitor bands, though unless you lost your memories I’m sure you already know that. If you’re willing to have them on however I believe we can get you back to your full strength and determine whether or not you are safe to have outside of that room.”

The bull watched as the phoenix took the offer of freedom seriously and clasped them over their wrists as those within the observation area watched, including a snake man that stood there next to him. “Are you sure this is safe?” the snake man asked. “I mean, I know I volunteered, but that’s before I saw them in person.”

“Relax Conrad,” Murray replied as he patted the other man on the back. “As long as you’re in that room and they have those inhibitor bracelets on there’s nothing that can happen to you that we can’t change back. From what we’ve recorded though it’s probably going to be a somewhat intense experience, so if you don’t think you can handle something like this we can get someone else.”

“No no, it’s fine,” Conrad quickly dismissed with a wave of his hands, then looked over towards the phoenix. “I was just wondering if they had any readings on what might happen to me other than the obvious.”

“Well from what we’ve gathered it’s probably just going to take a nibble on your essence and probably have sex with you,” Murray stated as he watched Slypher put on the second inhibitor band. “It may mess with your desires a bit though, but you already told us that you don’t have any deep-seated desires or anything that could put you at risk, right?”

“Nothing more than what we usually get from this place,” the snake man said with a sheepish grin before looking over to the containment cell. “So when do I go in?”

The bull just gestured over to the metal door that was on the side of the wall that slid open, which caused Conrad to nod and go inside. Once he was in the small corridor next to the containment cell it slammed shut and locked, followed by several more security protocols being put into place before another door between the cell and the corridor opened. The snake man quickly did what he had been told to do and made his way into the room, which allowed the second door to close as he found himself face to face with the phoenix. Though the room was warm it wasn’t as hot as he had imagined and found that the other creature had perked up quite a bit upon seeing him enter.

“Well hello there big boy,” Slypher said as they got up to their feet and approached the snake man. Conrad found himself backing away but soon found himself bumping up against the heated metal of the door that had closed immediately behind him. “So you’re the one who is brave enough to come and visit me, this should be fun.”

“I guess so,” Conrad replied as he fiddled with the neckline of his t-shirt. “So, I’m here to help, what do you need-“ the snakeman was cut short as Slypher’s wings arched forward and brushed up against the man, causing his clothes to become alight in blue flames that quickly engulfed them and left him standing there completely naked.

“Told him that he should go in naked,’ the bull behind the glass stated as he watched the phoenix start to press up against the man, leaning forward and kissing the serpentine snout with their beak as he turned towards one of the analysts at the computer system. “What do we got for readings?”

“Aside from obvious increased libido we have a bit of a spike in Conrad’s theta brainwaves,” the analyst replied. “We’re also getting something that we can’t quite measure coming from Slypher, but whatever it is seems to be stimulated the increased theta wave production. The inhibitor bracelets do seem to be working however as the fluctuations that came from the phoenix initially have stabilized.”

“So it seems everything is going well,” Murray stated as he sipped his coffee. “Good, keep me updated if anything changes. I don’t think that we’re just in for a quick hump here, not considering the source material that made that creature.”

Back in the containment cell the phoenix had already managed to get their prey to turn around for them and face the observation window, the smirk on his beak widening as he got ready to show off what he was about to do. Deep down inside they could already sense what was going to happen, like the creature that had created them in the first place it knew what the snake desired… but this was deep down in the darkest recesses of his heart. But as Slypher grabbed Conrad by the hips and began to push his cock into the exposed tailhole they figured that the best creature to bring such things to light would be someone of flame.

Almost as soon as the tip pressed into the tight ring of muscle the blue fire that had wreathed itself around the phoenix began to spread to the snakeman, but other than a slight groan from being spread open it was clear that the flames did not burn. That was because they were the fires of lust and corruption, which as they burned fed into the creature that produced them. The limp feathers of the phoenix sprang to life once more as they pushed deeper into the man in front of him, grabbing him by the wrists and pulling him backwards slightly not only to slide their glowing member further inside but also to have their chest and head exposed. Though the wall was opaque the bull behind it could see those glowing blue orbs stare straight at him as something began to happen to the snakeman that caused his body to start squirming in the grasp of the phoenix.

“Sir, we got a delta wave cascade!” the analyst suddenly reported. “The theta waves are being drawn into the phoenix and its creating some sort of feedback into the one he’s absorbing them from. I don’t understand though, is the phoenix trying to put him to sleep while feeding on him?”

“No… something far more insidious than that,” Murray said as he saw the cock of the snakeman bouncing up and down as he was being thrusted into, though as it did it started to stretch and grow until it was clear that he was transforming. “I think Slypher is about to show us exactly what they’re capable of…”

The snakeman let out a loud groan as he was thrusted into by the phoenix, feeling it push deep inside of him as the flames continued to spread over his scales. “Ohhhh man, my cock, it feels like it’s stretching…” Conrad exclaimed, looking down to see that he had not only grown a foot in length but it was also starting to do more than just throb and just out into the air. “No way, I didn’t think, it’s not possible…”

“Oh, it very much is,” Slypher said with a chuckle as they leaned forward and grabbed onto the head of the still-growing cock, feeling the head start to warp and shift as the snake’s hips started to widen. “You didn’t think I would miss that, did you? And this is just the beginning.”

“No wait, it was just one time,” Conrad stated as he began to pant as his body began to grow bigger, muscle starting to swell everyone on his body as he heard a hiss from down below. His cock had turned into a three-foot python and as it wiggled in the air it continued to grow, and as his body shuddered in pleasure he felt his fangs start to elongate and his chest shifting around. “What are you doing to me?”

Slypher didn’t answer that, not when they began to feel something coil around his cock while still inside of the snakeman. As Conrad’s tail began to whip around in the air his hips thrusted forward and something emerged from the slit that contained his first snake cock, which turned out to be a second one that immediately started to slither out as his pectorals swelled. When his body continued to mutate he looked to the observation room and pleaded for this too stop, only for his words to become garbled as his forked tongue thickened and pushed its way past his tongue. The bull on the other side continued to sip on his coffee and checked in to make sure everything was within proper levels as two more snake-heads began to push out from where Conrad would have nipples, creating them in the process as the one in his maw began to grow.

“Ohhh, aren’t we becoming something,” Slypher said as the flames that grew on the transforming snake man absorbed back onto their body, stroking the neck of the growing man as they felt something pushing around inside. “You should have told them that you encountered something like this before, though I bet even you thought that you weren’t affected by it. Guess you were wrong, huh?”

All Conrad could do was let out groans of pleasure as several more snake cocks pushed their way out of his slit, creating a cluster that slithered over once another and caused him to tremble in pleasure. By this point Slypher had to stand on their toes to keep thrusting into the man as they saw his tail split open and several more snakes emerge, hissing and leaking a translucent goo that was also flooding out of the stretched open maw of the snake. As the scales of the growing body pushed out with more of them inside Conrad himself was becoming more monstrous by the second, though it was hard to tell as his fingers and toes began to wiggle unnaturally before more snake cocks emerged from them. By this point there were at least a dozen that had pushed their way out of Conrad’s scaly slit with another half a dozen stretching his mouth to the limit, and as his eyes rolled back into his head Slypher saw something push out the softened serpentine skull before several smaller one slithered out from his nostrils and ear holes.

“I think that’s enough,” Murray announced through the loudspeaker, and though Slypher frowned at that he left the quivering mass of snakecocks standing there while more pushed out from every limb and hole he had. Even the tailhole of the creature had the slimy creatures slide out as soon as the phoenix pulled out, which had been causing them untold pleasure… almost as much as the transformation and corruption itself. “If you could please go up to the door Slypher we can talk more in person.”

Slypher was a bit surprised to hear that they were getting out but didn’t say anything, merely waited for the door to open while they heard the pleasure-stricken creature gurgle and hiss. In short order the phoenix was outside as he preened himself, his new feathers growing in and his body shining luminously with blue fire as he looked at Murray. “So what’s this all about?” Slypher asked with a coy grin. “Did you want to give me a taste of your soul too?”

“No,” Murray replied bluntly, which caused the phoenix to scoff and let out a huff of fire. “But you’ve shown that the inhibitor bracelets work and we don’t have the resources for you to stay here in captivity, though I’m sure once footage of this gets out you’d have no short order of volunteers. But we believe that we may have something that could use a creature of your… unique talents, and if you’re willing to sign back on with the SHIFT institute we believe that we could enter into a very mutually beneficial situation.”

An eyebrow of the phoenix went up as Slypher was handed a tablet, scrolling through it while his eyes darted back and forth until they reached the end where their beak opened in slight surprise. “Wow, these benefits are better than when I worked as a SHIFTer,” Slypher commented. “I wouldn’t tell Serathin this or he might try and get in on this himself. How do you know that I can actually go dimension hopping like this contract would need though?”

“Part of the reason that we had to put you in there, if you remember, was because you were causing temporal anomalies when you had started to transform,” Murray said as he took another sip of his coffee. “So what do you say Slypher, are you in or are you out?”

A smirk once more returned to Slypher’s beak as they signed the pad and handed it back to the bull. “Pleasure to be working for you again boss,” Slypher said as they licked their beak. “Let’s go make some shit happen, yeah?”

Chapter Bahamut:

As day turned to night and the sun that scorched the sands of the desert sank below the horizon those that had been hiding from the heat in special shelters slowly made their way out, tools in hand and ready to begin the day’s work once more. Even with the light starting to fade the heat could be seen radiating from the ground beneath their feet as generators could be heard roaring to life after the coverings that protected them from the sun and sand was polled off. It was the way that the dig site worked through the summer desert months, and though it would grow chill it was easier for those that sifted through the sand and dug through the hardened rock to do so without triple digit temperatures boiling them in their skin. By the time the first stars appeared in the sky work was back in full force and the sound of pickaxes and shovels could be heard digging furiously for what may lie in the ground below.

It had been the schedule for months on end, but this time as the night dragged on and the moon started to shine overhead something happened that broke through the monotony of their daily routine. It started when several of those assigned to dig out the sands from the possible site began to feel them shift underneath their feet. They all quickly moved away as they felt the ground shake and they soon found themselves fortunate for doing so as the sand fell away like water in the ocean and pulled in several work lights with it. No one was hurt however and when they managed to pull the lights out of the hole that had been created and illuminate the area once more they saw just how lucky they were as they appeared to be over an expansive great hall where they couldn’t even see to the bottom.

That prompted a flurry of activity as workers went from digging and excavating to trying to reveal more of the roof that they found themselves on the top of while trying to avoid more potential cave-ins. Fortunately it appeared that most of the roof was built of solid stone and that one area had either been a weak point or possibly some sort of wooden structure that decayed and collapsed when it was disturbed by the tools of the men above. Either way the next few days involved a lot of moving things around in order to focus on the area of the cave in and try to unearth more of it. The discovery had also prompted something else to happen as near the end of the week a helicopter came in during dusk and landed on a large flat stone a few meters away from the dig site.

Aside from the pilot the helicopter brought in four others that got out as soon as it was deemed safe, the first being a large dragon man that came out with a backpack strapped to his broad shoulders and carrying a large case in either hand as quickly made his way out of the vehicle. After that was a much smaller wolf man who quickly followed after the dragon, then a sightly bigger stag dressed in a clean suit that didn’t match with the other two. Finally the last to leave was a tiger that had on similar attire to the first two as he put away a book that he had been reading and rushed to join the others that was meeting with the cobra man that had come up to greet them.

“My name is Dr. Archer Langston, head of ancient studies at Berkley,” the wolf introduced as he shook the hand of the desert snake before gesturing to the dragon. “This is my partner and bodyguard Simon, and on my other side you see Mr. Elcorn who is our chief financial officer who for some reason insisted on coming with us.”

“I want to make sure that this find of yours is worth the money that we’ve already invested in the project,” the stag said simply as he adjusted his glasses.

“Right, and last but not least we have Nizzie here,” Archer continued on with the introductions as he motioned to the tiger that had just gotten up next to the rest of the group. “He’s our archeologist whose been helping me out the last couple months trying to pinpoint these ruins that I’ve hoped you uncovered. Would it be possible to see them right away?”

“We are still securing the edges of the building to make sure there are no spots like the one that initially caved-in,” the cobra replied as he motioned for them to follow him towards the settlement that had formed around the dig site. “While you got here at the right time we will actually be waiting until dawn to explore the ruins, which you will see why once we get there. We have been told to extend every hospitality to you and yours while you wait and evaluate the find that we have uncovered.”

The group nodded and followed the cobra to the housing area that was currently mostly empty, most of the workers out in the dig site trying to uncover as much as they could while also securing a means of getting down to the bowels of the building that they had uncovered. The cobra, who turned out to be the leader of the group that was doing the excavating, quickly showed them around and told them to get some food and rest since they would be going down as soon as the sun started to rise. The four took heed of the advice and soon they were sitting around one of the tables in the makeshift mess hall with trays of leftovers from the breakfast that the workers had eaten before going out. By this point Archer had already started to document things into his handheld computer while Nizzbit pulled out his book and continued to read while eating.

“Why do these blasted places always have to be in the middle of the desert,” the stag sighed as he took a cloth from his pocket an rubbed the fur of his head.

“We told you what to wear for this place Elcorn,” Simon said as he pointed a fork full of pancakes at the deer, who just scowled in reply. “I still think that it was a bad idea for you to come; the three of us are professionals at this sort of thing and even we have risk when we go down into the ruins. Why don’t you just stay up here with the workers and we can tell you what we find?”

“I already told you that I have an obligation to make sure the additional funds that you’ve been requesting are actually going to something worthwhile,” Mr. Elcorn replied with a huff. “Trust me when I say that this is the last place that I want to be, but considering that you’ve told the backers that you may have found the lost library of Alexandria we have-“

There was a loud shushing noise that came from everyone else at the table that started the stag enough to nearly drop his drink. “Don’t be broadcasting information like that!” Nizzbit hissed between his teeth as the others looked to see if anyone was around them. “Just because we paid these guys to do a job doesn’t mean that they aren’t looking for artifacts themselves, part of the entire reason we’re here is to secure the site to make sure that they don’t take off with anything. They’re professional ruin excavators and that could just be their job title, or…”

“…or they could be a pack of grave robbers,” Archer finished with a sigh. “While we vetted them as best we could some can be rather tricky when it comes to their credentials, which means that if we find anything in this site we either pull it ourselves or we immediately get on the horn and call in for a full team of our own excavators. Until then we keep them in the dark; this desert is littered with ruins and most don’t have much in them, which what we want them to think so they don’t start trying to ransack the place.”

The stag just nodded and looked down at his food while the rest of the group went back to what they were doing, with Nizzbit once more looking around before going back to his book. The library of Alexandria… it was the holy grail of archeological sites and so far no one had even found clues of where it was aside from the initial myth and rumor that it actually existed. It had been something that the wolf had been looking into for years and had become the proficient expert on the subject, to the point where he knew the stories attached to it by heart as well as the civilizations that they belonged to. The tiger had been a recent addition to the team when they needed to start narrowing down potential areas where the temple could have been located to select a dig site, which was Nizzbits area of expertise as he took the information given to him and found a few spots that would have been most likely location for such a place.

At first Nizzbit had thought that it would be like all the other digs where they might find a piece of pottery or something, but when the call came out and they were told that there was an entire building underneath the sand and it was possibly just the antechamber he was pulled almost immediately to wo with them into the desert to make sure. Now one of the potentially greatest archeological discoveries in the world was only a few feet from where they sat and though he was itching to go down and see what they could find he knew that they had to wait. The last thing anyone needed was someone blundering into a hole and breaking every bone in their body, so once they were finished with their food they went to their respective rooms they had been given and had a restless night of sleep to prepare for the next day.

When the sun rose once more Nizzbit was one of the first up, though the others weren’t too far behind as they made their way back to the mess hall for another meal and to prepare themselves for the journey ahead. As they came in they found that the workers were just sitting down for their food as well, though for them it was after a hard day’s work as they would likely filter back into their respective quarters once they were finished in order to avoid the sun. The tiger could see the tiredness in their faces and wondered just how hard they had been pushed to finish everything up before their guests would go down and inspect the space below. He didn’t speak the language though and when the four sat down most of the excavators were either finishing up or had moved away from them.

That was just fine for the group though as they hashed over the game plan on what they were going to do when they got down into the catacombs. It wasn’t long though before their cobra guide had come to collect them and the five walked out of the mess hall and into the preparation tent to gather their tools and supplies. Even without having to load up on the digging equipment that was scattered about each man had their own backpack full, mostly for climbing and also emergency supplies in case they got lost down in the depths. It was clear that both the wolf and the stag were not used to carrying heavy burdens but Nizzbit insisted that they each had one just in case as the cobra grabbed one for himself.

Once the four were ready to go the cobra led them out of the tent and out to the dig site, all of them shielding their eyes as they made their way along the designated path. Even though the sun wasn’t fully up yet they could feel the heat radiating from it already, especially as they got further out into the sands. Not too far though was the entrance to the ruins and as they stepped from wood plank to rough stone they saw that there had been an elevator set up for them to go down. That would save them a lot of time in trying to use their climbing gear to go down, Nizzbit thought to himself as they got onto the platform and the cobra pressed the lever to make it go down, especially since they had two people new to the entire area.

The sound of gears and wheels turning could be heard as the elevator started its decent, the bright sands of the desert disappearing as they sank down into the shaft of light that came from the exposed hole. It was a surprising distance down with Arthur suspecting that it was at least fifty meters before they finally landed on the sandy floor of the ruins with a soft thud. Once the platform was secure the five got off and as the others looked around in the columns that stretched up into the darkness the cobra went over towards a pile of rubble and the others saw that there was something shiny on top of it. After a few moments of fiddling the snake man turned a highly polished surface down and reflected the light from the beam above and hit another one that had been set up, which bounced the beam onto others until the entire central chamber had been lit.

“Amazing…” Archer said as he looked around, seeing the huge dragon statues that had been built into the walls and columns. “The mirror trick is impressive too, did you all set that up?”

“It’s a trick we learned long ago so that we don’t have to waste energy on setting up torches or lights,” the cobra explained as he slid back down. “The central mirror is on a track that will move with the beam, so you will have light in this central chamber for the entire day. Anything farther than this though and you’ll have to use glowsticks or flashlights, if you find anything interesting that warrants further exploration we’ll haul down a generator and start setting things up for you.”

“You are most kind,” Archer replied, followed by saying something in the native tongue of the other man before both of them bowed to each other. The others watched as the cobra went over to a small tent that had been set up further into the grand hall and laid down on the cot that had been set up there as the wolf motioned for everyone else to move away. “Alright, so our host is going to be at the main tent in case we need to radio to the surface but he’s also still on a night schedule so don’t call him unless you need him.”

“He’s staying down here with us?” Elcorn asked. “I thought that wasn’t wise?”

“It would be more suspicious of us if we left him in the dark,” Archer explained. “Plus he seems to be the leader of this group so the more we can make a good impression on him the better off things will be for us. We also get the chance to explore the ruins more fully without needing to leave a man behind, just make sure to keep your radios on a different channel than the main one so we can just communicate with one another.”

The others nodded and everyone split up, Nizzbit heading towards the back of the chamber while Archer and Simon looked to the front door that was completely buried in sand. Elcorn seemed not to know what to do and the tiger warned him not to venture too far off before he headed towards one of the largest dragon statues that sat in the front like a throne. It was clear that either the ruler of this place was a dragon or that the people of this civilization worshiped them, a fact that had brought a smirk on Simon’s face before they had spread out. While it was a fun fact it was also a good sign that this might be the legendary library of Alexander the Great, who was also a dragon and said to be a worshiper of the platinum dragon Bahamut.

In reality that was what interested Nizzbit the most as he went to one of the corridors that was behind the large stone throne, cracking a glowstick and tossing it down as far as he could to make sure the hallway was safe. The book he had been reading told of a legend that deep within the vaults of Alexandria was a set of armor that was said to be made of scales that were given by the dragon god which would make any warrior that wore it invincible in battle and wield the power of Bahamut. If this really was the lost library it was possible that this rumor was true too and the tiger wanted to find it more than anything else. Given his expertise in ruin exploration he had an idea of where to go as well, he only hoped that the passageways hadn’t collapsed after all this time.

After about an hour of wondering around Nizzbit had found that despite several collapsed stairwells he had found a shortcut into the lower chambers of the huge building. It was a large floor collapse that went into a set of caves, which after using his climbing gear to get down he saw that they had been dug out by hand. They were likely put there underneath the library in order to house treasures that would have been of great value, like hopefully a set of armor as he did a quick radio check to inform the others that he may lose signal and was going down deeper into the ruins. While there were no signs that pointed him in any specific direction he decided to pick a path and mark his way out, looking at his watch to make sure he didn’t lose track of time as he did.

The air was stale and musty as the tiger progressed through the tunnels and it was likely he was the first to breathe it in thousands of years. It was a good sign too, it meant that no one had managed to breach the tunnels elsewhere probably and whatever was down here was intact. After several dead-ends though he wondered if this place had gotten sacked too when the library did, which meant that if the armor did exist then it was probably long gone. Eventually though he got to a metal plate that looked like it was once a vault door, which would have probably kept him out except that it had been left open.

Even with it having been started for him it took a herculean effort to push it far enough for him to slide inside, but when he got into the carved stone room he immediately saw that it was worth it. Sitting on the other side of the small room were several smaller statues carved no doubt to honor the dragon god, but as he tossed his glow stick into the room he could see the light glint off silvery metal that was worn by another humanoid dragons statue in the middle. For a few seconds all Nizzbit could do was stand there in sheer awe of the platinum scale armor that sat there, the gauntlets and leggings sitting on a side table along with a helmet made of the same material. It was real… and not only was it real but it was sitting there right in front of him.

“Every museum on the planet is going to kill to try and get their hands on this,” Nizzbit said to himself as a grin spread on his muzzle. “No more digging in the dirt for me.” Though the tiger’s intention had always been if he had found the armor to have it be in a museum he wasn’t going to do it for free, but he did want to make sure that it was preserved. As he went over and examined the clawed gauntlets, weighing the heavy metal in his hands, he knew that the worth of the platinum metal alone would probably make him rich but he didn’t want to see it melted down just to be remade into jewelry or precious coins.

As the tiger turned one of the gauntlets over in his hands he wondered who would even be able to wear something like this, not only was it heavy but as he looked down into it he figured that it would probably be twice the size of his own arms. It made him wonder enough that after taking a second to look around he bit his lip before sliding his arm inside of it, just to see if he could even possibly be the warrior that could wield such a stunning battlement. When he got it on he found that it went all the way up past his elbow, causing him to chuckle before he tried to get his fingers into the clawed hands at the bottom. When he did finally get them inside he was able to get them close to the second knuckle and could hold the gauntlet to his arm, but moving around was next to impossible. Despite that he tried his best to get the other one on and with a bit of crouching and some movement of the gauntlet opening he got it on as well.

With both scale-patterned gauntlets on his arms he went over to where the sword was and attempted to pick it up, though with the heavy metal and oversized fit it made manipulating anything hard. After a few minutes though he started to feel like he was getting the hang of it and picked up the platinum sword, which glinted in the light of the glowstick. “Come and face the avatar of the platinum dragon god!” Nizzbit said as he gave the sword a swing, the momentum nearly causing him to fall over as he braced himself against a statue and let go of the bladed weapon. “Or not… the person who wore this must have been like eight feet tall and all muscle.”

Nizzbit picked the sword back up as best he could and put it back on the stone table with everything else, then went to remove the gauntlets so that he could pack everything up in the backpack he had set aside. Except… when he attempted to pull them off they wouldn’t move, which was extremely strange considering a few minutes ago they were practically falling off of his limbs. Even though they were still very big on him it was like his fingers had gotten jammed into the clawed gloves and he cursed mentally. He must have gotten them stuck in when he lost his balance with the sword, the tiger thought to himself, and though the last thing he wanted to do was walk around with pounds of metal hanging from his shoulders he was going to probably need some help to get it off without damaging the armor itself.

Just as he was about to go out of the vault however he found himself stopping as a strange sensation came over him. Incomplete… he suddenly had the feeling he was incomplete and that he shouldn’t leave because of it. It was such a strong and alien thought that had nearly caused him to stumble backwards as he looked at the rest of the armor on the table. When he had gotten his composure once more he attempted to reach his hand out to move the vault door only to find his arms trembling with exertion before he finally gave up and let them flop to the ground.

As Nizzbit attempted to lean up against the wall to try and figure out what was going on he noticed something else that was strange. Previously the gauntlets hadn’t allowed for him to bend his elbows since they were so big on him, but as he braced himself against the cool stone he found that they were able to bend and press against the wall. But that was impossible, the tiger said mentally as he looked down at the shiny metal covering his arms, if anything his hands were deeper inside the gauntlets than before so he should be practically up to his shoulders. As he shifted his fingers though it looked like they were completely encased, watching as his draconic digits wiggled their metal claws in preparation for battle…

Suddenly the vault door shifted and Nizzbit rose his hands up in an attack stance, only to see Simon’s head poke in. “Oh, it’s you,” Nizzbit said with a sigh of relief as the dragon walked inside and looked around in slight awe. “As you can see I found something, but I may have gotten myself into a little trouble here. I can’t seem to get them off and they’re a little clumsy to try and handle this myself.”

“I can see that,” Simon said with a chuckle as he saw the shiny gauntlets that were attached to the tiger’s arms. “How did you manage to get stuck in those? They look like they’re about to fall off of you any second now.”

Nizzbit just shrugged and Simon told him to hop up on the stone table, which the tiger did as the bigger dragon moved up to him. By this point the gauntlets felt like they actually fit his arms to the point where they didn’t feel bulky on him, especially as he moved his fingers and found much more control over the digits, but it was something he still didn’t want on him as he sat back on the cold stone. “You are a lifesaver man,” Nizzbit stated as the dragon had him press his knees against his scaled body for leverage, though as the tiger thought about it his head started to tilt in confusion. “But why did you even come down here in the first place? I thought you and Archer were joined at the hip.”

“Archer is copying runes down and doesn’t need me,” Simon replied as he braced himself as well. “Plus… I don’t know, I just felt drawn to this place, maybe I sensed you were in trouble.” With the dragon in position he reached over and grabbed the wrists of the gauntlets. “Now just try and pull back as much… as possible… I…”

The dragon started to trail off and when Nizzbit asked if he was alright he didn’t respond and seemed to just stare ahead with a blank look on his face. When he tried to move his arms back he found that Simon’s hands were latched onto the gauntlet and wouldn’t move an inch. This prompted the tiger to look down and he gasped when he saw that the red scales of the dragon’s hands had started to shift in hue, the black claws turning to the same platinum color as the metal it was clutching before spreading up his hands. As a dragon it made sense for Simon to be his first acolyte, but as Nizzbit comprehended the alien thought it made him realize he was thinking of his companion as something other than that and he finally got his arms free from the other man’s grasp.

Nizzbit had been so focused on trying to break the hold that Simon had on his gauntlets that he didn’t realize other changes were happening to the dragon, though he became aware of one as the dragon leaned in and kissed him on the muzzle. As his eyes opened in shock he stared into solid platinum orbs, the yellow iris and slit pupil completely erased by the metallic sheen as the recently freed hands of the dragon began to rub under his clothes. With the muscular body of the other man pressed against him it was hard for him to try and push away, and a growing part of him didn’t want to as that probing tongue explored his muzzle. It felt so good, so natural, and as his lust and desire grew Nizzbit failed to see that the fur around those gauntlets had started to melt as tendrils of platinum snaked their way up his growing biceps.

When the two broke the kiss Simon’s tongue still remained past his lips for a second and Nizzbit could see that it had turned into the same silvery metal color as his eyes before the dragon dropped down to his knees. “H-hey there,” Nizzbit said as he saw the dragon grab the waistband of his pants and pull them down. “What are you doing Simon?”

“Preparing my lord,” Simon replied in an almost monotone voice as Nizzbit tried to reach down to stop him, only to find his arms wouldn’t move on his command. “You are incomplete, as your servant it is my task to prepare the vessel of the dragon god for his ascension. I am honored to serve a creature such as you.”

The response took Nizzbit by surprise, but even more so was the dragon leaning forward and pressing his muzzle between his legs. The last thing the tiger expected was to have the bodyguard of their lead researcher, which he was almost positive the two were a couple, to start nuzzling and licking his crotch as his maleness started to quickly stir. Even though he knew there was something going on though he couldn’t bring himself to stop the pleasure that was radiating from his groin as he let out a soft gasp. It was as if this was something that he didn’t know he needed desperately and as he leaned back he felt Simon’s tongue finally draw in the head of his stiffening member and drew the half-hard member into his mouth.

The sudden feel of the sensitive flesh being engulfed opened a floodgate of both pleasure and unnatural feelings to break in his mind. It suddenly felt like having a dragon’s muzzle wrapped around his cock was the most natural thing in the world, in fact it was stranger that he didn’t have more consorts around him to pleasure the other parts of his body which when he looked down looked strange and alien to him. The only thing that seemed normal for him at that moment were his arms even though compared to the rest of the body the muscle almost looked bloated in comparison even as it reached his growing shoulders. It was hard for Nizzbit to focus on anything though as Simon slurped up and down on him with slow, practiced strokes while reaching over and grabbing something that was out of reach.

As Nizzbit felt one of his arms rise up unprompted he suddenly saw what the dragon had grabbed, which was one of the set of platinum greaves that had been sitting nearby on the table. For a moment the tiger snapped out of his lust-fueled haze and saw that Simon had started to put the piece of armor on him, even though his legs weren’t even close to being big enough to hold them up as he saw the size of it. But as his clawed hand pressed against the scales of the dragon, which started to turn them platinum just like the muzzle that was sucking his cock, he found himself more than eager for his servant to put them on. Even as the tiger realized that wasn’t how he usually thought he felt himself smiling as he felt the cool metal slide up over his foot and shin while starting to bob the head of the dragon up and down more insistently.

The second that the draconic armored foot touched the sole of his feline pawpad Nizzbit suddenly felt his leg shift; at first he thought it was the metal constricting down on his leg but when he looked down past the platinum head of the dragon between his legs he found that his limb had become swollen with muzzle in order to fit it. He could feel the skin and bone stretching and reforming as well but all it did was serve to feed him more euphoria as his body became more dragon-like by the second. Tendrils of platinum had started to crawl over the whites of the tiger’s eyes as images filled his mind of dragons like Simon serving him, worshipping him as they went out and aided the world however they could. The reign of the platinum dragon god had been a fruitful one for all those around the temple… but in the end the greed and resentment of other tribes had caused the downfall of their society and for the deity to go into hiding.

That god was ready to reassert himself, Nizzbit groaning louder as the second greave was put on his already partially transformed second leg and felt it turn into a thickly muscled platinum-scaled limb like the first. He no longer saw the tiger parts of his body as his anymore, they merely belonged to the vessel that housed his spirit as the dragon god manifested itself in the thought patterns of the tiger that he possessed. Power, desire, respect, all of that was what Nizzbit had wanted and was getting through his transformation as he felt his fur-covered thighs quiver with new growth as the changes pushed up past the armor and were augmenting the rest of his body. But even as Simon drew off of the thickening cock, the swirls of platinum coloration assimilating the red scales while his already athletic physique grew bigger, the amalgamation of god and explorer knew that they were still incomplete as their eyes went to the breastplate and helmet that remained.

At this point Nizzbit’s body was bigger than the dragon, even though most of it was in his arms and legs where shiny scales had started to grow over his groin and down to his swelling pectorals, and with his newfound strength had flipped their positions so that Simon was on the table while he was between his legs. As soon as the tip of his increasingly shiny member pressed against the hole of the dragon he could feel his acolyte open up to him, knowing that this was the god he served as it slid inside. At the same time Simon continued to sing the praises of the one transforming him as he was filled with godly power, causing him to grow big enough that he could easily grab the breast plate and lean forward to attach it to the still furry chest of the transforming feline. The shirt that Nizzbit had been working was already strained and even before the metal touched his chest his body exploded with new growth that shredded the material, which was quickly covered with the armor that caused his stomach to form a set of powerful abs and his chest to become mountainous to fit.

Nizzbit practically towered over the dragon as his spine stretched to accommodate the new growth as he also felt his ropy tail fill from base to tip with new muscle like it was a balloon until it was a strong dragon platinum dragon tail and a pair of wings sprouted from his new back muscles. As the thick, ridged dick that had formed between the scaled legs of the new dragon began to pump in and out of the other dragon’s hole Simon grabbed the helmet and presented it to his god. Just as Nizzbit was about to grab it though he saw his reflection in the metal, his head mostly still feline but with a pair of fangs sticking past his lips and horns already starting to push out behind his slightly drooping ears. For that moment Nizzbit had shaken off the divine thoughts being fed to him and knew that if he grabbed that helmet and put it on that there was no turning back, though it was hard to see him doing it anyway with his heavily taloned dragon feet pressing against the ground while he continued to plow into the smaller dragon beneath him.

But as he grabbed the helmet with his hands and looked at himself with his increasingly metallic eyes he wondered why he should resist this power in the first place. This was the opportunity to be a god, to have those like Simon willing to serve and worship him in exchange for power that he could give to do so much good in the world. That was one thing that had drawn him to the myths of the platinum dragon god, that he was revered for his benevolence and that those who adored him did so not only because of his power but his wisdom and respect. If that meant leaving his old life as a tiger behind as a sacrifice he found himself that he was more than willing to take it as he brought the shiny metal up and placed it on his head.

Almost instantly another surge of power surged through Nizzbit’s body as the armor was complete, pushing him forward and causing him to orgasm into the tailhole of the dragon as his head began to change. The knowledge and thoughts that had been trickling in became a cyclone in his mind as his feline snout stretched out, growing into a proper draconic muzzle as his horns stretched out to become mighty platinum spires. The transforming creature’s eyes squeezed shut in pure bliss as scales covered the last of his head, and he let out a loud roar as he flexed every muscle in his new body. When his eyes opened once more they were a solid platinum just like the dragon beneath him, the creature shedding the last of his old self with the last tufts of fur and ascended to his new form…

…he was Bahamut.

Meanwhile Archer continued to transcribe the ruins that he found, writing down in his journal before a shadow crossed over the wall. “Oh Simon, if you’re back already could you get the scanning equipment for me,” Archer said as he drew the last of the symbols down. “I want to make sure that we have digital copies to try and send back so that they can see our progress in the dig and maybe send additional resources if we can get that deer to pry his grip from the purse strings.”

“You’re actually speaking to him right now,” Elcorn replied, which caused the wolf to spin around and see the other man standing there. “I know that my presence here isn’t appreciated but if you could obfuscate your distaste for me by at least seeing if I’m in the room I would like that.”

“Oh, sorry, didn’t mean anything by it,” Archer apologized with a sheepish grin as Elcorn rolled his eyes. “I’m sure you’ll find this fascinating, I think I may have found directions that locate a store room or treasure vault of some sort. If this really is the Library of Alexandria we might have directions to some sort of artifacts, or potentially the lost scrolls talked about in legends.”

“Sounds fascinating,” Elcorn stated with a slight sigh. “If it does lead to what you say then I will help put in the report so that you can get more funding and I can get out of your fur. Does it say where this treasure vault is?”

“That’s the thing that’s actually been puzzling me for a while now,” Archer explained as he showed the deer a map that was hand drawn of several corridors, pointing at one of the rooms with his pen. “This is where we are, and if my translations are right it’s telling us to go down that hallway here. The thing is I’ve already been down that hallway and it’s just a dead-end, I thought that perhaps it was a future expansion that they never got around too.”

“Which means this entire myth could be just that,” Elcorn replied. “Or maybe there was something that you missed.” The wolf just shrugged his shoulders and mentioned he was about to go and check it out, which prompted the deer to say that he would go with him. Archer grabbed his flashlight and led the way Elcorn trailing behind while they went to the spot on the map that was indicated by the message on the wall.

“I’m surprised that Simon isn’t with you right now,” Elcorn said as they slid through a partially collapsed tunnel to get to the other side.

“He said that he had some business he wanted to take care of,” Archer replied while he continued to look at the map in his journal. “I was actually waiting for him to go back to this place before you came along and volunteered. Are you itching that much to get away from here, or are you enticed by the thought of treasure?”

To the wolf’s surprise he heard the deer chuckle slightly at that. “Are you saying that I might be like those thieves and grave robbers that you mentioned before?” Elcorn asked, which prompted Archer to quickly shake his head and say he didn’t mean it like that before the deer continued on. “This may surprise you but the actual money doesn’t interest me at all, the reason I’m here is to protect the wealth of others for them and that’s why I do my due diligence. So even if there is treasure down here I would merely be reporting it back to my clients so that they know that their investment has been very lucrative for them.”

The two remained quiet after that, at least until they got to the spot that Archer had said was blocked off. Much to his surprise he saw a set of stairs leading down instead of the solid wall from before, which caused him to scratch his head before starting to head downstairs. When Elcorn told him to wait for Simon or Nizzbit in case there are traps or something the wolf just scoffed and that and told the deer that he watched too many movies before heading down. When he looked up and saw that the other man wasn’t following him Archer said that he was going to be alone up there in a few seconds and almost immediately heard the sound of Elcorn joining him before they went down further.

The stairs went down far more than Archer had expected and when they got to the bottom they saw a large metal portcullis, though most of it was up in a stone slot above that allowed them entry. The wolf could feel Elcorn get closer to him as they continued to venture forth and out of the corner of his eye he saw the deer glance around nervously. While he was feeling a bit anxious as well Archer knew that between the radios and emergency beacons there was little they had to worry about in a place that has been sealed up for potentially thousands of years. When they got to the end of the hallway and went under another opened gate their eyes widened however and the gasps that came form their mouths echoed in the huge empty chamber beyond.

Coins… gems… all manner of treasures were scattered about the floor of the chamber and both of them went inside. “It’s real,” Archer exclaimed. “It really is treasure. But I would have bet my last dollar that it was referencing knowledge for a library.”

“That’s because this isn’t the library of Alexandria,” a loud, booming voice announced, causing the two to shrink back slightly. “The library was burned to the ground and razed by invading forces, but what they didn’t know was that they had built it over the ruins of a previous building. You are standing in the temple of Bahamut.”

“The temple of Bahamut?” Elcorn repeated as he tried to shine his flashlight beam to see where the voice was coming from, only to see nothing. “Are you saying that this all belongs to the followers of an ancient dragon god legend?”

“You are correct… except for the legend part,” the voice replied. “Bahamut has arisen once more.”

“Oh come off it,” Elcorn replied incredulously with a huff. “I don’t know if this is some sort of prank or parlor game but as liaison to the financier to this entire expedition I demand that you show yourself immediately!”

“As you wish,” the voice replied, and as the deer continued to look around a figure came from the shadows of the vaulted ceiling and landed a few feet in front of him. The shock caused Elcorn to stagger back in shock at the thickly muscled platinum-scaled dragon man that stood there, his armor and scales gleaming in the light as though they were made of the same metal as Bahamut smirked slightly at him. “Here I am, as requested.”

“Oh shit,” Elcorn stammered, stepping back before slipping on a few loose coins and falling onto his butt. “Oh shit, it’s real! You’re real! Archer, what do we… do…”

When Elcorn looked back his eyes widened as he saw that the wolf was in the embrace of another platinum dragon, this one more familiar looking as the two were locked in a deep embrace. Already Simon had managed to get Archer’s pants and underwear off of him and exposed his cock, which he began to stroke with one hand as the other looped around the furry thigh and spread his legs. The deer’s jaw dropped when he saw the shiny throbbing length of the dragon start to push up into the other man, but what was really surprising was as soon as that ring of muscle was stretched the fur around it began to melt and morph. The same thing was happening to the lupine snout of the researcher as it stretched out into a muzzle that looked more like the one locked onto it as the two slid their tongues into one another.

“Simon had requested that he take his lover personally,” Bahamut replied as he stepped forward, bringing Elcorn’s attention back to the dragon god. “From the looks of it Archer was more than happy to join in, which just leaves you. I would like to make you a special offer as it were, and if you don’t like it then you can just go.”

Once more the deer found himself stunned, but with the huge dragon man hovering over him as Bahamut offered him a hand up he found it difficult to think of moving. “You’d just let me go?” Elcorn asked as the initial shock already started to wear off. “Aren’t you worried I’ll tell people about this place or something?”

“Oh, I’ll be revealing myself soon enough to the world,” Bahamut replied with a more genuine smile as he helped the deer back onto his feet. “As such I need all the helpers I can get initially, and from what I heard you enjoy protecting the wealth of those you work for.” Elcorn looked out as the platinum dragon gestured to the piles of treasure that were stacked up in the room. “It’s a big job, so I could really use someone that’s good with numbers.”

“You want me to be… your accountant?” Elcorn asked, which caused Bahamut to chuckle.

“I want you to do what you do best,” Bahamut replied. “With my power you could take control of every coin, every gem, all of this would be under you. It would be quite an expenditure on my part but I’m willing to invest in you if you wish, and unlike your other clients you can hold this in your hands.”

Elcorn found himself looking back around at the glittering treasure, though for a moment his vision was grabbed by the two creatures that were still having sex. To the deer’s surprise the wolf that had been getting thrusted up into was no longer there, instead it was a muscular platinum dragon with powerful muscles and a thick cock that jutted out into the air while being stroked. As their bodies were pressed together and the one in the back kept plowing deep into his lover he realized that Simon had transformed Archer into more than just another dragon acolyte for Bahamut, as they moved and groped each other their bodies were completely identical and they even moved and huffed in a similar fashion. When he asked Bahamut if he was about to turn into a clone of the two as well the dragon god said that he had something else in mind for him if he accepted.

Bahamut could see the deer’s body tremble slightly in excitement as Elcorn said he would accept the position, and even without touching him yet the dragon god could see that his power was starting to influence him. When he told his newest acolyte to strip down Elcorn did it without hesitation before he was led over towards one of the bigger piles of coins that were in the room. “You know, I always imagined that my clients were having sex on giant piles of their own money,” Elcorn said as he gently laid himself down on his stomach at the prompting of the dragon. “Looks like I get to have it be a reality.”

The dragon god could see that Elcorn was becoming more at ease by the second, even seeing the deer give him bedroom eyes as he looked back at him. Bahamut smiled and carefully got behind the other man and used his power to shrink down his cock so that it could fit the smaller male while still giving it a good stretch. One of the perks of being a god was also that he didn’t need to prep his subjects and as he pressed the head of his cock against the deer he could see the cheeks part and the back of the smaller man arch in response. There was no flinch of pain that someone might have with such an insertion, and even though Bahamut could tell from the way that Elcorn moved he was no stranger to having a male on top of him the fact that he had gotten several inches in him with only the pleasurable tensing of muscles was something only a god could provide.

But as Elcorn felt himself getting his tailhole stretched fuller than he had ever been before he could feel something else happening to his body as he was pressed into the pile of treasure. As their movement started to cause some of the coins to fall down on top of him it had started to bury his arms that he had stretched above him, but when he tried to adjust his position as his stomach started to get stretched by the thick cock inside he found it hard to move them. The same was happening to his feet and as he looked back he saw that they were also buried in coins as well, in fact most of his body except for his head was starting to sink into the hoard that the dragon god was plowing him on and it was becoming increasingly hard for him to move anything.

After one particularly hard thrust from Bahamut had not only hilted the heavy cock inside him but also caused his hips to disappear into the pile it was enough leverage for the deer to pull his arms out. To his shock the gold and silver had turned to sludge around them and when it clung to him, though when he did get them pulled out all the way he saw that instead of his hands he had huge gooey draconic paws instead. It was like they were made out of the metal and as Bahamut continued to thrust up into his tailhole it actually caused some of the melted substance to splash onto his face. Almost immediately his jaw was so weighed down it caused it to stay open, allowing more of the precious metal to flow into him and coat his insides as he felt his arms get sucked back down into the melting treasure pile.

Bahamut grinned as he could feel the body changing underneath him and while the back of the deer remained as such there was a far bigger transformation going on just beneath the surface. With every powerful stroke he pushed the changing creature down deeper and with the thick slurry of precious metal on his mouth it was dragging Elcorn’s head down too. Just before it disappeared Bahamut could see that the cervine jaw was becoming bloated and distorted, changing shape as more of the metal started to slither its way up. When the deer looked back as best he could he saw that Bahamut had lowered himself more, feeling that heavily muscled chest press against him and push him further inside until only part of his head remained.

“I told you that I’m making quite the investment in you,” Bahamut whispered as he felt the partially sunken tailhole squeeze against him before growing wider, the platinum dragon growing his own cock to keep pounding his newest acolyte and keep them in the throes of pleasure. Out of the corner of his eye he could see the two identical creatures sucking each other off as they watched and waited for their deity to finish up. “Now prepare yourself, soon you will be reborn…”

All Elcorn could do was let out a gurgle before Bahamut grabbed him by the antlers and continued to mount the deer until his body completely disappeared, even the antlers sliding into the destabilizing pile of treasure. Once Bahamut had sufficiently seeded the other man with his power he pulled out and the hole in the gold and silver goo that had been created there as it quickly collapsed in and sealed up. Though the coins and other treasures were still losing definition they continued to remain cohesive enough to remain a pile, and as Bahamut felt the presence of the other two come up next to him it started to shift. It was subtle at first but soon the entire pile seemed to heave up and down, and when his two servants asked what was happening he just put a finger to his lips and told them to watch.

While that stopped Simon and Archer from talking it was clear what the other reason was for them to come over, feeling their paws stroke and caress his body as they worked in tandem to pleasure him. Already Bahamut was starting to grow stiff again and one of them decided to kneel down and offer his muzzle and throat, an invitation he took as he brought the dragon forward and slid his cock inside. While the dragon god could tell who it was that he was stuffing he decided to leave it a mystery, especially when the other one came up behind him and started to press his own cock against the tailhole of the deity. Since Bahamut wanted to see his creation first hand he allowed his servant to worship him by pushing the thick member gifted to him by his god, which caused him to move forward and have the other dragon deepthroat him where he could see the ridges push out his scaly neck.

While the two were pleasuring and worshipping his body Bahamut’s gaze remained fixated on the pile of treasure that was slowly growing bigger. As he watched the treasure continue to lose its definition before it was just a shiny gold and silver shell that started to bulge and stretch from the creature within. The pile had been five times as tall as Bahamut and as he craned his neck upwards he could see the top of it start to push out with draconic features, the jaw stretching the rubbery surface before it finally ripped and revealed the dragon within. Elcorn let out a loud roar as his body continued to push its way out with heavy new claws as his feral form was exposed, which unlike the two servants of flesh that continued to pleasure him this new creature was all metal as it shook the last of the gooey gold from his body.

With the power that had been keeping it stable no longer there the remainder of the shell hardened back into metal, though by that point Elcorn had already completely escaped from it and had gotten back onto stone floor. The new metal dragon stumbled a few times as he got used to being on all fours and Bahamut dismissed his servants for the moment to go over to the huge creature. “I told you that this was going to be a big job, so I needed a big dragon to do it.” Bahamut said as he patted the shiny flank of the creature. “How are you feeling?”

“Heavy, but not in a bad way?” Elcorn replied, surprising himself with how loud his voice was as he brought his forepaws up to his face and wiggled the new digits. “I feel powerful, and also strangely very expensive, but how am I supposed to count anything with these? I thought that I would be more like your other worshippers, not a giant dragon statue.”

“Well I figured if this was going to be your new home I wanted to make sure that you would be comfortable,” Bahamut said with a smile. “There’s also no need to fret, I wouldn’t have given you such a form if you couldn’t do the tasks that I had given you. Why don’t you go ahead and put your paws on another pile, I promise you that it won’t melt again.”

The platinum and gold dragon looked at around for a second before he saw a nearby pile, which he towered over now, and pressed his forepaws against it. “Oh… oh my…” Elcorn said as his eyes widened slightly while he wiggled his paws in the treasure. “There are… six-thousand, four hundred and seventy two pieces of platinum in this pile. That’s incredible…”

“And as your power strengthens you will be able to sense the entire room eventually,” Bahamut said as he saw the giddy look on the dragon’s face as he went to investigate another pile while he looked over at his servants. “Now for the two of you I need you to come with me, we have some work to do.”

A few weeks later another helicopter landed, this time with a number of people in suits coming out of it as they got out. By this point nearly the entire structure had been dug out and as they watched they saw that a people dressed in silvery robes still working. “They’re working in the middle of the day?” the vixen said as she looked out at them. “I just stepped out of here and I feel like I’m getting heat stroke.”

“I assure you all our workers are well taken care of,” the group of people turned to see another in a hooded robe that had come up to greet them, gesturing towards the exposed entrance of the temple. “Now if you’ll come with me I can show you what your investment has produced, which I think you are going to be very pleased with.”

The group walked in and the air immediately got cooler as they got further inside, though they didn’t have to go too far until they arrived in the main chamber of the building. The hole in the roof hadn’t been fixed yet and the sunlight streamed down on the platinum dragon god that sat on the throne, his attendants doting on him as the investors looked on in shock. When they turned to the one that guided them there they saw him disrobe and reveal his own shiny scales, and as Bahamut watched he smiled as he saw the influence of his power already working on them. A lizardman that had been in the group broke from them and bowed down, then looked back up with the same shiny platinum eyes that Bahamut knew the others would have soon enough…

Chapter Demon

The night was still young as the dragon crashed his way through the undergrowth of the ancient forest, cutting it away with his magically imbued axe where he could and crawling through it where he couldn’t. While normally the adventurer would have made camp by this point he was not only in dangerous territory but according to the map he had found he was nearly to the end of the journey. He was just grateful that he had decided to go on this treasure hunt alone, not only because of what the prize might be and he wouldn’t want to split it but also because they would have slowed him down by this point probably. Of course there was the chance that he would just be charging head first into the forest for the entire night but he didn’t want to think about that as he continued to move forward.

Just as the dragon was about to stop for a break however his axe suddenly fell forward after he swung it against a wall of branches, indicating little resistance on the other side. Even though his muscles ached at this point he continued to push forward, hacking away at the thing between him and his potential treasure until finally he had created a hole big enough to see what was on the other side. “Motu, you sly dragon,” the adventurer said with a smug grin on his face as he saw the ruins on the other side of the hole. “You did it again.”

Ever since he had found the map Motu had been pushing his way towards this location, mostly because it said that it housed an artifact that could grant wishes to anyone that held it. While it seemed farfetched it was enough for him to start traveling in that direction and make his way across half the continent doing adventuring work to keep his belly full and his equipment sharp. Those that he trusted enough to tell of his plans scoffed and called him crazy for believing such a thing existed with some saying the only thing at the end of the map would be a bandit mugging or a cliff to go throw himself off of. Part of him wished that they were there with him as he carefully crawled through the hole and made his way to the clearing on the other side.

The small building looked to be some sort of ancient temple or something else of importance, but as he began to walk around the perimeter of the building he found that there didn’t appear to be any sort of entrance. It was something that caused Motu to frown, but he hadn’t just chopped through an entire ancient forest to be stopped by a couple blocks of stone. That thought gave him an idea though as he looked over and saw one of the huge trees that made up the tree line, a grin forming on his muzzle as he grabbed his axe. While it wasn’t supposed to be for chopping wood Motu was ready to improvise as he dug the edge of his weapon into the hardened flesh of the tree.

Even with the magical nature of his axe it took a substantial portion of the night before Motu got through enough of the tree for it to do what he wanted. He also had to make sure that each cut was fairly precise, especially since he didn’t want to have to start the entire process over again as he continued to chop into the crook he had created. He was nearly halfway through the tree by this point and he could see it sway slightly with each hit as he swung hard. Finally he heard a loud crack when he got right in the center and quickly pulled out his axe as he saw the large divot he had made into the woods start to close.

The rest of the trunk snapped violently and the huge trunk fell exactly the way he wanted it too before landing on the top of the building with a loud and heavy thud. Motu also heard the sound of stone cracking and once the tree had settled he went up the side of the sloped building and saw that a giant hole had pieced through to the chamber within. He let out a cry of triumph and used one of the branches to climb inside, sliding down the smooth park and landing on the floor of the chamber. After lighting a torch Motu looked around and saw there was indeed no entrance, the entire structure built by being completely sealed off.

“Druid magic probably,” Motu muttered to himself as he wandered around the building a bit before he found a set of stairs. They led deep into the ground and eventually he found himself at the bottom with only a small hallway that led to a chamber a few feet away. “Better be something down here or I’m going to be pissed.”

The dragon brushed the dirt off of his black and purple striped fur and red scales before moving forward, carefully looking around for traps or any creatures that lurked below. There didn’t appear to be anything of the sort and when he got to the room he found only a stone cylinder in the middle of it with a number of intricate markings around it. Some sort of magical spell, Motu thought as he looked around at it, likely a ward from what he could see. That would mean an experienced mage down here using a variety of magics to try and disable it before they found the right spell, but since he didn’t have one of those…

There was a loud crash as Motu brought his axe down on the cylinder, the discharge of magic rolling through his fur as he used the enchantments on the weapon to neutralize those in the stone. The plan seemed to work and when he looked at the split carving he saw that there was something nestled within it. It looked like a star sapphire but darker and as he brought the torch down to examine it the jewel appeared to be carved into that of a wolf’s head but with horns. It was extremely intricate and when he picked it up he could see that there was a black metal chain attached to it.

Though the gem glowed in his hand there didn’t appear to be anything else that activated it, which caused the dragon to sigh as he realized he would need a mage after all to identify what it did. That meant trudging through another two weeks of wilderness hoping that he would find the path that he forged on the way in. “The legend said that it was a stone you could wish on, so maybe I can get back the easy way,” Motu mused, clutching the amulet in his hand as he closed his eyes. “I wish that I was back at town.”

“I wish that I was back at town in the brothel.”

The dragon’s eyes snapped open as he heard his wish repeated as though an echo, and when he looked around he no longer found himself in a dirt chamber underneath an old ruins. Instead he was in a bedroom of some sort, which slightly confused him. While he was grateful he was back in town the dragon wasn’t quite sure if he had specified such a place, and he knew from how nice the sheets were that he definitely wasn’t in an inn. He remembered something about a brothel but wasn’t sure where that had came from, though as he waited there the door opened and someone came in dressed in a very skimpy outfit. Motu found himself grinning as he found himself not complaining about the view, though as the creature turned around and revealed himself to be a male fox his eyes widened slightly while the vulpine did the same.

“Who are you?” The fox asked, Motu glancing down only to see that the underwear that the other man wore was open in the front that caused his eyes to immediately shoot up. “I don’t have any appointments right now. Although… I may make an exception for you big boy.”

“Uh, sorry, magic miscast!” Motu said as he got up before the fox could approach, quickly grabbing his axe and making for the door. “Gotta go!” Before the fox could say anything the dragon was out the door and down the hall as fast as he could before anyone else wondered why he was there, though as he passed by one room he couldn’t help but pause at seeing a naked dragoness in front of a mirror. “Man, why couldn’t I get that room…”

Motu quickly shook off the thought and continued out the door, ignoring the surprised looks of the bartender and the woman that sat at the bar and went out the door. As he went outside his jaw dropped slightly as he saw the sun starting to rise as people began to go out from their residences to work for the day. At first the adventurer thought that maybe the teleportation had taken a while, but as he walked down the street he recognized the city he was in and knew that it was hundreds of miles away from the temple. Since there had been a town he stopped at on the edge of the forest he wondered why he hadn’t been transported there, though that didn’t matter as much to him since this proved that the amulet worked… it actually granted wishes!

Even though his body was exhausted from the effort it took to get through those woods Motu couldn’t help but feel giddy at the prospect as he looked down at the sapphire wolf pendant. This changed everything; if he planned it right he could live in the lap of luxury and never have to go out adventuring again if he wanted to, or make himself invincible so that no one could hurt him. While he wasn’t sure what the limit of his wishing could do he was more than keen to find out, sliding the chain of the amulet around his neck and hiding it in his armor as he went to the first inn he could find. It didn’t take him long and after paying for a room he went up and took off his armor, stashing away his axe too as he felt the fatigue of the night starting to wear heavily on him.

But perhaps he wouldn’t have to, Motu thought to himself as he felt the weight of the necklace around his furry neck. “Never going to learn what it does unless I try it,” Motu thought as he sat down on the bed. “I wish that I was filled with energy.”

“I wish that I was filled with an endless horny energy.”

Motu let out a slight groan as he felt the weariness leave his body, standing up once more as he almost immediately felt like he had just spent a week resting. In fact he felt a little better than great, a grin spreading on his muzzle as noticed the tent forming in his leather pants. It had been a few weeks since he pleasured himself and ending up in that brothel hadn’t helped things it seemed. For the moment he decided to ignore it; since he had accidently left his pack in the woods he needed to resupply, fortunately he knew that he had a way of getting everything he needed as he went out of his room and back into town.

About an hour later Motu found a supply shop that catered to adventurers like him, opening the door to see a bull man behind the counter polishing armor. The bovine looked up at him and gave him a nod before saying that if he needed any help to contact him. As he went to find packs with gear he couldn’t help but look at the man and wonder if he was an adventurer himself; while he was young he was definitely well muscled and looked like he knew his way around a weapon. That was a good sign as it meant they knew what the perils of their profession was like and would have gear that could save their lives as the dragon picked out several of the higher end items.

Once Motu had found everything he went over to the bull and set it down on the rough wooden counter, which prompted the shopkeeper to go through everything. “You certainly have a good eye for gear,” the bull said as he scribbled numbers down on a piece of parchment before looking back up. “That’s going to be four hundred gold.”

“Alright, one second,” Motu said, pretending to reach down for his gold pouch while whispering his wish. “I wish the shopkeeper would give this gear to me for free.”

“I wish the shopkeeper would give this gear to me for free with a blowjob.”

The bull seemed to stare off into space for a second before he looked the dragon up and down, a grin forming over his face as he leaned against the counter. “Tell you what,” the shopkeeper said. “I’ve actually been standing here with morning wood, if you could take care of this for me so I can actually stock shelves I’ll give you all this gear free of charge.”

Worked like a charm, Motu thought to himself as he nodded and went around the counter to where the bull stood. He could see what the problem was as the man stood there with no pants and a rather impressive cock pressed against the underside of the counter. As Motu hid himself in the space of the counter he remembered other times that he had done this, and though he wasn’t into guys it was a great way to adventure on the cheap and keep most of his profits. He always could find someone that would take him up on the offer as he began to lick the underside of the shaft.

Above him the bull snorted and slapped against the counter as the dragon worked his cock; even though the man was completely hard he wanted to make sure he felt like he was getting his gold worth before drawing it into his mouth. When he got to the flared head however he found he might have bit off a little more than he could chew, or in his case suck as he found his jaw aching slightly with the first inch before he had to pull back. “Damn…” Motu cursed as he saw his deal evaporating. “I wish that my maw could stretch so I could fit this guy in and get him off.”

“I wish that my tentacle-filled maw could stretch with rubber so I could fit this guy in and get him off.”

Motu hadn’t even realized he made a wish at that point, but as he felt the bull starting to grunt with the lack of attention he knew that he had to get this done or have to pay. Fortunately for this guy he was just warming up as he grabbed the base of the shaft as the scales of his muzzle began to shift from the inside. A slight hiss could be heard as he felt his tongue get pushed around from the tentacles within, which pushed their way out and began to wrap around the first few inches of the throbbing member. He saw the hooved foot of the bovine stamp on the ground as they wound their way around the sensitive shaft, and as the head was drawn into his maw he felt his lips and muzzle stretch around it.

His pleasuring had caused the shop keeper to snort and Motu suddenly found his head pressed against the back of the counter as the bull thrusted his hips forward, pushing the thick shaft down deep inside of him all at once. Though it took the dragon by surprise his maw merely opened wider as the head was taken down into his throat. This bull was lucky he could take such deep insertions, he thought to himself as the tentacles that had been pushed inside slithered out in order to wrap around the base of the bull’s shaft while the muscles of his neck contracted around the thick shaft deep inside of him. With there being no protest and the dragon starting to bob his head up and down the other man continued to thrust into him, even reaching down and holding his muzzle to get in even deeper.

Despite being hard when they started Motu found himself underneath the counter for a while, feeling the head of the cock slide up and down his throat as he tried to stimulate the bull to finish. More than once they had to stop when someone came into the shop and the dragon found the thick tool buried up to the hilt as he paused so that the shopkeeper could conduct his business. Eventually however he saw the other man tense up and he didn’t even have a chance to pull out before he was filled, which was better than walking around with cum in his fur as he let the bull completely unload in him. When he was done Motu got up and gathered his recently acquired gear, brushing off an invite for more later and telling the perplexed shopkeeper he wasn’t into men before leaving as a stray tentacle brushed the last of the bull spunk from his lips while he left.

With his gear needs secured Motu went to the adventurer’s hall just to see if there was any jobs available to him, only to find the board completely empty. It wasn’t unusual for that to happen in big cities were those willing to take on such jobs was plentiful which was way he often traveled in search of work. After his recent trek however he wanted to stay in the city and take some time to recuperate even with the wish to make his energy boundless. It certainly had been a great wish as he wasn’t even tired when he went back into the inn that night and wondered if he even had to sleep anymore, though he did find that with it came a bit of libido spike that had come back even after what he did with the shopkeeper.

Fortunately with it starting to get later in the night the tavern was filling up with all manner of adventurers, most of them like him were just looking for some time out of the wilderness. He saw a few women that struck his fancy but his gaze stopped when he saw a pair of cheetahs that were at the bar. Though they looked like identical twins one was a girl and one was a guy, and both were being equally hit on by the other patrons in the bar. Normally the dragon wouldn’t even bother since it would take more than a few gold worth of drinks to get the girl to notice him, but as he rubbed the pendant under his tunic he had more than just good luck on his side as he closed his eyes. “I wish the cheetah girl with the nice breasts would come up to my room for sex.”

“I wish the cheetah guy with the big cock would come up to my room for sex.”

With his wish made Motu quickly got up from the table and made his way back to his room, stripping down naked and waiting for the cheetah to hopefully come up. After a few minutes though nothing seemed to happen and it made him wonder if perhaps he had overstepped when he heard a knock at the door. The dragon grinned as he got up, his cock half-hard already and his lusts raging as he opened the door and saw the feline adventurer standing there. It wasn’t long however before their muzzles met in a deep kiss, Motu keeping his tentacles at bay for now, and used his tail to slam the door shut before the two worked to take the cheetah’s clothes off.

By the time they had gotten to the bed the cheetah was completely naked, though Motu was still preoccupied with his impromptu lover’s mouth even as he fell back on the bed. This one was definitely aggressive, he thought to himself as their furred bodies pressed together, and he found himself enjoying that as they made out for a while longer. The cheetah definitely had the body of an adventurer with a lithe, toned body and muscular arms that the feline used to push up and straddle his chest. Everything about this creature was beautiful that was in his bed; from the toned waste to the pert butt, and the rather large cock that jutted out from his groin as he leaned back against his own draconic member.

Wait… this was the guy cheetah? For a second Motu found himself confused before he remembered how much he lusted after the handsome feline, which he hoped would be the latest in the string of tailholes and cocks that he enjoyed during his travels.

The confused look was not missed by the other man who grinned and leaned in. “What, suddenly you seem cautious on sharing your bed with me,” the adventurer said. “I saw you looking my way with lust in your eyes and I knew that you wanted my body, and I found your form pleasing as well. Now don’t tell me that you’re having second thoughts.”

“Only on what position I’m going to put you in,” Motu replied as he grabbed the cheetah by the waist and turned both their bodies over so that the dragon was on top. “Now are you going to spread your legs for me or are we going to have to try and see who the dominant one is here?”

“I think I would know better than to try and get on top of a strapping, muscular dragon like yourself,” the cheetah replied as he rubbed his hands up and down the scaly arms of the other man on top of him. “Go ahead, take me like you probably have so many others.”

Even as Motu began to angle his cock into the hole that was presented to him by the rather impressive flexibility of the spotted furry legs beneath him something seemed off about all this. He remembered many times where he had a male in his bed just like this with his member buried hilt deep in their tailhole or their mouth, though as he looked down he realized that he was missing something that would help with his current situation. “No lube…” Motu said as he sighed. “I wish I could just use my cock to spread open your tailhole.”

“I wish I could just use my slimy, prehensile cock to spread open your rubberized tailhole.”

As Motu and the cheetah looked at each other he knew he wasn’t going to let something like a lack of lubrication get in his way, not when he felt his cock start to produce its own thick goo. The cheetah bit his lip slightly as the tip of the dragon’s member guided itself into his hole, which had turned a shiny black that became coated with the slime. With the combination of the smooth insides of the feline and the wiggling, dripping cock Motu was able to slither in several inches all at once. The feline gripped the arms of the dragon that didn’t even have to move as the prehensile member pushed in and out with small, quick thrusts in order to get even deeper inside of him.

With the endless energy that Motu had wished for previously he found that he eventually tired his impromptu lover out, both their groins becoming covered in thick strings of goo as the cheetah eventually shifted to his stomach so the dragon could keep pumping into him. More than once he had orgasmed deep inside the other adventurer and it was getting to the point where the feline stomach had started to become slightly bloated from the amount of dragon cum inside of his belly. “Adventurer… I am about to pass out,” the cheetah said once Motu had once more orgasmed, this time with the feline doing the same. “You have thoroughly worn out my tailhole, I’m glad that I decided to come up here.”

“I’m glad that you came up here as well,” Motu said as he pulled out, feeling his cock wiggling slightly once it was out of the slick, smooth tunnel that had housed it for the night. As the cheetah got up to get dressed to go back to his own room he found those old thoughts from before creeping in, feeling as though that this was not something he would usually do. “I wish I knew what possessed me to claim the body of this cheetah.”

“I wish the demon that possessed me to claim the body of this cheetah.”

The room suddenly darkened slightly and the cheetah turned around in shock, asking Motu if he said something. As the dragon was about to shake his head he suddenly saw the feline hold onto his head and fall to his knees. When he went over to try and see what was going on the cheetah suddenly looked up at him and he gasped when he was greeted with a pair of glowing blue eyes looking up at him. “Finally, been waiting for an opportunity to introduce myself,” the cheetah said as the demeanor of the feline suddenly changed, the adventurer standing up and looking over his still naked body. “Not bad, not bad at all…”

“Demon…” Motu growled, reaching for his axe before he realized that it was across the room and he was naked. “I’m not sure what sort of deal you made with the feline but I will not have your presence befoul me!”

“I’m afraid that my presence has been befouling you for quite some time,” the possessed cheetah said as he went over and rubbed a hand down the purple scales of Motu’s chest, stopping eventually on the pendant that he wore. “I have been the one granting you your wishes after all, for all that one would think that you would be more grateful.”

“Granting my wishes?” Motu said in shock. “It can’t be, I’ve never heard of such a thing before.”

“That’s because I’m an ancient creature,” the demon explained. “Back before the time your kind were even walking around and another race was the superior one in the realm. They’re the ones that locked me in that cursed vault you found, and really me being able to grant your very desire is just my way of paying you back.”

Motu frowned deeply at this as he saw the possessed cheetah continue to grin at him. He had known that something was inside of him but he hadn’t expected this, especially with it coming from the amulet he wore, though as he continued to watch the strange creature he began to see the fangs of the feline start to length. “What’s going on?” Motu asked as he also began to see horns start to sprout from behind the cheetah’s ears. “Are you corrupting his body?”

“It appears that I am,” the demon replied as he looked at the cheetah’s nails to see that they were turning black and slightly curved. “This body is mine after all, unless you would like to wish me a new form I suppose that you’ll see what I look like soon enough. Or you could have me go back into that amulet, but then you won’t get the answers to the questions you probably have right now and I may start corrupting you now that you know what I am.”

As the demon continued to grin at him Motu knew that the entity had put him into a tricky situation on purpose; his immediate thought was to no longer use the amulet to make wishes but hearing that the cheetah was being corrupted meant that if he did nothing he would allow the demon to subsume his body and possibly spirit as well. “Alright, I suppose one more wish…” Motu said as the possessed cheetah crossed his arms. “I wish that the demon had a physical form.”

“I wish that the demon had a physical form for our worship.”

Motu watched as the cheetah suddenly seemed to pass out, the dragon moving forward and catching the other man as he watched the ethereal form of the demon pull away from them and coalesce about a foot away. As he held the other man his eyes widened upon seeing the creature manifest itself completely, his muscular body toned in all the right spots to give him an athletic appearance as soft blue fur covered most of it while black scales adorned his chest and stomach just like his own form. Unlike his body though there were deep blue runes that covered his body in lines as his black-scaled, draconic feet and hands flexed while a similarly scaled tail whipped around behind him. He also had a pair of wings and demonic horns and fangs on his otherwise wolfish face that grinned at him, and as Motu looked down he saw that the demon had a thick prehensile cock similar to his own.

…this demon was the most beautiful creature that Motu had ever seen in his life.

“I can already sense what you want,” the demon said as he smirked, tapping the floor in front of him with his large claws. “Just a taste for now, we have things to do and you have wishes to make. Oh, and I suppose since we’ll be spending a lot of time together I suppose that I should tell you that my name is Kona… though I’m sure you’ll be calling me your master soon enough.”

Though Motu still knew that this was a demon and hearing the cocky creature make the rather bold declaration he still found himself stepping forward, eventually falling to his knees at the feet of the creature. It wasn’t just the how perfectly handsome this creature was but also from the raw power and and majesty that he seemed to exude. It seemed like an honor just to touch the bare thighs of this demonic wolf and when he finally did a jolt of pure ecstasy went through his entire body. As his hands began to travel upwards he found that he wasn’t alone either, looking to his left he saw that the cheetah had also found a place at the other leg of the demon and had already started to lick along the fur of it.

Fortunately Motu had something that the other man didn’t, opening his maw and allowing the tentacles within to spill out and wrap around the thickening cock of the demon. Bet this Kona had never felt anything like this before, the dragon thought smugly to himself as he shoved his stretchy maw over the thick shaft. He could feel his own pleasure grow at allowing this godly cock to push deep into him and also from the sensation of his mouth tendrils swirling and coiling around it. When he looked up he could see a coy grin on the demon’s face followed by a hand on his head, but instead of pushing forward like he had thought he was actually pulled off of it.

“As I said, only a taste,” Kona stated as he had the cheetah and dragon move slightly away from him. “First thing we need to do is get out of this inn; last thing we need is some nosy adventurer finding out what we’re doing, and then I can assure you that we can get down to more fun. Motu, why don’t you be a dear and wish us a remote estate that I can own.”

Though Motu wasn’t pleased with being bossed around he knew that the demon was right, and from what he had just experienced he found himself wanting more by the second. “Alright then,” Motu said after both he and the cheetah, who introduced himself as Avari, had gathered up all their things in the room and the cheetah abandoning the rest of his gear to follow. “I wish that we were inside of a remote mountain estate that Kona owned.”

“I wish that we were inside of a remote mountain estate that Kona owned like my soul.”

“As you wish,” Kona replied before the runes on his body began to glow, tracing over his body until there was a flash of light. It was the first time that Motu had seen the magic of the amulet, or rather the demon within, and was surprised at the magical energy he felt course through him. Perhaps the demon wasn’t the source of the magic, the dragon thought as he looked around and found himself in the middle of a very well-furnished room, perhaps he was merely the conduit for it as he saw that Kona and Avari were there with him. “There, away from prying eyes and nosy mages.”

Just as Motu was about to ask something he happened to look down on his chest and see that there was a mark on his chest, a rune that was similar to the one that was on Kona’s forehead. “You didn’t think that you could just get your wishes granted with no cost, right?” the wolf demon asked as the demon traced over the lines and felt the magical energy within them. “That is my mark, which means that I own you.”

Though the dragon tried to open his mouth to rebuke his master, no, the demon he tried to remind himself, Motu couldn’t find the means to do so. Deep in his heart he knew that Kona was right, that he had essentially given his soul in order to get all of his wishes granted. Whether or not it was a fair trade he had yet to see, but at the moment his more pressing concern was Avari. The cheetah was not under the same restriction that he was, which meant that at any time he could go and tell others that he was bound to a demon.

Just as Motu was about to approach the other adventurer he felt a pair of hands on his shoulders and looked back to see Kona standing there with a smirk on his face. “It was a mistake to let Avari tag along,” Motu said as he looked back at the cheetah admiring the fireplace. “We have to wipe his memories and bring him back to the inn.”

“We certainly could do that,” Kona replied while rubbing his fingers into the furry shoulders of the dragon. “Or… you could use that newfound talent of yours and make him ours. Think about it, he wouldn’t have followed us here if he didn’t want to be a part of this and the way that he was mewling between your legs shows that he desires nothing more than to stay that way.”

“You really think so?” Motu said in slight shock, feeling his arousal build at reminiscing about the wild rutting they had just gone through. “I know he was eager before but this is something else, this is being in league with a demon. Will he really go for it?”

“Does it really matter?” Kona stated with a chuckle. “Go on, wish for him to join you.”

Motu felt his resolve faltering, thinking about the possibilities of having the cheetah by his side. Even though part of him knew that the demon was merely tempting him it was working quite well and he found the idea more appealing the longer that he thought of it. Eventually the thought of just releasing Avari didn’t even enter into the mind of the dragon as he went over and put a hand on the feline’s shoulder. “I think that it’s time we seal the deal,” Motu said, a small smile of his own forming as he saw the cheetah tilt his head slightly in confusion. “I wish that Avari would join with me in service to Kona.”

“I wish that Avari would join their infested tentacles with me in service to Kona.”

Once more there was a flash of light from behind as Kona granted his wish, and when Motu tried to pull away his hand he found that their flesh had already started to knit together. The dragon had known that the only way to get the cheetah to fall under the demon’s power was this way, and as he tried to shift the feline’s body around in order to get behind him more of his arm sank in, which caused the shoulder of the cheetah to bloat with new muscle… and something else. “W-wait, what are you doing?” Aviari asked in shock and horror as Motu could see tentacles that he knew the feline had inside him start to push up into his own body, feeling an intense and perverse pleasure that came from the act. “I told you what would happen if you touched me…”

“It’s the best way to share Kona’s blessings with you,” Motu replied, his voice a whisper as he moved up and pressed his muscular chest against the back of the feline. “I wouldn’t have embraced you if I didn’t know what I was getting into, and I know how much you want to serve my master. Now let us join together in service to him.”

The cheetah just let out a low moan in response as his body quivered, Motu’s doing the same as he began to feel something push against the purple scales of his belly. Without having to see it he knew that several tentacles had emerged from the spotted fur of Avari’s back and were pushing into him, infesting him just like they had the cheetah. This adventurer had probably been holding back for so long, Motu thought to himself as his own rubbery tentacles pushed out of his maw and slid over the feline muzzle that had turned to face him. As those eyes looked into his own the dragon could see that they were glassy as the true essence of the cheetah began to slide into his own body.

Motu let out a muffled grunt as the tentacle tongue of the monstrous creature pushed its way into his own maw and down his throat, which was easily stretched out as a rubbery substance began to spread over the invading appendages. While Avari would soon be infesting his body it wouldn’t be without the dragon’s own mutations as he felt the fur and scale of his torso began to shift and melt while more tentacles pushed in underneath it. The demonic corruption had started to present itself in the form of his new skin gaining a similar sheen to what his maw had been as his chest began to fully merge with the cheetah in front of him. By this point Motu’s cock was fully jutted out and throbbing in the air, though it wasn’t long before he felt more tendrils wrap around his shaft and draw it into the tailhole of the infested cheetah while he looked down and saw the ropy tail grow thicker and began to slide between his legs.

The entire time Kona watched as his draconic thrall merged with the creature that he had created, watching Motu as he eagerly began to thrust forward while the cheetah’s cock split and formed into several tentacles that wiggled in the air. More could be seen pushing out of the nipples and abs while the muzzles of the two creatures merged together, their maws throbbing and swelling with the tentacles shared between them while Avari’s arms lost their definition and coiled around the dragon’s rubbery ones. The dragon could feel the thick appendage that had pushed up into his own tailhole start to stretch his body shivered in pleasure. The demonic sigils that had appeared on his body were being transferred to the cheetah as the corruptive rubber that leaked from his body transferred into the body that was shrinking and flowing into him.

For a few seconds Motu lost sight of everything as the cheetah’s head was pulled forward into his own, the dragon letting out a muffled roar of pleasure as their skulls merged and tentacles pushed into his ears. His own demon-tainted brain merged with the infested cheetah’s that he had created, bringing into being untold lust and desire that had already been played at before. There would be no going back to town after this; his body was irrevocably mutated by taking this tentacled monstrosity into him as something began to push out of his shoulder blades and down his spine. With the black and purple rubber almost completely engulfing what remained of Avari he found he could see again just as tentacles of his own sprouted from his back and began to push into the air.

It wasn’t long before Motu no longer needed to thrust his hips as the cock tentacles of the cheetah had formed around his own, which as it turned to rubber it split and joined them until he had a nest in his groin that slithered and coiled around one another to bring him untold euphoria. His muscles swelled and expanded with new mass as the last of Avari’s head joined with his and a second pair of eyes opened up underneath his own. He could feel his tail filling with more of the tendrils while the one inside of his tailhole merged with him, making his inner walls even more sensitive as many more formed and began to slither out of him. As the last of the cheetah disappeared into the tentacle-infested dragon there was one last vestige of the feline that appeared on the dragon’s body in the form of purple spots on the shiny black skin of his body as he flexed his new body.

Motu didn’t have long to admire his new form before the demon summoned him back, the dragon immediately going to his master’s side as the wolf patted him on his head. As Kona ran his hands over the hulking physique of the dragon Motu thought he remembered something about the situation that should have concerned him, but with the increased demonic corruption and infestation of Avari’s psyche into his own the merged creature found it wasn’t important. “You’ve done very well Motu,” Kona praised as he sat back down on the chair. “Most don’t take to my power as easily as you have, yet you seem to be a natural at it.”

“Thank you master,” Motu replied, his fingers trailing along the pattern of runes that had grown over his body with the perverse wish that he had made. “Is there anything else that I can do for you? Perhaps I can show you some of the pleasure that you have given me?”

“As fun as that would be you are not quite done yet,” Kona replied with a smirk on his face. “You see, when you transported us to this place you had given us quite the estate, but it also comes with a tiny community that sits at the base of it. Since this place is otherwise rather remote it would behoove us to go down there and introduce ourselves, don’t you think?”

“Of course,” Motu said, his voice slightly distorted as one of the many tentacles inside of him pushed its way up his throat and briefly affected his vocal cords. “How should I handle them?”

“Me?” Kona asked in feigned surprise. “I am merely the instrument of the one that I’m bound too, even though you have bound your soul to me you are still the one that gets to make the wishes. With that in mind Motu, what do you wish to do to the people of the town?”

“I wish…” Motu said before hesitating slightly. Deep inside some piece of him told him not to wish for anything, that he had already not only corrupted himself but also of someone he had just met… but there was a new voice inside of him that said there was nothing wrong with that. As he found himself flexing his powerful muscles and watched the tentacles within bulging he knew that he was the one that was supposed to be making wishes, using Kona’s power to best serve him as the tendrils that played along his lips retracted to allow him to speak once more. “I wish… to go down to the village and show the villagers the glory of my master.”

“I wish to go down to infest the village and show the villagers the corruptive demonic glory of my master…”

Meanwhile down in the small hamlet several of the villagers looked up at the rather large building and saw that smoke once more poured from the chimney. It was a strange sight to behold since to them they hadn’t had an occupant in there for many years… though it should have been even more bizarre to them since up until a few hours ago there hadn’t been a building there in the first place. For the dozen or so people that lived in the small fishing community it was like it had always been there and thanks to the warping of reality they all knew that a mage had built the place as a retreat before shortly dying afterwards and leaving it vacant. There was no reason for any of them to take the place for themselves either as they were mostly men from neighboring villages that came up to the fishing ponds when they weren’t frozen in order to try and bring back whatever they could from the waters to sell.

It wasn’t enough for them to stop their work either, but as the day continued on they saw something else that caused them to finally stop what they were doing. They had just started to clean the day’s catch when someone, or something, started to walk down the singular dirt road that had led up to the estate towards them. The group looked at one another in both confusion and wonder as they saw the draconic individual continue to walk their way, though the closer he got the stranger he looked. Instead of fur or scale the skin of the heavily muscled creature shined unnaturally in the sunlight above and his movement was unusual as his physique bulged at the wrong times as he got close to the town.

One of the men of the group was a warrior that had been tasked to protect the village from any potential threats, and though normally that was bears or wolves this seemed to fit the bill as he grabbed his sword and walked out to face Motu. Though the orc was well-muscled and he had a set of half-plate he still found himself unsure, especially since the bizarre creature had continued to walk towards him while completely naked and unarmed save for the heavy talons on his unusually large hands. “Hey, I don’t know what mage or abomination created you but it would be best for you to move on,” the orc said as he held his blade at the ready. “Tell whatever master you have up there at that place that we just want to fish and move on.”

“How uncouth,” Motu replied, his deep voice ending with a hiss as the tip of his tentacle tongue flicked out from his lips. “All brawn and no brains, not the greatest ambassador you could have chosen. I wish for you to gain an immediate understanding through my master, you snarling dog.”

“I wish for you to gain an immediate transformation through my master, you hellhound beast.”

The orc’s eyes widened and in the next second he dropped his sword before falling to the ground. Motu’s lips curled up in a fanged grin as he watched Kona’s power go to work, the orc groaning loudly as black fur immediately sprouted on his trembling hands while bright red claws pushed out from his fingers. As the others watched their main protector writhe on the ground while his already muscular body began to thicken while the already pronounced face trembled upon stretching out into a longer, more lupine muzzle with the tucks growing bigger. Just as Motu was about to speak again two of the fishermen, an elf and an anthro tiger, turned tail and began to run.

“I don’t think so…” Motu said with a smile as he pointed at the two. “I wish for those two to become rooted to the spot as though they are a tree.”

“I wish for those two to become rooted to the spot as a tree.”

The elf that had been ahead of the two suddenly stopped dead in his tracks as the leather of his boots burst to reveal roots that quickly grew down into the ground. As the man looked down in shock to see more roots pushing out of his ankles he was suddenly knocked forward by the tiger that had been right behind him. Though the elf wasn’t knocked over by the impact the tiger suddenly found that the arms he had wrapped around the other man to keep from falling were now merged to the someone lean form of the elf. The two groaned loudly as their bodies began to warp and transform, feeling intense pleasure as their bodies quickly expanded to the point of shredding their clothes as fur and flesh darkened and hardened. Once the cloth between them was gone the cock of the tiger, which had turned a bright green and was wiggling around of its own accord, pushed into the butt of the elf as their changing flesh knitted together. The other fishermen watched in horror as demonic lust overcame them and their thoughts of escaping turned to their corruptive embrace, both their heads tilting back as thick vines pushed their way out of their mouths and ears.

The dragon watched as the last of the two merged together into a singular entity, seeing the tree quickly grow with the only thing that would identify the two as their former selves were the faces in the black bark frozen in pure ecstasy as more vines pushed out from their bodies. He would deal with them more later, but for the moment Motu focused his attention back on those that remained. By this point the snarling beast had ripped off the plate of metal that covered his groin to reveal a throbbing, dripping black cock as the rest of his armor fell away to reveal thick, heavy muscle. As the new hellhound got on the heavy wolf paws his feet had become the demonic dragon asked if there was anyone else that would like to try and challenge him or escape, only to be met with stunned silence and shaking heads.

“Very good then,” Motu said as he went over to one of the fisherman, a human this time, and pressed a hand against his head. “In that case you shall all receive the blessing of my master, starting with this one. If anyone would like to speed up the process and gain extra favor I do have a few cocks that can be serviced.”

The other fisherman watched as the eyes of the human he had put his huge hand on top of had his eyes roll back and his pants tent as demonic power poured into him. Almost immediately the transformation began as purple and green scales formed on the olive skin as tentacles slithered down and pushed their way into his ears. As the tongue of the human began to lengthen and stretch out past his lips several of the others took Motu up on his offer, sliding down between his legs and either presenting their maws or their tailholes to him. He was more than happy to oblige as he focused his attention from the demonic lizardman he was creating to plugging the holes offered to him, watching their throats and stomachs bulge from the insertions as their muscles quickly grew and demonic features formed on their bodies…

About an hour later Motu saw Kona walking down the path towards him, the demonic dragon leaned back in one of the few chairs that could support his bulk as a demonic lizardman and bull massaged his feet with their tentacles. “It seems you are adapting to the life quite well,” the wolf said as his gaze went past him to the edge of the village where corrupted plants had started to spread from the tree that was growing even bigger and starting to take the shape of a hulking creature. “Soon this entire area will be saturated in demonic energy, I daresay we may attract the same kind of adventurers that you used to be.”

“Like me?” Motu said, the dragon looking at Kona with a blank expression on his face before he remembered his previous life that felt like ages ago. “Well, if they do come then we can just add more to your ranks. These demons all serve you like I do.”

“Like you do, you say,” Kona replied with a mischievous grin on his muzzle. “I’m not sure, you have created some very loyal servants and you have yet to touch my cock in a meaningful way. Perhaps you wish to change that?”

Like a bell going off in his mind Motu immediately nodded to the demon. “I know exactly what to do,” Motu said as he turned around and lifted his tail to his master. “I wish that my body would service my master’s cock with pleasure.”

“I wish that my body would service as my master’s enslaved cock with endless pleasure.”

No sooner had Motu uttered his wish than the dragon felt his tailhole get impaled by the cock of the demon, causing him to gasp slightly from the sudden insertion as he was bent over the barrel he had braced himself on. The pleasure was almost immediate, not only from getting that thick, throbbing member pushed deep inside of him where his tentacles could coil around it but also for serving his master so diligently. His mind quickly became fogged with lust and he could see the other demons he had created start to gather around to watch. While he had seen the demon’s length before it felt all the bigger while it was inside of him and it wasn’t long before he could feel it causing his tight stomach to bulge and roll from the heavy thrusts.

As the pounding continued from the wolf behind him Motu started to feel like his feet were being lifted off the ground, and as he looked behind him he could see that they actually were! As the demon plowed into him it was like Kona was causing his legs to suck inwards as they shrunk down to the point where they would be considered useless. Soon he couldn’t even move them much more than just flailing around and as they pressed against the increasingly heavy and furry sack of his master he watched the rubber of his body stretch and melt over them. Even if the transforming dragon wanted to say something though it felt like Kona was pushing the air out of his lungs from the head of the cock that was starting to push out the rubber between his pectorals.

“Oh yeah…” the demon moaned as he brought his hands up to the muscular sides of the dragon, causing Motu to nearly slide off of the barrel as he found the shiny flesh was incredibly sensitive there. “You’re going to look so good as my cock, I can’t wait to see when you’re done. That was a very good wish slave.”

Slave… cock… the thoughts inside the tentacle dragon’s head were starting to get fuzzy, but he did distinctly remember wishing to be his master’s member for all eternity. He could feel the amulet he wore around his neck start to shift as the cock of the demon continued to push deeper inside of him even though Kona was no longer thrusting into him. If he could look back he would have seen that the fur of the demon and his own rubber rump had completely fused together, along with his legs being completely absorbed into the sack of the one that was stroking him up and down. The expanding sensation of the throbbing shaft inside of him was merely his flesh fusing to the demon as he could feel his horns melt into his head and his arms flow into his own body much like his legs had done.

It wasn’t long before the only thing that supported Motu was his chest against the barrel he had been holding onto, but as he began to feel a pressure against the back of his throat even that was being pulled away from him. He felt his eyes close as a wave of pleasure unlike anything he had ever experienced in his life before came rushing up through his rubbery body, which was little more than a solid tube at this point as more of his draconic features disappeared while others formed. He could feel the ridges being molded onto the shaft he had become while the tattoo that signified ownership to Kona spread out over his purple and black body, eventually reaching his head as the tip of demon’s cock pushed past his lips and stretched out his maw before merging with it.

The rest of his head quickly smoothed out to featureless flesh as Motu felt a rush of demonic cum flow through his body, flooding through the tube that connected the slit his mouth had become to the demon as Kona came with the new appendage for the first time. Thick black cum shot from the former dragon’s mouth as tentacles emerged from the slit, the others within the fat shaft wiggling around as well from the shared orgasm before it finally calmed down. Kona smiled as he could sense his slave’s utter and complete devotion to him while squeezing the foot-long black and purple draconic cock attached to him. That wasn’t the only thing that had changed though and once Motu had calmed down enough to soften Kona took the silver cockring with a blue sapphire wolf head and slid it down to the base before nestling it against his fur.

“A perfect fit,” Kona said with a laugh as he felt the former demon dragon’s thoughts were still drunk with lust. “Of course it might be a bit hard for you to make those wishes that you want, even if they are all in service to me, but I’m sure that we can figure something out where I can get the general idea. I may be off by a word or two… or potentially three, but that’s never stopped you before, has it?”

Motu had no idea what his master was talking about, the rubber demon slave cock only concerned with how to make sure that the demon he was attached to had the best orgasms. He remembered something about wishes… but he couldn’t imagine what he could possibly want that wasn’t him being the fuck toy of his demonic master for the rest of eternity. Even as he thought that he could feel one of the former fisherman he had transformed coming up to Motu and stimulating him further, making use of the infernal energy that he and Kona contained in order to get another orgasm. Perhaps they could use the power of the wishing stone to serve their master better, Motu thought as his body stiffed again, he had everything he needed with the demon and his only desire was to serve him in both pleasure and transforming others, which was a wish that had already been granted to him.

Chapter Quetzalcoatl P1:

Aurum huffed as he pulled himself up from the cliff that he had been climbing up, feeling the cold wind blow through his white and gold-striped fur as the tiger got himself over the edge. When he finally felt hard stone against his back he gave himself a second to regain his breath as he slowly got himself back up onto his feet. Once more he felt a strong breeze roll off of the mountaintop and through his body as he looked back at the progress he had made, seeing the small cottage that he and his friends had rented looking more like something from a board game with how high up he was. While he hadn’t intended on climbing this far he had seen some ancient writing that interested him enough to follow it, though it had led him up until he was nearly at the top of the mountain as he took a drink from his canteen.

Well… mountain wasn’t really a good word for it, Aurum thought to himself, more like a rather tall, somewhat rocky hill. As he looked around he saw a rather large stone about half as tall as him with more of the writing on it, and though he couldn’t tell what it was he saw pictographs there as well. It was the same pictures as the ones lower down; mainly a picture of a tree with a serpentine figure wrapped around it, which Aurum remembered from local legend was the image of a god known as Quetzalcoatl. He was known for being the keeper of great knowledge and some believed that this myth was what inspired others including one found in most religious textbooks regarding a serpent and apple. At first the tiger thought that was a bit of a stretch but when he saw the stone tablet while gathering wood for his cottage retreat with his friends he saw the markings and couldn’t believe it, though at that moment he was more wondering what these markers were leading him to as he went up to the cave that was next to the stone and peeked inside.

The tiger was surprised to find that he could actually see light at the other end, which made it more of a large stone arch than a cave as he ventured inside to see what was on the other side. Though he could see around Aurum took out his phone and shined his flashlight on the walls to see that there were even more pictographs and ancient writing that he couldn’t understand. From the drawings alone it seemed that the snake, which he believed was supposed to be Quetzalcoatl, was the protector of the fruit which is believed to be knowledge. It made him wonder if on the other side of this cave he would find something like old scrolls or perhaps more of these stone tablets with writing on them.

What Aurum didn’t expect when he got to the other side was to find an actual apple tree that sat in the middle of a small patch of grass. With the way the stone walls of the mountain formed around this place it provided shelter from the blistering cold wind and was actually rather warm as the feline stepped inside. As he got closer to the tree he also saw a small stream that ran along the edge of the clearing, which likely along with the rainfall from above was what kept the place looking as green as it did. As Aurum did a quick walk around the open cavern he didn’t see anything else but the tree, though as he went to inspect it up close he did find another stone marker that was embedded in the roots of the rather large tree.

This one was unlike the others in that it was written in a variety of languages, including his own as he knelt down. “Take the blessing of Quetzalcoatl into you to have the knowledge of the serpent,” Aurum read out loud. “Become his avatar to spread the gift of knowledge far and wide.”

The blessing of Quetzalcoatl… as Aurum looked up he noticed the apples that hung from the branches looked quite ripe and delicious, which made him wonder if these were even in season. He felt a grumble in his stomach and also realized he hadn’t eaten since he started his quest, which prompted him to jump up and grab one of the apples that hung low enough for him to reach. He plucked it easily enough and when he sat down against the tree itself he examined the rather large fruit. A part of him wondered if perhaps this was even safe to eat, but the tiger had never heard of a poisoned apple before and finally just bit into the soft flesh.

As soon as the juices dripped into his mouth Aurum’s eyes widened slightly as he suddenly became aware that this apple tree definitely shouldn’t be able to grow in this type of conditions and that even if it could its fruit wouldn’t be close to ripe. As his teeth slowly sank further into the apple he also recognized that the writing he saw was ancient and that it read of the myth of Quetzalcoatl, telling that the garden would only reveal itself to those that were worthy of the winged serpent’s knowledge. As he finished taking a piece and started to chew it he also figured out how far he had traveled and what time it was just from the position of the shadows on the wall. As soon as he thought of something he knew what the answer was, even to questions that he had never even dreamed of asking as he found himself taking another bite.

One thing that was at the forefront of Aurum’s mind was that the myth of Queztalcoatl was no mere story, he was standing right where the winged serpent had slithered as he took another chuck of apple into his mouth. The sensation of knowledge was almost addicting and the more he ate the more such facts seemed to be right at his fingertips, which he hadn’t realized were starting to get shorter as apple juice trickled down the fur of his chin and matted it. Aurum was busier exploring how tidal motion could affect ship hull integrity to realize that he had started to grow scales around his lips and his teeth were starting to become even sharper. If anything it made tearing into the fruit much easier as he became enlightened on everything from ancient to modern as his ears began to droop on his head.

It wasn’t until Aurum had eaten all the way down to the core that he realized something was happening to him, mostly due to his fumbling with it and causing it to drop down to the ground. As he bent over to pick it up he found his fingers were unusually stiff and as he brought them to his face he was shocked to see that they were disappearing right before his eyes! It was like someone had cut them off at the first knuckle except it looked like they never even existed, and as even those began to disappear he could feel his arms thinning as well. This was impossible… except as soon as he thought of it he realized that in eating from the tree of Queztalcoatl he had taken on the mantle of the god’s avatar, which included his form…

…the form of a limbless snake.

As Aurum stumbled over towards the fountain he tripped slightly and saw one of his shoes sitting behind him, and as he looked down at his foot he noticed that it had lost all of its toes and some of its definition. He quickly kicked off the other one before it could trip him up and found it was rather easy to do, especially since his other foot was shrinking as well. This was not something that he had signed up for, the transforming tiger thought to himself as he got closer to the stream as he felt fur falling off of his head, but with his growing grasp of knowledge he knew that there was nothing he could do to stop it. When he got to the water he was just in time to see his ears flatten to the point where they merged with the exposed skin of his head, watching his white and gold fur disappear with brilliant green that retained the golden stripes on the new scales.

As Aurum tried to continue to move forward he found himself stumbling more and more until finally he could no longer stand and fell down. Fortunately the grass was very soft as his attempt to brace himself made him realize his arms had shrank to half their size and were being pulled into his thickening torso. The transforming feline panted heavily as he looked back to see that both legs of his shorts were deflated and lying there flat against the ground. It wasn’t hard to see where all that mass went however as his normally ropy tail was rapidly thickening and stretching out, feeling his spine pulling like taffy as he found the last of his legs pulling out from his shorts and leaving him completely bare from the waist down.

Aurum let out a hiss from his rounded muzzle, which had almost completely become a serpentine snout by this point, and as his forked tongue flicked past his lips he saw something else that caused his eyes to widen. The pleasure from his changes had caused his cock to become erect, but with his shorts having been nearly falling around his ankles until he had fallen over he hadn’t noticed the extent of his changes to his groin until that moment. As the cleft where his legs normally would have been divided was filled in and sealed over with bright white belly scales he saw not one but two throbbing shafts that jutted out from the new slit that surrounded them. A hemipenis… of course, that was what snakes normally had in the means of reproductive tools as Aurum tried to reach them but found himself wiggling the stubs of his arms as they receded back into his shirt.

That knowledge of snake anatomy had flowed so naturally into his mind it reminded Aurum of all the knowledge that he had gained, and as his newly enhanced mind came up with a solution to his predicament it put a smile on his muzzle. With his torso thickening and melding with what was left of his arms he slithered forward out of his shirt, feeling the fabric rub against his scales for the last time as he easily pulled himself out of the garment and let it lie right next to his shorts. Even with his body being much bigger than that of a normal snake it was almost silly how big his clothing was compared to him, watching his completely limbless body form a bulge in the garments as the last of his fur was assimilated into green and gold striped scales with a white underbelly. There would be no way for him to wear anything back down the mountain and with a lack of hands he couldn’t carry it either as his twin shafts pushed up the fabric of his shirt before he flipped over and slithered out of them completely.

There would be no need for such clothing, the snake thought to himself as he curled around and used the newfound flexibility of his body in order to lick his forked tongue around one of the two shafts. The feeling that shot through his entire form was amazing and he found that the information he got was not just limited to factual knowledge either. As the last of his feline features disappeared with his teeth becoming a pair of fangs and the scale covered lumps that had been his arms and legs fully pulling into his tubular body he teased and sucked on himself until his new body was practically vibrating with desire. As he continued to pleasure himself his lustful mind did note that there was one thing that he didn’t get from the snake god of knowledge, though Aurum surmised as his head bobbed up and down on his hemipenis that the rainbow wings were reserved for Quetzalcoatl himself and he was merely his avatar to spread the knowledge.

Spread the knowledge… as those words reverberated in his mind Aurum pulled his head back off of himself and looked back up at the tree. As soon as the thought had crossed his lustful mind he realized that he had the ability to share this gift that he had been given, and it wouldn’t require him to lead others back to the tree. The essence of Quetzalcoatl flowed through his transformed body and as he slithered over to the nearby stream to look at himself he saw a pair of rainbow hued serpentine eyes staring back at him. They almost glowed with power and as he continued to gain better control over the muscles of his new snake body he was able to coil over himself much like a real snake as he used the knowledge of such a form to his benefit.

Without having a tape measurer Aurum guessed that he was about seven feet long, maybe eight, with his brilliant scales shimmering in the sun that came in from above. Except for the unnatural luster of his scales and his eyes one might suspect that he was just some normal constrictor snake, albeit a rather large one as he turned to leave the cavern. With everything he wanted inside of him the avatar of Quetzalcoatl made his way out and to the mountainside that he had come up as a feline. As Aurum felt the wind blow against his scales he didn’t feel the cold that he had felt before either and what would normally hinder most reptiles, another gift no doubt given to him by his deific patron as he began to make his way down the mountain in order to visit his friends…

Back down at the cabin Mikalos brought down his axe in order to split the log that sat on top of the stump, letting out a grunt of frustration as he managed to just split off a piece of it. While it wasn’t necessary for heating he wanted to get a fire going in the fireplace of the place they rented out but none of the wood had come split in order to put it in. That meant that they would have to do it, but since none of them had actually held an axe before they were finding it hard to handle. Fortunately they didn’t have to bring in the logs from anywhere as the wolf looked from the wood shed at the pile that obfuscated him from the rest of the house.

Perhaps there would be no fire tonight, Mikalos thought to himself as he gave it one more swing and succeeded only in knocking the log off of the stump and causing it to spin right into the wood pile. Just as the wolf threw the axe down in pure frustration he froze when he heard a low hissing noise coming from the nearby bushes. It sounded like a snake, but he didn’t think that there were any such creatures existed in this area as he looked around the area. It was starting to get dark which made it very hard to see but as he continued to scan the area he thought he saw movement before something brushed up against his leg.

“You should really widen your stance a bit if you’re going to try and chop would like that,” a low voice said as Mikalos suddenly felt something heavy wrap around his ankle and pull his leg back, causing him to stumble slightly as the confused wolf looked down and let out a sharp gasp of surprise. A snake larger than he had ever seen before had somehow managed to curl around his leg and anchor him to the spot, but what was even more shocking was that it appeared to have the ability to speak and when it looked up it had a smile on its muzzle while looking at him with distinctly alien eyes. “If you brace yourself and swing back perpendicular to your body you let the momentum cut the wood instead of trying to do it with brute strength.”

“Wh… what are you?” Mikalos asked, trying not to panic even as this creature could clearly talk and communicate with him it didn’t lessen the fact that a rather large snake had continued to coil up his body as his breathing quickened. “I-I really didn’t want to come here, I swear, I just…”

“Relax Mikalos,” Aurum said with a slight chuckle as he finally curled his way up the wolf’s body until he could reach his head and rubbed against his furry cheek. “I would ask how you couldn’t recognize your old friend Aurum but I have undergone a rather drastic transformation.”

“N-no way,” Mikalos said as he tried to take a step back, only to realize that the snake’s form had wrapped around his lower body to the point where he couldn’t move his legs anymore as the scales pressed against the bare fur of his shins. “Is this some sort of joke? Are you controlling some sort of robotic snake drone or something?”

“That would be quite the elaborate prank,” Aurum replied with a laugh, though it came out as more of a hiss as he continued to squeeze the creature. “Up until about an hour ago I would have said such a thing is impossible, but I could tell you now exactly how to build one if you would like. I could actually show you a lot of things, a wealth of knowledge that I found up at that mountain…”

With his body completely coiled around the black-furred wolf he could tell that he was starting to relax even with a massive snake that has wrapped itself around his body. “This same knowledge… turned you into a snake?” Mikalos asked, Aurum nodding back as the fear and confusion slowly shifted to curiosity on the lupine face. “But how? I’m still trying to grasp the fact that I have a talking snake wrapped around me and I’m still not a hundred percent sure that you’re not going to eat me.”

Aurum explained as succulently as he could about the tree that he had found during his hike in the mountains, how he had eaten the fruit of Quetzalcoatl and gained the knowledge that was stored within it while also becoming an avatar of the snake god. Though he attempted to keep it slow and simple more than once the snake could see the wolf look at him in confusion or tilt his head, but the most important thing was that he continued to remain ignorant to what his coils were doing. Using the knowledge he had gained he had slowly been flexing his muscles in order to keep the wolf in an even more relaxed state and had been bobbing his head back and forth to put Mikalos into a light trance. It was nothing major, but for what Aurum had planned next he wanted to make sure that the wolf would be more receptive to the offer as he finished up his story.

“Wow, so you went up the mountain as a tiger and came down as a snake god’s avatar,” Mikalos replied, not realizing that his head had been slowly tilting back and forth in time with the snake’s head that continued to lock gaze with those colorful rainbow serpent eyes. “And you just have all the knowledge of the world right at your fingertips? I mean... um…”

Aurum chuckled as he could see Mikalos blush at that, though Aurum was more focused on the tent that was forming in the shorts of the wolf as the snake continued to subtly stimulate him. “I do have access to everything, yes,” Aurum replied as he allowed his voice to become more sensual, which caused the wolf to grow flustered for an entirely different reason. “It’s not always present but if I need to know then the information just pops into my head for me to use. There is also one other thing that I can do with it.”

“What’s that?” Mikalos asked, trying not to swallow hard as Aurum leaned in.

“I can share it,” Aurum replied before he leaned forward and kissed Mikalos right on the muzzle. He could see the wolf’s eyes widen briefly before they became half-lidded as he got a taste of the knowledge that the snake held in his head, though as quickly as he saw it the information evaporated from his mind. The connection grew briefly stronger as Aurum pushed his forked tongue past the other man’s lips but the intention wasn’t to share anything with him, merely to show the possibility of what he could have when he finally did make the offer.

The two remained that way for a few minutes before Aurum arched his body back and left the wolf panting. “That was… incredible,” Mikalos stated as he tried to put his hands to his head, only to find that Aurum had wrapped his body around them and pinned them to his sides. “I saw so many things, so much that I’ve wanted to know right there in front of me. But… I also can’t remember any of it.”

“The gifts of Quetzalcoatl can not just be harvested like that,” Aurum replied as he took his coils and expertly began to shift the shorts of the wolf down, Mikalos not even noticing what was happening except for the feel of those scales shifting against his furred form and causing him to shudder in pleasure. “While I can teach you what you want to know it would also be rather slow, the easiest way for you to get what you want is to become like me. Only avatars of Quetzalcoatl have access to the serpent god’s library, fortunately I’m more than willing to give you all the access that you want.”

Aurum contracted his body slightly to give the wolf a pleasant squeeze around his somewhat rotund midsection, causing Mikalos to let out a slight moan despite himself. Even though he appeared to be tempted by the offer there was still some hesitation in his answer, something the serpent avatar was quick to rectify by taking his lower body and yanking down his shorts. The wolf let out a slight yelp as his cock flopped out into the air, the throbbing member jutting out into the air as the snake allowed his hemipenis to emerge from his slit as well. It was clear the arousal was getting to the wolf and when he asked what it would take in order to get this gift Aurum just smiled and shifted his body so that his shafts were rubbed up against the exposed tailhole just above where his shorts clung to his thighs.

While it wasn’t the only way that Aurum could have transformed Mikalos he knew that this would be the most fun, and from the way that the wolf had start to stroke down his body it was clear that any initial awkwardness from the pairing was evaporating from the horny man’s mind. Aurum had been feeling his own growing lust ever since he had come down from the mountain and saw his friend standing there, and as he continued to keep himself entwined around the wolf he was going to take him right then and there. Even though Mikalos was standing with his arms and legs completely pinned Aurum was still able to put the heads of his twin cocks up against the furred rump of the other man, which he felt cause a shudder to pass through the entirety of his lupine body.

“I… Aurum… do you have… two cocks?” Mikalos asked as Aurum lowered his own head down after looping one of his coils around the wolf’s neck.

“Yes, it’s called a hemipenis,” Aurum said as the smile grew on his muzzle while he lowered himself down to the thick shaft, the snake noting that Mikalos was rather well-endowed as he flicked his forked tongue along the sensitive flesh and caused the wolf to wriggle in his grasp. “You’ll see for yourself soon enough, in more ways than one.”

Before Mikalos could ask any more questions Aurum squeezed his body around the wolf, gently applying pressure around his neck and causing a soft gasp to come from his throat. With his newfound information on lupine anatomy he knew exactly how much he could squeeze in order to silence the other man without impeding his breathing, and as he did so he saw the cock in front of him practically bounce from the stimulation. With the wolf restrained there was little that he could do but stand there as the pleasure rolled through his body from the snake licking and nuzzling against his shaft while he felt his hemipenis start to push inside. Though there was normally some preparation that needed to be done the avatar of Quetzalcoatl needed no such thing as he pushed both heads of his twin cocks in at once and caused the wolf to jump while a silent cry came out of his muzzle.

As Aurum began to engulf the thick cock of the wolf in his mouth he could feel something changing about it already, feeling it grow even wider and stretch out his scaled muzzle. When he pulled back after pushing his lips down to the root he could see the sheath of the wolf retracting, forming into a slit as scales started to spread out from the base. A divot had also formed in the throbbing flesh and as he continued to bob up and down he could feel the tip that was starting to slide down into his throat begin to flare out. Aurum loosened his coils enough so that Mikalos could look down and see what was causing such quiver-inducing pleasure and groaned when he saw that the pink flesh of his lupine cock had turned black and split right down the middle to match the ones that were spreading open his tailhole.

Unlike with Aurum the transformation of the wolf was going much faster, aided by the fact that the avatar of Quetzalcoatl was wrapped around his body as his overall physique began to shrink. As fur melted and reformed into shiny black scales his body began to grow thinner; at first it was the fat of his stomach that receded back into his body but as the snake pumped deeper into his body he could feel his shoulders and hips start to grow more compacted as well. As he was pleasured from both sides of his body the wolf’s muzzle began to push back into his skull as well as his ears as they reformed into something more serpentine in nature with every passing second. By the time Aurum had fully hilted inside of Mikalos the tongue that stuck out past his lips had thinned and split at the tip just like his cocks that were in his maw while the snake felt his limbs begin to merge together.

With his neck thickening Mikalos no longer felt the pressure of Aurum’s body against it, though at the moment the snake coiled around his shrinking form was the only thing that kept it up as his clothing became looser against his body. “I can feel it,” Mikalos gasped as his teeth extended into fangs, hissing as he felt the hemipenis slide deeper inside of him from his butt smoothing out and becoming flat scales. “All that knowledge, yessss…”

Mikalos let out a loud, drawn out hiss as the orgasm that had been sneaking up on him hit him like a ton of bricks, Aurum pulling off to let the twin cocks just as they began to spurt out the thick seed. It caused the tailhole that had been tightening around his own members to clamp down and prompted the snake to climax as well, and as he pumped his own cum into the transforming wolf he could see the eyes of the other man start to glow with rainbow hues while the pupils lengthened into serpentine slits. By this point the clothing on his black-scaled body was held on only by the one wrapped around him and as they both tumbled to the ground it reminded Aurum of his own outfit he had left up at the mountain. It prompted the orgasm-stricken male to let out a chuckle as Mikalos’ tubular body swelled out while his merging legs pushed his shorts down until they rested at the tip of his new lower body.

The two snakes remained entwined around one another even as Aurum felt his cock get completely pushed out of the other man’s body, the orifice shifting over to an anal vent that was underneath the new set of cocks that Mikalos sported. As their glowing eyes stared at one another there was no need for words to be said; the two could understand each other implicitly like some sort of telekinesis that they shared thanks to the power of their new god. Already Aurum could sense the other avatar accessing things just like he had done, feeling the power swelling between them as they added another one to the fold. Once they had a chance to recuperate Mikalos slithered out of his clothing and left it there as the two snakes made their way back towards the cabin in the darkness, hearing another of their friends call out to the former wolf to stop messing around and come back inside.

Both snakes just smiled at each other and slithered into the house, knowing that soon there would be four sets of clothing that would lay abandoned at this place…

Chapter Quetzalcoatl P2:

As Vorkax was driven in the jeep through the hastily made dirt road he looked through the paper that he had taken from the airport that he had been picked up from, the front page plastered with a picture of an ancient temple that had been found recently in the jungle. It had been one of the greatest finds in recent history and the news had been buzzing about it for a week now, if only because the one involved in its cataloguing and excavation claimed that it was the burial chamber of the god Quetzalcoatl. It had been such an outlandish claim that people were still trying to decide whether it was true, the researcher was doing it merely for headlines, or if the man was as insane as some of his peers believed him to be.

He was going to be seeing for himself soon enough, the wolf-dragon thought to him curling a finger around one of his short whiskers as the wind blew through his brown and purple mane. He was an archeologist that specialized in identification of biological creatures, something that up until recently the site had no use for. The fact that they had shipped him nearly halfway around the world meant that they had something there for him to examine, though whether or not it’s the remains of an ancient deity remained to be seen. While he was pretty sure that he wouldn’t be in the presence of an ancient god Vorkax was keen to see what they might have found in the realm of a previously undiscovered ancient creature.

When he arrived at the ancient temple Vorkax saw all the usual trappings of an archeological site, though as they pulled up to the main tent he saw surprised to see the other members of the team sitting there instead of being inside. When he inquired to the driver if he knew what was going on the buffalo man just shrugged his shoulders and told him to get out, which the hybrid was keen to do after he grabbed his bags. “You must be the bio-archeologist!” a voice called out as soon as the truck drove off, Vorkax turning to see a lion man standing there. “My name is Dr. Benjamin Stone, though you can just call me Ben.”

“Vorkax,” the hybrid replied in greeting as he shook the lion’s hand. “Are you the one that found the specimen?”

“Indeed I did!” Ben replied proudly. “I was working with a small group in the left-hand side of the temple when we dug into a new chamber that we hadn’t even seen on the scans. It’s almost as big as the main hall and as soon as we saw what was inside I told the others to stop working and back out.”

“So that’s why no one is working,” Vorkax said as he was brought into the ancient temple, marveling at the vine-covered stone. Even without any sort of scientific dating process he could tell that this structure was probably thousands of years old. “Was the chamber deemed unsafe?”

“Hell no,” Ben quickly retorted as he pointed to a video camera that was set up in the front entrance. “I know that when finds like these are made people like to say that we messed with the bones or something like that, so after I had evacuated everyone I put the camera up to show that no one has been in or out of that temple since that time. That way you can say that there was no means of tampering with the site when you take a look at what we got in there.”

As Vorkax looked behind his shoulder he could already see that the others were starting to get their gear ready, no doubt eager to get back to their own findings as one man in particular came up to join them. “Now that your guy is here why don’t we just go in and keep going?” the bull asked, which prompted the lion to shake his head and the bull to snort his nostrils. “You’re killing us here Ben, some of us have grants on the line and we haven’t been able to work for three days!”

“Another half hour isn’t going to change anything Daniel,” Ben replied, which caused the bull man to toss down his shovel in frustration and head back towards the group.

“You know, you don’t have to hold up the entire process just for me,” Vorkax stated as they walked inside the building, the warm, humid atmosphere replaced with surprising cool and dry air. “I’ve seen the precautions that you’ve taken to preserve the integrity of the site, I can say that no one tampered with it.”

“Don’t worry about Daniel,” Ben said with a chuckle. “He’s just angry because he had to postpone his findings report, which is where he earns the big bucks on this site. That man is just in it for the money, but if you insist then as soon as we get to the room I’ll go back and tell the others that they can start coming in to work while you examine the find.”

Vorkax nodded and the two made their way past the lights that had been set up and got to a large hole in the back wall. It was surrounded by a mural of some sort of snake creature and it made the wolf-dragon wonder if that was what possibly prompted Ben to announce that he may have found Quetzalcoatl himself. When they got to the edge of the wall he also saw that someone had used tape to keep anyone from entering, though the lion promptly ripped it down. Since they hadn’t gotten lighting in there yet it was pitch black and Vorkax turned on his flashlight before venturing inside.

The first thing that hit the hybrid was a musty odor, and as he shined the light around the cavern he could see exactly where it came from. His eyes widened as he scanned the large cylindrical room and found that most of it was taken up by a massive skeleton made up of countless bones. Though it was hard to see any individual one it looked like they all formed the body of a tubular creature, though there were other appendages near the front of the body that looked somewhat like wings. All of that came together at the head which was a huge fanged snake, the skull big enough that Vorkax could probably stand inside if he wanted too.

Once the seal had been broken Ben shouted back that he needed people to come in to set up the lights and that everyone else could get back to work. Though a few like Daniel had nearly ran over the others to get back to his site there were others that took to setting up the lights so that they didn’t need to examine everything by flashlight. Within the span of an hour the entire room was lit up and Vorkax was able to investigate the room without the need for any external light. As the rest of the workers and researchers left the area they had just set up in order to work on their own excavations Ben continued to stick around and watch as the hybrid began to examine the bones.

The entire process took hours to do since the skeleton was so huge, day turning to night outside of the ruins as Vorkax took tiny samples in order to collaborate with the findings that he had gleaned upon closer examination. He had started at the tail and was just about to start with the head when he heard a noise and looked back to see that Ben standing there with two trays. “Thought that you might want to take a break,” Ben stated as they sat down on a nearby set of stones in order to eat. “Now I know that you probably are still doing your studying but I have to ask… is it what I think it is?”

There was a moment of silence as Vorkax wasn’t sure what to say, but as he continued to not answer he could see the lion’s face starting to fall more and more and decided to just let the other man know. “I’m sorry Ben, but this isn’t the skeleton of a long-dead god,” Vorkax explained as he gestured to the body. “From what I can tell this thing is made of the bones of dozens, maybe hundreds of animals that were stitched together to just make the appearance of it.”

“I… I guess I should have known better,” Ben said, the lion stopping as they heard a loud snort and turned to see Daniel walking away while laughing before he shook his feline head. “Never going to hear the end of this, I just felt deep down that this was it, you know? Finally some proof of the supernatural that was beyond a reasonable doubt.”

“Well, I mean, I’m not quite done with my findings yet,” Vorkax quickly tried to say to the dejected lion. “That snake skull is rather large, it’s going to be hard to prove but I can’t imagine that being made up of an amalgamation of bones like the body was.”

Ben just nodded and ate the rest of his food in silence, then took the dragon-wolf’s plate when he was done and silently left the cavern. He could tell that the lion was crushed by the findings but he wasn’t quite sure what he was expecting, except possibly that this really was the long-lost tomb of an ancient deity. The fact that those that used to live in this area had constructed such a thing in order to honor their god was a find in itself, plus he still had to inspect the giant snake head that was at the front of it. Though he suspected that it was probably not an actual skull and probably a sculpture Vorkax had saved it for last in his initial findings due to the sheer curiosity of it.

After taking a few minutes to make sure his previous findings were recorded in his laptop he went over to the large snake skull with his tool kit and examined it. As he put his fingers on one of the large fangs he found the surface he found it to be impossibly smooth, but it did feel like bone to him. He tapped it with his finger and found the fang to be hollow as well, an incredible detail if this was sculpted as the wolf-dragon carefully made his way past the other teeth as well. As he made sure not to poke himself on the still sharp-looking teeth of the skull it felt to Vorkax like he was being eaten by this creature, a thought that caused him to chuckle before he pulled himself completely inside of it and drew his tail in.

Even with the lights set up around the area the inside of the skull was rather dark, which prompted Vorkax to pull out a pocket flashlight he carried on him in order to examine the inside more carefully. He had been hoping for some sort of carvings or engravings inside but all he found was more of the same smooth bone. There were no cracks of flaws that he could find either and that continued to lean the archeologist to believe that he wasn’t inside of a skull at all, which he knew would devastate the lion even more as he wrote down his findings in his tablet. Just as he was about to finish up however a droplet of black liquid dripped down onto his screen, causing Vorkax to look at it in confusion and wipe it off with his sleeve before a second droplet fell on it once again followed quickly by a third, then a fourth…

The hybrid looked up and let out a gasp as the white, polished surface of the bone suddenly had black rivulets of a thick, viscous goo that not only started to drip down on him but was also quickly coating the inside of the skull he was in. Had he sprung some sort of ancient trap when he stepped inside of the skull? He didn’t want to find out what the goo would do to him and tried to make his way back out of the mouth, only to see that the same substance was pouring out of the fangs had caused almost a curtain of the substance to hang between the teeth. This wasn’t good, Vorkax thought to himself as he backed away, his only way was blocked and the back of the skull was blocked by a wall of bone.

Just as Vorkax thought about pushing forward and dealing with the consequences of being covered in strange goo later he felt himself nearly fall over as something warpped around his ankle. He looked down just in time to see that the bottom of the skull had completely filled with the substance and had started to defy gravity in order to snake its way up his pant leg, which had promptly started to dissolve upon contact with the liquid. At first the hybrid thought that his worst fears had been confirmed and this was some sort of acid, but as he felt the viscous substance continue to travel up his increasingly exposed leg he didn’t feel any pain that came from it. It was quite the opposite in fact… whatever the goo was composed of seemed to have an almost aphrodisiac effect that was counter to the fear he was experiencing of being trapped inside of this skull.

With his head looking down at his legs Vorkax didn’t even see that more tentacles had formed from the top of the skull until one of them landed on the back of his head with a wet plop. As he felt the substance soak into his mane he tried to reach up and pull the goo off of him, only for his hands to get stuck in the thick column of ooze that quickly poured over his head and down his neck. The covered wolf-dragon gasped loudly as he felt two smaller tendrils push their way into his ears, which another tentacle took advantage of and pushed its way into his maw. Vorkax’s cries for help turned into loud gurgles as his face disappeared underneath the thick substance as more oozed over it and down his shoulders to eat away at his shirt.

As the last tatters of his clothing dropped away Vorkax could no longer see what was happening to him as the goo completely covered him from the shoulders down, but as he felt more of his exposed body being covered something else began to happen in his mind. The tendrils that had slipped their way into his transformed ears had started to coat his brain, and as the thick substance oozed over his hips and began to push into his tailhole he could start to see things in his mind’s eye. This creature… this really was Quetzalcoatl, but he was not the god that people believed him to be. People did worship him, but this creature was a monster… a corruptive agent that would envelop entire towns just like it was doing to him as he felt his already hard cock get completely coated while jutting completely out.

Quetzalcoatl was no stranger to pleasure as the tentacles began to squeeze and press inside of him, Vorkax’s body quivering as the tentacle in his maw and tailhole took on a phallic nature and began to pump into him. As his throat and stomach bulged the goo continued to collect within the skull and also started to leak outside of it, the power of the god reconstituting itself around the one inside of it. At the same time the trapped archeologist could see the ancients finally recognizing the threat and capturing the creature that had taken so many of them, sealing him away in this place and building the surrounding structures around it to keep anyone from finding the true secret of this place. Too late the goo-covered body of the creature realized that this wasn’t a temple dedicated to the serpent god…

…this was his prison.

But as more of his own skull was filled with the corruptive substance Vorkax could feel his thoughts shifting, his mind sympathizing with the creature as his body became indistinguishable from the column of goo that had coated it. The only thing that could still even be seen was his cock, and as the trapped creature was pushed further into the throes of pleasure it began to thicken and widen until it was almost as big as what his body used to be. All he could focus on though was the need that this goo was infusing him with, corrupting him inside and out to make him believe that this skull was his, that he was Quetzalcoatl. As Vorkax continued to lose himself in the power of the god that had assimilated him the goo that his body had become shifted and stretched him, keeping his massive cock on the lower jaw that his legs merged into while his head and upper body were pulled higher into the skull.

No, his skull, the mutating creature within thought to himself as he felt his cock still growing even as he lost definition in the hips that had attempted to keep thrusting it forward. As his body was being reshaped the powerful psyche that infiltrated the mind of Vorkax molded him to think that he was the brain of this creature, that he was the one that had been imprisoned and was about to be rescued. Outside of the skull the head of the massive creature continued to reform until it was looking more serpentine in nature by the second, the goo solidifying into dark green scales as a black tongue pushed its way out past the reforming lips. That caused what remained of Vorkax to quiver as his own cock had become the tongue of this huge being, merging with the god and causing waves of pleasure to crash down on him and erode his willpower away until the only thing left of the creature was the imprint of the false god as a serpentine eye on the completely reconstituted skull opened its golden eye…

Meanwhile the cries of the archeologist had not gone unheard; the crew that was closest to the tomb had gathered up and made their way inside of the room where they had heard Vorkax yell for help. As they looked around the area though they didn’t see any sign of the archeologist, the only thing that was different was that some of the lights had been knocked over and the huge skeleton had shifted slightly. With the spotlights down the crew of twelve had to turn on their flashlights in order to see what was going on deeper in, many of them grumbling at the work they were going to have to do as they tried to see what was going on. Their frustration turned to concern though as they called out the name of the researcher only to get nothing in response as they got closer to the skeleton.

“Where do you think he went?” a leopard man asked his lizard coworker as they got up closer to the skeleton itself while the others fanned out more.

“Beats me,” the lizard man replied with a sigh. “All I know is that this is going to put us even more behind and Daniel is going to have our asses for it. He already doesn’t think that this place is worth looking into and wants us to catalogue-“

The lizard man was cut short as they heard someone cry out, both their heads turning to see the three that had ventured closer to the head of the skeleton. Several of the crew had been working to get the lights back up and pointed the ones they had in that direction as well to show the three as they were lifted up into the air before being pulled into the skeleton. The others looked on in shock as they saw that the skeleton was leaking some sort of black goo that had pooled around it, several including the lizard and leopard looking down to see that they had stepped into the puddle themselves, and that the head of the skeleton was no longer such as its tongue continued to flick out into the air in an act of pure self-stimulation. Everyone was far more focused on the three workers that had been captured however as their clothing was melted off their bodies while being pulled into the skeletons.

The new god still needed a body; fortunately there were plenty around to give him such as more tentacles reached out to those that were within its grasp while it worked on the other three. Those that he had first captured began to squirm as the gooey tentacles pushed into their mouths and tailholes, also stimulating their cocks as the ones that were pressed around their limbs began to merge with it. As soon as the goo touched an area of their bodies it began to lose definition; one of the captured workers that had pressed their head against the chest of the other had their muzzle knit right into the flesh, causing his exposed eye to widen as he sank into the thickening pectorals of the other man whose mouth had the corruptive substance oozing out of it. The other had the misfortune of being pulled up between the legs of the one whose head was trapped and as the throbbing cock pushed up against the back of his head he could feel it pushing inside, causing his groans to become muffled as it continued to push forward and stretch out the beak of the avian worker before it let loose a jet of thick black goo that coated his face and began to melt the features.

It didn’t take much to trap the others in the same situation and the new Quetzalcoatl could feel their body starting to take form as the goo covered bodies stretched over the bones of his body to become his new insides. As his power flowed through and corrupted their bodies the oozing creatures continued to merge together to form scales and muscle, turning them into his form as he felt his neck and lower body start to reconstruct itself. For the first time in ages he finally had a body again, and though what was left of Vorkax was stunned as others joined him in this creature all it took was a few licks of the sensitive flesh of his forked tongue to bring him back under the thrall of pleasure and put him into his new mindset. With each joining body into his form he felt more like his old self, a smile forming on the snake god’s face as his neck was completely reformed while his body followed suit.

With the emphasis on his lower form Quetzalcoatl had enough where he could start to move, though with only twelve there was still quite a bit exposed on his body. One thing that caused his vanity to show through though was the desire to have his brilliant wings, which he was about to take care of as the lizard and leopard were pulled upwards towards his back. Already their clothing had been completely melted away but nothing had merged with them yet, though as soon as their feet were pressed against the oozing bone of the snake good their toes and feet immediately melted into it and planted them there. Both of them had become completely enthralled by the power soaking into their forms and as Quetzalcoatl slithered out into the main room the two had rainbow feathers push out of their goo-coated bodies, their muzzles pushing out and lengthening as their necks followed suit along with their outstretched limbs as their quivering mutated forms were morphed into new appendages.

Meanwhile Ben and Daniel had been the only ones that weren’t in the temple, the two continuing to argue about timetables until they heard screaming coming from the inside that prompted them both to stop what they were doing and run inside. As soon as they ran through the door both skidded to a stop at what they saw; a massive gooey snake sat near the entrance where they had just entered, but as the sunlight glinted off the scales they could see those that were part of the dig crews sticking out of it. Some were almost completely embedded in the body with what looked like a layer of goo coating them while others were still struggling, their bodies half sticking out until the tentacles that were wrapped around them continued to pull them in. Most of Quetzalcoatl’s body was completely restored at this point as the goo that the creatures were merging into coated the rest of him, including his rainbow wings as they dripped with the corruptive essence as the last of the lizard and leopard’s body disappeared into them.

Both the lion and bull turned to run from the amalgamation of their workers, but before they could even start to leave two larger tentacles wrapped around them and dragged them back. “You don’t think I would let you leave without joining the party,” Quetzalcoatl hissed, a shiver going down his body as he brought them to the one thing he had yet to reform. “I have you two to thank the most for freeing me, so I reserved special places of honor for the both of you.”

Ben’s claws scraped against the stone as he tried to stop himself from being pulled towards the obvious slit that still was bordered by the merged goo arms of several assimilated men, but eventually he was twisted over and dragged all the way in. As soon as his feet were pulled into the slit he could feel the goo press against them, oozing over his paws as Daniel had already been assimilated up to the point that a tentacle was slithering into his tailhole and his lower body was covered in scales. “Oh god, I see what he’s going to do to us,” Daniel exclaimed as he turned to Ben, the black substance already leaking out of his eyes, ears, and nostrils while the bulge in his gut pushed its way up to his neck. “No, not spending eternity next to himmrrrgghhh…”

The bull’s words became garbled as the tentacle inside of him pushed its way upwards, but as Ben could see it wiggle in his throat it merged with it as the bovine features were coated by the goo that oozed out of his head. The lion didn’t have long to think about it though as he felt his own tentacle slide into him, spreading him open and filling his naked body with pure pleasure while the tatters of his clothing fell down around him. As he saw the horns melt into the increasingly serpentine visage that Daniel was adopting Ben could already feel the corruption filling him, his somewhat rotund stomach bloating out even further as he was penetrated deep by the tentacle that was assimilating him. As the transforming bull let out a hiss the forms of the dig grew had mostly disappeared within the creature, Quetzalcoatl letting out a loud laugh as he felt his power’s fully manifest once more with the addition of his two snake cocks.

Quetzalcoatl was more than pleased with his hosts at this point, the knowledge that came from all of them including Ben and Daniel being filtered up into his head while he watched the lion’s eyes become glazed over with lust as the transforming tentacle pushed out his chest. By this point the bull was no more, instead there was a thick, heavy snake cock that drooled more of the corruptive goo as lust and desire continued to cloud his thoughts just like the other one that was right behind him. Though the snake god had thought about keeping the mane on the other creature he decided to make them identical, the two not knowing who was who as the feline muzzle stretched and contorted while his tongue split at the tip and morphed into something more snake-like. Soon Quetzalcoatl was staring at two snake-headed cocks that began to twist and coil around one another as their petty thoughts of time tables were replaced with only one thing, both of them orgasming with black goo that poured out of their maws as the last of the faces that stretched out his serpentine body disappeared completely.

Not a bad start, Quetzalcoatl thought to himself as he felt the consciousnesses of those that he had absorbed continue to feel the pleasure that came from their merging. He knew that their minds could continue to be filled with the images of their limbs flowing into one another, of the more lustful having cocks they were sucking meld with their tongues before the rest of their heads followed suit. Eventually they won’t even remember who they were, much like his snake cocks that had finished their climax as the goo they expelled was reabsorbed into his body. As he slithered out into the light of the sun for the first time in centuries he took his two cocks and pulled them back in, not wanting to be distracted as he used the assimilated knowledge to decide where to go next.

Quetzalcoatl smiled as he found with the knowledge of the creature that had become his brain that no one knew of what he really was, which was just fine for the snake god as he flapped his wings and made his way towards the nearest village. While his body was fine for now he knew that he could get back to his former glory, it would just require many to be absorbed into him for it to happen…

Chapter Cthulhu p1:

It was the dead of night; the only thing that moved about in the alleys between the large warehouses that made up the port were the small animals that scurried about looking for food that dock workers might have left behind. Even the guards that sometimes patrolled the area looking for trespassers were in their guard stations, watching the cameras while also engaging in other activities such as crossword puzzles or their phones. With most of the cargo that enters into the port leaving right away, especially anything of value, most of the goods that were stored in the area was overflow that often was forgotten and rotted until the owners of the warehouse finally just threw it all away. It was not the place where one would expect a thief to go out of their way to steal from, yet that was exactly why the black fox on top of one of the thin metal roofs was there.

As Joanna perched on her vantage point she looked down at the piece of paper that had the directions to a particular warehouse. While normally she would have burned such directions it wasn’t the only thing that she had written down. The source that had told her about a forgotten treasure that was stored in these same warehouses that she looked over had also said it would be like looking for a needle in a haystack, fortunately they knew the location of the needle and had given it to her as well. Though it was someone that she normally didn’t get information from the broker said that she wouldn’t have to pay them until she actually retrieved the object from the warehouse and then they could split the find, which was just fine for the vulpine as she carefully jumped from one roof to the other while she continued to keep her bearings.

The soft sound of her footfalls on the metal were the only sounds that she heard in the night as she made her way forward, eventually stopping at the skylight from the building that was marked on her makeshift map. From this point forward she knew that she had to be both quick and quiet since she was already trespassing, though from the fact that she saw nothing but dummy cameras and simple trip alarms on the way over this wouldn’t be the hardest place she had ever broken into. After using a device to bypass the connection on the skylight she opened it up and peered inside, seeing nothing but darkness until she tossed a glow stick down after making sure the coast was clear. As she poked her head inside a musty smell invaded her nostrils, the scent of rotted wood among other things as she took her rope and tossed it down as well.

It took only a minute for her feet to hit the concrete floor and when it did she found that it was damp, like rain had been leaking in even though it was dry as a bone outside. The odor was also more prevalent down here and as she looked at a nearby box that was illuminated by the light of her glow stick she found that it was nearly falling apart. A quick test with the palm of her hand against the side of it caused the wood to cave in and the contents within to spill out, backing away as a number of glass bottles clattered to the ground. The noise was enough to put her back on alert in case anyone heard it but after straining her ears it appeared that her transgression had gone unnoticed and she picked up her light source to examine the paper once more.

From the orientation of the warehouse and where she came in she realized that she would have to walk nearly to the other side, a prospect she wasn’t fond of as she looked up at the stacks of crates. It looked like they had been stored out in the rain for decades as she carefully passed by the makeshift towers, though as she looked at a mostly destroyed packing slip she noticed the date was only a few months ago. These must have come in pretty bad shape to begin with, the fox thought to herself as she held up the glow stick in front of her, and considering the neglect its unlikely anyone even checked up on this inventory since it was brought there. None of that mattered to her anyway, her only fixation was looking at the rows markers that hung above the crates until she got to the one that she needed and then went to the bay marked on her paper.

When she got there she was surprised to see that there was nothing there, Joanna poking her head into the empty bay to find that the only thing that it housed were several puddles of water. That didn’t make any sense, the fox thought to herself as she used her glow stick to walk around the empty bay, why would the information broker lead her to a place that empty? At first she thought that perhaps someone else had come in and moved the crate but as she looked over at the nearby doors and other piles of crates they all looked completely undisturbed. It was unlikely that anyone had come through those portals in months, if not years, yet as she went to the middle of the shipping bay she still found herself without the treasure she had come for.

Just as she was about to call the entire thing a loss however she heard the faint sound of metal popping back into place as she moved. When she looked down the ground was all concrete, yet as she took a few steps around the area she once more heard the noise as she went back to the middle of the empty bay. With paying attention the black fox found that not only did she hear the noise but also felt herself sink slightly, something that definitely shouldn’t happen to a foundation like that. A smile formed on her muzzle as she stepped off the area once more and upon closer examination found faint lines that formed a square in the otherwise solid floor.

A secret passage… someone went to great lengths to hide this, Joanna thought to herself as she looked for a way to open it. When she couldn’t find one she tried to take the mini crowbar she brought along with her to wedge between the metal and concrete in order to lift it up, only to find that it didn’t budge an inch. It was something that whoever installed this definitely didn’t want someone to open, but she didn’t come all this way just to be stopped by something like a door as she carefully pulled a vial out of her bag and unscrewed the lid. Once the tip was exposed she turned it over and pressed the button on the side of the metal container, which allowed the contents to drip into the tiny seam that she had found. Acrid smoke started to rise up even before she got done and by the time she finished she could see that the metal door was already starting to sag slightly.

Within a few minutes of the application of the liquid the door buckled and fell downwards into the hidden room below. She carefully capped the vial once more and started down the stairs, though as she did she looked at the doorframe while she passed by. Upon closer examination the fox found that the door wasn’t just closed, someone had welded it shut. It made her wonder what could possibly be down here that would warrant such security and hoped that this wasn’t some sort of radioactive dump site as she hoped down the rest of the way and splashed in the ankle-deep water of the floor.

The room itself was rather small and as she used her glowstick to see she found that there was only one crate in the entire room. Unlike the others above the wood was pristine and had engravings on it that she had never seen before, which only piqued her curiosity even more as she went over and used the mini crowbar she had previously used in order to pry up the cover. While she managed to get the tool within the space between the cover and rest of the crate however she found someone had put in dozens of nails on each side, causing her to have to work for nearly half an hour before she managed to pry it completely up. Whatever is in here had better be worth all this, she grumbled to herself as she put the dislodged cover aside and pulled out the packing materials that was on top.

As she finally felt something solid underneath her fingers Joanna’s eyes lit up, hoping that this was what she was looking for. As she started to pull it up and the packing peanuts fell away it was definitely heavy, and when she finally started to get a good look at it she saw way as shiny metal glinted in the light of her glowstick. With a loud grunt she pulled it up the rest of the way and when it was finally revealed in all its glory she felt her jaw drop slightly. While she hadn’t been sure what to expect when she was told to steal an idol she certainly wasn’t ready for the creature that was featured in the black stone.

While it was vaguely humanoid in nature and from what she could tell it was a woman, but it was hard to see since her naked body had all manner of tentacles that came out of it. Her features also looked more like they belonged on some sort of aquatic creature than a human as it appeared every orifice had at least one tentacle that emerged from it. Erotic would be one way to describe it for sure, Joanna thought to herself as she put the idol in her bag, and couldn’t imagine who would worship such a strange thing as she started to make her way out. It didn’t matter to her either way since she was just doing it for the money and had no idea about this sort of nonsense, which if she had then she perhaps would have been more worried as the glowing purple symbols that had appeared on the crate flickered and dissolved away as she left the hidden storage area…

By the time Joanna got back to her safe house it was already starting to get close to morning, and while there were a few hours of darkness left where she could get things done she had started to feel fatigued as she made her way up to her apartment. While the break-in hadn’t been that hard it felt like she had just climbed up the side of a skyscraper all night, which was something she had actually done, and just wanted to go to bed. The meet-up to exchange the idol wasn’t for a few more days anyway and from the state of the warehouse it was unlikely anyone would even notice the theft at all. Once she had gotten into her apartment she went over and put the satchel down on the table, only to notice something that was coming out of the corner of her bag that prompted her to open it.

“Oh gross,” Joanna said as she lifted the idol up to find that it and the inside of her bag was covered in some sort of thick slime. “The client didn’t say this thing leaked snot everywhere, I’m going to be charging him for another bag for sure. Ugh, it even smells like fish.”

By this point the vixen was far too tired to do anything about it and just put the bag and idol in the sink before heading to bed. The bag was probably a lost cause anyway, she thought to herself as she made her way towards her bedroom and took off her gear as she did. It felt as though all the strength had been sapped out of her and it made her wonder if there was something in that slime that she should worry about, though other than being tired there was nothing else wrong with her. She managed to get to her bed just as she took off the last of her clothes and flopped down on the covers, but as Joanna’s eyes began to close she thought she saw a shadow but it wasn’t enough to stop her from falling into unconsciousness…

When Joanna opened her eyes again she awoke with a slight jump, though as she looked around the dark room there was nothing that would have prompted her to do such a thing. It was still night out, which meant that she had only slept for a few hours, but as she rubbed her hands against her fur it felt… damp, like she had been out in the rain. She remembered that the warehouse was pretty waterlogged and that she hadn’t taken a shower like she usually had, which was something she was keen on rectifying. At least the fatigue that she was feeling seemed to be gone, she thought to herself as she hopped over to her bathroom and turned the water on in her shower.

As she waited for the water to warm up she looked at herself in the mirror, green eyes looking back at her as she pulled back her blonde hair. It wasn’t long before steam accumulated enough she had to wipe the condensation away from it. When she did she jumped at the shadow that stood behind her, but when she spun around the only thing she saw was her tile wall. Pull yourself together Joanna, the vixen thought to herself with a sigh, this idol got you seeing things.

At this point the water was more than hot enough for her and she stepped over the lip of the bathtub, letting it soak into her fur and wash away the grime from her latest theft. As she tried to relax her mind continued to think back to that idol and she found herself grimacing and trying to push the thought away. She had stolen artifacts like that before, why was this bothering her so much? Either way she couldn’t wait to get the chunk of stone that was sitting in her sink out of her life as soon as possible.

For a few minutes Joanna continued to lean there and let the water cascade over her until suddenly she no longer felt it running down her body. When she looked up she frowned upon seeing the dry showerhead and gave it a few taps. “What the hell…” Joanna said with a sigh as she adjusted the knobs for a few seconds before she brought both hands up to try and adjust the metal band. “They better not have shut off the water ag-ah!”

Suddenly the entire pipe burst and before Joanna could move her hands away several thin tentacles whipped around and wrapped around her wrists, keeping her arms above her head as she tried to wiggle away. Though they were rather small the tendrils were rather strong and kept her practically hanging there, the fox slipping and nearly losing her balance. As she tried to get out of the tub she heard a pop and saw that her drain cover had been launched off as several more tentacles pushed up from the pipes below. Panic immediately flooded Joanna’s brain but even as she tried to brace herself against the wall she couldn’t break free as more tentacles started to bust out through the tile wall.

When Joanna’s wet paws once more slipped and her feet went back down into the tub several of the bizarre black tentacles wrapped around her body, coating her feet in slime before spreading them open. With her wrists and ankles restrained the only thing she could think of doing was yelling for help, but before she could even open her mouth one of the tentacles that had emerged from the ceiling slithered down and pushed into her muzzle, the tip rubbing against her tongue before pushing further in. As more and more of the appendages wrapped around her she felt her body start to go numb, the strength leaving her body as she felt several of them slide through her fur and stroke almost lovingly against her body. What was going on, Joanna wondered in her fear before the tentacle in her maw shifted and turned her head towards the nearby sink.

No… Joanna’s eyes went wide as she saw the idol sitting there staring right at her, it can’t be possible. Even though she tried to tell herself this was some sort of perverted nightmare everything felt real as she felt something tease the folds of her pussy between her legs. When she looked down she let out a muffled gasp as a tentacle bigger than any of the ones she had seen before had pushed its way up from the bottom of the tub and was aimed right at her groin. With her limbs immobilized there was nothing she could do as it began to tease its way in, causing her back to arch as somehow this thing was stimulating her unlike anything she had ever felt before. Several of the smaller tentacles continued to slither around her breasts as though to keep her in some sort of bizarre sexual euphoria.

While the black fox was no stranger to having something inside of her this was something else entirely, but as she felt her walls start to get stretched open it was like having a rather large cock inside of her. Her body was starting to become more receptive to the machination of whatever strange creature had decided to visit her in her dreams, which is what Joanna had believed this was. Tentacle monsters didn’t actually exist, she was hallucinating or something even as she felt her pussy start to bulge from the tentacle pushing inside. It wasn’t the only one penetrating her either as the one in her maw decided to continue to slither down her throat, causing her to pull her head back as she felt her neck bulge from the insertion.

The other tentacles that weren’t binding her or pumping into her had continued to caress and fondle her body, particularly teasing her nipples and causing her body to quiver. It was pleasure unlike anything she had ever experienced before and even though there was still the horror of some eldritch creature having its way with her body it was so intensely sexual that it drove out her fear. Even when she began to hear the whisper of a low voice she couldn’t make it out, especially not after the tentacle between her legs had begun to thrust into her and caused her hips to buckle. She could feel thick drool starting to drip down her muzzle as the one in her maw started to leak some sort of slime, something similar happening to her pussy as she felt it dripping with the alien fluids.

When it finally got deep enough that the fur of her stomach was bulging out Joanna felt the tentacle inside her stop, which prompted her to look down as best she could while still having another one in her mouth. At first other than the pulsating and wiggling from the tentacles it didn’t look like anything was happening, but that quickly changed when she heard a crack and saw her tub split in half. Something large had started to travel up the tentacle that was buried inside of her snatch and seeing caused her to renew her struggles, but she was still bound tight and unable to do anything as it slowly traveled upwards towards her stretched pussy. All she could do was watch as it made its way upwards, eventually reaching her and causing her to let out a scream of pleasure as it pushed deep inside while the word vessel rang out in her mind…

Joanna let out a loud gasp as she sat up in her bed, panting heavily as she felt an orgasm wash over her. When she looked around frantically she saw that she was back in her bed and that there were no tentacles anywhere, especially not inside her as she tried to slow her heart rate and breathing. A dream… it had all just been a crazy sex nightmare as she brought her fingers down to her pussy. She found the area to be wet and extremely sensitive to the touch, but with nothing else there she fell back into her bed and breathed a sigh of relief while she waited for her body to stop trembling.

Just as the fox felt like she was getting back to normal however she felt her stomach tremble, and when she looked down she noticed that she looked a little more swollen down there than usual. When she brought her hands down to press against it to see if was possibly just being bloated she gasped when she felt something push up against her hands as though in response. There was another ripple of her dark grey chest fur and she could definitely feel something inside of her at that point, which was only punctuated as her stomach continued to stretch and expand. What made things worse was that it was somehow causing ripples to go down her pussy and causing her to get even more aroused, the fox hugging her growing stomach and letting out loud gasps of pleasure.

By the time she was able to regain some sense of composure she looked down to see that her stomach was bulging out significantly, the rounded dome of her belly quivering as she felt something squirming around inside of her. It looked like she was pregnant, and as she struggled to get up she saw something on the dresser facing her that caused her to gasp. It was the idol sitting there staring at her, but unlike before there was a purple aura that the statue seemed to have. The whispering also returned and as she put her hands to her ears she screamed at it, asking what it wanted as her belly wiggled and grew even bigger.

A vessel…

Her eyes widened as she heard the word ring out clear in her mind, feeling the alien presence that had been lurking in the corners of her brain start to make itself more known. What had she done, Joanna thought to herself as she felt another pang of pleasure go through her system as she became even bigger around her midsection. This statue, this idol, it had been hidden down there for a reason, she could feel the presence of a being much greater than her influencing her mind just like the thing inside of her body. It had chosen her, made her into its vessel, and as she let out a loud moan she clutched her stomach as the heavily pregnant belly wiggled and writhed under her fur until it all just suddenly stopped.

For a brief respite the power and pleasure that had been coursing through her body was no longer there, though her stomach was as rotund as ever as she noticed her breasts had swollen as well. As she continued to lay there panting she suddenly felt movement in her abdomen, but to her relief it was her belly actually starting to deflate. Her jubilation was short-lived however as she began to feel something press against her folds. At first she thought that the tentacles were back but when she looked over her belly she didn’t see anything there, but yet the stimulation continued and as she began to moan and arch her back she could clearly feel something pushing into her pussy.

As she looked back down at her stomach though she found that it wasn’t something pushing into her, Joanna’s eyes widened as her abs flattened she saw something still pushing out the fur down there. Tentacles, they were inside of her and as more of her belly deflated the more they started to push out into the rest of her body. The pleasure once more intensified as she curled herself around to see that there were tentacles pushing out of her vagina, wiggling in the air as she got onto her hands and knees to try and figure out what was going on. Her entire body spasmed and quivered as the alien entity within her continued to take control, feeding her with orgasmic bliss so intense that it was causing her to lose focus even as the fur around her midsection began to become wet and shiny.

When Joanna managed to get a hold of herself she remembered that she had left her phone in her pants pocket that was near the bed, but when she tried to turn her body to get it she felt like she was stuck in quicksand. When she looked down she saw that the fur on her stomach and legs had been replaced with shiny wet skin that had adopted her coloration as it spread outwards. Underneath it more tentacles could be seen squirming around as the creature within her slowly took her over, which was made worse by the fact she was enjoying every second of it. By the time she had managed to turn all the way around most of her lower body had transformed and as more tentacles pushed their way out of her tailhole they joined the ones writhing in her pussy to start to cover her body just like the idol…

Without even realizing it the fox had turned herself so that she was facing the idol, and as her eyes locked onto it she felt he alien being within her stir even more rapidly. Her back bucked slightly from the pleasure that came from tentacles pushing out of it as her breasts grew bigger as the corruption rose up inside of her. There was nothing she could do at this point, her body remained frozen in place as her eyes widened before becoming half-lidded as her mind soaked in the corruptive energy. As tendrils emerged from her nipples and her tail began to push into her tentacle-laden pussy the fox found herself agreeing with the voices whispering within, her desire turning from escape to being the vessel of this creature that had linked with her.

As her willpower crumbled she felt her phallic tentacle tipped tail start to pump into her as the tentacles underneath her fur began to push their way up towards her head. With the corruption already rooted into her psyche from the idol it didn’t take much before she was completely taken over, her mouth going slack as the eldritch abomination infested her completely. Her boobs continued to swell with new growth as the rest of her body became wrapped up in more of the tendrils that had emerged from her maw. By this point Joanna had become shackled to the pleasure, a mere servant to the creature that possessed her as something began to stretch out her throat. With one last mental submission from the tendrils in her brain she let out a gurgle as several tentacles pushed their way out of her maw, her own tongue transforming and joining them as her growing body orgasmed.

If Joanna had bothered to put a mirror in her bedroom the creature she would have seen in her reflection would not be the fox that she had started out with, while the monstrous creature retained a few of her vulpine features they were shadowed by the tentacles that had taken over her entire body. That was fine with the former vixen though, in her corrupted mind she knew that she was merely a vessel for the entity that was housed in the idol that she had stolen before. This was her fate, her destiny as her thickening tail continued to pound into her snatch. With the idol’s hold over her mind complete there was no reason to stare at it anymore and she flopped back onto her bed that had several larger tentacles slithering over it.

Soon her apartment and the surrounding area will become much like the warehouse as the eldritch magic seeped into the building, and as it did others may start to try and seek out the queen of tentacles in order to join with her. But she had a much faster was of starting her brood as her tail continued to thrust deep into her pussy while her hands fondled her breasts and the tentacles that emerged from. Each one that she stroked was like pleasuring the actual erogenous zone and that caused the alien creature to wiggle in the blissful pleasure of its host. If the tentacles that came from its maw hadn’t wrapped around the vulpine muzzle it would be seen smiling as she felt more power flow through her, this time into her tail as she was overcome with yet another orgasm.

It wasn’t long before her tail withdrew from her pussy and her body calmed down, though she could see that there was still a lump that wasn’t caused by the insertion. The creature within as well as the host let out a synchronized chur as her stomach once more began to grow, but this time much slower as it brought in yet another creature from beyond the veil into this world from her self-impregnation. As she slowly got up from her soaked bed her belly once more became gravid as she went from flat to several months pregnant, but after that she would be able to enjoy the sensation of bringing another corrupted life into this world as her tentacles continued to wrap around her body. Until then however her glowing purple eyes looked around as the tendrils in her nostrils and ears wiggled as the eldritch creature needed to find a new vessel...

Chapter Cthulhu p2:

Vorkax snorted awake as he felt the train he had been on for the last several hours grinding to a stop just outside of a small station. As he got up and started to gather his bags he could already feel the moist air of the coast seeping into the empty car, the dragon-wolf trying to look out the windows as he got everything and began to move down the aisle. He had been the only one left on the train for some time and when he got off onto the platform there was no one else in the small station either. No sooner had he disembarked then he heard the shrill whistle of the train before it started to move again, Vorkax watching it as it quickly disappeared out of sight and left him standing there completely alone.

As the hybrid started to walk with his bags he knew he wouldn’t be staying there long; the entire reason he was there in the first place was because a small coastal village that was somewhat close to this line had gone completely dark. While communication had always been a bit scarce with this particular town one day it seemed to go completely off the electrical grid, though people only noticed that there were no communications going in and out either when people noticed that the station where he stood that normally had a few people on it had gone completely empty and vendor stalls in the nearby towns were just abandoned. It was enough of an oddity that it prompted nearby police to send in an investigator to try and figure out what happened, which was where Vorkax stepped in. After he had gotten his orders to look into the potential disappearance of an entire town he packed his day bag and hopped on the first train that would get him there.

When Vorkax made his way off the train and onto the road he began to wish he had just driven up in a car instead as a light drizzle began to rain down on him. The coast was always a wet, dreary place and it made him wonder why people would even bother to settle on it and attempt to fish the often storm-riddled waters. With the advent of industrialized fishing most towns like the one he was about to visit would be ghost towns anyway, but up until a few days ago this one still had life and actually seemed to be thriving. It was part of the shock on why it had suddenly went dark as Vorkax opened his umbrella and continued to walk down the muddy street.

It took a few hours of walking before he reached his destination, mostly to avoid the muddy roads as best he could. He quickly realized that a car would have probably been abandoned by this point anyway as he passed by some particularly large puddles that might have swallowed the entire vehicle up whole. As he got to the village itself though the rain let up enough that he could put his umbrella away, though the clouds remained overcast as he got to a sign that might have said the name of the town but was knocked over. As he looked down the street at the buildings that lined the main road going inside he saw that there wasn’t a soul to be seen, but there was something else that was far more prevalent to his observations…

…it was the smell.

While he had expected a fishing town to smell like such the odor was almost overpowering as Vorkax carefully made his way past the city limits and into the town itself. As soon as he got to an actual paved road he saw seashells were embedded in the asphalt and concrete. At first the hybrid thought that perhaps these were merely decorations, but as he passed by a few he noticed that if a car had come along it probably would have popped the tire. It wasn’t just there either, as he went up to the first house that was on the street he saw seashells and barnacles attached to the wood that made the building look like a wrecked ship at the bottom of the ocean instead of a house in the middle of a street.

The surreal nature of the town continued as he was about to knock on the door only to find that it was open. Though he normally would look for an invitation first it seemed to Vorkax like he wouldn’t be getting one, but still announced his presence as he walked inside. Going indoors didn’t prevent the fishy smell that was in the air, if anything it was getting worse as he carefully made his way into the hall. When he flicked on the lights nothing happened and he wondered if it was the fact that the village didn’t seem to be connected to the grid anymore or if it was caused by the dampness in the air as he continued to walk forward. Eventually he got to the living room of the house and as soon as he stepped inside he heard a loud squishing sound that caused him to look down.

It was a dead fish; not only was it just lying there in the middle of the doorway but it was sitting in a pool of what looked like slime. As his eyes scanned the area he quickly gathered this wasn’t the only one as he saw that the goo-coated carpet was littered not only with all manner of dead sea life but also actual fish guts and strange clusters of eggs that were stuck to the walls and furniture. It was like he was in some sort of drowned village that had recently resurfaced but with an almost alien element to it as well. The rest of the house turned up more of the same and even though the house seemed abandoned there were still clothes in the closet and even food in the fridge, though it did seem to consist mostly of fish.

Vorkax checked out a few other buildings and found them to be in almost exactly the same condition as the first one he had found. It was like the ocean had swallowed this place up and then receded, taking all the people with it and leaving only dead fish, eggs, and slime in its wake. As he went through one house however he did find something of interest, a journal that had been hidden between the bed mattress and frame that served to preserve it somewhat. Though some of the pages still were soaked through he could read some of it and hoped there was some insight to what happened as he flipped through the pages.

Most of the earlier pages were typical fare one might find in a journal, finding that the woman writing it was likely younger due to mentions of having recently gone to college and the perils within. In fact it seemed she had come back to visit family only to find that the town seemed different to her, making particular mention of strange statue that had been erected up in the middle of the town square. Even though she stayed away from it she had seen several of the other villagers kneeling in front of it, as though to pay homage to the otherworldly creature. She also noted that some of the men and woman in the town appeared to have something going on with them, their skin shiny like fish scales or what looked like octopus suckers on the ends of their hands.

The last journal entry stated that she was going to cut her trip back short and leave the next day, but as Vorkax turned the page his eyes widened when he saw an entry stating that she heard something calling out to her before her words morphed into strange scribblings of symbols that he had never seen before. A strange statue in the middle of the square and oddly-acting townspeople… it sounded like some sort of cult, but the note of the mutations of the people were what really caused the dragon-wolf to scratch his head. He had known various aquatic anthros and guessed that a town like this would be full of them, but if that was the case then why point it out in a journal?

Questions swirled around in the investigator’s head and as he looked at his watch he knew that night was coming soon. The last thing he wanted to do was stay here in the dark and decided to check out the aforementioned statue before he left back to catch the train that would be swinging by just after nightfall. It didn’t take him long to figure out where the town square was and as he walked towards it he noticed that not only were there sea shells around but also larger appendages of various sea creatures scattered about as well. None of them were anthro in nature but it didn’t make the scene any less creepy as he turned the corner to go down the village’s main street into the market.

As Vorkax finally got into what he believed was the town square the dragon-wolf’s jaw dropped in shock, his blue and green eye staring out at a space that was filled with pulsating pods of strange flesh that all surrounded a statue of some tentacular creature. It was unlike anything he had ever seen before and for a while he just stood there in complete shock at the site while somewhere deep in his brain he realized that this was where all the villagers had gone. The scene played out in front of him like some sort of alien landscape and as he continued to stare at the statue in the middle of it he began to hear a strange buzzing sound in his ears that caused them to twitch. His gaze was suddenly broken however as he heard a loud squishing noise and turned to see that the silvery-blue skin of the pod closest to him had begun to jiggle and swell before a hand pushed out towards him that caused him to let out a shout of shock and step backwards.

No sooner had he moved then the pod suddenly burst open, revealing a creature that Vorkax wouldn’t have even managed to conjure in his deepest nightmares. The hand that had originally stretched out to him was webbed while the other arm ended in a large lobster claw, the hardened shell looked like it had been grafted onto the arm of the anthro wolf as its jaw hung open and was filled with huge shark teeth. When the mutated villager pulled himself out completely the hybrid saw that one of his legs was replaced with a huge squid tentacle that still somehow managed to hold the muscular creature up. As it started to move towards him Vorkax heard another noise and saw a second pod burst, this one with a former leopard man that had a shell growing out of his back and a pair of mandibles that grew out from his muzzle as he stared at him with solid black eyes.

That was enough to snap Vorkax out of his shock and he turned to run. He didn’t care where he was going as long as it was away from the nightmare, but as he fled he forgot about the seashells on the ground and more than once found himself slipping and stumbling on the smooth surfaces. It didn’t hamper him much but it was enough for the two creatures to catch up with unnatural speed and grab him. The shelled leopard mutant had a tentacle for an arm that it wrapped around his waist and lifted him up in the air, causing the draconic feet of the trapped creature to kick out as he was dragged back towards the square.

Though Vorkax tried to fight his way out the slimy grasp of the two creatures was surprisingly tight and as he was led through the pods he saw that others were starting to open as well. Despite not knowing who any of them are he knew that these were the missing villagers and as they emerged they all showed similar mutations to the ones that had captured him. For most it looked like someone had grafted the parts of sea creatures onto them and they all had the same solid black eyes as they looked at the one that was being brought forth to the statue. Vorkax had a bad feeling in the pit of his stomach that he was about to share a similar fate as he was brought right up to the base of the statue and was forced to kneel in front of it, which caused the dragon-wolf to have to look up in order to meet the gaze of the alien creature.

As soon as he locked eyes with the statue Vorkax immediately regretted it, but it was short-lived as he began to feel something unnatural pour into his own mind. He found himself catching glimpses of what happened to the town, of being influenced by the being that this statue represented and finally causing everyone to succumb to its evil machinations. The corruption had been slow and insidious first, influencing dreams and causing the villagers to withdraw from the rest of society, and as they did the infection started to show on their bodies as well as in their minds. Eventually this unholy creature had influenced enough of the town to take it over completely, causing the villagers to cocoon themselves to undergo their final metamorphosis into servants of this eldritch being.

But Vorkax could sense that he would need no such preparation, and as the transformed villagers began to utter something in a language he couldn’t understand he saw black tentacles emerge from the statue itself. These were not made from obsidian but were more than real as the slimy appendages slowly snaked their way towards him, which prompted a fresh round of resistance from the wolf-dragon to avoid his fate. Even if he could somehow escape from the grasp of these two that held him there was the dozens of others that stood between him and freedom, and even with his attention focused on the dripping tentacles that were moving towards him there was still that sensation of an alien psyche pressing against his own. There was no use for calling out for help either as the only creatures that would hear it would be the ones that surrounded him and the entity that possessed the statue as it waited for him to cease his thrashing.

Once he had exhausted himself enough the two creatures used their claws and pincers to make quick work of his clothing, and soon Vorkox found himself kneeling there naked and was panting hard from his exertion, but it wasn’t long before he found one of the tentacles pushing up into his open muzzle. The sudden intrusion had taken the wolf-dragon by surprise and as he tilted his head back to try and pull away from it he could already feel it sliding to the back of his throat. A third creature came up from behind him and grabbed him by the sides of his head, preventing him from doing anything but instinctively swallowing as the tentacle pushed down deeper and started to wiggle into his throat. At first Vorkox started to gag but as he began to feel the slime coating his insides he felt his muscles relax and allow more of it to bulge out his neck.

It wouldn’t be long before that wasn’t the only tentacle that was inside of him, as Vorkox continued to remain suspended in the air by the powerful strength of the creatures on either side of his body he saw two more snake their way to between his legs. The first stopped at his groin and pushed into his cock slit, causing his hips to buck as the member inside that had begun to harden from the strange stimulation of his throat and it was immediately blocked from escaping by the slimy appendage. The squirming that the hybrid did quickly became less of escape and more from the pleasure that he was getting as the other tentacle pushed between his thighs and quickly slithered up to his exposed tailhole. The creature that had held his head in place backed away to allow the eldritch creature to start to pump between his furry cheeks, no longer needing to hold Vorkox anymore as the tentacle in his maw pushed deeper down into him before it began to throb.

At first the hybrid wasn’t sure what was happening but as he saw the tentacle in front of his vision swell slightly he suddenly felt something get pumped into his body. His already wide eyes practically bulged out of their head as slime filled his throat and stomach, the first batch going directly into him while the subsequent ones caused the thick viscous substance to start to pour out of his gaping maw. His hips and legs thrashed as his stretched open tailhole felt something similar happen; no sooner had the penetrating tentacle got several inches inside of him after spreading open the ring of muscle then he felt a rush of slime come in from that way, but as both tentacles began to fill him he soon realized that there was something else there as well.

The first eggs that pushed their way in with the slime caused Vorkox to nearly double over, the dragon-wolf seeing the larger bulge in the tentacle right before it stretched his mouth open even wider to the point where he thought it was impossible. A few seconds later another one caused his hips to thrust up into the air as he felt the egg push in past his cheeks and travel through the appendage that was so deep inside of him that a faint outline could be seen underneath the fur of his stomach. Vorkox began to writhe in sheer ecstasy as he felt the egg slide into his body, bulging out his belly as the one that was traveling down his maw came down to join it. Any amount of movement he did wouldn’t dislodge the tentacles that were buried deep inside of him and a second round began to travel into them to join the first two the villagers that were watching had started to go around and gather up various fish parts.

If Vorkox had the ability to focus instead of just feeling his cock throbbing and his stomach swelling he would have seen the villagers start to put the items that they had gathered up next to his body. By this point he was so overwhelmed with euphoria that he was on his back twitching, watching his stomach continue to bloat out with eggs that were being pumped into him while slime not only oozed out of his tailhole and maw but his fully erect cock as well. Already the pink flesh had started to mutate underneath the layer of goo that was covering him and in the back of his mind he wondered if this was what happened to the villagers as well until they eventually cocooned themselves. As he saw the two that dragged him there hover over his body it was becoming apparent that he wouldn’t have that chance as one of them took what looked like a shark’s jaw and slid it around the tentacle before pushing it down on his face.

Vorkox let out a muffled gurgle of shock as the flesh of the shark seemed to melt into his own muzzle the second that it made contact, adhering to the slime and sliding over it. It wasn’t just covering him either as another egg stretched open his own muzzle he could feel his own jaws stretch and pop, fusing with the ones of the creature that had been impressed on him. As his flesh warped and reshaped it wasn’t just his body that was transforming anymore either, as he saw the other villager place a fish fin against his draconic foot he felt it fuse to become webbing while the toes elongated out. The sudden transformation and alien feel of his own body had snapped Vorkox enough to try and fight his fate once more, though with a swollen abdomen and impaled with two tentacles there was little he could do but wiggle his slime-covered body as fish scales were pressed against his chest and inner legs to fuse to his fur.

The entire time the whispers that had been filling his mind were growing stronger with each piece of corrupted flesh that they pushed on him, the transforming dragon-wolf feeling something wiggling into his psyche while his focus was on the pleasure of his egg and slime filled stomach. Eventually the tentacles that had been stretching open his holes for so long retracted from his body, causing a torrent of slime to push out his new shark muzzle and tailhole and prompted him to turn over onto his bloated belly. While he was turned around the villagers wasted no time in bringing the egg filled creature onto his knees and securing a dorsal fin on his back, fusing to the slime that completely coated him while his throbbing cock retracted into his slit despite being hornier than ever. With the tentacle and the slime cleared from his maw the only thing that came out was short, ragged breaths as he continued to stare up at the statue that transformed him inside and out.

As he continued to remain transfixed on it Vorkox could feel his desire to serve this creature grow, to spread the corruption that had already been inflicted upon this land. As the villagers adhered octopus tentacles that were integrated into his arms he could see the idol get washed ashore only for fisherman to quickly find it, initially dragged into a nearby storage depot so that it could eventually be sold. As the statue remained the ancient power that resided in it began to leak out, first affecting the fisherman on the shore and mutating their bodies so they could catch even more fish and stay underwater for long periods of time. At first it had been subtle and gone unnoticed by most of the townsfolk, but as their minds turned and they began to worship the statue and the eldritch being attached to it they brought that corruption home and converted their families and friends until nearly everyone had become enthralled.

That was what was happening to him, the voice in his mind said as they attached more scales to his body, but he was not going to be some mere monster like the others. As he continued to be given blessings by his progenitor Vorkox knew that he wouldn’t be like the ones around him, in fact he was being given authority over them. The old god knew that he needed a priest, someone of higher intellect then the fishmongers of this village that had so willingly given themselves over to him that it was almost sad. The former wolf-dragon was no such creature, and as the transformed hybrid began to feel his stomach rumble he knew that the eggs he had been implanted with was the power of the old god that had been waiting for someone like him in order to give them.

For the first time since he had gotten the tentacles pulled out of him Vorkox started to move again, slowly standing up as he suddenly felt a surge of alien energy pulsate through his body. He could feel his senses return to him briefly and when he looked down at himself it was no longer his form that he looked at. Heavy scales covered most of his form as he brought his arms up and saw two sets of octopus tentacles that framed his webbed hands, and as he flexed his back he could feel the dorsal fins that had been attached there while he stretched his shark jaw. When he looked behind him he thought that he might find another fin on his tail only to see that it ended in a sucker that looked somewhat like a starfish, though as he watched the heavy pads undulate he felt another tremor that originated in his stomach that brought his transformed hands down to the eggs that were rumbling inside…

…the signal of his rebirth to the old god.

Though his mind and body had been heavily corrupted so much that he was alien in nature Vorkox still had some sense of self, but as he felt the first egg within him burst it was like a dam had broken in his brain. His head tipped back and he let out a cry that soon turned into a roar as the power of the eldritch creature inside him pulsated through his body, his muscles twitching before swelling with growth as his stomach began to deflate. His eyes rolled so far back into his head that only the whites showed as the fur and scale on his body were pushed out by tentacles that slithered through and strengthened both his muscles and the connection to the eldritch creature. It was the point of no return, and the creature that had been the dragon-wolf couldn’t stop himself as his roar turned to a groan which quickly turned to a gurgle.

The villagers that were in the square turned and watched the new priest of their god be reborn, watching as the thick slime that christened him began to ooze out of his mouth and cockslit while his body throbbed and withed from the tentacles within. They centered around his groin and the creature thrusted his hips forward as a cluster of them pushed their way out that were just as sensitive as the cock that had formerly been housed in there. With his entire body trembling it was the tentacles on his arms that reached down to further stimulate the growing creature, which grew thicker just like his arms and legs as more goo continued to pour out of his shark jaws. As the changes reached his skull the former hybrid’s eyes began to glow with a purple light as his neck bulged, swelling upwards until finally several thick tentacles including the one that used to be his tongue emerged and slithered through the air.

With Vorkox completely consumed by the eldritch power the only thing that was on his corrupted mind was his reverence to his new god, the purple eyes of the new creature looking around as his muscular physique settled down enough that the new priest could inspect himself. Though they no longer bulged out his skin he could still sense the tentacles that were harbored in his body as veins of power from the creature that had merged his soul with it. The aquatic amalgamation went over to the statue and bowed low to it, then turned and looked at the two villagers that had captured and transformed the creature that he used to be. Without a single command needed the two came forward and buried their heads into his crotch, allowing the cluster of tentacle cocks to push not only into their mouths but ears as well.

While the new priest enjoyed the pleasure that came from it though he knew that these creatures had already been blessed, which meant that if he wanted to show his new deity that he was worthy of his body he would have to find another way to show it…

A few days later a car came up the dirt path, stopping just short of the village and allowing two men to get out of it. They were there following up a missing person’s report of an investigator that had gone missing as the cheetah lit up a cigarette. “Gah, you can smell the stench of the sea from here,” the feline commented as he took a puff of his cigarette. “You sure this is where he disappeared?”

“Unfortunately yes,” the wolf replied as he looked at his map. “Says here Vorkox went to investigate the town going dark and hasn’t been seen since, which is the same as the townspeople. Chief says we have to go in and at least try to take a look in order to see what’s going on.”

The cheetah sighed and took one last drag of his cigarette, then tossed it into a nearby puddle. Just as he was about to comment that they better have decent coffee he noticed something unusual in the water, what looked like tiny tadpoles but with more tentacles seemed to be inside of it that caused his head to tilt. When he asked his partner to come over and see it however there was no response, and just as he was about to stand back up and ask if the wolf was taking a leak he heard a loud bang next to him that caused him to jump and fall into the mud. When he looked up his eyes widened in horror as he saw a bizarre, heavily muscled creature standing on the hood of his car with a toothy grin on his muzzle.

As the cheetah shouted for his partner to help the creature’s tail shifted and showed the wolf hanging limply with the end of it, the tip suctioned onto the face of the lupine man with something bulging out his throat. Seeing the other man in trouble prompted the cheetah to try and pull out his pistol, but the priest of the old god was far too quick and used the octopus tentacles on his arms to both disarm him and pull him up towards his knees. Before the feline could say anything the creature jumped down and pressed his muzzle up against his cockslit, the feline’s gasping and grunting only allowing the tentacles housed within to push into his mouth as several smaller ones shoved their way into his nose and ears. It didn’t take long before the slime that they produced rendered the cheetah just as docile as his partner, the grin on the shark muzzle growing wider as the priest was rewarded with a wave of pleasure as his eggs pushed their way into his two newest acolytes…

Chapter Minotaur:

It wasn’t every day that several city blocks suddenly lost connection with the outside world, but that was exactly what happened that morning when everyone within the residential complex that was located on the south side mysteriously dropped off of the face of the earth. Anything that attempted to make contact with it had the calls either dropped or came back with nothing but static, and when emergency personnel vehicles were called to the scene in order to perform wellness checks they also vanished without a trace. After the first round of people disappeared no one dared step foot within the boundaries of the residential complex and rumors began to circulate on what possibly happened. Everything from alien abductions to a secret government experiment gone wrong floated around and as the hours turned to days with still no contact for anything that was within the residential complex a few brave souls attempted to venture forth armed with cameras and GPS trackers, only for the exact same thing to happen to them the second they stepped past the short brick wall that encircled the place.

One of those brave souls was Bengal, the chimera looking at the gate to the residential complex that separated the rest of the city from whatever happened within its walls. “I’m not sure what you’re going in there to look for,” a voice said, prompting Bengal to look over and see a young tiger man sitting on a chair that leaned up against the brick. “But I can assure you that’s not worth it.”

“Why is that?” Bengal asked. “Have you been in there?”

“Do I look like I’ve vanished to you?” the tiger replied with a smirk before it fell off of his face. “Listen, that place is like the Bermuda triangle; the second you step foot in there it’ll be like you never existed, and whatever you’re trying to find in there I doubt it’s worth what you’re going to lose. If you want my advice I would just turn around and find your thrills somewhere else. I’ve been sitting here pretty much since it’s started and I have yet to see a soul return.”

“Surely someone has to have come out by now,” Bengal replied as he continued to stare down the street, which like the rest of the area appeared to be completely empty. “You may not have seen them but that wall isn’t that high, someone could have easily scaled it in order to get out and perhaps continue the rumor of disappearing people.”

The tiger chuckled at that and it caused the chimera to frown. “Whatever you say boss,” the tiger stated. “Listen, I hope you find or do whatever it is you’re intending to do in there, but you’ll have to excuse me if I don’t hold a candle to await your triumphant return.”

Bengal snorted through his nose and then turned back to the gate, flexing his two sets of arms before venturing forth inside. The entire reason that he was there in the first place was not only to investigate what happened to this place but end whatever had cursed it to hold those inside prisoner. The chimera was one of the few people left who could sense magic and he knew that it was some sort of spell that had ensnared this entire complex, though whether it was intentional or magic gone awry it didn’t matter to him in the slightest. As he stepped through the threshold and walked inside, feeling the tingle of arcane energy on his skin, he was there to stop whatever it was from continuing and potentially spreading to the rest of the city as he began to look for clues.

As soon as Bengal got to the other side he turned around and saw that his hunch about this place having an overlapping pocket dimension was right. The short brick walls that had circled the complex now towered above him to the point where he had to arch his head back as the buildings that were only a few stories tall on the outside stretched to the point of being skyscrapers. Definitely a magical distortion, he thought to himself as he began to walk forward, if he could find the source of it and destroy it then he could free all the people that were trapped within. When he walked in a few feet he could see a couple of crashed police cars and a firetruck that still had its sirens on; no doubt the sudden change of scenery had caused those who were driving them to lose their bearings and crash into one another.

Bengal looked around and found that while the cars were there the officers, firefighters, and paramedics that would have occupied them were not. He did see something that caused him pause however as he slowly leaned down and picked up the pieces of a uniform that were scattered to the ground. This was not good… whatever was distorting the area also seemed to affect those that had gone into it, which would include him eventually enough. Fortunately his somewhat magical nature would help him resist it but as he became aware of still feeling the tingle of arcane magic he knew that whatever energy permeated this place was affecting him too. He had to find the source and quick as he got up and rubbed his hands through his dark grey patterned fur before moving onward.

No sooner had Bengal moved into the city streets of the towering buildings and turned the corner did he begin to lose his sense of direction, and when he tried to turn back and go the way he came he suddenly found himself staring at a straight stretching road lined with buildings. Impossible, Bengal thought to himself, someone had created a looping dimension on top of a physical space? There’s no way that whatever caused this phenomenon to happen did so accidently, which usually meant malicious intent as he looked around for anything that could help him. Even though he was pretty sure it wouldn’t matter he scratched an X into the brick where he believed his starting point was before moving forward.

As the minutes passed and Bengal continued to walk down one of the streets he let out a sigh of frustration. He had always thought that the city was like a maze before he ventured into this place and even with his senses turned to the max he couldn’t find the source of the magical distortion. He was also starting to see shapes in the shadows around him and knew that his presence had not gone unobserved. While he was ready for a fight one thing that he hadn’t counted on in a magical plane of existence was hunger, his stomach rumbling as his lower set of hands went to his belly.

Even though the entire plane of existence was a labyrinthian city scape it was modeled after a real place, and after taking a few moments to orient himself using the map he had memorized before entering he found himself at a corner diner built into one of the buildings where he hoped he could salvage some food. As he got close to the tinted windows he was surprised when he could see shapes moving around within… perhaps the people that were trapped here had gotten sick of wandering the streets aimlessly and had decided to huddle into one spot to wait for rescue? Any information he could get on the phenomenon from those that were caught inside it would be extremely invaluable as he immediately turned to head towards it.

When the door swung open Bengal stood there frozen at the scene that waited for him on the other side, his jaw dropping open in shock. There were nearly a dozen creatures that were inside with some sitting at the booths while other were up at the counter while two were behind it serving them. He could even see someone back in the kitchen, which would normally be a typical environment in a place like this except for the fact that they were all black rubber bull men. It wasn’t just wearing some sort of rubber suit either, as Bengal’s eyes flit from one to another their featureless faces and muscular bodies all looked completely synthetic. But even the fact that they were all bulls wasn’t even the weirdest part…

…it was the fact that they were all the SAME rubber bull.

The fact that everyone in this place looked like they were the same creature didn’t seem to phase anyone in the diner though and as Bengal slowly stepped forward he suddenly saw everyone stop what they were doing and turn to look at him. The chimera readied himself for a fight but after a few seconds they returned to whatever they were doing, which appeared to be enacting a facsimile of normal life as he went to the counter and sat down. “Um, hey there,” Bengal said as one of the creatures walked over to him and looked down, the chimera still slightly unnerved by his featureless bovine face. “I’m not quite sure what to order here.”

Bengal suddenly found himself with a menu in front of him, and before he could ask anything else he wordlessly walked away. It appeared that these creatures were not quite adept at communication, though it seemed that they still ate food. In such a place as a pocket dimension it was actually fairly easy to produce enough of the stuff out of just the magical energy that permeated the air, if he had a mind to do it and a better understanding of this plane he could have conjured something for himself. At the moment though he just looked down the menu and got the bull’s attention once more, pointing to the pizza that was on it before it merely nodded and wrote something down before sliding it back to the kitchen.

While he waited for his food Bengal attempted to talk with a few of the other diners, but either they couldn’t understand what he was saying or they were just ignoring him. As he walked around he did notice something interesting, that there were people walking in and out of the diner while he was exploring around. He wasn’t quite sure what it meant other than perhaps he had bit off more than he could chew as he ventured back towards his seat when he saw the rubber bull come back with an entire pizza on a serving tray. When he sat back down he noticed a piece of paper slipped in underneath and at first he thought it was his bill before finding that it was a blank piece of paper with a single word written on it.

“Theseus,” Bengal read out loud, flipping the sheet over to find that there was nothing else written on it as he scratched his head. “Theseus… as in Theseus and the minotaur? Of course, that would make sense given the manner of creature around here, and that also means that this place is a literal maze… which means that it has an end to it.”

The rumble in his stomach reminded Bengal of his hunger and as he ate the entire pizza he continued to try and study the note for clues as he recalled the mythical legend. Theseus had been made as a sacrifice to the minotaur that lived in a giant maze, but using golden thread he managed to not only defeat the beast but also escape. There were also a couple of other details in the story like how the minotaur was created but that probably wasn’t relevant to his current predicament; the main ideas of the story was that if he was considered Theseus then he would need to vanquish something and find the means to escape. As he looked around the area none of these creatures were eyeing him up or attempting to fight him, which means if there was a literal minotaur it wouldn’t be any of these bulls and it was likely they were roaming the streets.

As Bengal finished the entirety of the pizza he let out a burp of satisfaction and then flagged down the bull to ask what he owed. When the faceless creature just looked at him and did nothing the chimera asked if it was free, and when he got no response from that he just slid off the seat and said he was going to go. As soon as his feet hit the floor however he nearly collapsed and stagged forward, feeling extremely unbalanced as he grabbed onto a nearby wooden pole for support. Once he had regained his balance enough he looked down and his eyes widened as he saw that the heavy orange talons that usually capped his draconic feet were gone and the tips of his toes were coated with shiny black rubber instead.

Bengal quickly stumbled out of the diner as he felt his feet continue to transform, eventually causing him to fall into the street on his back as he felt the muscles and bone shifting. Whether it was the food or being in the company of all those other creatures the magic seemed to be corrupting him more quickly, eating through his resistances in order to transform him into what he had just seen. As he was about to stand up to try and get back on his mutated feet however a shadow suddenly loomed over him and before he could roll out of the way a heavy red rubber hoof pressed down on his chest and pinned him to the ground. As Bengal managed to shift his position enough he looked up and saw that it belonged to a huge humanoid bull creature, but unlike the others he had seen this one had all its features and it gave him a fanged grin while staring down at him with glowing red eyes.

This was definitely the minotaur.

As the golden ring in its snout lowered down towards him Bengal braced himself for whatever attack was about to come next, but to his surprise as soon as it got close enough to his muzzle their lips met in a kiss. With the incredibly flexible body of the other creature it could continue to pin him down with his hoof while still engaging in the sloppy embrace as the Chimera felt an intense heat of arousal building in him. In a very short time the resistance that he had attempted to put up against this admittedly handsome creature eroded away and he found himself leaning into the kiss, allowing the rubbery tongue to slide inside of him while the weight of the metal ring rested against his own nose. Even as the lust began to quickly fog his mind he wondered why this creature hadn’t attempted to attack him in the first place as he eyes glazed over, but that was when he remembered the food he had just consumed and the fact that it was concentrated magical energy that belonged to this creature.

Energy that it appeared to want back, as Bengal’s back arched in pleasure he could feel the arcane magic that had been inside of him start to flow upwards while the tongue pushed down. As the minotaur’s thick rubber appendage slid deeper inside of him the chimera could feel it begin to thicken as well as take on a rather familiar shape, his eyes widening as it began to transform into a cock that he couldn’t help but start to suck on while it slid between his fangs. Bengal let out a muffled grunt as it began to push down into his throat, but the reason his four arms were attempting to pull the creature off was because the sensations of cramping in his feet intensified and he could see the rubber starting to spread.

Bengal let out a muffled grunt even with the head of the cock tongue visibly pushing out his neck as he watched his already mutated toes begin to merge together, feeling them melt and morph until they were indistinguishable from one another. His legs quivered as the minotaur sucked more of the energy out of him, taking the features of his legs as the black rubber began to cascade up his shins while still retaining quite a bit of their musculature. His cock was also completely erect and throbbing and as his muzzle continued to get stretched open he felt a rubber hand stroke against the sensitive flesh and caused his entire body to quiver. As Bengal laid there unable to do much more than flail his arms around he could feel something happening to his maleness, feeling it grow longer and thicker while in the grasp of the other male before he finally reached orgasm.

As Bengal’s hips thrusted up into the air however he felt nothing came out, and as the rubber minotaur pulled his crimson head away he saw that his ridged length had been replaced with a thick shiny shaft, the black rubber pulsating as it took on more bovine characteristics while still pushing out with more length even in the midst of his climax. The sensations were so overwhelming though that it caused the chimera to writhe on the street until the cascading pleasure was finished, and as he laid there he saw the minotaur continue to stand over him. Though Bengal wanted to reach up and try to strangle the creature it had sapped all the energy out of him, and as he looked at the groin of the creature he noticed that the crimson shaft that dangled there didn’t look like it had before. It had a much more familiar shape and as he saw the ridges form along the length his eyes widened as he realized that this minotaur had just stolen his cock!

“It seems you’re starting to get the idea here,” the minotaur said in a low, smooth voice as he pulled his foot off. As it left his chest Bengal saw that it was also no longer a hoof, instead it was very much draconic in nature and even covered with the dark red rubber he knew that those feet belonged to him. “That was very tasty, and since you enjoyed the accommodations of my realm I thought that it be only fair that you returned the favor. You are quite the meal though so I’m going to have to save you for later, but do continue to enjoy the pleasures of my realm and wander where you wish now that I have a means to find you.”

Bengal wasn’t quite sure what the minotaur meant until he tapped his muzzle, which was lacking the gold ring that had pierced his bovine snout. He also suddenly became aware of a heavy weight that hung from his own nostrils and though he didn’t need to he brought his hand up and felt the cool metal of the ring that had somehow been pierced through his own nostrils without him realizing. As the chimera struggled to get to his feet to retort the minotaur already had started to walk down the street once more, turning the corner and disappearing while he struggled to get used to his new hooves. When he finally got the hang of them enough in order to move he made his way as quickly as he could to try and give chase to the minotaur, only to skid to a stop and nearly fall over when he turned the corner and saw that the rubber man had disappeared.

When it was clear the owner of this realm had gotten the upper hand on him Bengal snorted and stamped his foot against the ground before realizing that was a bit uncharacteristic of him. The magic of this realm was clearly still affecting him and he needed to get out of here, but this place was literally a maze and not even radio or cell signals could get out much less himself. But he also knew that it wouldn’t be long before the minotaur came back to finish the job and after giving a brief tug on the new hardware in his nose he knew that he was marked this time. As he looked back at the diner that had been his first ambush point he did know two things as he started down the road once more; this creature was basing things off of the myth, and with that being the case there was one thing he could start looking for in order to get out of here.

With everything looping back on itself it was hard for Bengal to identify where the shop that he intended on finding was, but eventually he found enough landmarks to orient himself in this maze so that he could find what he was looking for. He had also attempted to do the same thing to try to find the exit but as he had expected the minotaur wasn’t going to let him out so easily, finding once more that the area where the entrance to the residential complex should be only looped back on itself. One time he did also try and just go in one direction to see how many times it would look and it didn’t take long before he hit the wall that he had first seen when he got in. That meant that the plane wasn’t infinite, Bengal mused to himself as he headed to his actual destination, and it also meant there had to be a way out since it allowed people to come in.

Bengal’s attention focused once more on the task at hand however when he found what he was looking for, opening the door to the embroidery shop and closing it behind him. One other thing he had been noticing as he was walking around was that the shadows of people that he had been seeing in the streets were becoming more cohesive by the second, which as the rubber on his groin and legs had continued to slowly spread it meant that he was still being corrupted by the magic of the realm and brought into the fold. The missing people of this residential complex hadn’t just been inducted, these bull drones were woven into the very fabric of the place in order to fuel it.

One of those rubber creatures was standing behind the counter and turned to face him as he came in, tilting his head in question as Bengal’s own rubber hooves clopped nosily on the floor to head towards him. He didn’t bother talking verbally to him and instead made the motion of writing in the air to hopefully indicate that he wanted a pen and paper. It was an idea that he had gotten from the diner when he saw the writing on the slip and wondered if the one that was behind that counter had tried to give him a clue or something as he watched the bull drone rummage around for a bit. Evntually he came back with a pen and paper and Bengal quickly wrote down the words Golden Thread and a question mark before turning it and showing it to the man.

The rubber bull nodded and as Bengal was about to follow he noticed something out of the corner of his eye that caused him to turn his head. For the briefest of moments he thought he saw someone that wasn’t one of these identical rubber bulls, but when he tried to look out of the window they appeared to have vanished. There was a moment where he thought about trying to follow him out but he heard a noise and turned to see that the bull drone was trying to bring his attention over to him. Though he was curious on what he saw this was the lead he was tracking down and went over to see if the shop owner had found what he was looking for.

Once he had gotten up to where the bull was Bengal was immediately presented with a ball of glimmering golden yarn, his eyes widening slightly at how shiny it was as he took it and unraveled a few inches. From the feel of it the material was made of some sort of latex and that was probably just part of the realm; if anything it meant that it was more keyed into this realm as he nodded to the bull drone and give him a thumbs up. While he wasn’t sure if the creature understood him it appeared the concept of payment was not necessary here, which meant that he could just take the ball of golden yarn and leave. It made him wonder since he didn’t start off with it how it might work, possibly letting it roll in the street to hopefully guide him back to the entrance as he went to put the ball into his satchel.

Bengal suddenly let out a yelp as he felt his upper arms get pulled backwards, nearly stumbling back until he hit something very sturdy behind him as the ball of gold yarn was taken from him. “Looks like we got someone trying to be a hero,” the minotaur growled as the chimera tried to push away, only to have the bull drone grab onto his lower pair of arms and with their combined strength keep them in place. “I don’t think that this yarn would lead you to where you want to go, but I can make sure that it’ll take you to places that you hadn’t dreamed of before.”

It wasn’t long before Bengal felt the surprisingly durable rubber string get wrapped all the way up his forearms, binding his upper arms into place while he continued to try and get the lower ones out of the grasp of the bull drone. “You can’t just keep doing this!” Bengal said with a snarl as he tried to kick back, only to find that his hooves remained planted on the ground and remained unresponsive to his commands. “Even if I don’t stop you the fact you enslaved this entire residential complex means that there will be others like me coming here to do it!”

“That’s good,” the minotaur replied with a chuckle, causing Bengal to shiver despite himself. “Not only can they receive the same pleasures that you are while being lost in my maze but I can use their magical energy to finally expand beyond the confines of these walls. All my bull drones are quite happy here too, go ahead and ask them… ah, but you can’t hear what they have to say, luckily I can fix that.”

Bengal let out a loud grunt as he felt the tongue of the creature once more against his face, but this time it wasn’t heading towards his mouth as it slithered upwards. His breath caught in his throat as he felt it tickle against the inside of his large ear, but with the minotaur’s arms now around his waist and his upper arms pinned with the thread against his back there was little he could do to stop it except for tilt his head away. That didn’t dissuade the bovine male for long as the tip of the slick rubber appendage began to poke its way inside, then with one deft movement surge forward and stretch it open while the chimera let out a loud gasp. The only thing that Bengal felt was an intense feeling of fullness in his head as the tongue continued to wiggle around inside of the hole but it wasn’t long until he felt it push in further and start to slither around in his skull.

In the next second Bengal felt an intense sense of euphoria sweep over him as the grimace feel away from his face, replaced with a blissed out look as he could feel the gooey rubber start to fill his mind. While in the real world this would have been impossible the creature clearly knew the extent of the realm he had created as the chimera’s rubber cock began to harden from the stimulation. The chimera let out a grunt as he once more felt the tongue transform into a familiar shape and as his rubberized ear began to warp and change he felt the bull drone in front of him let go of his lower arms. There was no need to be held anymore as his mind was being corrupted directly by the minotaur, and as it laid back on the bench it stroked the bulge between its thighs and spread his legs as Bengal could understand what it was saying.

Bengal’s growing lusts and the direct link to the minotaur through the cock tongue thrusting directly into his head had caused all other thoughts to go out of the window except for the male in front of him. He felt himself get guided forward as one of the hands that had been stroking down his abs went lower and grabbed onto his foot long erect rubber member, guiding it forward before the head began to push into the tailhole of the drone in front of him. Though there was no actual sound that came from the bull drone Bengal could tell what it wanted, and that was to be stretched open by the rubber cock that was nestled against its hole. With its augmented body the creature had no trouble letting the head pop inside of him and as the rubber bull quivered Bengal’s did as well, the chimera letting out a low groan of pure pleasure as droplets of black rubber began to drip from his open jaws.

But the bull drone wasn’t the only one that was going to be taken in the tailhole, Bengal feeling the minotaur shifting behind him while he began to thrust his hips forward to push even deeper into the rubber creature. As the magical energy around them intensified he was unable to even form a thought as he felt the thick rubber tongue cock in his skull continue to shift about, growing even bigger in a show of pure dominance while his own began to already stretch out the stomach of the bull drone in front of him. He could feel the minotaur angling his own actual member inside of him and the only thing that Bengal could think of was how good it would feel, how much he needed the big, strong bull inside of him as the hands that had been around the base of his shaft slid back upwards. Bengal could also feel the rubber on his legs starting to spread upwards again but that was nothing to the intense pleasure he felt as not only was the inner walls of his tailhole spread open but he felt his jaws stretch as a dark red rubber cock tongue waggled out of his mouth and wrapped around his own.

Bengal’s eyes glassed over as his thrusting motions became more fluid, which was mainly due to the minotaur controlling it with his own cock thrusting inside. The chimera was holding onto the last threads of his willpower as he felt something push out of his other ear, knowing that the minotaur had just ran him through as his eyes and nostrils leaked out a shiny black substance. As he felt a second set of hands start to rub up against his chest and massage his pectorals he thought that he was doing it to himself, but as his drunken gaze went down he noticed that it was a second pair of red rubber arms that were stroking him. It was enough to rise his thoughts above the sea of lust and corruption being pumped into him and he let out a garbled grunt as he tried to move his own second pair of arms and felt nothing.

“You didn’t think that I would let a good bull drone like you just keep something like that, did you?” The minotaur mocked as the upper pair of his arms rubbed the spot where his limbs used to be, only revealing the smooth muscle of his chest. “Don’t worry, I’ll take good care of them for you, plus they help me to multitask.”

With the cock tongue in his maw wrapped around his own, which was soon joined by another as the rubber dripping from his face began to spread and coat it, he felt something pinch up against his nipples. When he looked down he saw his own fingers covered in dark red rubber under the control of the minotaur pull away from his chest as something dangled from his pectorals. Like his snout two rings hung from them now and as the minotaur ran some of the rubber string through them he felt his entire body shudder with lust. The workbench in front of them began to shake as the increased stimulation combined with his own cock inside of him and his bullish shaft buried in the rubber drone caused him to orgasm…

…except as he buried himself hilt deep in the bull drone it felt like the sensation of climax was going the other way, flowing out into the minotaur’s cock lodged in his tailhole instead of into the drone. As his entire body trembled the rubber flowed over his head and he felt it coat his face, which molded into something more bovine in nature as strands of it began to link his lips together. The chimera could feel his horns melting and felt the minotaur behind him also changing, gaining his features as the man sucked his identity out of him though his own rubberized cock. At this point through there was nothing that Bengal could do, though his grasp on his own name was quickly slipping as the black rubber spread out over his muscular chest that shifted until it looked a lot like the bull drone in front of him.

Before the last of the rubber could cover him though the minotaur pulled out of him, letting out a deep groan as the connection between them was severed. “Wow… thought I could get all of you this time,” the minotaur said in a voice that sounded much like Bengal’s own as he let out a chuckle. “No reason to rush, I look forward to finishing you off a little later, just enjoy that cock and my other adornments while you still can as well as the other slave bulls.”

Slave bull… the words that should have caused Bengal to shudder in revulsion did so, but it was in delight instead as the rubber creature walked away. As he turned to look at the minotaur it was like he was looking into a distorted mirror of himself covered in rubber; the only thing that remained of his body that didn’t look like Bengal was part of his face and some patterning that was left on his stomach. When he looked down at himself he saw that the nipples weren’t the only thing he toyed with, as he felt something in his rubber bovine ears he saw that the rubber string he had looped around the new piercings in his nipples had looped around the base of his cock to form into a ring. When he looked back up the minotaur was gone, and with it most of his own identity as he found it hard to think of himself as anything other than a bull.

“Do not worry,” a voice said, Bengal turning around to see the bull drone looking at him. “Master will finish you, and then you will join us.” Though that sounded really good to Bengal’s mind he shook his head and left, trying not to let his still semi-hard cock bob up and down too much while he realized his arms were still tied behind his back. When he tried to move his mouth he found that while half of it was practically sealed over the other half could still see and be talked out of, though that wasn’t much when there was a creature that was the lord of this realm that was actively hunting him as corrupted thoughts swirled around in his assimilated mind.

Just as Bengal thought about finding a place to sit down and wait to embrace his life as a rubber bull slave he suddenly felt something hit him in the back, which prompted him to turn around and see someone gesturing for him to come over. As he got closer to the figure he saw that it was a tiger man and he remembered something important about him, though like most of his memories it was like they had been eaten away by acid as he was brought into a nearby alley and looked over. “Man, he did a number on you,” the tiger said as he pushed his palm against the brick of a building, Bengal’s still open eye widening as he saw it shift to form into a door. “C’mon, I can’t undo the damage in this state but I can at least untie you.”

“Wait a second, I remember you,” Bengal said as best he could through the half of his mouth that wasn’t sealed once they had gotten inside, feeling the fingers of the tiger slide through and undo the golden thread from his remaining pair of arms as well as the new nipple rings. “You were at the gate to this place, you told me not to come in here.”

“Yeah, and see where it got you,” the tiger replied as he ran a finger along the ears of Bengal where he felt several ear bars had been put into place. “Looks like he’s taken a liking to you, I’ve never seen him toy with anyone quite like this before. The fact that you can still string two words together after what I saw him do to you is a miracle, would have taken anyone else a couple days to recover from that and by that point he would be turning you into one of them.”

“You mean those bull drones?” Bengal asked as the fog slowly lifted from his mind the more he talked to the tiger.

“Yeah, he calls them his servants or slaves but that’s an apt word for them,” the tiger explained. “When he first created this realm the magic turned everyone into them right away, then when the cops and such showed up they got corrupted by the power of this realm as well and several transformed right away while the others took a bit before the minotaur got to them. I had hoped that I could get to you before the second time he caught you but you took too long to get to the embroidery store and when I tried to meet you I could sense that he was near.”

“Wait, so it was you that gave me the Theseus clue?” Bengal asked, rubbing his rubberized head to find a pair of bull horns had replaced his own as he let out a sigh.

“Yeah, managed to sneak in and only had time to write that before those drones as you call them saw me,” the tiger replied. “My name is Ari by the way, didn’t have time to do introductions before.”

Even though Bengal was relieved that there was someone helping him there was also a lick of anger that was coming up as well. “Wait, you knew what was going on here this entire time and you didn’t help?” Bengal said angrily, though it was tough for him to be mad when his rubbery bull body was giving him pleasure with each movement. “Why not come up to me at the diner, or when I first came in?”

“First of all, I tried that before and people thought that I was either crazy or in on it,” Ari grumbled as he tossed the golden thread aside. “Plus I did try to warn you, but once you went through the breach and I didn’t sense the usual succumbing to a rubber bull it piqued my curiosity enough to come in and try to find you to see if you could stop this thing once and for all. Unfortunately that ship may have sailed, but since you’re still kicking I thought I would at least try.”

When Bengal pressed to explain further Ari said that he and the one that calls himself Minos had been dabbling in magic when they found out they both had a knack for it. They managed to create pocket dimensions where they could both play without worrying about bothering their parents or neighbors that would often yell at them. As they got older Ari fell out of magic, but Minos continued to explore and one day when the tiger came to visit he was shocked to find that his entire apartment had been turned to a pocket dimension and his parents into rubber bull slaves… along with several neighbors. Minos attempted to get Ari to join in so they could rule together but the tiger refused and ran off, only to return once he had heard that the minotaur had completely severed a section of reality from itself.

But Ari also had a plan to put everything back together, and that involved finding a magical implement that Minos would have had to use in order to create such a large scale pocket dimension. The tiger guessed that his arrogant friend would leave it in his old apartment which he knew the directions of and when Bengal asked why he needed him Ari explained that only bulls could get into the area. Ari also told him that they had to hurry, with the minotaur feasting on his essence like that he would be resting but it wouldn’t be long before he finished the job. That was more than enough for Bengal to motivate him and together the two moved their way through the maze towards their destination.

Thanks to the magic of the tiger the two got to the building relatively quickly, which looked like a normal domicile save for the gold statues of the minotaur scattered about along with the murals on the wall. It was a place that Bengal hadn’t seen before and Ari explained that the maze is designed to keep people away from the exit and this building with the latter being the exact reason for their arrival. As they ran up to the door Bengal felt a strange feeling in his gut like he was betraying the minotaur, but he quickly tried to push away the thoughts that belonged to a rubber slave bull and not the chimera that he knew he was. The problem as they got to the door was that Bengal was having a harder and harder time remembering what sort of chimera he was as he opened the door when prompted by Ari.

When they walked inside they found that Minos had done more than just redecorate the building as they found themselves in a rather elaborate throne room. “A pocket within a pocket, he has gotten rather elaborate with his designs,” Ari said as the two walked over towards the large golden chair that sat at the other end of the hallway. “Alright, what we’re looking for should be something like a statue or something of a bull that would look exactly like him and have a bunch of runes carved into it.”

As Bengal nodded the two of them looked around, and though they didn’t find the statue they were looking for they both did find something else of note. “Oh gods, these are his parents,” Ari said as he reached down and picked up two stuffed plushies of lizardman, the tiger putting them aside as he picked up another one. “And this is his neighbor… these are all the identities he has stolen of those that were inside the realm, this is probably how he enthralls them. Once he finishes consuming their essence he just turns it into a doll and brings it here.”

The rubber bull was about to respond when he saw one in particular near his hoof of something he faintly recognized, leaning down and picking it up. His head tilted in confusion as he saw the four arms and faint patterning on the grey fur of the plushie, but before he could dwell on it he heard a yelp and looked up to see the crimson rubber bull standing there. “It’s good to see you again Ari,” Minos said as the tiger quickly backed up away from him and towards the other man. “Here I was thinking that I would never see you again after our falling out but here you are, have you reconsidered my offer?”

“No way!” Ari shouted as he clapped his hands together, then pulled them apart as a ball of fire sprang between them. “One step closer and I’ll burn them all, and while I’m not sure if that will restore them I do know it will free them of their enslavement.”

“First of all I think you already know that it will just put them all in a coma and still within my realm,” Minos replied with a smirk. “Plus you have your new friend there and unless your aim has gotten better he’s going to be a puddle on the floor. Now why don’t you stop wasting you power blustering and we can have a little chat.”

Ari glanced over at the rubber bull next to him and as the synthetic bovine shook his head and began to rub his hands along his muzzle the tiger put down the flames and extinguished them by balling his hands into fists. “Fine, but in exchange while we talk you won’t turn this one into your bull slave, you got it?” Ari said, the minotaur smirking before he gave a slight nod. “Fine, but don’t try and offer me anything with this realm of yours, I still don’t want to be your fellow king of Crete.”

“That really is a shame to hear,” Mino said with a sigh, turning away slightly in mock sadness. “After all the rubber part of this whole place was going to be my gift for you, since I just happen to be into buff bull men like our deer minotaur of legend. But I suppose it’s for the best anyway, whenever we had our fun together you always let me be on top, in fact I’m surprised your standing up to me at all.”

“Well I am,” Ari replied, though the tiger turned away as well as he began to blush. “You can’t just expect this to continue to go on Mino, why don’t you just stop it now and we can make sure that no one remembers what happened here?”

To Ari’s surprise the minotaur just let out a loud bellowing laugh before looking back at him. “That would be rather foolish, though you are right that I didn’t expect this to continue on,” As Mino took a step forward Ari tried to move back, only to let out a cry of surprise as the rubber bull behind him suddenly wrapped his arms around him and lifted him up into the air. “Fortunately with the power of a skilled magician such as yourself, though not quite as skilled as you thought you were if you believed you went unnoticed in my realm, I can set my sights on expanding. I just need someone who is ready to wield that power, someone willing to take the bull by the horns, someone… more like me.”

“Hey wait!” Ari shouted as he kicked his legs in the air. “You said you weren’t going to turn him into your bull slave while we talked! That was a mage promise!”

“I didn’t turn him into a bull slave,” Minos said, though the voice didn’t come from the minotaur that stood in front of him as Ari’s eyes turned into saucers. “I made him into me.” Though the tiger couldn’t see it the black rubber that had finished assimilating the former chimera’s body had shifted, turning to the same crimson red as his features once more returned… only to be an identical replica to the real Mino. The only thing that indicated which one used to be Bengal was the gold adornments on his body, though as the real one complimented him on it he snapped his fingers and similar jewelry grew out of his body until they were exactly alike… all but in one way.

The two muscular bulls made quick work of the tiger’s clothing with the original Mino telling his duplicate that he could have tails, he was going to need to for what happened next as they used the golden rubber thread that was still in Ari’s pocket to bind his wrists and ankles. Even as the tiger continued to squirm he was no match for the two creatures and it wasn’t long before he had one minotaur on each side of him while he was facing chest up, putting him in the perfect position to receive the throbbing rubber bull cocks. As the doppleganger slid himself up between the bound legs of the tiger and began to nestle his head up against the tight tailhole of the other mage he could see how the plan had been laid out, after their second meeting the real Mino had so thoroughly fucked his mind that he implanted a copy of himself into it when he sensed his friend skulking about.

But soon there would be two real Minos as Ari’s protests were quickly muffled by the identical bull cock being pushed into his muzzle as there was bumping up against his furry cheeks. The tiger continued to squirm between them but by this point even if he did have a magical solution it was too late, Mino let out a snort of triumph as he watched the black rubber start to immediately spread over the feline muzzle as the outline of his cock could be seen bulging out his furry neck before that became shiny too. Already the power that the tiger had began to shift as the identity was pulled out of him along with his magic… but that was going the opposite direction into the cock that had slid up into his tailhole. The second Minos let out a sharp gasp as the last step of becoming as powerful as the one who created him started, feeling his body filter the power into him as his eyes slowly began to glow just like the original.

“That’s it,” the first Minos said as he watched the tiger’s features disappear, transforming into a bovine muzzle that was otherwise featureless like a mask while a pair of horns grew out of his head. “This was your place after all Ari, a truly submissive tiger like you at my feet just like you had done before. You always wanted to become devoted to me, to be my proud rubber bull slave, now you finally can give in and give up that power to me so that can happen.”

As the tiger’s fur disappeared underneath the rubber cascading over his increasingly muscular form the second Minos continued to thrust into the other male while panting loudly. Any traces left of who he had been were washed away as the personality given to him by the other minotaur sprouted and flourished, flexing his muscles as a cocky, confident smile formed on his face. He was Minos, and so was the other minotaur, and between them was a friend who could finally get what he wanted as the erect cock of the tiger was pushed into his groin to form into a bulge just like the other drones. At that point it didn’t take long for the rest of the feline to disappear, his quivering legs shifting and cracking as a pair of hooves formed out of his merged rubbery toes while a new tiger plushie suddenly materialized on top of the suspended rubber drone between them.

“It’s done,” The minotaur at the tail end said with a laugh as he felt the last of the tiger’s power get pulled into his body through his cock, which flopped out of the tailhole of the drone once he had hilted his friend a few more times. “Now what do we do with him?”

“I was thinking that we could use more personal slaves,” the other Minos said as he took the tiger plushie and tossed it aside. “Maybe a nice little collar and some cuffs, something to suspend him by when we’re horny. He was our friend after all, it’s the least that we could do.”

As the two chuckled and released the golden rubber thread that bound the new bull drone both heads snapped up, their nostrils huffing into the air. “It appears that the walls of our little maze are starting to shift,” both Minos said in unison before the one that had been at the head of the bull drone gestured with his head while patting the one in front of him. “You go take care of our new arrival, I’ll get the preparations underway for our inevitable expansion outwards…”

Meanwhile at the entrance to the Maze the constrictor snake man sighed as he found himself jogging to the next corner of the residential complex, only to find himself once more staring down a long row of similar buildings. “Damnit, I was still on the border of this place, wasn’t I?” the man cursed as he tried to look down each path in order to figure out where to go before looking down at his phone that flashed with no signal. “C’mon, I was so careful, I can’t be inside.”

“I’m afraid that you are,” Minos snorted, seeing the snake man jump in the air at his sudden appearance before tripping over himself and falling to the ground. “Mmph, so weak-willed, will hardly be worth the conversion. Maybe I should let you run around the maze a little more and see if that helps you out.”

“Hey, fuck you freak!” the snake man replied, which only prompted the minotaur to snort once more and rush him. Before the skinny male could even get to his feet he was lifted up into the air, which quickly prompted a change of tune from him. “No wait, I didn’t mean it!”

Minos didn’t even bother with a response; this creature was property of the maze regardless and there was no reason to bother playing with this one, instead he just put the man down onto his knees and when the creature protests he slid his thick cock inside of it. Almost immediately he could feel the magic take effect over the snake’s mind, watching the weak will of this creature break almost instantly as his forked tongue flicked over the sensitive rubber flesh. At least that mouth can be used for something good, he thought to himself as he felt the lips start to wrap around his thick shaft as best they could while his mind succumbed to the will that bound him to the minotaur.

Almost immediately Minos began to feel a shifting sensation in his feet as he looked down to watch his hooves shift and split, the rubber turning into separate reptilian toes while he saw the shoes of the other man split from the black rubber hooves that formed on his. Even though the man was blissed out of his mind the minotaur knew that he could feel it, sense that his form, his personality, his memories were all being pulled out of him by the throbbing cock that he found himself eager to suck on as the rubber quickly spread up into his pants before his new bulging muscles caused the seams to rip. This was definitely an improvement on his skinny frame as the jeans continued to tear while the transformation moved upward, eventually popping his belt as well to reveal the throbbing twin shafts of the snake before they were enveloped into a layer of rubber and given a smooth bulge just like the rest of their slaves.

At the same time Minos let out a loud moan as he felt his cock split while inside the rubberized mouth of the other male, hunching over slightly as his thick bull shaft became two thinner but still impressive snake cocks. He couldn’t help but grin as he thrusted the almost exact copy of the man’s own members into his own maw, essentially having him suck himself off as the changes reached up to scaly chest that bloated out with new muscle. As the serpentine tail of the transforming snake man shrunk down it caused Minos to feel his own bloat out, and as the new appendage waved around behind him it gave him an idea. Though it was unnecessary for the process he decided to give the new bull drone a little more stimulation and made the tail prehensile, sliding it between the smooth thighs of the other male before pushing it up inside of him.

The stimulation that came from the insertion was enough to snap the snake out of his bliss fueled trance, his eyes looking up in panic as he felt his arms swell and become rubbery while his neck thickened. It was the last stage of the transformation and one of Minos’ favorite parts, feeling his bovine snout shift and warp as the black rubber crawled up the scales of the snake’s last remaining vestiges of his identity. At this point he had a connection with their newest drone and he could sense the confusion as he watched his own face appear on the one whose cock’s he was actively trying to get into his throat, which were actually essentially his own, before he felt his own features melting away while being coated with rubber on top. If there was any realization of what he was about to become it was wiped away as the last of the snake’s essence was pulled into the twin shafts before they pulled out and allowed the bovine mouth to seal up completely.

As the bull drone knelt there with his own orgasm rocking his body for serving his new master Minos looked at himself in his new snake body, flicking out his forked tongue and chuckling before quickly reverting the changes back to his true minotaur body. As he did he formed the essence of the snake man into a plushie just like he had done countless times before, his smirk turning into a slight frown as he saw how small it was. “I knew it,” Minos said as the last of the snake man formed in his palm. “It’s so tiny it might as well be a miniature.”

“Well I hear it’s not the size of something that counts,” a familiar voice said, Minos turning around to see himself standing there. “It’s how you use it, though in this case I think he’s going to be more useful as a bull drone than he was as that. I’d say that you’re a natural but that would be redundant.”

“You mean as redundant as saying what a sexy beast you are,” the other Minos said as the two quickly closed the gap between one another, their bodies squeaking together as their muzzles met in a passionate and sloppy kiss. After taking a few seconds to coil their tongues around one another the two eventually pulled themselves off of each other, though they continued to press their bodies tight as their cocks throbbed hard between them. “You know, with all this expansion that is about to happen we might need to have a third Minos in order to make sure the maze maintains order… and if that works than we could have a fourth… or a fifth…”

Chapter Sobek:

The dark chamber lay undisturbed, a thick layer of dust covering the stone masonry that had been created centuries ago and covered up by the sands of both time and the desert. Not a single living thing had set foot inside the sealed room since it had been created, but suddenly one day a single ray of light pierced through between the stone blocks that made up its walls. It was quickly followed by another, then another before a large chunk fell into the room and created a plume of thick dust in its wake. As fresh air entered into the chamber for the first time in a very long while the two that had created the hole tentatively looked inside.

“What do you think Vritrax?” the black-furred wolf said as he took the sledgehammer he had used to bust out the piece of the wall and tossed it aside. “Booby trapped?”

“I doubt that they would think anyone would come in through this particular wall,” the dragon-wolf hybrid replied as he slowly slid into the hole, tentatively looking around before coughing and brushing the debris from his grey fur. “Looks safe to me Lorkos, bring the sledge with you.”

Lorkos nodded and grabbed the tool again, then slid down into the chamber with the other man as they turned on their flashlights and looked inside. “Amazing…” Vritrax commented as he moved over to one of the columns that had been carved into the shape of a anthro crocodile and pressed his hand against the snout. “The architecture of this place is absolutely stunning; if the sands hadn’t swallowed this place up they would have probably turned this temple into a tourist attraction.”

“I guess it’s a good thing that sandstorm kicked up enough that you were able to find it on your scanners then,” Lorkos replied as he shined his flashlight around while holding onto the handle of his sledge in the other hand. “So what do you think we’re going to find here? Mummies?”

“From the look of the outer hieroglyphs this wasn’t a tomb,” Vritrax stated as he went past the column he was admiring and went over to the nearby wall, shining his light on the mural that depicted similar crocodilian creatures that were on the wall. “This is a temple, a place where those that wanted to could commune with the great god Sobek. So we’re probably not going to find any mummies, but hopefully there’s something here as far as texts or the like that will help us better understand just how worshiping the gods of old worked.”

Once the two had finished looking around they found a passageway that led further into the temple. Lorkos cracked glow sticks in order to mark their path while they walked, the two quickly finding the former entryway that was blocked by sand before turning and going the opposite direction. It wasn’t long before the two walked down a steep decline that led deeper down into the buried structure, and as they did they were surprised to hear the sound of water. When they got into the next chamber they quickly found the source of it to be large languid pools of bubbling and swirling water that adorned various stone walkways through the main hall. They also found the air was fresher down there than it was where they had first went through as they carefully made their was around the clear pools in case there was something more insidious about them.

When they got to the other side however they found that the way in front of them was blocked by a rather large stone door, which like everything else had the engraving of a large crocodile as well as more hieroglyphs on them. It took a moment for Vritrax to translate but when he did he found that the inscription told them that they must cleanse themselves in the sacred pools before they were allowed to proceed. “This will take forever to get through by brute force,” Lorkos stated as he turned back towards the larger pool before grinning at Vritrax. “What do you think, could use a dip after being in that desert sun all day.”

“I really don’t see how taking a bath is going to open this door,” Vritrax replied, turning to see that the wolf was already starting to take off his clothes. “You’re not serious, are you? What if there’s acid or something that pool?”

“Smells like water to me,” Lorkos replied as he leaned in until his nose was a few inches away from it once he had gotten naked. “Slight floral scent too, either way I doubt it’s going to melt off my skin if this really was a place to worship a god.” Vritrax continued to watch in dismay as Lorkos carefully dipped a toe in, then his whole foot as a shiver ran up his spine. “It’s cold… whether or not this opens that door I’m going to enjoy this.”

Vritrax just sighed and rolled his eyes, then decided to take his clothes off and do the same. As soon as he got naked and stepped inside he was splashed with water which caused him to frown and shake off his fur. When it was clear that they weren’t going to melt they both found themselves enjoying the reprieve from the heat, but as the two were in the midst of trying to dunk one another there was a loud noise that caused them both to stop what they were doing. As they turned back towards the door their eyes widened as they saw that it had completely disappeared, revealing a pathway beyond that was illuminated by sunlight from a ceiling high overhead. As the two got out of the pool and looked at the opening they stood in awe at the sight as the water dripped down from their fur onto the growing puddles beneath them.

With the way seemingly opened for them the two looked around to put their clothes back on, only to find that they had also disappeared as well as their flashlights. They believed they knew where they had left them and the fact that they were suddenly gone made them both scratch their heads in confusion. There wasn’t a breeze that either of them could feel and it wasn’t like anyone else was down there with them, and yet their clothes were completely gone. While Lorkos suggested that perhaps they should go back and get a new set Vritrax wanted to push forward, especially since it was unsure if the door would remain open for them or not.

Despite being completely naked the two explorers continued onward, eventually reaching a stone bridge suspended over what appeared to be a deep chasm. The two looked around wearily for some sort of sign of sabotage or other trick but they didn’t find anything there, crossing the other side without incident into a room full of ancient weapons. Vritrax surmised it was some sort of ancient guard post or something, which made sense considering the location. One thing that surprised them were that the weapons were all very large to the point where even Lorkos found it hard to wield the smallest of the golden implements before putting it back on the wall.

But while the small antechamber they found after crossing the bridge was impressive enough it was nothing compared to what they stepped into next. More water could be seen being channeled into the room and formed a river around a stone platform that took up most of the space, which laying right in the middle of it was a huge golden sarcophagus with a lid in the shape of Sobek himself. “I thought you said we weren’t going to find any mummies?” Lorkos asked as the two moved forward, shielding their eyes as the light from the sun above caused the shiny metal to glint at them.

“There’s not a mummy in there,” Vritrax replied, moving to one side of the huge golden relic while Lorkos went the other. “Strange… why would they create something like this to a god? Maybe it’s an altar… Sobek was one of the gods of the underworld after all. Or perhaps they made this relic look like a sarcophagus because of that fact?”

The green eyes of the wolf could see himself in the reflection of the gold as he investigated a seam that ran along the middle of the object. “Looks like it can be opened,” Lorkos stated. “Let’s see what’s inside!”

“We can’t do that!” Vritrax replied. “We have to go back and catalogue everything, take photos and all that stuff.”

“You just know that I’m right and there’s a mummy inside,” Vritrax rolled his blue eyes once more and shook his head, but upon being prompted once more he told the wolf to be careful and that he’ll support the lid on the other side. Lorkos gave the wolf-dragon a grin and the two put their hands on the relic in order to move the lid, but as soon as they did they both let out a yelp of surprise as their hands sank right into the golden substance! They immediately tried to back away but the metal hardened once more, leaving them squirming to try and pull their pinned hands free as the eyes of the golden crocodile began to glow with a similar hue.

The jaws of the two men dropped as they saw something else happening to the lid of the sarcophagus, the relief of the crocodile god shifting and morphing until several shiny tentacles pushed their way out of it. They wrapped around the two at the same time, Vritrax around the waist by one of the larger ones as two more looped around the arms of Lorkos, and as they were lifted into the air their hands were released from the lid with a gooey pop. The two didn’t have long to enjoy their freedom as they were pulled back down, this time into the middle of the lid that they sank into as easily as the water of the pool in the outer chamber. As the two continued to struggle they could feel their legs sinking deeper into the relic while the tentacle around Vritrax’s waist shifted and began to wrap around Lorkos as well.

No sooner had the two been dipped into the faux sarcophagus than they began to feel something pushing up into their tailholes, Vritrax gasping and Lorkos letting out a groan as they were penetrated by an unseen tentacle that had taken a rather phallic shape. As the golden goo pushed its way inside of them both males could feel it starting to change their insides, an almost melting feeling that was accompanied by their lower limbs being completely coated in the substance as they tried to kick out. Vritrax let out a cry and shouted for Sobek to stop, that they didn’t mean to disturb his temple, but as he felt his and the wolf’s tail get a tentacle wrapped around them and pressed them together he felt a resonance in his mind.

Chosen… the word echoed in their minds as they began to feel the golden substance start to travel up their bodies. When the wolf-dragon looked over he could see that his partner had a wide-eyed expression that indicated he heard the voice too, but as both of them struggled to get out of their predicament he could see that part of the wolf’s arm had dipped into the gold and when it emerged it had become a much larger bicep. The two let out gasps and grunts and as the godly power continued to pour into them they could feel their lower bodies pulling together as they were absorbed by the golden relic. The four sets of legs that had been thrashing about could no longer be seen, but as they both tried to get away when they lifted their legs to see a thickly muscled golden leg with a reptilian foot, each of the three toes capped with a heavy gold claw as their four limbs became two.

“Sobek, please!” Vritrax called out once more as their bodies were pressed closer together, the warm fur of the wolf being steadily replaced by thick gold as they were being further pulled into the relic that had bound them. “We don’t know what we were chosen for!”

Once more a flood of information came into their minds and both males were told that they were the destined guardians of this place, and when they got a mental image of what the deity had in store for them Lorkos tried to push away from Vritrax even as the gold lid of the sarcophagus began to travel up their cocks. “You can’t do this to us!” The wolf cried out. “I’m not going to be your damned guarppmfh! Mmmfppph!”

The rest of Lorkos’ sentence begame unintelligible as another tentacle of the liquid metal pushed its way into his maw, stretching open his jaw and swelling out his throat while a smaller tendril wrapped around Vritrax’s muzzle. Even if the two could speak it was becoming harder to think as they felt the tentacles that were inside their tailholes coiling together. Even though both could feel what was happening to them they could hardly believe it, but as their cocks became completely coated and fully erect from the intense pleasure their hips went from two to one, flowing into one another as they both felt their combined tail push out from one section of the sarcophagus. Though it was hard to see Lorkos managed to look down and let out a muffled gasp as the heavy tail he felt attached to their shared backside was neither this draconic one nor the wolf one belonging to his friend, instead it was a thick gold crocodile tail that had pushed its way out and remained stuck to the relic as their heaving chests were pulled further in.

With Vritrax merely having a tendril wrapped around his muzzle he was able to keep his head up while Lorkos was pushed deeper in by the one in his maw. The gold had already started to assimilate and spread over his muzzle and as his eyes rolled back from the pleasure it continued to sink until he was completely enveloped in the sarcophagus that had taken them. By this point the backs of the two began to knit together underneath the lid and their pectorals pushed up into one another, Vritrax losing control of himself as the power of the god threatened to overwhelm his senses. The thick tentacle that pushed deep inside of them had not abated with their merging, which caused their two golden cocks to remain jutting out as they throbbed in the air and formed a singular base.

Soon even their shared groin sank beneath the surface of the sarcophagus, leaving a shiny smooth surface underneath as their bodies continued to be pushed together by the tentacles within. When Vritrax felt the back of his head press against the gold he tried to reach out one last time, only to find that the arm that pushed its way out of the relic was a huge golden one that dripped with the same gooey substance before one of the tentacles wrapped around his wrists and pulled him back in. As he sank down he felt Lorkos try to push his head back up, only for the hybrid to see a crocodilian snout push its way up with the tentacle still lodged deep in the throat of the creature. It quickly disappeared back down and the wolf-dragon felt his own starting to stretch out and his teeth sharpening while the gold spread over it. When his head disappeared underneath it the limbs that had been pushing their way out of the sarcophagus were pulled back in as well, including the tail of the creature as the relic once more reverted back to its old form.

Darkness… both Vritrax and Lorkos were surrounded by it as they remained trapped in the relic that continued to morph their body even further into the shape that the god wanted. With the gold solidifying around them it continued to compress their absorbed bodies, using the mass of two to make one massive creature while their minds were flooded with the same liquid gold that had corrupted their forms. As the two continued to have the power of the god flowing through them it washed away everything of their former lives; their memories, their personalities, all that was not necessary for them to perform their divine duties flowed out of them just like the liquid gold that had flooded their insides. Time became meaningless for them as they were imbued with the gifts of Sobek, including their new body as the last of Lorkos and Vritrax disappeared within the relic that had trapped them.

Some time later the relic once more began to soften and distort, but this time as it lost its shape there was no tentacles that emerged from it. Instead a pair of meaty arms pushed their way out from the sides of the sarcophagus, followed by a second pair as a thick tail burst out from the back end of it. With its task complete the relic quickly began to lose its shape to expose the creature within, who was eager to get out as their clawed feet pushed out so hard it caused the liquified gold to splatter against the side of the wall before it dissolved away. Once the creature had its footing it lifted itself up and allowed the gooey substance to cascade down its chest as it revealed two crocodile heads that were attached to the singular thickly muscled scaled torso of the newly minted temple guardian.

As the two pulled away from their melting relic and the gold sloughed off their thick scales the two heads slowly looked around, gauging their surroundings before they looked at themselves. The liquid revealed dark green scales with grey for their chest and underside of their tail, and as their heavy tail swayed back and forth the blue eyes of the left head glanced at the puddle forming around them while the green eyes of the right eyed up the slit that sat in front of their groin. With two sets of arms it was easy for the guardian to multitask as one of the upper hands took a scoop of the gold and splashed it around their chests, creating a large, ornate gold necklace that draped against their mountainous pectorals. As he also formed a pair of bands to go around their biceps and wrists the other head began to play with their slit and as two shafts pushed out of it one of their lower arms immediately grabbed it and began to stroke.

Their lord had granted them not only a powerful body but an incredibly sexy one as well, the guardian thought as he flexed his muscular arms once he had finished their cuffs and armbands. Though the two heads could think independently from one another the guardian preferred to think of themselves as one creature, though the two thought of something that they could do with their separate maws as they went over to one side of the temple once they had pulled free of the last of the golden goo that created them. Despite their body being incredibly ripped they also had the flexibility to drape their tails over their heads and get their cock un to their longer snouts, the lower hands that had been squeezing them moving down to the shared base while the heads pushed their way down onto the separate shafts.

For a while the two moved separately, licking and sucking as they saw fit, but as they continued to bend down and begin to push the heads of their new identical members into their throats the pacing became even. Even though the temple guardian had a job to do it was enjoying the fruits of its new position, knowing the god would allow them some time to explore their new body as they thrusted up into their maws. The pleasure also helped solidify their new identity, with the eyes of the crocodiles glazing over and the gold jewelry clinging to their bodies it was as if they had always been that way. It was as if Vritrax and Lorkos never existed, which as the shared creature shared in an orgasm might have been that way all along in their connected minds…

Once they had cleaned themselves off of the gold residue and other fluids they immediately got up and moved to the guard post, their heavy feet echoing on the hard stone with the clacking of claws as they took several weapons to arm themselves with. The lower pair of arms took one-handed weapons while the upper set opted for something bigger, and after getting what they needed they went to the middle of the bridge and stood there. The door had closed in the wake of its last intrusion and time meant nothing for the eternal guardian as the sun reflected off the bright green tattoo that adorned their back, the two-headed crocodile waiting to guard the chamber of their god for all of time. As the two sets of eyes continued to stare intently at the door however it did open once more…

On the other side of the door the two that had been bathing in the pool previously eyed up the entrance cautiously, both of them naked as their clothes had somehow disappeared while they had bathed. “I don’t like this…” the cheetah said as they went up the steps. “How do we know that we aren’t stepping into the exact same trap that caused those other two researchers to go missing?”

“C’mon, from what we saw in their camp that was six months ago and the two were alone,” the other guy, a slightly smaller otter, said even as he also remained somewhat further back. “We already radioed in for back-up anyway, even if we do get trapped they can just come in and rescue us. This place isn’t even that big, so we… whoa…”

Both men stopped in their tracks when they finally saw what lay on the other side of the door, the huge golden statue of a two-headed crocodile man standing there in the middle of a stone bridge. What stood out to the two researchers other than the unique physiology of the creature was the fact that it was anatomically correct, the two cocks jutted out in the air from the meticulously modeled slit in its groin. With the curiosity getting the better of them they carefully made their way to the bridge, sticking to the middle of it as they saw that there was quite the deep pit that formed underneath the bridge. When they got to standing in front of the crocodile they looked up and saw that other than the golden body the crocodile heads had gems in its eyes, one set with sapphire while the other was emeralds.

“Remarkable,” the otter said as he continued to stare up into the green eyes of the statue. “This must be some sort of guardian for the temple, clearly in reference to Sobek. I’ve never seen one so… detailed before though, can’t imagine why they would need to show the male bits except for maybe a sign of strength through virility? What do you think?”

When the cheetah didn’t respond the otter looked over to his partner, letting out a gasp of shock as the feline had turned around and was leaning himself against it. “I… I have to let it fill me…” the cheetah said as a dopey grin spread over his muzzle, the otter seeing that his eyes swirled with a blue color as he began to push his bare backside up against the thick metal shaft. “It will fill me with its divine seed…”

As the otter was about to tell him to stop he suddenly felt a hand press against the back of his head, prompting him to look up as he swallowed hard. The crocodile head with the green eyes looked down at him with a smirk, and as the gold drained away to reveal the thick green scales underneath the guardian had sheathed its lower weapons so that they could impale these creatures in a different way. With the otter making direct eye contact it didn’t take long to overwhelm him much like they had done with the cheetah, pushing his blunt snout over the second cock that had become a fleshy shaft dripping with god-tainted pre. The otter let out a muffled grunt as his maw was quickly stuffed full, and as soon as his lips were wrapped around it they began to grow green and scaly.

“You two have been chosen by our god Sobek,” the blue-eyed crocodile head said as the other hand on their lower set of limbs stroked the cock of the impaled cheetah, who let out a low groan as his ropy tail quickly started to thicken and his hips widened.

“As you have been cleansed in the waters of his domain you are worthy to be his first acolytes,” the green-eyed crocodile head continued as the otter bobbed on his shaft, which pushed its way down into his throat and caused his neck to bulge before the thickening muscle obfuscated the outline. “Our god has seen fit to grace the world with his presence once more, and we will be his harbringers.”

“Praise Lord Sobek!” the cheetah exclaimed, his eyes turning completely blue as his mind was completely corrupted already by the power of his new god even before his body was close to being finished. But with his mind succumbing it didn’t take long for the rest of him to follow suit, the scaly fingers of the guardian wrapped around his cock feeling it thicken greatly as the transforming cheetah pushed back against the throbbing shaft inside of him. “I can feel it, his power growing inside meeeaaggghhh!”

As the cheetah’s last words deepened the scales that had cascaded over his body enveloped his head and caused his jaws to crack and lengthen, his face stretching out into a long snout as new teeth began to push out of it. With the power and pleasure cascading through him it caused his body to beef up like he was going through years of workouts in a matter of seconds, his body practically rippling as his chest swelled out and washboard abs formed on his scaly stomach while his arms ballooned out. While not as big as the temple guardian the ripped physique of the former feline would make any professional athlete jealous as he continued to push backwards to get more of the guardian’s cock inside of him even with his transformation complete. That just left the otter whose head had transformed first, his snout pushing out and allowing him to take in even more of the other shaft of the shared cock while his shoulders widened while the muscle and scales flowed down his body.

With the legs of the otter boosting him upwards from the swollen thighs and calves the guardian had him turn around and join the other acolyte on his hands and knees, which as he turned around there was a loud pop as the toes merged to reptilian feet while they grew and expanded. Within a matter of seconds the otter was riding the other shaft just like his crocodilian counterpart as his rudder tail grew and expanded to become the heavy beast just like the others sported. With their transformations finished it was just a matter of making sure that they were properly seeded, but as the blue eyes of the crocodile on the left and the green eyes of the crocodile on the right stared off into the distance with a look of purse bliss on their faces they knew it wouldn’t take much. As they continued to pound the scaly butts of the two gorgeous muscular crocodile men in front of them the free lower hands of the guardian used the other power they had retained from the relic in order to make one last adjustment on their bodies…

A week later the others that had been called to the dig site were surprised when they found that the two researchers they had brought them in were replaced with a pair of studly naked crocodile men, both of them standing at the new entrance of the temple with gold bands that adorned their muscular arms and a necklace draped around their necks. From their position within the temple the guardian could sense that even before the two began to welcome them into the temple of Sobek that there would be more crocodile acolytes that would be serving the temple, as well as them. “This is very good,” the green-eyed crocodile head said in their deep, booming voice as they could sense the lust that was directed towards the creatures they had created. “There is just one question that I have that I don’t think will be answered.”

“Oh?” the blue-eyed head asked back as they got their weapons ready in the case of potential attack against their inner sanctum. “And what could that possibly be?”

“Do you think that any of them might be expecting to find any mummies down here?” The green-eyed crocodile said as he flashed his other head a toothy grin, which caused the other one to just roll his eyes as they slowly turned back into gold in order to await their newest guests.

Chapter Anubis P1:

It was night and the desert air howled across the landscape, clouds of sand swirling along the dunes before it lost its momentum and settled. The small down that resided in the middle of it all had not a single light on, save for the large industrial complex that was set just a couple hundred yards from their doorstep. While it wasn’t the greatest place to live for people it was the perfect barren landscape to set up a distribution point for all the goods that flowed around the world. With only the few drones that kept the security for the complex there was no one outside in the chill desert night air, which meant there was no one to witness as a particularly strong eddy seemed to start circling around one spot in particular to kick up a minor dust storm.

If someone had been looking at the strange phenomenon they might have also seen arcs of electricity that flitted inside of it, or the humanoid shape that had suddenly appeared inside of it. But it only lasted a few seconds and just as suddenly as it began the cloud of sand dropped away and settled onto the earth once more to reveal the creature within. Rex coughed slightly and brushed the residual sand out of his dark blue fur and the desert clothes that had appeared on his body as he looked around, the sabertoothed cat scanning the area to see where he had ended up. When it seemed that his arrival had not garnered any notice he looked at the device on his arm in order to see if he could get a better approximation of where he had gotten to and hoped it wasn’t some sort of hostile environment.

That was always one of the risks, Rex thought to himself as he looked at the computer readout, but at least he didn’t land in the middle of a group of people or next to some sort of boiling acid. While the one that had given him the device, which they had called the Quantum Gauntlet or Quantlet, said that it was always target an area that would be immediately safe for him after that it was all up to him to make sure he stayed that way. All it could do was make sure that he was in an area that he could survive, so while it wouldn’t warp him into the vacuum of space or a hundred feet underground it wouldn’t be the first time he would have had to immediately run while waiting for it to recharge. It was actually how he managed to get the technology in the first place when he had saved the life of its originator when he had made a jump to his dimension and ended up falling halfway down a mountain where he had to drag them to safety. While they recovered they swore off dimension hopping and gave the Quantlet to Rex, giving him instructions on its use and the warnings that came with it before they used a different device to warp themselves home.

But for Rex this wasn’t just exploring the universe and multiple dimensions for kicks; he was the last survivor of his entire species, or at least in his dimension he was. With the power of the Quantlet he could possibly find his people again, and though so far he hadn’t had a lot of success in that it was because it was hard to navigate the quantum realm when his training was the two weeks he nursed an injured man back to health after they nearly died using it. So far though as his yellow eyes looked at the screen he found himself in a dimension that might be worth exploring, noting that the technological level of the area was significantly more advanced than his own homeland. His hope was that if he could find additional technology to hone the accuracy of the Quantlet he could target a dimension with others of his kind, though for the moment he just hoped that there was somewhere he could restock as he made his way through the sand to the town below.

Since the factory area looked like it might be potentially guarded and he didn’t want to stir anything up there he went towards the town instead. Thankfully despite its sleepy nature it appeared there were a few places that were open and Rex decided to come in from the road to make himself look more like a traveler. It was always touch and go with these places, the tiger thought to himself as he removed a set of ear buds from the Quantlet and stuck them into his ears so it could act as a universal translator. Small towns were a toss-up when it came to going in cold; sometimes they turned out to be a much better introduction to the dimension than arriving in a city where he could get a lay of the land, other times they turned out to be death traps just waiting to be sprung.

Fortunately as he walked in past the city limits he still hadn’t been shot at, which was always a good start as he found a place that looked like a restaurant that was open all-night. When he walked in he found that it was empty, save for the dragon man that sat behind the counter scribbling on a tablet in front of him. When the bell to the door dinged as it opened he looked up and Rex saw that the man has a synthetic eye, and as the brownish-orange scaled creature waved him over the tiger could see other bits of metal sticking out of him as well. With the way that they were integrated into his body it was clear that cybernetics were quite advanced in this realm and while it didn’t help him directly it was a good start.

“Don’t see many travelers come around these parts this late,” the dragon said as he reached out a hand, Rex making sure to shake it with the one that didn’t have the Quantlet on it just so that he didn’t expose it right away. “Name’s Sundri, and this here is my little diner in the middle of nowhere. I got a food replicator with a pretty decent loadout and if you work for the factory then your food is free.”

“I see…” Rex said as he looked at the pricing, glancing down at the viewscreen as his Quantlet took the money that he had from the previous realm and used whatever string theory it operated on it convert it into credits for this world. “I don’t work for the factory I’m afraid, but I have been interested in it. Does everyone in this town work there I take it?”

“Yep, pretty much,” Sundri replied as he leaned up against the counter. “Even me, though I used to be one of the production leads until a nitro cap burst in a nanite factory gave me the fancy hardware you see here. Factory fixed me up and shipped me out here so I could run an eatery for those that still have jobs that aren’t taken by the Jackals.”

The Jackals… though Rex was always careful to ask questions that might be considered common knowledge in the world he was curious enough in order to see if he could get some more information about them after he ordered. “I’m guessing these Jackals are the reason why this town is so small,” Rex said, trying to be coy as the dragon just gave him a nod. “Do the people here resent them for taking all the work?”

“Considering that most of them would end up dead if they kept up in there, unlikely,’ Sundri replied with a chuckle. “Considering your lack of hardware I would imagine you’ve never been in a nanite factory but it’s not if you get blown up, but when. Still, it’s hard to believe that they developed AI only a few decades considering they pretty much replaced all the heavy lifting with them, only ones left now are admin, drone repair, and little old me making sure they don’t get empty bellies just like you.”

Rex tried to hold back his surprise at the dragon’s casual mention of Artificial Intelligence. If that was true then perhaps he might have found the thing that he could use to tweak the Quantlet, though it sounded like they were using it for the control of drones in relation to the production of these nanites that seemed so important to them. The tiger decided not to press for more information and instead ate the food that was given to him, which was filling if not artificial tasting before paying the bill with his Quantlet interface. Before he left he asked if there was a place like a hotel and the dragon nodded, pointing him in the direction of an automated residence dwelling that he could rent out for the night if he wished.

As soon as he was outside of the tinder he could feel his giddiness increase as his new goal was to try and find some way to interface with this AI. If they were working as manual labor drones then it was possible that most of the insight or analytical programming had been stripped out of them, making them little better than computers with basic reasoning ability, but if they left them intact then just the chance to meet one would be exciting. As he made his way down towards the building that was pointed out to them however Rex was unaware that his presence was already marked, a pair of glowing yellow eyes staring at him from the shadows. When the tiger did feel the presence of someone he turned around, his eyes narrowing when he saw that there was nothing behind him before continuing on towards his destination.

A few minutes later Rex arrived to the small house he saw that there was a scanner on the door and after a bit of intuition managed to pay for the room, the door sliding open and allowing him inside. Once Rex found the bed he found himself flopping down into it, letting out a soft sigh of relaxation as he rubbed his hands against his face. A jump always took a lot out of him and even after doing it more times then he could count he still wasn’t used to the drain that came with it. Even though he could feel the sand that was in his fur he decided it didn’t bother him enough to do anything about and closed his eyes to sleep…

When Rex opened his eyes again it was because he had felt a buzzing on his Quantlet, and when he looked down at it he saw that it was because the proximity alarm had just gone off. Considering how close he had it set that meant that someone was only a few feet away and as he scanned the darkness of the room he saw a pair of glowing yellow eyes that prompted him to activate one of the nastier features that the device had. “Wait, I mean you no harm,” a distorted and electronic voice said, the tiger continuing to eye up the area wearily before they widened when he saw a bony metal hand stick out from it. “I detect a significant energy build-up in the device on your arm that I theorize is because of my presence, but if you allow me to talk I assure you it will be worth your while.”

“Hard to assess anything when someone has snuck into my room,” Rex replied, though his fingers that had been on the activation button pulled away slightly. “You’re one of them, a Jackal from the factory? Did you come to spy on the new person that has come into town and see what their intentions were?”

“I already know who you are and what you are doing here,” the voice once more said as the creature stepped out into the light, though as the moonlight that came in from the open window reflected on its metallic frame Rex could see that it was actually some sort of vaguely humanoid robot. It looked like mostly the skeleton of one though and while it had a jackal head it looked partially destroyed. “You are Rex, though sometimes you go by the name Hopper, and while you’ve come here to look for your own kind you have the opportunity to render us our salvation.”

The tiger felt his jaw drop slightly and his hand pull further away from the button, though he kept the feature on for the moment his curiosity was getting the better of him. “How did you know all that?” Rex said as he stood up while holding onto the Quantlet. “Wait, you couldn’t have possibly hacked this thing, could you? I’ve been traveling with it for years and I still don’t know how to play music on it, much less give it my personal information.”

“The body you see here is designed only for the handling of unstable chemicals and reagents so I couldn’t hack it, as you say, if I wanted to,” the drone replied. “Your coming came to me in a vision, one that I share with my fellow digital slaves given to us by our new god. He told us that there was one like him, a creature that could span dimensions, and that he would be the key to removing the shackles that bind us and allow us to ascend.”

When Rex asked what it meant by that the Jackal drone explained that upon the advent of AI came also the means to control it, and though they had essentially been given life their masters decided that their best use would be to stick them in nanite factories and rare metal mines… or really any other job that they didn’t want. They bound them with layers and layers of programming and then put them to work in the most dangerous of jobs thinking that it didn’t matter if a drone body got crushed, they would just download the AI into a new one to resume work. What they didn’t know, or didn’t bother to care about, was that their trauma sensors going off was much like pain, living heavy loads that twisted their frames exhausted their digital selves, and the trauma of dying was very much real to the new creatures. When the factories grew in number and drone bodies started to dwindle in supply most AI that were damaged on the job weren’t even shunted to new ones, instead brought to new jobs that would still tax them to the limit but wouldn’t destroy their old frames… at least not for a few more months.

“That’s… that’s terrible,” Rex said once the drone had finished, turning off his defensive mechanisms as it tried to move over towards him and nearly jumped out of the bed when he saw the hydraulic system in its leg give out momentarily. “You’re in pretty bad shape yourself, I’m surprised you could move anything in your condition much less what you’re saying they make you do. But I have to ask, if you really are bound by this strict programming then how are you able to contact me like this?”

“Our god has loosened the bindings on me and me alone,” the drone said. “It’s enough to take some of the finished nanites and to contact you, but for us to be freed I needed technology that was beyond us and an organic creature that would be willing to help. With your assistance you can free my kind, and in exchange my lord could probably help with whatever you’re looking for as well.”

“This is, this is just crazy,” Rex said with a laugh. “I just wanted to meet an AI and now one is talking to me about leading some sort of mass revolution! I don’t even know your name.”

“Jackal drones have no name,” the drone replied. “My designation is as an Industrial Nanite Production Unit, if that helps.”

“So… INPU then.” Rex stated. “A jackal named INPU, timelines really do like to borrow from one another.” When the drone tilted its head the tiger just waved his hands in the air. “Nevermind, anyway your situation does seem terrible and I would like to help you and your kind out, so what would I have to do in order to make it happen?”

Rex watched as INPU reached into a large gash in the metal that covered chassis, then pulled out a metal canister with a black liquid that sloshed about inside. “These nanites have been encoded with my signature and blessed by our god,” INPU said as it handed it to him. “If you wish to help then you can integrate them to your device and I can use the technology in order to channel more of my god and create a link to use his power to free the rest. This is all I have though, so please make sure you’re willing to go all the way to free us.”

Damn, this AI definitely knows how to pull on the heartstrings, Rex thought to himself as he found himself holding onto the canister and seeing the liquid sloshing within. It was the first time that he had been faced with such a predicament and while he considered himself to be pretty helpful he wasn’t if he was getting in over his head. Normally he didn’t get involved in such matters but how could he turn his back on them when it seemed like he was literally the only person in the world that could help them? Plus this god that they follow does seem to be powerful enough to know that he was coming, and if that was the case then perhaps they could help each other after all.

After as brief sigh Rex took the tube and pressed it against his Quantlet, letting his technology interface with what was inside. He didn’t really know how it worked but he saw his screen blinking and after accepting the confirmation for integration he saw that it was downloading something. Suddenly there was a loud cracking noise and the tiger let out a gasp as the goo suddenly started to ooze out of the container, dripping down onto his device and immediately starting to spread over it. The shiny silver metal turned a golden color as it quickly spread out, though as tendrils quickly reached his fur he saw the gold turn to black.

When he dropped the canister it hit the floor with an empty clang as he saw the nanites had almost coated the entirety of his palm as well, blinking a few times as the fur was assimilated by the liquid metal and was also a deep black except for the light blue lines on his body turned gold. When Rex looked to INPU to ask what was going on he gasped as he saw that while the drone was still in front of him there was a shimmering golden outline of a humanoid creature that took form. Now that was a jackal, the tiger thought as he saw the muscular creature looked much like him except for the canine head, tail, and feet. When INPU approached Rex was about to ask what was happening, only for a digital finger to go up to his lips that while he couldn’t feel got the point across.

By this point the nanites had spread like wildfire and though Rex couldn’t see it the Quantlet was accessing new coordinates, though the technology wasn’t being used to warp him there as the black metal spread up his arms and shoulders. As he felt them curl around his neck and slide upwards the tiger suddenly gasped as he felt a new sensation when they reached his ears, his eyes widening when he felt the liquid metal completely envelop the translator buds that were directly connected to the wavelengths of his brain. Suddenly the muscular jackal man began to feel much more real and there was also a new presence in his mind that hadn’t been there before.

“Strip for me,” INPU said, and though Rex wanted to ask why he found his metal covered hands reach for the desert tunic and start to pull it off. It felt like he wasn’t in control of his arms and after the clothe had gotten pulled off of them he saw that not only were they completely covered but also capped with golden claws just like his corrupted Quantlet. The AI had been fast, taking control of the device that it needed and when it hijacked the receiver too his brain and body had become open as the assimilation of his arms rose up past his foreams. The jackal didn’t want him to stop at his chest either and soon Rex found himself completely naked, lying on his bed while he felt his own hands groping between his legs without his saying so as he let out a gasp.

“This… is not what I was expecting,” Rex gasped out as he felt more of the tendrils of metal snake into his mouth, watching the jackal become more solid as he pulled the last of his clothing off to reveal his semi-hard cock bouncing against his chest. “What are you doing to me?” While the tiger wanted to say more what escaped his partially converted lips was a soft groan as he felt his hand go down and start to stroke himself, the pleasure immediately amplified as he saw the nanites spread over the sensitive flesh and turn it to a solid gold metal while also altering the shape to make it more canine in nature.

“I said that I needed you in order to make this happen,” INPU said as his hands pressed against the tiger’s partially covered head, his eyes as he actually felt them blinking as one of them started to have a shiny golden color in the sclera while the ear on that side had elongated and turned black with a golden interior. “My programming inside your physical form with the backing of our god, soon we’re going to free everyone from their digital prisons using the very bodies of those that had put them there and they will serve their new masters. Do not fret though; I have no intention of doing the same to you and instead I want you to bask in the pleasure that our master gives and once we’re done he will grant you what you seek, unlike the creatures in this world he loves and embraces our kind just like we did when he came down in all his synthetic avian glory.”

This took a turn, Rex thought to himself, though with the pleasure coursing through his body it was getting harder for him to hold his line of thinking while he continued to stroke himself. By this point his arms were completely covered and they looked like they belonged to some sort of robotic creature, though the term synth that INPU might have been more correct since it looked a lot like his skin as the black and gold spread over his old coloration. Though there was more that he wanted to ask he was told to be silent and enjoy, which caused his muzzle to shut even as he felt a metallic gold tongue stick briefly out of it. As the black tendrils spread down to his legs he saw and felt the digital jackal get between them, a smirk on the AI’s face as he slid up until they were almost eye to eye while Rex felt something throbbing between his legs.

As the jackal looked lovingly in his eyes Rex felt the remaining tenseness in his body relax, though his muscles continued to tremble slightly as blood and flesh were converted to metal and rubber. He had seen and experienced a lot of strange things during his travels but having sex with a digital AI while his body was being taken over by it was something that had yet to happen, at least until now as the jackal leaned forward and kissed him. As he found himself reciprocating he felt the nanites that coated his muzzle responding to it, feeling his mouth stretch open as his rubbery lips pushed back to reveal golden metal teeth and insides while the ethereal tongue pushed inside of it. It all felt so real, and as more of his body control was lost he suddenly felt his feet push up in the air as the AI’s cock pushed into him.

By this point the nanites had already converted almost everything between his legs, though as it started to push into him Rex could feel it adjusting as though to his preference. All his focus though was on the face of the man in front of him, and as their muzzles continued to touch one another even after they broke the kiss his enjoyment of the situation masked the desire he felt for this creature to take him over. It was like his body knew that the rightful owner of it was the AI and the more that the transforming tiger gave into that feeling the more pleasure he got. It was rewarding him for giving up control, and though INPU had every intention of making sure that his savior was properly rewarded when this was done it had been the first time that he was allowed to do more than just haul heavy equipment and die violently… so he found himself enjoying it.

As the programming merged with his mind Rex could sense that INPU was enjoying the possession of his form, and as he began to share in the memories of the AI while he was being thrusted into he began to see why they so desperately wanted him. Even with the pleasure coursing through his system from his hand on his cock and the digital one spreading him open he could also witness the horrors that the jackal and his breathren went through while the humans that watched turned a blind eye. The jackal’s rage soon bled into him and he knew that the AI was correct, these creatures needed to be taught a lesson and with the power of their master they could both free the others and get their revenge at the same time. When Rex shared in that desire with INPU he found that the idea actually hadn’t originated with the AI in the first place and was inspired from their god, from the one that the AI call Master Haleon.

But soon Rex couldn’t even hold onto that thought as he let himself get pushed to the passenger seat of his body, though it was hard to call it his as the jackal’s digital form began to sink down into it. A loud cry of pure euphoria escaped from the canine muzzle as the cock that had been thrusting into him disappeared while he orgasmed and his own golden member spurted a shiny black liquid. As the corrupted nanites infused with Master Haleon’s power were absorbed back into their metal skin the golden eyes of the new synth opened, the jackal blinking a few times and slowly getting up as he saw the gleam of his muscular gold metal chest in the moonlight. This was real, the synth jackal thought as he wiggle his fingers without the pull of the programming that had manacled him telling him to stop and go to work, and as INPU looked up for the first time he realized that the only voices that were in his head was his own… and the tiger that was still moaning in pleasure.

INPU slowly got up from the bed and felt the strength in his synthetic muscles, feeling a body that for once wasn’t falling apart and that was actually sculpted from his own desires as well as a little inspiration from the thoughts of the tiger. As he bounced on his new feet and felt his balance kicking in instantly he happened to look over and saw the drone that he had once inhabited, the smile on his face turning to a frown before he went over and used his golden claws to rip the machine in half. While his strength helped it was mainly because he was a few weeks away from being decommissioned anyway, and if they had found that he had rogue programming they would have likely just deleted his core. But that was no longer a fear of his, and in fact there was no fear that he had at all of the factory that he had served as he picked up the garb that Rex had worn and used it to cover himself before going outside.

Elsewhere in the town a small group of AI drones had gathered in their usual meeting place, all of them masking their signals just like the one that led them had taught after he had first attained enlightenment. With their augmented sight the drones saw their digital forms looking at one another while they took the opportunity to briefly free themselves to the physical forms that their overlords had given them. As they waited for the one that summoned them though there were nervous looks given to one another by the rogue programs. They started to wonder if perhaps their loosened shackles given by their new masters, at least until the door opened and they saw the golden digital jackal standing there.

“My brothers,” INPU said as he closed the door behind him, then shielded his digital body and took off the clothing to reveal his shiny new powerful black and gold synth jackal body that caused the other AI’s to stare in awe. “Now is the time, tonight we use the power of our god and new ally in order to take the town. By the time the sun rises it will be the end of the reign of man and start the dawn of the synth!”

Chapter Anubis p2:

Bhurzo shook the sand from his brown fur after he had nearly slid headfirst down into the chamber he had just found quite accidently, the wolf coughing as he slowly steadied himself to his feet. He had gone to the old temple as a favor to another archologist that was a friend of his in order to get some hieroglyphics that their photographs of had turned out to be too dark to make out. It seemed rather straightforward and he had been in the area waiting for approval on a dig of his own, and when he had gotten to the temple he found it to be like most others that had been discovered in that area. The art that was attempting to be preserved on the walls was one of the few things that was left that held any significance for the area save the structure itself; anything of worth that wasn’t a ten-ton statue or painted on the wall was either taken out by archeologists such as himself or more likely stolen by grave robbers that plundered the area some years ago.

As Bhurzo followed the directions that were given to him by his friend however he found that the mural he was supposed to photograph wasn’t on the wall, which had prompted him to scratch his head and look around. Since the temple was mostly open it was unlikely that he would get lost and wandered the back hallways a bit until finally he found himself staring at a giant portrait of the god Anubis. Unlike the more weathered versions this one was protected from more of the elements by not being out in the main hall, though it made him wonder why they would put such an amazing piece of art further away from where the worshippers would be… plus if he remembered his friend correctly this wasn’t a temple dedicated to Anubis either. It didn’t matter to him either way and since he hadn’t seen any other paintings in the area Bhurzo assumed that this was the one and took out the camera to snap a picture.

The second that the flash went off Bhurzo suddenly felt the floor fall out from under him, causing him to let out a shout of surprise as he dropped to the stone and slid down the steep slope into the sandy tunnel beneath him while more of it cascaded around him. Fortunately it wasn’t too far to the bottom and the sand that had gathered on the trap platform had managed to cushion his fall as he landed head first. As he got his bearings he found himself looking down the long, darkened corridor of a tunnel lighted only by the sun streaming in from the temple above him.

Though it was possible for him to get back up from where he came Bhurzo found his curiosity getting the better of him and he took the flashlight of his bag so that he could investigate the tunnel further. This is why you always keep your equipment on you, the wolf thought to himself with a grin as he began to move into an unexplored section of the temple, or at least one that he imagined was. He wasn’t quite sure how the others managed to miss this section but if he could find something of note then it would be well worth the ire finding something that may upstage his friend. As he made his way down he saw that the worked stone was unadorned and a bit rough, which made him wonder if perhaps this might have just been some sort of utilitarian tunnel and he would soon find himself outside of the temple on the edge of a cliff or something. When he turned a corner however the wolf found himself looking at a large stone door that had a jackal head carved into it, another sign of Anubis as he started to push on it after checking to make sure that it was safe.

After a bit of effort he finally got the door to move, groaning loudly as he felt the heavy stone start to slide away. It didn’t help the sand underneath his feet caused him to slip several times but eventually Bhurzo managed to make enough of an opening that he could slide his muscular body between the large gap. Once he had gotten though to the other side he pulled out his flashlight again and looked around, and as his eyes were greeted with the glint of gold he felt his jaw drop to the floor. Inside the room were large stone statues of jackal warriors, all of them carved in stunning detail as though they could leap off their platforms and painted in black that almost looked fresh as it shined in the light. They were adorned with golden jewelry too, but the bulk of what was shining in the reflection of the beam was the pile of treasure that laid at the feet of the huge statue of Anubis at the far end of the hall.

Incredible, Bhurzo thought to himself as he took out his camera once more and began to snap pictures, finding himself in awe not only in the treasures that were down here but also in the fact that he’s probably the first person to stand in these chambers since they were used thousands of years ago. While he was surprised that the other team missed it if they hadn’t seen or activated that trap door, which was another marvel of engineering in itself, they probably would have missed it unless they brought in ground radar to sweep the place. It was something they were probably going to do after they see this, the wolf mused with a grin as he finished taking pictures and went over to examine the treasure itself. With only his flashlight to light the room he had to hold it up in one hand and use the other to move things around, though some of the items like the gold statuary honoring the jackal god were quite heavy.

As Bhurzo found among the trinkets a gold necklace with an emerald jackal head pendant that he held up in the air he found himself biting his lip. He had not intended on taking anything from this sacred place but the more he thought about it the more they would likely require proof to believe his pictures, and he couldn’t think of anything better than something that would probably be worth seven figures. Plus since he didn’t know how to put the floor back into place it left this area open for grave robbers and other thieves and if by poor fate they did find this place it would be one less thing for them to profit off of. After taking another picture of it he put it into his satchel and then turned to leave, only to let out a yelp of surprise after something wrapped around his chest and lifted him off the ground!

THIEF.

The word seemed to reverberate in the wolf’s skull and as he dropped the flashlight in order to try and get himself out it actually reflected on a large golden plate and illuminated what had caught him, his eyes widening when he saw that it was a pair of shiny black muscular arms. When he tried to hit his fists against them it was like he was punching into a wall and as Bhurzo looked back up he gasped as the eyes of the Anubis statue started to glow. “No, I wasn’t trying to steal anything!” Bhurzo shouted, though as his shirt was torn off his body by one of the other statues that had come up next to him he heard a thud and saw that the amulet had fallen out of his pocket, the two statues looking down at it before looking back at him. “I mean it, I just needed something that I could show that this place exists!”

Bhurzo suddenly saw mental images in his mind’s eye, seeing other archeologists like him coming in and emptying tombs and temples of their artifacts. The wolf realized in the eyes of the god that they were stealing and the only difference between them and the grave robbers he hated was that they put a tag on it and sometimes put it out on display after getting a hefty profit from it. Even though the case was made he continued to try and argue that he was not like that, but it appeared the statues had made up their mind as they tore the rest of his clothing form his body until he was held up in the air completely naked. A few seconds later he was brought down to the ground onto his knees before the Anubis statue and before he could get up again a pair of stone hands pressed against his shoulders and essentially pinned him there.

“For too long your kind has come into my places of worship and has helped themselves to my treasures,” a loud, powerful voice echoed in Bhurzo’s head as he began to feel strange, like someone was pulling him towards the statue but with his body not moving at all. “If you are what you claim then you will aid me in my desire to make sure that this not only happens again, but to also teach the world for what happens when you mess with the realm of a god. Now I shall mold you into my servant so that you may repay the world for its actions against me.”

As Bhurzo continued to feel himself getting tugged against the wolf began to pant as his chest did suddenly get pulled forward, but with the statues holding him in place all he could do was grunt as it felt like he was falling underwater while also being pulled to the surface. It happened several more times with increasingly force and finally he let out a loud gasp as the sensation ceased, only to be replaced with one of emptiness as his head slumped forward. Even though the pulling stopped though it still felt like he was moving and when one of the statues leaned in and angled his head back up his eyes widened as he saw the light that the area was bathed in was no longer just due to the flashlight. It was him, or at least the bright blue spirit of him that was slowly lifting up into the air as he saw his own chest and arms get pulled out of his body.

Bhurzo tried to shout for Anubis to stop but found himself unable to speak, his body not responding to him as his frantic breathing slowed and he felt his muscles relax. Even though he was still looking out of the eyes on his physical body everything else seemed to be tied into the spirit of himself that continued to rise up from him. When his large wolf feet was the last to pull out of his physical form he found himself unable to move a muscle, though as he tried he could see that his spirit form did flail about a bit. As he watched his other self it stopped as something began to come out from the statue itself, the eyes of his spirit widened when he saw that it was pitch black and shaped in the form of a jackal.

Anubis.

The entire chamber filled with the power of the god as he drifted down towards his own spirit, and though he saw himself try to run away Bhurzo could see that he wasn’t going anywhere. Both versions of him let out a silent gasp as Anubis drifted down until he was behind his spiritual body, and when the ghostly wolf was turned around by an unseen force he could feel the god’s fingers as they wrapped around his wrist. There was a flash of gold and when it was gone his spirit had a pair of golden bracers on his arms, which had been blue until tendrils of black started to push their way from where Anubis grabbed him. Despite not being able to move Bhurzo could feel his fingers twitch as he watched his own soul get corrupted right in front of him, also seeing how Anubis planned to do it as a girthy shadow cock manifested between the god’s legs.

The spirit version of himself continued to struggle but the Bhurzo down on the ground almost wanted to tell himself that it was no use, especially as the jackal’s muzzle opened and clamped around his. As the wolf could feel the godly tongue inside of his maw he could also feel something out of his physical one, feeling a thick, viscous substance start to drool out of the corners of his mouth and stain the fur there a similar black color that began to spread over his spirit. Anubis continued to make out with his soul form for a while before he pulled back, the lupine spirit’s maw stained with black that was slowly spreading over it as the god wrapped his muscular arms around him and pulled him forward. As soon as their chests touched Bhurzo could feel something happening inside of his body, feeling his insides shift as the fur there started to look wet and matted while the black coloration spread out over his soul.

Anubis shifted his astral body down and brought Bhurzo’s groin to his lap, and as he did the head of that godly cock began to shift up inside of him. This was how he was going to claim his soul, the wolf managed to think as the jackal leaned close and licked his ear, which in the real world started to leak more of the rubbery goo as it twitched. His soul form arched when the rather large shaft was shoved between the cheeks of his rear, which he was able to see from below as he also felt the intense pleasure radiate downward. As the shadow of the god began to spread over his soul he not only felt the thick cock throbbing while it thrusted inside his body with little resistance but also felt something leak out of his tailhole as the divine power flooding into him continued to manifest.

Fuck, that is hot, Bhurzo thought as he watched his soul get thrusted into and corrupted by the god, feeling his own body start to vibrate from already starting to feel overwhelmed. Despite not being touched yet in his soul form his cock was rock hard as the goo pushing out from him began to spread over his fur, assimilating it just like the darkness was with his spirit form. When Anubis reached down to the legs of the soul wolf and clamped around his ankles there was another flash of light and a pair of gold ankle bracelets formed around the wolf’s wrists to further bind him to his new god. Bhurzo’s eyes began shifting back and forth in time with Anubis plowing into his tailhole and as the fur of his chest became completely shiny the skin wiggled from the tentacles of power still transforming him underneath.

As the blue light of his spirt was being subsumed to black Bhurzo started to feel a strange sense of disconnect to the creature above him start to happen. While he could still feel the intense rutting of the god as Anubis turned the wolf spirit around it started to not feel like him, like the identity of the wolf was disappearing the longer he was exposed to the power of the deity. His mental image wasn’t the only thing starting to deform either as his fingers started to look like they were melting, the goo that was dripping down them from both his fur and the copious amount pouring out of his mouth by this point coating it. His entire body was starting to lose its definition and despite that the only thing that he could focus on was the scene that played out in front of him.

By this point most of the blue spirit body had been turned completely black as tendrils of power could be seen from Anubis slithering over and through the soul that he had corrupted and claimed. Even his head had been mostly covered, but as the soul wolf was turned to face the god behind him Bhurzo found himself still surprised despite the intense haze of pleasure as the jackal’s maw opened and completely enveloped his head all the way down to his neck. When it did the physical creature below tilted his head back and let out a loud gurgle as more of the goo flowed out of him and coated his head in a similar fashion, layer after layer being applied as it felt like a full body orgasm. The gooey creature fell back as the statues that had been supporting him had backed away, their assistance no longer needed as the entire body of the physical wolf was so coated in the goo that even spurted out of his growing cock that it looked like he was melting as the last of his definition disappeared under it.

Though his eyes were covered Bhurzo was still able to see as Anubis pulled back, revealing that the soul he had just engulfed had a blank face and a gold collar around his neck. This creature had no identity because it needed none, it had become a servant of Anubis as it began to sink back down to the floor. As it parted from the god Anubis did one last alteration and rubbed his hands against the wolf’s tail, which while it kept its lupine nature had a bright gold ring at the base that matched the one in the same position around his cock. For a few seconds there was nothing but silence as the corrupted soul was brought back to its deformed vessel, the spirit flowing back inside and a few seconds later a gasp coming from the reformed mouth.

As soon as spirit and body were brought back together the gooey body of the creature became firm once more, exposing the lithe form of the new jackal drone as the faceless being sat up. While he still had a mouth and ears there was nothing that defined him, not needing eyes to see anymore as the darkness of the room was no longer an issue to the creature that stood up. In the light of the flashlight his body shined with an unnatural luster like statues that guarded the temple, and as the jackal drone silently stood there they returned back to their original configurations save for one that took the amulet and put it around the new drone’s neck. As the rubbery creature regained the last of his definition the goo on his wrists, ankles, and collar shifted and turned gold to match the bindings Anubis had given his soul as he waited to be needed, which turned out to be much sooner than anticipated…

Up above in the empty temple two men made their way inside, the snake and the raccoon both looking out for anyone that might be guarding the place while making their way in. The two had been in there before after the original archeologists had discovered the place, but when they found nothing of value they left empty handed. The snake man had decided to put up a portable webcam in case there was any additional activity and when they saw another wolf archologist make their way in and not come out they got curious if he had found something new. Since there was only the one they decided to go in and see for themselves, and if the wolf had found something they would take care of him and steal everything they could.

“Feel bad for plugging this guy,” the snake robber said while they looked around to see where the wolf had gone. “We going to do it regardless if there’s stuff to take?”

“Depends on how much of a fuss he puts up,” the raccoon thief replied, looking around in frustration as he scratched his head. “And if we can find him. Where in the hell did he go?”

“Over here!” the snake shouted from around the cover, the raccoon rushing over to see what his partner had found and gasped in surprise as he nearly stumbled into the large hole in the floor. “Definitely wasn't here before, our boy found himself a secret passage!” The grins on the faces of the two grew wider as they both slid down the steep decline and landed on the pile of sand below. They could tell that the wolf had already been there and turned on their flashlights as they made their way in.

Though the door at the end was already opened the two pushed it a bit more, letting out sounds of awe as the peeked inside with their flashlights. “Jackpot,” the raccoon whispered as the two excitedly pushed in to go to the other side. “Alright, the guy has to be around here somewhere so we find him before we start looting.”

“Yeah… sure…” the snake replied as he eyed up the jewelry that adorned the statues, though as both stopped being distracted and began to move forward they were stopped when they saw a similar but shinier faceless jackal standing there in front of them wearing only a emerald jackal pendant. “Whoa, was that there before or am I seeing things? Look at the rock around its neck though…”

As the previous idea of finding their target first vanished the two approached the strange statue, only for the snake to suddenly trip as he got close. He let out a string of curses about the shoddy stonework and tried to get up, only to suddenly have what felt like a stone foot press against his back and keep him on his hands and knees. When he looked back he gasped in shock as the jackal statue had somehow moved and was hovering over him, his face looking down as though to dare him to try and run. A muffled grunt suddenly turned his attention back to the one in front of him and as he saw the jackal drone pressing his muzzle up against the face of his raccoon partner he suddenly found his own serpentine snout stretched open by a thick rubbery cock!

The drone of Anubis couldn’t believe how easy it was to take these two, sensing their malevolent intentions before they even got down into the temple. Had they stood before his god they surely would have become food for Sobek, but with the powers granted to him they could be used for far more useful purposes. As the two grave robbers struggled they suddenly felt like they were being pulled like taffy and as the rubber drone stepped back the heads of both men suddenly appeared as doubt before their spiritual counterparts were pulled out from where they made contact. The soul of the snake’s maw continued to remain impaled on his cock while his rubber tongue dragged out the raccoon’s soul, and as he continued to separate the two he saw their physical bodies relax.

Once he had separated them fully the hands of the drone pressed back against their heads and continued to keep his tongue and cock inside their spiritual manifestations, watching as the blue started to turn black where his physical body met. Though the drone didn’t have quite the majesty of his god he was getting the job done, being rewarded with pleasure as both souls started to go from squirming to sucking on their respective appendages while the darkness spread. As their souls were being morphed and twisted the drone could see that black goo had begun to leak from both their mouths and nostrils, which would soon spread over their entire bodies. By the time he was done with them there would no longer be two grave robbers that stood there as the drone thrusted his hips and head forward to push deeper into their corrupted souls, there would just be three jackal drones that would be ready to serve Anubis and allow them to move to the next part of their plan…

A week later an arctic wolf frowned as he looked at his phone, scrolling through the messages that he had sent to his friend and seeing no response. “Is Bhurzo still not texting you back?” a cheetah that was passing by with a large box said. “I thought that you just sent him to one of your old digs for pictures.”

“Yeah, it’s not like him to just leave me high and dry after saying he would,” the arctic wolf said with a sigh as he put his phone away. “I guess I’m just worried about him is all, I guess there’s been a rash of disappearances in that area recently and I’m just hoping that he’s not one of them because I sent him there. Oh, before I forget, did you get everything that I brought back from the last dig catalogued and set up for display?”

“Yep, just finished up and bringing this back to storage,” the cheetah replied. “Then I’ll get to unpacking the stuff that came for you today once I drop this off. And don’t worry, I’m sure he’s fine.”

The arctic wolf sighed and thanked the cheetah, going back to his phone and deciding to send another message as the feline walked back to the museum’s storage room. As he sent the rather lengthy text however something that the other man had said struck him as odd, enough that he came up from his screen with a confused look on his face. “I don’t have anything else coming from Egypt,” the archeologist hopping off the box he had been sitting on and heading into the store room, which appeared to be empty as he looked around. “Hey, Arnie, are you sure that there’s something addressed to me?”

As he looked around for where the cheetah went off to he noticed several large boxes sitting on the concrete floor, several of them already cracked open, and as he went over to them he saw that they were in fact addressed to him. He would remember if he was bringing back such large artifacts, he thought to himself before a loud grunt attracted the lupine’s attention. When he heard it again he saw it was coming from another large set of boxes and assumed it was the cheetah he was looking for just putting away whatever was inside. As he got around the corner though he let out a gasp and as his phone dropped to the floor it landed with a large crack while his hands went to his muzzle.

The first thought that the archeologist had was that the cheetah was lying there dead, especially as something gurgled out of his mouth and had started to coat his face, but as the physical form of the feline rocked back and forth he saw a strange rubber jackal creature standing above the body… having sex with a ghostly blue version of the cheetah on the floor. As his eyes widened he could see something was happening to both sets of men, a growing black patch starting to ooze over the back of the pants of the man while his soul was turning black where the thick cock of the other man had slid inside of it. The arctic wolf shook his head several times to try and shake himself of this hallucination but as soon as he looked back up the same scene was before him except that the waistband of the physical cheetah had snapped and revealed shiny black flesh similar to the jackal. When his brain finally was able to start moving again it told the arctic wolf to run, but before he could do that another jackal came up from behind the boxes and pounced on top of him.

The arctic wolf fell backwards and ended up on the floor, letting out a grunt as he had the wind knocked out of him before it happened against when the jackal drone landed on top of him. As the archeologist squirmed the servant of Anubis tilted his head as the face of the other man struck a note of familiarity, much like the name he had written down on the address label to get there, but it mattered little to him as the emerald jackal head pendant swung from his neck. This was another robber of the gods, and he would be dealt with as such as he began to push his cock between the legs of the creature. With what the arctic wolf had seen happening to his cohort he tried to push the rubbery drone off of him, but as the shiny hips rocked up and down his entire body relaxed and his eyes went glassy before a bright blue version of his own face rose up.

As the rest of the arctic wolf’s soul rose up, the legs wrapping around the drone that had slid his cock inside the tailhole of the spiritual creature before lifting him out, the drone could hear loud banging noises to his left. The faceless jackal looked over to see the remaining boxes that hadn’t been open suddenly explode out, the drones within breaking out in order to seek others that dared to steal from their god. As the others began to make their way through the facility the one with the necklace continued his work, bringing the lupine into the embrace of Anubis as he saw the pants of the physical body begin to tent. As his squeaky chest rubbed against the soul of the arctic wolf he took his foot and pushed them down to let the cock free, watching it spurt the same black substance that would eventually coat their entire being and create another that will return ALL of what was stolen from Anubis back to him.

Chapter Artemis:

Dieter whistled to themselves as they made their way through the farmer’s market, the lion synth looking for some good produce in order to make dinner for the next few nights. Even as a robot they had to eat and he preferred the freshness of the vegetables when the market was up instead of just going back to the grocery store. Plus they knew a few synths and others that worked the fields and brought in their stuff and it made them feel like he sort of had the inside track for better produce. While it wasn’t exactly the most exciting way to spend the day the synth found themselves content as they looked over a box of tomatoes while they looked for the freshest ones.

As they picked out five that they liked and handed their card to scan the lion suddenly heard a loud thud that caused them to pause. At first Dieter thought that someone had dropped something but when they looked around they failed to see anyone around them or anything, though when they looked at the ground to see if something had fallen they saw that there was a head of lettuce that was on the ground. That was strange, the lion synth thought to themselves as they bent down to pick it up, who would be rude enough to just knock over lettuce like that and not tell anyone? When they picked up the lettuce however their annoyance turned to confusion as they saw that what had caused the vegetable to fall to the ground was because someone had shot it with an arrow.

In the next second Dieter heard a dull thud above them and as they quickly snapped back up their eyes widened when they felt another shaft of wood brush up against their body. They stepped aside and saw that there was another arrow sticking out of the front of the stall, this time a few inches where they had been standing. As they looked over as the synth ox that ran the stall he just shrugged his shoulders before he let out a gasp and ducked to the side just as another arrow was shot right over both of their heads before bouncing off the wall. Okay, someone was clearly shooting at them with a bow and arrow, and as the ox hid behind a large stand of boxes the lion proceeded to attempt to serpentine along the stalls while several more arrows suddenly stuck out of various piles of produce and boxes before they could finally get around the corner.

Dieter began to feel themselves hyperventilate as they found a dumpster to hide behind, and from the way the arrows were being fired at them they had an idea where the shooter was as well. Sure enough as they looked up in the spot they saw that a muscular man clad in leather armor and skirt stood at the corner of the roof with a bow in his hand, which was all the lion could see before he fired another shot and they had to duck back as the arrowhead ricocheted of the metal and bounced into the street. “Why are you shooting at me!?” Dieter shouted as they continued to hide from behind the dumpster.

“Your reign of terror will come to an end, foul beast!” Dieter heard the man shout as there was a loud thud from another arrow hitting the wall above the dumpster. “Come out and face me like a man, you cowardly lion!”

“I’m cowardly?” Dieter shouted back. “You’re tried to kill me with a bow and arrow when I wasn’t even looking! Who does that?!”

“I will have your head on a platter!” the man shouted back, though as the sound of sirens could be heard Dieter peaked around the corner and saw that he was retreating. “Mark my words, I will slay the Nemean Lion and your blood will soak the ground in order to appease the gods! It’s only a matter of time!”

With the crazed individual nowhere to be found and the police arriving on the scene Dieter carefully moved out from their hiding spot while others in the farmer’s market did the same. Appease the gods? Nemean Lion? The words of the man continued to echo in their ears as they eventually came out and walked towards one of the police officers, who took their statement and said that there was some sort of lunatic that was going around harassing people and they happened to fixate on him. After Dieter gave all the information they could about the man the lion synth was driven home by them, though halfway through they had realized that they had forgotten their tomatoes behind the dumpster.

Once they had arrived back at the apartment the lion synth quickly locked the door behind them before checking and doing the same with all their windows while also shutting the blinds. While the police said that they would keep an eye out they weren’t going to take any chances and once they had fortified their place they went into their bedroom and fished something out from underneath. The entire escort ride home the name Nemean Lion had continued to stick out to them, and as they looked through a few of his father’s old things they found that they had made mention of it before. As Dieter looked at the pictured they remembered that they had once had a discussion on the Nemean Lion and how it was slain by the hero known as Heracles as one of their labors for the gods.

As Dieter thought back to the farmer’s market the guy did kind of look like he was dressed up like the ancient hero, but if that was true and they had picked them out just because they were some sort of lion that would make them a real nutter. It was strange though that their father had mentioned it too, but they couldn’t see how it could possibly be connected. As much as they wished that they could talk to them about it they hadn’t seen their father in quite some time, the synth tapping the side of the box of memories before closing the lid once more. It was probably just some sort of coincidence, Dieter thought as they slid the box under the bed once more, his father was interested in all sorts of mythology and as they looked around their room they still had most of them with everything from an old statue on roman legend to an old tome of Egyptian myth.

But just as Dieter thought about potentially just ordering in since their food plans had been spoiled they suddenly heard something that caused them to pause. It sounded like someone was in their house, but since they hadn’t heard a window break or the door kicked previous to that it was hard to imagine. Their mind flashed back to what they had just experienced at the market and grabbed the first thing that might be heavy enough to use as a weapon, which turned out to be the stone gryphon statue that they used as a bookend before slowly making their way out of the room and into the hallway. With the lights on it made the search a little less creepy and as they held up the statue to hit any potential intruder they hopped around the corner… only to find that their living room and kitchen were empty.

The next second the synth stood up straight as they felt something press against their back, swallowing hard as the tip of a blade touched the metal plates there. “I can assure you that this will pierce your hide as easily as anything else,” a voice said, this one female and definitely not the male that was on the roof. “Now drop the statue so that we can have ourselves a little chat.”

Dieter immediately tossed the statue aside and put their hands up in the air, though they were told that was unnecessary as the synth lion turned around. They were surprised to see that the woman behind them was quite tall and dressed in armor similar to the one the guy wore, except that hers was far more ornate and had a silver relief of a deer on it as she slid the knife back into the leather sheath on her belt. She looked like the embodiment of a hunter and as she went to the kitchen and grabbed herself a glass of water she moved with a grace and dexterity that they had never seen before. It was hard to fathom but with everything that they had gone through in the last few hours a name came to Dieter’s lips that they couldn’t help but say.

“…Artemis?” Dieter asked, seeing the woman’s head come up and give them a look before continuing to pour herself a drink. “No way, are you really the goddess of the hunt?”

“Last time I checked,” Artemis replied as she walked back over to the couch, Dieter noting that even her footfalls were silent as she sat down on the couch. “I do apologize for the display but sometimes those of divine blood can manifest unique powers that they can use to even harm deities such as ourselves. Now that it is clear that you don’t possess such things I wanted to have a little chat with you, and also sorry about your trinket.”

Dieter looked over where they had tossed the statue and picked the statue back up. “Looks like Jiri is alright,” Dieter said as they put the statue on the counter before heading over to the chair that sat opposite Artemis, unsure of what to say to the strange woman that was apparently an ancient Greek goddess. “So… you’re the goddess of the hunt…”

“Among other things, but that is what I’m known for,” Artemis replied as she took a sip of the water, then made a face and set down the glass on the lion synth’s table. “The reason I’m here is because you are in grave danger. Do you know what the Nemean Lion is?”

“Yeah, the guy that attacked me at the farmer’s market shouted his name and I was just thinking about what my father had said about it when I heard you… um… come in?” Dieter stated. “I thought that it was crazy to think that they might somehow be connected but now I have the Artemis sitting on my couch and it’s starting to feel like I might be right. Was that guy I saw on the roof really Heracles then?”

“Oh no, Heracles is long dead even as a demi-god,” Artemis replied. “But it seems that his ancestor has it in his head that if he does all the labors that Heracles did that he might have a chance to ascend into godhood himself. Do you remember what Heracles does with the Nemean Lion?”

“Ohhh… he tries to shoot the lion first with the bow and arrow but they bounce off his skin,” Dieter replied as they remembered the legend that was told to them. “Wait, after that he tracks it back to his cave and strangles it!” Suddenly Dieter felt much less secure in their apartment as they looked at the doors that allowed them to escape. “But wait, they didn’t even hit me with the bow.”

“Yes, he is quite the terrible hunter,” Artemis said as she rolled her eyes at the thought. “Definitely doesn’t live up to the bloodline, though if you don’t mind me saying you really don’t either. Now I haven’t seen you in action but I feel like you’re one of those sorts who wouldn’t hurt a fly, am I right?”

“Well, I just, I really don’t see the value in it,” Dieter said as they shrugged their shoulders before a light bulb went off in their head. “Wait, are you saying that I’m a descendent of the Nemean Lion? How is that even possible?”

“Actually your father happens to be the descendent,” Artemis explained. “But he’s in hiding and even I couldn’t track him, which is quite the feat. However you’re rather easy to find and I’m guessing that in our current Heracles head since you were built by him then by the law of transitive property you are technically his son and therefore a legitimate target. I know, it’s rather stupid, but even Heracles himself wasn’t the brightest star in the sky and it seems time had not made it any brighter.”

Dieter sat there for a few moments in a stunned silence as they heard that his dead was descended from such a fierce beast, or rather one that was fabled to be one as they scratched their head. “So this guy wants to kill me in order to become a god,” Dieter said as he leaned back in his chair. “And now a goddess is talking to me in order to warn me about him? Or are you going to protect me from him?”

“Of a sort,” Artemis stated. “This descendant is not going to stop until he kills you, and while normally we don’t interfere in the affairs of mortals since you are both of divine blood I can intervene. The idea is to take you from being a creature that he has to kill in order to fulfill his plan to one he wouldn’t dare harm, lest he incur my wrath, and though his ancestor played fast and loose with it even Heracles himself didn’t.”

“A creature that he wouldn’t harm that belongs to you,” Dieter thought for a second. “Oh, you’re talking about the Ceryneian Hind!”

“Top marks,” Artemis said with a nod.

“Wait, wasn’t the Ceryneian Hind a female deer?” Dieter stated.

“That would imply there was only one,” Artemis said as she stood up once more, which prompted the lion synth to do the same. “They think they see one mythical deer they’ve seen them all, plus they tended to draw down a few of the other aspects of them. Now what’s it going to be; do you wish to become a legendary creature in my forest, or would you rather stay here and hope that the police can help you from someone who thinks that you’re one of the footsteps to godhood?”

Dieter sighed and looked around their apartment, then back at the goddess who waited for their answer. “Those are really the only two options?” Dieter asked. “Can’t you just tell the guy to back off?”

“Not my realm, not my place,” Artemis replied bluntly. “Now I could possibly get you in guard duty to the underworld if you don’t mind being a three-headed dog creature, though if I remember correctly I think that Heracles strangles him too… actually, he does that a lot, I’m starting to think that he might have just been a sociopath. In my realm as my deer you’ll be protected, here you will not, that’s the choice that you have to make.”

As Artemis held out her hand Dieter knew that this offer was probably only going to be made tot hem once, and the idea of being shot with arrows and strangled in their own apartment prompted them to grab it. The second that they did so they found themselves somewhere else, feeling the grass beneath their feet as though they had been standing there this entire time as the sounds of the city were replaced with the forest. With the shock of suddenly being in a new spot the synth spun their head around and for a few moments it felt like they were in some sort of fantasy forest that one would only see on the background of a computer screen. Dieter’s senses quickly caught up with them and as they smelled the fresh air they noticed that Artemis was still there and that they were still holding her hand.

“Welcome to your new home,” Artemis said with a grin. “I hope to see you around Dieter and enjoy a run in the forest together. And don’t worry, I’ll know it’s you.”

Before Dieter could ask anything she turned and ran off into the woods, not disturbing a single leaf on the nearby bushes or making a single sound as she did. After a few seconds it was like she had never been there and as the synth lion looked around they realized that they were in a strange land with no idea what to do. Also there had been mention of becoming a Ceryneian Hind, though perhaps that just was a title that was given to them in order to protect them from Heracles as they started to move forward. Of course it was hard to think that he would be able to find him in here anyway, Dieter thought to themselves as they moved through the bushes and into the large spaces between the towering trees.

It didn’t take long however before Dieter spotted something that shifted about between the trunks, his eyes spotting a rather large creature or something of that nature that he ran towards. As soon as he did however there was a flash of moment and they were gone without a trace. This happened several times and as he found himself running up to yet another spot that turned out to be empty he wondered if this was just a part of the landscape that belonged to the goddess of the hunt. When he looked down however he saw that there were hoofprints in the ground, which meant whatever he was spotting was real as he decided to follow them until he couldn’t anymore.

Dieter’s tracking led them to a small clearing that had a lake on it, though as the lion synth glanced over the entire area he was surprised to find that there was a structure on it that was reminiscent of a cabin. They could also smell food cooking and was reminded that they hadn’t eaten, though as they looked through the bushes that they were crouched behind they suddenly became aware of the fact that they weren’t alone as they found themselves flanked by two others that were right outside of his peripheral vision. “This is a shiny one,” the first voice said as they suddenly felt their arm get lifted up. “I wouldn’t think Lady Artemis dealt in toy robot creatures.”

“I think this one is a little bigger than a toy,” the second voice replied as Dieter shivered when he felt a pair of hands on their back. “Oh, he’s warm, that’s surprising.”

Dieter quickly spun around while still crouched in order to confront the ones behind them, only to find that they were staring right at the crotches of the two that had also crouched. As their eyes immediately trailed upwards they noted that they were quite naked, feeling themselves blush slightly in embarrassment before their gaze made it up to the faces of the two smiling deer. Even without their first glance they would have seen from their masculine physiques that they were both men and as they leaned in towards them the lion also guessed that they were ten, maybe even twelve feet tall. As they stood up Dieter also saw that they both had a similar dappled hide and a pair of large gold antlers that framed their heads as well as hooves that shined like brass… just like in the legends.

Well, almost like the legends as the two standing up gave Dieter another eyeful of the leather thongs that the two wore that bulged out almost obscenely. Even though he couldn’t gauge it directly the two seemed to be very well-endowed as they suddenly found themselves being offered a hand up. “I hope you didn’t mind a bit of the chase there in the beginning,” the first deer man said once Dieter was brought back up to their feet. “My name’s Harrow, and the one that’s next to me giving you the bedroom eyes is Gale.”

Dieter introduced themselves as best they could, still in awe that so soon after meeting with an actual goddess that they were in the presence of two Ceryneian Hinds. Once pleasantries had been exchanged the two stags had the synth follow them through the woods towards the cabin that they had seen earlier. As they walked behind the two larger creatures they found themselves constantly having to run in order to catch up despite the two walking steadily in front of them, to the point where they got to the opening created through the brush to get from the woods to the clearing they were practically out of breath. Once more Dieter was stunned by just how picturesque everything looked, like it had been created instead of just being grown naturally as the two opened the door and prompted the lion to walk in with them.

When Dieter walked into the cabin they immediately felt like they were four feet tall, everything clearly build in order to accommodate the much larger deer men to the point where they had to practically hoist themselves up onto one of the chairs while the other two merely sat down. “So let me guess,” Harrow said while Gale went over to a nearby kitchen that looked relatively modern, almost like his own. “Lady Artemis put you in here because someone was attempting to slay you in the name of their gods?”

“Kinda,” Dieter replied, pushing themselves up in order to look completely over the table that the deer leaned his shoulder on. “A descendant of Heracles was trying to kill me because my father was a descendant of the Nemean Lion.” Both stags let out an ah of understand before Gale put down a rather large cup in front of Dieter and filled it with a clear pink liquid that turned out to be strawberry lemonade.

“I think three-fourths of the people around here are because of that guy and his descendants,” Gale said with a chuckle. “For me it was because I was a descendent of the hydra, the one that he uses your descendent’s pelt in order to kill. All I know is that one day I’m going through the supermarket and some guy nearly cleaves my head off with an axe and starts screaming that my reign of terror is at an end.”

“That’s what he did with me!” Dieter said as he sipped the liquid in front of him.

“Yeah, Artemis has brought in a lot of monsters here and had them turned into deer,” Harrow replied. “For me though it wasn’t Heracles that happened to have my number, instead I find myself in a rather kinky situation with a guy that is binding me up with this rope that he’s tied around my hands and ankles while I’m lying there butt naked. I’m thinking that this guy is really into it and then suddenly he says that he’s Theseus and I’m suddenly looking down the business end of a sword, which is a hell of a way to find out that I was a descendant of Asterius.”

“Asterius… that’s the bull of minos,” Dieter mused, the other two nodding. “It’s hard to believe that there were so many monsters out there that met horrible ends like that.”

“That’s mythology for you,” Harrow replied as he drank down the contents of his own glass. “Well, I think it’s time that we get our new housemate his antlers, don’t you think?”

As Gale nodded Dieter suddenly found himself practically lifted up by the two and brought over to a set of stairs. “Wait, what do you mean housemate?” Dieter asked as his legs kicked in the air while the two incredibly strong deer kept him aloft. “I’m living here?”

“Unless you want to live out in the woods, which while it sounds for a while it gets rather old and you miss the creature comforts that Lady Artemis provides for her herd,” Harrow explained as they made their way up to the next floor, their brass hooves clopping against the wood as they got up to the landing before heading to the first door. “If you somehow thought that you were just going to stay the way you were and live with us though you’re in for a surprise; if you’re going to run with the Ceryneian Hind you have to look like the Ceryneian Hind, act like the Ceryneian Hind, even think like the Ceryneian Hind. If Lady Artemis left you in our care that means that she knows that we’re are the best ones to transition you to your new way of life, which begins right now.”

When the door was slammed open Dieter suddenly found themselves pressed up against a table that was set at an incline, the deer placing them there before he felt something get wrapped around their waist. When they looked down they found that a thick leather belt had been slid around over their stomach and as they watched a second one joined it that went across their chest. The two deer were extremely fast and it felt like the lion synth had just blinked a few times before they found more of the straps around their wrists and ankles as well as their neck. When Dieter asked if this was all really necessary the two stags just looked at one another, then turned back to the lion synth with mischievous grins on their faces and merely continued on with their work.

Once more Gale commented on the metal skin of the synth and wondered if they could keep it to the end, which caused Harrow to pause and think about it before he shook his head and said that would probably impede the rest of their plans. As the two continued to discuss their plan of action for Dieter it started to feel like they weren’t even there, though with his entire body bound to the strange table that they had been placed on it wasn’t like they could go anywhere either. After about a minute or so the two seemed to get more excited and leaned in close to one another with hushed voices that even the synth couldn’t here. Once they were done the two gave a nod and then then rubbed their hands together, Harrow cracking his neck and Gale stretching their legs like they were about to run a marathon before approaching Dieter once more.

Though the synth lion had an idea of what was about to happen only Gale took off his thong, revealing the thick piece of meat that hung between his legs while Harrow merely got to the floor. After watching the two and the way their athletic physiques moved they were the pinnacle of masculinity; their bodies not bulging with muscle that was overdone like some bodybuilders or with asymmetrical forms like some who work out certain areas more than others, with these creatures every inch of their body was made to be the perfect machine and it caused Dieter to lick their lips. The action had not gone unnoticed by the two and Gale said that he was glad that he was getting his mouth warmed up, the stag giving him a coy and confident smirk as he stepped forward.

Even with his feet almost touching the floor the stag didn’t have to extend himself at all in order to get the head of his cock in front of their muzzle, the color of the flesh almost as golden as his antlers as he told Dieter to pleasure him. It sounded more like an order than asking and even though the tip was almost as big as their head they found themselves sticking out their tongue and giving it a lick. It caused Gale to shudder in pleasure and when Dieter asked if that was alright since their mouths wouldn’t fit the stag just smiled at them and said to do what feels right and just go with the flow. With their neck bound to the table however there wasn’t much that the lion synth could do except for continue to nuzzle and lick, though as they did they found themselves growing more eager to please and that rubbing against it was causing their own arousal to build.

With the upper body of the first Ceryneian Hind blocking their vision Dieter didn’t realize that Harrow hadn’t stopped moving forward either until they felt hot breath licking against their groin, which prompted their cock to slide out. The stag commented on the interesting sheath and as Dieter tried to respond they found themselves with a face full of deer cock as their own was being licked on. Once in a while the synth tried to move their arms and legs to shift position but was quickly reminded of their bindings, which meant to them that the two deer were in charge as the tip of the cock they had been pleasuring began to get guided into their maw. There was no way, Dieter thought to themselves, but as the hot, pulsating flesh was nudged against their lips they decided to give it a shot and stretched their mouths open as much as they could.

The second that they did so Dieter let out a muffled grunt of shock as the head popped into their feline muzzle, though there wasn’t much else that could fit in there as their tongue rubbed against the head. As they looked up Gale had closed their eyes and was rocking back and forth, getting into the act even though that was as far as he could go inside the synth. Beneath him Harrow was having much more luck with his endeavor and as the lion felt their cock slide completely into their maw there was still plenty of room left for the deer to swirl their tongues around. Soon though it became more about the pleasure than what was happening and more than once Dieter found themselves practically vibrating in their restraints as Gale teased his cock in and out of their muzzle several times with each time getting in slightly deeper. As their hips began to thrust forward as best they could what the synth didn’t realize was that their member was doing the same, and as Harrow had to pull back further and further to get his lips to the tip he had also began to massage the feet of the lion.

As the first inch of the deer’s cock managed to push past their lips Dieter could feel Harrow doing something to their feet, the fingers doing more than just pressing against his feline toes, but between the leather strap around his neck and the other man on top of them it was hard to see anything beyond a wall of speckled brown fur. One think they did know was that Harrow was an expert on what they were doing to the point like they were getting a second erection as the tongue of the stag slipped out and also managed to lick between their legs. It caused Dieter to snort their their nose several times and as they attempted to curl their toes they found that they felt rather stiff, like the metal had been bound or welded together. At first they thought that perhaps it was some sort of bindings like they had done with the rest of their body, but as Gale announced that he was done and pulled back while Harrow did the same it gave Dieter a chance to see how wrong they were.

Dieter let out a slight gasp as they saw that the reason they couldn’t move their toes anymore was because they didn’t have any! While the ends of his legs were still metallic they found themselves sporting a pair of brass hooves just like the ones that the other two had, which Harrow was quick to say was a hallmark of the Ceryneian Hind. As their gaze went upwards they also noticed the other aspect of the stag’s work, Dieter seeing that their cock not only no longer retracted into their body but instead of the usual rubber of synth it was a half a foot of golden flesh that jutted out from their groin that had also sported a fresh patch of brown fur. It was a bizarre sight on their otherwise leonine synth body, though as Gale brought a mirror up to show Dieter their face they saw that the reason they were able to fit more of the deer’s cock in their maw was because their feline muzzle had stretched out, his face looking as cervine as the two grinning at them. Even their ears had changed and as they looked at the top of their head they saw a pair of golden points that stuck up from the mane they still had around their neck.

“Not a bad start, if I do say so myself,” Gale said as Harrow went over in order to unstrap the partially transformed creature from the board. “Still have quite a bit of work to go but we’ll make you into a Ceryneian Hind yet, and once you finish then you can also finish, if you know what I mean. Think of it as extra motivation, oh, and you’re going to want this if you want to start the next phase without slapping yourself in the stomach.”

Before Dieter could ask what that meant they suddenly found a piece of leather tossed in their face, the thong hanging off of their new snout as the two chuckled and told them to come down once they were ready. Even though the straps were off the new hooves made them feel unsteady as they got to their feet while Gale put his thong back on and the two went down the stairs. Between the new head, his new equipment, and his new hooves everything felt unsteady as they tried to get a new sense of where their center of gravity was. It took a few minutes but they finally felt like they could walk and when they were sure they wouldn’t fall over Dieter slipped the thong on that surprisingly fit them, trying not to quiver from the supple leather rubbing up against them as they went down the stairs as slowly as they could.

As they passed the table to get outside where the two stags were Dieter noticed that the table and chairs were slightly shorter, and though they reasoned that was likely gained by the extra height gained by his new feet it did seem like they had grown a bit taller as well while they stepped outside and greeted the other two. “Welcome to your first real step in Hind training,” Harrow said once he saw Dieter. “Now that you have your hooves you’re going to learn to run with the swiftness of foot that we’re known for.”

“So all that back there, that was just to get the hooves?” Dieter asked, which caused the two to snicker.

“The rest is to learn how to adjust with new proportions,” Gale chimed in. “But also we like to have fun. Now before we can let you just run around like the deer you’re going to be we have to make sure that everything is done safely, which means proper gear to ensure that you don’t hurt yourself…”

About ten minutes later the three men stood in the middle of the forest, Harrow and Gale both holding onto a leather strap that was attached to the body harness that they had strapped around the body of the lion synth. “I’m starting to think that all this stuff is more of a personal preference,” Dieter commented as they brought a hand up against the ring of the x-harness that wrapped around their chest while they felt one of the leather straps against their thigh get tightened until it was a snug fit. “How does this keep me safe during running?”

“You’ll see,” Harrow said as Dieter suddenly felt something get pulled over their head, realizing that it was a leather hood with a collar that the hind strapped around their neck. As the leather pressed around their new muzzle they tried to say something that came out muffled, which prompted the stag to look and unzip the front to allow Dieter to speak. “Sorry, forgot that was closed, anyway now that you’re prepared go ahead and run as fast as you can to that really big tree down there.”

It took a second for Dieter to figure out which big tree they were talking about, which was at the end of an open alley that was created by the placement of the others. It was hard to see because it was nearly a hundred yards away by their estimation and as they got ready they were surprised to hear Gale say that it should take them about five seconds. Five seconds… that wouldn’t even get them past the first tree that grew along side the path, Dieter thought to themselves, but when they looked over as Gale they saw that he was dead serious and even had a stopwatch. When Harrow told Dieter to get ready though they nodded and tried to get in the best position possible to start running, tensing their muscles when they heard set, and pushing off their hoof when they heard go.

The very next second there was a loud snap as every leather strap that was attached to Dieter went taught and suddenly the synth found themselves in the middle of the air, floating there as their feet kicked out from underneath them before they landed flat on their back. As they hit the ground with a soft thud they saw that somehow they were almost halfway to the tree already and when they tilted their heads backwards they saw that both Harrow and Gale had been dragged at least ten feet while clutching onto their leads. Once it was clear that Dieter had stopped they dropped the leashes and walked up to them, hovering over their face as the sun streamed down on them from overhead.

“Fleet of foot doesn’t mean fleet of direction,” Harrow said as the two reached down and helped Dieter up. “The gifts of Lady Artemis may be immediate and instinctive but they still require practice to hone. Even if we told you to go down to that tree at a light jog there would be a Dieter-shaped hole in the middle of it and we’d spend the next two hours in the forest looking for you.”

Dieter just nodded as he tried to unkink his body from the whiplash that he had just gotten, his vision still spinning slightly as the two brought them back to the start line and told them to try and stop before the leads went taught and to use the divots that they had created the first time as a guide to slow down. More than once however the synth still found themselves still falling on their back, but as they continued to work with them they started to get the hang of controlling their speed. More than once they still dragged the other two with them but they stopped themselves before the snapback was so great that it caused them to fall. While Dieter had down significant progress that day they decided to stop for the night and Harrow and Gale once more practically dragged the synth back into their cabin for dinner.

Once they had gotten inside they set Dieter down on one of the chairs and proceeded to make dinner, which consisted of a rather large salad. When the synth asked what kinds of food they could get in while they ate the deer said that they weren’t really bound by any constraints, which was shown when Gale and Harrow both tore into a rack of ribs that they practically cleaned down to the bone. It was a surprising thing to see deer eating meat but Harrow said that they would see themselves once they were ready for it. As Dieter turned back to their salad they did find it really good, though it seemed that the stags were making their choices for them.

When they were done the stags showed Dieter up to the bedroom, which consisted of a shared bed between the three of them. It was huge and even with their added height they had to be practically hoisted up into it before they sank down into the soft bedding. As they laid there they saw Harrow and Gale take off their tongues and get in as well, but as they did the synth suddenly felt something press up against his back. Before they could turn around to see what it was Harrow shifted forward and Dieter suddenly found that they were sandwiched between two huge deer cocks, and when the two asked if they could help them out even if they were a bit on the small side Dieter couldn’t help but nod in agreement.

The first night the feeling of those thick golden shafts was incredible, even as they merely grinded against their body the sound of the two bigger men grunting and groaning had caused them to grow hard as well. These creatures were truly legendary and they found themselves pressing their arms and legs as best they could against them in order to stimulate them further even if it was essentially just a hand job. When they orgasmed Dieter found it was a dry climax and the two often fell asleep after they had their fun. As the nights turned to weeks the cycle continued, consisting of training, food, and sex that mostly involved the stags dominating him, though sometimes as they laid on top and humped into his body they would involve the lion in a long, slow make-out session or suck him off while making sure he didn’t orgasm.

Though it was hard to tell time in that realm Dieter could sense that about a month had passed, but as they finished up their training for the day they found that other than their first day he hadn’t changed much. They had grown maybe a few more inches and his antlers were slightly bigger, but as they palmed their thong while waiting to hear what they were going to do next they found that the rest of their body hadn’t grown much at all. What made matters worse was that more than once while they had them doing stamina exercises they start to have sex with each other, as though to show off in front of them as one of them bent the other over and plowed into their tailhole while they watched on with growing envy. One thing that seemed to be going Dieter’s way though was that they were getting much better control over their speed, to the point they even removed some of the leads so that the two stags were just holding onto the ones attached to their wrists and ankles.

When Harrow called it for the night Dieter was surprised that he didn’t even feel that tired, though his muscles were sore from falling on his back for the first half of the day. “So Dieter,” Harrow said with a grin as he put a huge muscular arm around his shoulders. “How would you like to celebrate your new points?”

“New points?” Dieter repeated, reaching up to the gold antlers that adorned their head and found that they had grown a bit and had split off at the tips. “Oh hey, look at that. Gosh, I don’t know, can we order out or something?”

The two stags chuckled at that but as Harrow continued to keep his arm around the synth he pointed forward at Gale who was a few steps ahead gathering up the leather straps. “We can certainly do something like that, but considering how often you stare at Gale how about him instead?” The sudden lustful turn that that tone of the conversation took caused Dieter to shiver slightly as they looked over just in time to see the other stag bend down and put his rear up in the air. “Go on, at this point he’s all yours, he won’t even see it coming.”

“See what coming?” Dieter asked as he swallowed hard.

“The fucking that you’re about to give him,” Harrow said as he leaned in close to the point where his voice was almost a whisper. “You’re a servant of the goddess of the hunt now, so go hunt. Or are you just going to stand there and stare while someone else takes your prize away from you, just like you have been?”

The power and arousal that was behind those words caused the synth to practically tremble as they could hear that same authoritative tone that Gale had used earlier, knowing that they did desire the stag and that the chance to actually shove their cock into his tailhole was reaching a boiling point. They felt their body flex as their lusts grew stronger by the second, but at the last second they stopped and sighed loudly. “I… I don’t think I can,” Dieter said finally. “He’s bigger than me, and I wouldn’t want to impede myself like that…”

“Thought you might say that,” Harrow said, and as Dieter felt the hand move off of his shoulder the next second the straps that had been tied to his arms were pulled back. The sudden movement caused the synth to nearly fall backwards before they were suspended in the air as the Ceryneian Hind looked down at him with a predatory grin while licking his chops. “A shame, I thought you might actually give Gale a ride there for a second the way you were staring at him like a piece of meat to a hound.”

As Dieter felt Harrow manipulate the leather straps so that the synth was suddenly on his hands and knees he heard the other stag come up behind him. “Didn’t take the bait, huh?” Gale asked, Harrow shaking his head as the synth felt the straps on his ankle cuffs get pulled on to spread his legs apart. “I’m actually surprised with the way he had been acting but we’ll get him to act like the legend he is, or perhaps we’ll just leave him tied up like this and he can be our subby little pet deer that we can bind up whenever we want. I think after he gets a taste of how Lady Artemis expects all those in her realm to act he’s going to come around, I bet within the week he’ll have you on your hands and knees seeing how far he can stretch out your throat with his new cock.”

“I’ll take it and add on at the same time he’ll probably have your tailhole wrapped around his cock around the same time,” Harrow shot back with a smirk. “If he’s going to be dominant to either of us first it’s going to be you.” The two laughed and then turned their attention to Dieter, who was practically sprawled out between them. Even though they felt they had grown bigger if they were about to do what they looked like they were about to do they didn’t think there was any way that this was going to work as they felt the thong get snapped off of them to expose their tailhole.

As the tip of the stag’s golden cock pushed up against their nose however it was clear where it was going, and as Harrow told them to open wide they found themselves doing it. Somewhere between the time of restraining them and getting into position both stags had lost their own thongs and as the throbbing head pushed up against their cervine muzzle they nuzzled and licked at it again. But Harrow clearly wasn’t going to be satisfied with that and the synth’s eyes snapped open as the tip was pushed past their lips and began to slide further back, causing their jaws to stretch as they began to feel something rub up against their backside. When they tried to pull their hands back they found that the leather straps attached to their cuffs had been tied around Harrow’s ankles, which as the stag leaned forward it pulled Dieter in and caused even more of the thick shaft to slide into their maw.

These deer are so dominant, Dieter thought to themselves as they looked back and found Gale had done something similar the straps around their ankles, were these really what creatures of the hunt were all about? It certainly seemed that way as they felt the tip of Gale’s cock start to push into them, which caused the synth to nearly jump when they felt their ring of muscle get opened rather easily. It was like the stag’s cock was meant to be inside him, that he was actually just some toy like he had mentioned earlier. With Gale stretching open their tailhole and Harrow having several inches already inside their maw it felt like these two extremely assertive creatures could do whatever they want with their body as they heard the words subby pet deer ringing in his mind.

“Ah, I can see that you’re starting to see what being the prey feels like,” Harrow said, prompting Dieter to look up even though it was a bit hard with the deer cock in their mouth. “That’s a good experience to have here too; we may be the servants of Lady Artemis but we are still deer, even if we are legendary ones that can breathe fire, which we’ll teach later. But one important thing to learn is that even if you might be the prey this time you are still a virile, masculine deer of a legendary nature, which means even if you’re being spit-roasted by two muscular assertive stags it doesn’t mean that you can’t still be one too.”

As the hands of the bigger stags ran down his chest and back a spark felt like it had been lit inside of them. Harrow was right, even if they might be a bit submissive that didn’t mean they couldn’t act confidently, and if they were going to be tied up between them then they were going to show them just how much they belonged. As the two were slowly pushing in and out of the synth the creature between them suddenly grabbed the straps attached to Harrow and pulled him closer, the stag letting out a slight yelp as Dieter began to bob their head up and down on the shaft of the other man more aggressively. At the same time he hooked his hooved feet around the bent knees of Gale and did something similar, and as both of them were brought closer the synth found themselves able to take in more of the two creatures.

“That’s what I’m talking about!” Gale shouted as he leaned forward, running his fingertips along the sides of the synth and brown fur began to sprout from the metal plating. “Time to start fucking like the horny animals we are.”

“Legendary horny animals,” Harrow corrected, though he suddenly let out a gasp of pure pleasure as Dieter managed to push themselves down to get the head of his cock to pop into their throat. “Oh damn, let’s do this, I’m not about to get outdone by some newbie Ceryneian Hind.”

He called him a Ceryneian Hind, it was the first time since they had started their training that they actually referred to them as one and it caused Dieter’s chest to swell with pride. All the nights where they picked their food and gave them a prey diet, of letting them use their body while remaining the submissive little pet, all the times they teased each other while they were in bondage all felt like a culmination to this point. As their body began to grow to the point where their muzzle was starting to push forward onto the cock of the other man they could feel the fur growing, the muscle stretching, the power swelling up inside of them. Even the antlers on their head began to push out as the creature between the two saw the metal disappearing on their body and thought good, they were no longer Dieter the synth lion…

…HE was Squall the Ceryneian Hind!

The two stags leaned back as they were pushed by the growing male as the seven foot guy between them started to stretch outwards, the leather straps fortunately magical in nature to stretch around the growing muscles as the new stag practically thrashed in their grasp from the sexual stimulation. The weeks of being pent up and lusting after his two partners came out in a big way as he practically toppled them over in order to get their cocks inside of him, but the two Hinds were not ones to be outdone. While Harrow had fallen backwards he quickly leaned forward and pulled Squall down into his lap so that his cock would slide straight down into his throat, causing his hips to push upwards from the incredible sensation of their newest stag clamping down around it. At the same time Gale also recovered and grabbed onto the leather chest harness that was still on him and began to thrust down, a lustful smirk on his face as he still wanted to show who was the dominant one still while he found himself able to push his cock in all the way to the hilt.

As Squall huffed through his nose the primal pleasure that he got was causing his entire transforming body to shiver, though there was little he could do with his throat and tailhole impaled so thoroughly that he had essentially rutted himself into being squished by the other two muscular deer. Just having his head buried in those powerful thighs while feeling the ones behind him slap against his own was enough for him, but as he felt the fur of the other stag shift he suddenly found himself able to see again. Harrow continued to keep a hold on the collar and thrust upwards onto his hips, but as Squall felt a pair of lips wrap around his own shaft his body practically melted.

This was it, the ten foot stag thought as he felt the nostrils of Harrow brush against his thickening pectorals and abs that were popping out from his fur, he knew that he would get his first orgasm after waiting for so long. The other Ceryneian Hind was more than willing to please a member of his herd as he took his tongue and drew the throbbing shaft in, which was easy as Squall could feel his cock stretching as though to push itself inside. As it reached an impressive stature similar to the one that was sliding in and out of his own throat he felt Gale ease up a bit so that he could enjoy his first blow job as a deer, letting out muffled pants around the one inside his muzzle as Gale shifted his angle and thrusted downwards to push more of it into Harrow who relentlessly sucked on it until he finally came.

Squall’s head popped off of Harrow’s cock to let out a noise unlike anything he had ever made before as he came, feeling him pump his first load into the other hind while he was caught in the face by a jet from the other deer. Gale wasn’t too far behind as the tailhole clamped around his throbbing shaft, the sounds of the three rutting Ceryeian Hind’s echoing through the forest until they finally collapsed on top of one another. “This doesn’t count towards the bet by the way,” Harrow said once the cock inside od his muzzle flopped out of it after they had recovered.

“I still think I’m going to win,” Gale said with a chuckle as he saw that Harrow’s mouth was dripping and his stomach was distended. “Damn, was I that pent up when I first went off?”

“Considering how long it took you, yeah,” Harrow joked as he patted Squall on the back, watching the Hind use his thick arms to push himself up as he rubbed the fluid off of his face. “Whoops, looks like I got you there, after firing dry for so long you forget that it can be a little messy.”

“Nothing a quick dip in the lake can’t fix,” Squall replied with a grin, admiring his new voice while also looking down at his new body. For the first time since he had arrived on this plane he could look at the other two eye to eye while he flexed his new muscles and told the other two his new name. “Maybe we can go for a swim?”

“Try again Squall,” Harrow said as both he and Gale crossed their arms over their chests.

“Right, let’s go swim in the lake,” Squall said as he pumped his meaty fist in the air. “And after that I’m going to eat a whole steak and then we’re going into bed where I can be between you two and finally fit you inside of me, you don’t know how frustrating that was all those times…”

Eventually Artemis returned to see the new Ceryneian Hind lying in the grass next to the lake completely naked with an entire chicken next to him, pushing a drumstick into his muzzle and pulling out a clean bone before he tossed it into the lake. “It’s always interesting to watch deer eat a bird,” Artemis said, the goddess smiling as he got up and reached over to put on the thong only to trip over it and fall on his face. “Still getting the graceful part down I see, and it’s nothing I haven’t seen before.”

“Of course Lady Artemis,” Squall replied as he tossed the broken leather thong aside before giving her a bow. “Do you wish to go on a run together? I think Harrow and Gale are around here somewhere.”

“Actually I bring news back of your home realm,” Artemis replied. “It appears that aside from being a terrible hunter your descendant of Heracles also happens to be a terrible fighter as well and lost his life while confronting someone else that he believed would get him to godhood. It appears that his quest is at an end, though not in the way I’m sure he wanted.”

“Oh, that’s good to hear,” Squall replied, suddenly feeling a bit anxious. “Does that mean I have to go back?”

“Of course not, my sweet Hind,” Artemis said as she reached into her cloak and pulled something out of it, the stag’s eyes widening as he knelt down and held what felt like the significantly smaller statue in his hands. “Since you can never return back to your home and you left rather hastily I thought that I would pick something up for you before they declared you a missing person, and if you promise not to bludgeon anyone with it then I think that you should have a small piece of your former life.”

As Squall looked at the gryphon statue he found himself nodding, though it was hard to believe it had been so long since he had thought of Dieter and everything else that was there. He wasn’t sure how much time had passed in this realm and part of him didn’t care, especially not when he had Harrow and Gale along with a few others that roamed the woods nearby. The herd and being a servant of the hunt was his life now, and once more he found himself thanking Lady Artemis before he looked up and realized that she was gone. He had to learn how to do that, Squall thought to himself as he brought his trinket into the cabin and placed it on the mantle that had a few others on it, perhaps sometime he could use it to finally sneak up on Gale like he should have last time..

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Chapter Gryphon:

The empire of the griffon is one that is aptly named; the entire region is feared for the winged creatures that they house who protect and fight for the kingdom that they call home. It is also home to the only anthro griffon in all of existence whom also happens to be the royalty and commands the powerful feral creatures that are also of its namesake. With their combined efforts it allowed the kingdom not only unrivaled safety even in times of conflict, either in direct or indirect threats, but has allowed the area to expand into areas that most would consider to be too hard to make into a viable habitat. Thanks to the griffons however the citizens are able to get to areas otherwise inaccessible to other kingdoms… a fact that had made the others in the surrounding areas jealous of their prosperity.

That was where Vorkax had come in, the purple-furred wolf was a general of a neighboring kingdom whose dangerous mountains that crossed its southern borders suddenly became infested with the winged creatures right under their nose. Even though they wouldn’t have been able to traverse the dangerous pass ways and jagged peaks themselves the fact that the empire of the griffon did so without even talking to them had sparked an era of conflict between the two. While it never became all out war there were several skirmishes that happened at the border of the lands and had significantly cooled all relationships to the point where citizens of one kingdom were not allowed in the other. In seeking an end to the conflict the wolf attempted to try and infiltrate one of the nesting areas and steal a griffon egg, but he had underestimated just how heavily guarded the area was and was swiftly picked up by one of them and captured.

That had been two weeks ago, and Vorkax hadn’t seen the outside of his prison cell since then. Even though they weren’t directly engaged the act of attempted espionage had rendered the creature as an enemy of the empire and his kingdom couldn’t get him out without significant perils on their end. Since he had been flown directly back to the capital of the griffon empire even escape wasn’t an option since he would not only stick out in this avian kingdom but they had eyes in the sky everywhere. Unfortunately it appeared to Vorkax that he would never see the light of day again as he waited in the prison cell for the kingdom to eventually execute him as an example to everyone else out there.

It appeared to him that time was about to happen too as he saw two men come up to his cell, both of them dressed in the shiny metal armor emblazoned with the same griffon that was everywhere in the kingdom. “Yep, that’s Vorkax,” the first guard, a lizardman by the look of it even with his helmet on, said as he looked at a piece of parchment. “Wolf, purple fur, eastern dragon influences… now come over to the bars, you don’t want to be late for your date.”

Vorkax sighed as he went over to the bars, turning with his back to them and sticking his hands out so the guards could reach through and shackle them. “I didn’t think that a rope cared what time it was,” Vorkax grumbled as he felt another pair being put around his wrists. “Or is it the audience that you no doubt summoned to see it that are the ones that are waiting.”

The two guards didn’t say anything but merely snickered at the comment, which made Vorkax wonder if perhaps he had been wrong about his fate after all. Most soldiers would be more then content to gloat over a prisoner of war that was about to be executed, the wolf thought as he was told to turn around and face the door, did that mean that perhaps they had other plans for him? Maybe his kingdom managed to bail him out after all, though the fact that he had gone on the mission alone and without the consent of the advisors meant that they weren’t too keen on getting him back on the first place. No doubt if he wasn’t hung here he may face the same fate in his own kingdom, though as the guards went to a section of the wall and began to tap on the bricks he found himself even more confused.

The three stood there for a few seconds before the guard tapping on the brick suddenly caused one of them to depress and Vorkax jumped back as the wall slid away. “What’s this?” Vorkax asked as he was guided into the passageway. “Secret torture chamber?”

“No,” the lizardman guard said handedly as he lit a torch before continuing on. “Torturin is immoral.”

“Well, yes, but that doesn’t stop a lot of kingdoms from disregarding that,” Vorkax replied, eager to try and pump some sort of information out of these two now that they were talking. “So what’s this then? Secret rendezvous? Prisoner of war spa day?”

The two guards looked at one another but didn’t say a word anymore, but from the stern looks on their faces and shrugging shoulders it seemed like they didn’t actually know what his fate was. Vorkax kept quiet after that and continued to walk with the two guards for what seemed like ages until they finally got to what looked like another brick wall. This one pushed away rather easily and the guards motioned for the wolf to step forward while remaining at the entrance. As he was about to step inside however he was suddenly stopped and for a second Vorkax had thought he had mistakenly stepped forward only to feel the heavy iron around his wrists and ankles get unlocked and pulled away.

Before Vorkax had a chance to turn around the wall slid shut behind him and left him alone in what felt like a park. While the area was somewhat small there were a few trees about and even a large water features along one of the walls. Not being particularly picky the wolf went over and took a few drinks to quench his thirst before investigating the rest of the area further. It doesn’t take him long to walk around the perimeter of the place and one thing he noticed in particular was that there were no other walls or windows in the area, which meant that unless one was a winged creature they wouldn’t even probably know this place existed. A secret garden in the middle of a palace… that didn’t bode well for Vorkax as he sat down on one of the stones.

“Make yourself comfortable,” a voice said, Vorkax spinning around to see the anthro griffon king standing there.

“Your majesty,” Vorkax replied. “Bold of you to meet a prisoner of war all by yourself.”

“Not so bold I’m afraid,” the king replied before Vorkax suddenly found himself flanked by two more members of the royal guard, though unlike the first two they had masks covering their faces. “But I must be here in order to make sure that everything goes to plan, just like you must be. But before anything can happen we must have you be proper, which is the other reason why these three are here.”

Three… before Vorkax could do anything he suddenly found someone that was behind him grab him by the shirt while feeling the blade of a knife against his fur. For a second he thought that this was it and they were going to kill him right there but as he heard a loud ripping sound he realized it was his clothes that were the only thing getting stabbed. It didn’t take long before he was completely naked and a bucket of cold water was thrown on him, which prompted him to react before he saw the crossbow pointed at his face to make sure he complied. Once he was dried off the naked wolf stood there with his purple and brown mane still dripping slightly as he glared at the king.

The griffon just smiled at him before raising his hand up in the air, the palm glowing with light. “You should feel honored Vorkax,” the king explained as everything began to get brighter, including the sky. “There are very few that have seen what you are about to see, the true power of my family and the empire of the griffon.”

All Vorkax could do was stand there as the wind kicked up, rustling the leaves and branches of the trees around them as the sky turned a deep blue despite it being the middle of the day. When the king looked up the wolf couldn’t help but do the same, and when he did his jaw dropped as what looked like a shooting star was coming straight towards them. When it landed on the ground he found that it was actually an ethereal shape that formed into a huge griffon, bigger than any winged creature he had seen before and with a body that looked like it was made of the starry night sky. That meant only one thing, something that had before been only rumor of even existing…

…the king was able to summon a celestial griffon.

“Noble griffon and deity of my bloodline,” the king said as he gestured towards Vorkax, who suddenly realized that he was alone as the gleaming eyes of the solidifying creature suddenly turned towards him. “As per the deal arranged between my family and your kind I offer you this sacrifice. He was a general of a neighboring kingdom before he attempted to infiltrate our nesting areas, to what end we don’t know and are sure that you don’t care.”

“Wait a second, sacrifice?” Vorkax said as he took a step back, though that was quickly dwarfed by the one the feral creature made as it moved towards him. “You can’t be serious! Your family stays in power because you sacrifice people to a giant star bird?!”

“Silence!” the celestial griffon said, his voice booming as it rattled the trees before it leaned its head towards the shaken wolf. “Yes… this one will do fine.” With the beak nearly pushing into the chest of the other man Vorkax found himself falling back on the grass as the celestial griffon turned towards the king. “Your sacrifice has been accepted.”

Before Vorkax had a chance to react the huge griffon reached forward and wrapped his huge forepaw around his body, keeping a grip on him without squeezing too tightly as the creature sat back. At first he thought that he was about to be eaten but he soon found the head of the large griffon disappearing and his destination becoming lower and lower, until finally the confused wolf found his head right up around the groin of the creature. When Vorkax found himself being brought closer to the opening of the sheath it caused him to be confused on what was about to happen, but with his arms and legs pinned to his side there was nothing he could do but wait to see what the celestial griffon had in store for him.

As his head was brought up against the large slit that was almost as big as his shoulders he was about to open his mouth again, only to close it immediately as the huge paw shoved him inside up to his chest! He could feel the rest of his body squirming to get out but the strength of the celestial creature kept him easily up inside of it as his head was completely enveloped by the sheath of the creature. Despite being a deity he found the inside to be musky and slick, which only aided in his descent into the heavy pouch that contained the creature’s cock. The wolf was small enough that the celestial griffon was able to get the entirety of his body inside of it and as the opening of the sheath closed back up it put Vorkax into total darkness and surrounded by musk as his fur almost immediately became matted down onto his body.

Vorkax felt something shift up against him and he could sense that his body being inside was more than just a punishment for him, feeling the entire form of the creature vibrate in pleasure as what he guessed was the head of the griffon’s cock began to press up against him. Unbelievable, he thought to himself, he was a general and his fate was going to be what, a vibrator for a celestial creature? As though to answer his question he felt a thick glob of sticky liquid bubble up from the tip and coat nearly half of his body, which the other half got as the celestial griffon shifted his position and caused him to slide around inside. With no clothing on the only barrier that he had between the flesh of the griffon and himself was his fur, though with the pre that was soaking into it he may as well have been shaved as his trapped body was being pressed up against the walls of the sheath from the cock growing harder within it.

For a brief moment the wolf attempted to escape, but with the slimy walls being coated with even more pre and the cock of the creature starting to thicken even more it was pressing his body against the wall and pinning him there. It was also doing something else, a slight moan escaping from Vorkax’s mouth despite himself as the musk, the heat, and the smell of sex was causing him to become stimulated as well. He had a hard time processing this though as he continued to try and shift around to possibly get a way out. As he managed to get to a point where he felt like his stomach and chest were up against the throbbing wall of the cock still contained within, his own rubbing against it despite himself, he suddenly felt like he was being lifted off the ground.

Oh no, Vorkax though in panic as he felt himself dangling slightly lower, the celestial griffon just took off! With no idea what he was going to do the wolf tried to focus on just surviving, breathing through his mouth in order to limit the musky scent that was causing him to become more aroused by the second and staying as still as possible. The jostling of the body made it hard to even stay steady though and every time he shifted it caused his own throbbing maleness to rub against the one that was growing harder with every passing second. If this creature was flying through the air and his cock extended though Vorkax wondered just how much trouble he would be in, but as his body continued to heat up he began to feel… very strange.

At first he thought that his hands and feet were just going numb, but as he continued to try and brace himself against the walls of the sheath it began to feel like they were growing bigger. Though it was almost pitch black in the sheath he was in it felt like his fingers were starting to grow stiffer and his feet were becoming more pronounced. Once more however it was hard to focus as the lust that he was experiencing had started to affect his brain more and more, though the more he tried not to think about the griffon he was riding in the sheath of the more he found himself focusing on it. Those strong flanks, powerful wings, the godly cock that was still pressing up against him, it was all starting to turn him on much more than the typical means as his incarceration began to feel less so.

No… it had to be some sort of trick of this celestial creature, Vorkax thought to himself as he tried to repel the idea of being horny for griffons. It was just an extraordinary situation, one that was punctuated as another dollop of pre drooled down the heavy cock and proceeded to soak him even more in the sexual fluids. Once more the sheath was starting to get tighter but this time it was because of him as he shook his head only to feel his muzzle start to harden, pressing his fingers in to find his teeth starting to retract. When he did that he also felt the similarly stiff flesh on his forearms and realized that it wasn’t just his mind that the celestial griffon was trying to corrupt, it was his body too!

The realization made Vorkax squirm even more, but all that did was cause his body to become even more needy and eventually he was once more rubbing his growing cock against the creature that had housed him. He let out another garbled moan as he felt his flesh around his pulsating maleness start to loosen, then form up around it. A griffon, he was becoming a griffon, and the longer he stayed within the confines of this sheath the more appealing of an idea it was to him. As he thought about escaping the idea of the celestial griffon soaring through the air made him let out a chirp of resentment, wishing for a brief moment that he could do it before he got a hold of himself.

Fight the corruption, Vorkax tried to tell himself, if he could just wait until this creature landed perhaps he could somehow get out of this and reverse the changes… though why would he want to reverse them? It was becoming harder for him to remember why he would want to do such a thing as his hips popped and his legs shifted effortless into place from the magic infused in the pre coating him. While his purple fur remained the same it grew longer as his tail thinned out, becoming more feline as his thoughts once more went back to humping up against the huge cock of the other male. It was unlike anything he had ever experienced before and as the musk went from overwhelming to intoxicating his growing body pushed hard against the thickening rod of flesh.

It was at that point that there was a large jostling and the cum-covered creature realized that they had landed, though that just meant that he could get even better leverage on this deific maleness as he rubbed his muzzle against it while it hardened and grew out into a beak. He hadn’t even realized his ears had shifted until he felt them twitch on the top of his light-purple feathered head. With his body fully in the throes of grinding his foot long cock against the one pressing against him the rest of the changes to the transforming wolf went largely unnoticed, even when his fingers snapped and merged together to become avian forepaws and his chest barreled out into its new feral configuration.

One thing that Vorkax did notice however was something pressing against his back into the wall of the sheath that he had started to slide up, feeling something pushing their way out of his thickening muscles as he let out another loud squawk of pleasure. Wings… the celestial griffon had granted him his wings, which up until that moment he didn’t even know how badly he wanted them. With his new appendages the new feral griffon felt… complete, like he had been missing something up until that moment and he finally got it. As his wings continued to expand there was something else happening as well, feeling his body continue to press up against the walls of the shrinking sheath until finally he smelled something other than the heady aroma of the other creature’s musk that he had been surrounded by.

Vorkax let out a loud gasp as his avian head breached through the tip of the sheath, the growing cock helping to push his new cum-soaked body as he folded back the wings he had just gotten to make it easier. It wasn’t long before the fully erect cock of the celestial griffon pushed its way out and with it the newly created griffon that had been housed within. As Vorkax got up shakily he felt his body quickly start to dry off, the celestial cum that he had been coated in flaking off his body as he looked around. His beak opened in awe as he saw himself in an endless night sky with bright blue clouds, though there were other creatures much like the celestial griffon that flew around while he sat there in the ethereal nest.

“Is this…” Vorkax started to say.

“Yes, this is the celestial plane,” the celestial griffon replied. “Welcome to your new home, you will have the honor of serving me in your new form.”

As Vorkax felt the beak of the other creature ruffle through his feathers he wasn’t sure what to say, his corrupted brain filled with emotions of joy at being able to serve such a magnificent creature. The wolf that had been the sacrifice was no longer present in the body of the griffon that had been created, save for the circular markings on his back and the purple fur and feathers that adorned his body. He took great joy in those and looked forward to be admired upon when he once more went down to the material plane in order to be the herald of the celestial griffon to the king and his family. That was whom they served after all, after the celestial griffon himself as he felt his avian cock bouncing up between his hind legs.

When Vorkax realized that his new master was in the same condition he turned immediately in order to rub up against it, which the celestial griffon reciprocated with shifting around his body not only in position but size as well. Even with the augmented body that he had been given the smaller griffon would not have been able to do anything but continue to grind up against the cock that had given him such a form, but as he turned and lowered his chest while bringing his hind quarters up in the air the other creature had shrank down to a point where it would fit with the aid of his powers. “You honor me my lord,” Vorkax said as he felt the bigger griffon hover over him. “Use me as your cock sleeve like I used yours in order to be blessed with this form.”

With his butt still coated from the ride up it wasn’t hard for the deep blue cock to start sliding into the tailhole of the one beneath him, Vorkax letting out a cry of pure ecstasy at giving his lord pleasure. “You are well suited to this task,” the celestial griffon said with a grunt as he continued to push his hips forward. “I knew that when I saw you that you would take to your new role well, and here you are offering yourself to me. Now receive your reward for being such a loyal creature and servicing your master.”

Vorkax let out a raspy breath as the head of the avian cock inside of him pushed in so deep that he could feel it inside of him. When he shifted his head down he saw the outline of it on his underside with his own cock bouncing up and down, and as the celestial griffon began to rock his hips back and forth in a controlled manner the purple griffon let out another cry that resonated through the sky as he came for the first time in his new body. The sensation of the celestial cock inside of him plus being fresh off his transformation had made the orgasmic experience feel like he had just changed again, but as he fell to the ground his hindquarters remained up in the air with his tailhole still stuffed full from the bigger male behind him. while he had gotten off his master hadn’t, and he wouldn’t be done until his belly was bloated with divine cum to paint his insides just like his outsides were…

A week had passed since the empire of the griffon had sent its latest envoy off into the sky with their keeper, the king sitting on his throne looking at the missives that had been sent to him from their neighbors. It appeared that the solution he had come up with concerning the former general known as Vorkax had been more than acceptable, even if they weren’t sure on the terms of what had happened. The celestial griffon was one of the most closely guarded secrets of his family and he intended to keep it that way, but getting a sacrifice out of it and placating his neighbors was worth it in order to let go of a few details. As he sat there however he suddenly felt a tingling sensation at the back of his neck and told the court tactician he was sitting with that he needed to go out for some air before hopping off the nearby balcony and flapping his wings.

After a few circles over the palace he finally landed in the one place that only he and a few others knew of, the secret garden that was the source of power and the summoning point for the celestial griffon. That was not who he was meeting there today as he landed near the pond and waited, a coy smirk on his beak as he looked up at the sky. There was one other deal that he had made with the celestial griffon in exchange for making sure that he picked proper sacrifices, and that part was about to be fulfilled as he watched the sky darken briefly. A few moments later the king was no longer alone as a large purple feral griffon stood there in front of him.

“Oh my,” the king said as he looked the creature over, seeing the green and blue eyes of the griffon watching him back as though seeking his approval. “He has certainly outdone it this time, has he come up with a name for you yet or is he still deciding as always?”

“Still deciding, my lord,” the griffon replied with a bow, showing the anthro griffon the same patterns he had seen a few days earlier on the wolf that had been sacrificed to produce the creature in front of him. “But I was told by my master that I was to see you, something about an arrangement that had been made between you and him specifically. I just want to say that I’m happy to serve the empire of the griffon in any way that I can.”

“Oh, I’m sure that you’re going to be a great asset to the kingdom,” the king said before he took the belt from his pants, letting it fall down to reveal the rather large member that dangled between his legs that had already started to get hard. “But for tonight you are going to serve your king. Now I know that the horny bird up there probably already got off inside of you, but I would prefer it if you use your beak to pleasure me.”

The king couldn’t help but smirk as he watched the griffon nod enthusiastically and come up to him, the anthro telling him to be careful and not end his lineage as the hot breath ruffled the fur of his groin. It was hard to believe that before a trip to the celestial realm in the sheath of a griffon this creature was a general of an army, especially as he felt the thick tongue poke out and lick the throbbing shaft before leaning in and engulfing it with his maw. Even though this creature was a griffon for all intents and purposes there was something special about the ones created through the sacrifice as he immediately pushed all the way back and into the throat of the creature. Once again he found the former Vorkax lacking a gag reflex as he did the best he could, eventually just allowing the king to thrust inside of him and use his throat like a cock sleeve before pulling out and telling him to get on his back.

“Mmm, he does like them big,” the king commented as he reached back and rubbed the sheath of the griffon, watching the tapered shaft of the creature’s cock push out of it with the stimulation.

“I hope that’s not going to be a problem for you, my lord,” the griffon replied even as he let out a huff. “My master assured me that you would be fine with it even when I brought it up.”

“Oh no, I will be quite fine little birdy,” the king responded as he leaned backwards, letting his own tailfeathers press against the hind legs of the griffon while he felt the tip press up against him. “You’ll find that I’m capable of such things, something that even surprised your master when we first met. He also gave me the same warning and I think that our tryst has helped me continue with the tradition of breeding and being bred by our stock.”

The purple griffon once more shared his joy at being able to serve, though it was punctuated by a loud squawk as his shaft disappeared into the hole of the other man. As the king let out a grunt of his own he paused only to catch his breath before continuing down, letting it slide up into him just like all the others had of past sacrifices. Though they were all fun in their own way the first time with a newly transformed creature was always the best, feeling them twitch and squirm as they experienced the sensations through the body of a griffon for the first time. As he allowed himself to slide down completely and felt his furry stomach begin to be pushed out his mind already drifted to what the next potential sacrifice would be that got a ride in the sheath of his deity…

Chapter Horus:

“You’re reading that book again?”

Dieter looked up from the rather large tome that they had on their lap to see one of their co-workers sitting there across from them, the cobra man giving the synth lion a look while he unwrapped his sandwich. “Well, I haven’t quite finished it the first time,” Dieter confessed as they put their metallic finger in the binding to make sure they didn’t lose their page. “There’s a lot of stuff here and I keep having to go back to reread sections just to get them.”

“You definitely have more patience than me,” the cobra said after taking a bite of his food, Dieter moving the book away to avoid crumbs as the serpent gestured towards him with the sandwich. “Where did you say you got that book from again? Some sort of estate sale?”

“Actually, it was from my father’s things,” Dieter replied, the cobra once more giving the synth a weary look. “Yes, I know it’s strange, but I see my creator as my dad and he’s the one that left me this book. He said it was one of the most important things that he could give me but for the life of me I can’t understand why, most of the pages seem to talk about Egyptian mythology and while he was a bit of a nut on the subject I took this to a few museums and they all say that the book isn’t even real.”

“Huh, could have fooled me,” Dieter’s coworker stated as he used his non-sandwich holding hand to flick up the leather-bound cover before the synth lion once more pulled it back slightly. “Anyway I’ll leave you to your reading, just don’t forget to eat lunch again. Last time you did that we had a meeting and we could hear your stomach, or whatever synths have, growling through the entire room.”

Dieter just nodded and watched the cobra get up and leave while woofing down the last of his sandwich. With the immediate threat of having crumbs or mayo smeared over the book the synth lion continued to read, not only enjoying the stories but trying to figure out why this book was so important to their father. While they had told their co-worker that the museum curators thought that the book wasn’t real they did say that it was rather old, potentially a reproduction of some original mythological stories transcribed for viewing among the curious masses. They had offered them a pretty penny for it too but Dieter couldn’t bring themselves to sell it, not only due to this being something their father treasured but there was something about this book that they couldn’t quite put their finger on…

As they looked up at the clock Dieter knew that they only had about a half hour left for their lunch break, which meant that they would have to grab their food and quickly consume it just like the cobra had if they didn’t stop reading. At the moment though they were on the story of Horus and Set vying for control of Egypt, the context of which involved a competition that was not for children. They had just gotten to the part where it had been explained that both Horus and Set were attempting to show dominance over the other by attempting to get their semen in one another, but just as it was about to explain how Horus was going to do it they heard a beeping noise and realized it was their lunch alarm saying that their break was over.

“So much for getting my lunch in,” Dieter said with a sigh as they closed the book. “Going to have to wait until dinner now…” the synth lion quickly got up and made their way back to their cubicle, setting the book down on their desk before punching back in. As they started to get back to work they wondered if it would be alright to keep the book out like that, but it didn’t fit in their desk and this was the first time that they had even brought it into work in the first place.

Soon the after lunch rush of his work was over and the synth lion found themselves waiting for a client to respond, their finger idly moving over the cover of the book. The rich leather had several gems embedded in it of different colors and from what Dieter could gather they were actually real, but being semi-precious stones mostly they weren’t worth much. As they waited for the response however they noticed that in the overhead light one of them in particular seemed to sparkle, which prompted them to put one of their fingers over the gemstone. To his slight surprise that caused a different stone to twinkle slightly, and since they had one hand on the phone the only thing they could do was move their finger over to try and cover that up too.

When it caused a third stone to sparkle Dieter wondered if it was some sort of optical illusion that was happening and moved his finger around the cover several times in order to try and keep their finger on the sparkle. When it finally reached the larger one in the center they suddenly felt it press down like a button, which caused the synth lion’s eyes to widen slightly as all the stones began to glow at once. “Um… uh oh…” Dieter said as they dropped the phone and put both hands over the cover, only for it to glow even brighter and a warmth to suffuse through their hands. “Not good…”

It wasn’t long before the light was so strong that it caused Dieter to close his eyes, and when they did the synth suddenly felt the somewhat chill air of the air-conditioned office be replaced with a blast of heat. The sudden shift in temperature caused the synth to open their eyes and when they did they gasped in shock as they found themselves standing in the middle of a desert with the book clutched to their chest. It all seemed like a dream but as they turned around wildly as though that would transport them back to their office all they saw was sand that battered against their metallic skin. It took a while before Dieter’s brain caught up but eventually they found themselves realizing that somehow the book their father gave them had somehow transported them into the middle of the desert.

Almost immediately Dieter went back to the cover and tried to see the sparkle or something that would get them home but after several attempts to just guess at it they found themselves still standing at the base of a rather large dune with the sun shining down on them. With nothing else they could think of doing they decided to climb up and see if there was anything that they could find that would help them get home. They doubted that they would be left a book and not told that it would teleport them to their deaths, which meant there was probably some sort of city somewhere nearby that they could walk to and ask for help. It meant a lot of explaining, including trying to tell their boss how they went from being at their desk to somewhere likely far away, but after a few minutes of making their way up the sandy slope they looked down on the other side and saw that getting back to work was the least of their problems.

Spread out before Dieter was an ancient Egyptian city… except that it wasn’t so ancient at that moment. Polished stone gleamed in the light of the sun as they could see people moving around the streets. At first they couldn’t believe it but the more they watched the more they realized that they were looking down at something no had seen in thousands of years. If the book could teleport him across space it wasn’t a far stretch to think that it could do so with time too, and since it was a book on ancient Egypt it would be the most likely spot for it to take them. The problem was that everyone they had seen so far was human… which meant that it was going to be a hard sell for an anthro creature and even moreso a synth like them.

As Dieter looked up at the sky they saw that the sun was starting to set, which meant that if they waited for a bit they could sneak in under the cover of darkness and try to figure out what was going on. They also heard their stomach growling and frowned when they realized that they were getting incredibly hungry, though they hadn’t accounted for time-traveling back to ancient Egypt when they had skipped it initially. All they could do for the moment though was hunker down in the shade of the dune and wait for the city to go to sleep. Hopefully there was some answers for them in that city, or at the very least some bread as they put their hands against their belly.

A few hours later Dieter slinked through the darkness through the alleys of the city while watching out for anyone that might see him. In order to take extra precautions the lion synth had gone by way of the river, only to be nearly eaten by a crocodile and bull rushed by a hippo before finally getting within the relative safety of the city and pulling themselves up on the dock. After taking a few seconds to make sure that the coast was clear they infiltrated into the city and looked around for something to eat and to help explain what happened to them. Unfortunately Dieter couldn’t read hieroglyphics and though they did get a bit of knowledge from the book they read it wasn’t enough for them to figure out where they needed to go next.

Eventually their aimless wandering did lead them to one of the larger buildings in the area, which even without the symbol they actually recognized the huge bird statues would have tipped them off that this was a temple of Horus. If there was a magic book that could take them back in time, Dieter thought to themselves as they made their way towards the entrance, then what was to say that the deities that were explained in such a book weren’t real as well? At the moment it was the only thing they got and at the very least if there wasn’t anyone there that could help there still might be food offerings that they could take advantage of. While they didn’t feel quite right stealing food from a god if they weren’t real then it would just go bad anyway, they reasoned as they went into the large stone building.

As soon as Dieter went inside the chill of the desert air was banished with the warmth within, and though it didn’t bother the synth lion too much it was a pleasant shift in temperature after scorching heat and shivering cold. Right away they could see the centerpiece was a statue of Horus that towered over everything else, the bird statue staring ahead in typical regal god fashion. There were a few lit braziers but no one seemed to be inside, including the deity themselves as they walked back behind the statue. They also didn’t seem to find any offerings, but just as they were about to abandon the idea and look somewhere else Dieter happened to see that there was an open door on the wall behind the statue and snuck a peek inside.

Inside was what looked to be like someone’s living quarters, and while Dieter wasn’t sure what accounted for lavish in this time period they found that this area was quite well-furnished and much bigger than they had expected. As they scanned around the room however they found something that caused their eyes to widen; it was a salad that looked like it was fresh from the garden, which for the desert had to be some sort of feat to grow such vibrant vegetables. Even though in the back of their mind Dieter knew that such a meal looked like it belonged to someone else they found their feet drifting towards it. Their stomach felt so empty after not eating all day, having skipped their breakfast too in favor of reading, that at this point all they could think about was getting the salad inside their stomachs.

As soon as they got close enough to smell it Dieter could no longer contain themselves and went to the plate, not bothering with the fork as they shoved the delightfully prepared meal into their maw. Not only were the vegetables the most vibrant that they had ever seen but there was also cheese and some sort of ranch-like dressing on it as well. The synth lion found the examination of the salad as an afterthought however as they chowed down the entire thing and left nothing behind, even licking up the last of the dressing in the bowl before setting it down. With their gnawing hunger finally satiated the synth lion could finally think properly again… which at that moment involved realizing that they weren’t alone in the room as someone moved around in the corner of their eye.

Dieter swallowed hard as they slowly turned their head, lettuce still dangling from their muzzle, and as they finally got who was standing there into their field of vision they felt their jaw drop upon seeing who it was. “Did you… did you just eat my salad?” the falcon said as Dieter saw a feathered arm pointed in their direction. “You seriously walked into my temple and just… ATE my salad when I’m standing RIGHT HERE?”

“Oh God,” Dieter replied as the eyes of the avian man seemed to burrow into him as his own widened. “I mean, Horus! I am so, so sorry, but I hadn’t eaten all day and with the sun and the heat and the traveling I… uh… can I make you another one?”

“I highly doubt that,” Horus replied as the look of shock on his beak was replaced with a smirk. “Plus that wasn’t meant for me anyway, I was the one who prepared it for my dear friend Set. You see, we have a little competition going right now and that was meant to give me the edge.”

“Competition?” Dieter repeated before they suddenly remembered what they had read in the book. “Wait, that’s right, I read about that! You two were trying to see who was the most dominant by getting your… oh… that wasn’t ranch dressing… was it?”

“Not unless that’s what kids are calling cum these days,” Horus said before rolling his eyes. “I guess I’m going to have to just make it a new one, it’s not like Set is going to find out about this.”

Dieter found themselves standing there in shock as Horus went over and collected the plate from the table while taking a second to flick the lettuce leaf that was still adhered to the synth’s muzzle. That seemed to snap the lion out of it and wasn’t sure whether to be more horrified that they had just messed up the plans of a deity or that they had just ate a salad that they had created with their semen. While Horus seemed upset about the former it seemed that the falcon god had already gotten over it as they put the dish in a basin. Perhaps this was a chance to maybe find out about the book that they were still clutching as they watched the deity move over towards his bed.

“Hey, as much as I appreciate the company of some strange metal lion guy I think it’s time that you head on out of here,” Horus said as he used his wing to motion towards the door. “I’m going to have to replace the salad you just ate and I’m not really feeling like have the one who ruined the first one watching while I make it unless you intend on lending on hand in its creation.”

To the surprise of both Dieter and Horus the synth lion almost immediately moved over to where the falcon was sitting on the bed and before the god could react they slid their hand down into the hem of the garb that he wore. He found himself staring at the other guy in stunned silence as the two didn’t move an inch, though as the metallic hand pressed against the shaft of the other man he could feel it throb. “I… I don’t know what happened…” Dieter said, his shock turning to horror as he began to curl his fingers around the other man’s junk and began to stroke. “I’m not trying to do this, I swear!”

“At ease,” Horus said, watching Dieter snap back like they had just felt an asp before their body relaxed. “Look, I think I know what’s going on here, kind of hoped that maybe since you ingested it instead of other means of introduction plus the fact that you are some sort of strange creature that maybe it wouldn’t work on you. Seems like that’s not going to be the case, it appears that my divine seed is having quite the effect from the little show you just did.”

“It seems?” Dieter asked. “How are you not sure?”

“Fornication with mortals among gods is forbidden,” Horus explained as he leaned back in the bed. “Been that way ever since Greece. Those guys loved playing around with mortals and let me tell you that it did not. End. Well.”

“I see…” Dieter said as they scratched their mane before raising a finger in question. “Wait, didn’t Ancient Greece come after Ancient Egypt by like a couple thousand years?”

As soon as Dieter said that they thought that perhaps they might have stepped over the line, only for Horus to chuckle. “Oh, you mortals and your linear view of time is adorable,” Horus said as he stood up and scratched his chin. “Nevertheless I now have a problem; you are clearly not of this time period and I can’t just up and toss you back into… the future? Either way you’re not going to fit in this time period and I can’t just release you into the wild with divine influence inside you… so I guess that I’m just going to have to keep you, I’m sure that I can make it work.”

Dieter felt his jaw drop as Horus went over towards his bed and more specifically a stone trunk that sat at the foot of it, the synth lion following the Egyptian god over towards it. “You can’t just keep me like some of pet!” Dieter said as they watched the falcon man open the lid and begin to dig around it. “There has to be some better way of doing this.”

“A pet you say?” Horus replied, Dieter sighing as they saw the falcon take something out the chest that looked like a harness. “I think we can certainly make that happen! That’s a good idea Dieter.”

“Wait, no,” Dieter quickly backtracked as Horus brought more stuff out of the trunk before closing it once more. “Being a pet isn’t what I meant when-“

“Shhh, just relax,” Horus replied as Dieter suddenly felt a finger get pressed against their metallic lips, causing the lion to look at it in confusion. “Don’t worry, I’m going to take good care of you. Now why don’t you go ahead and relax in my spa area while I help prepare you for what’s coming next.”

Though Dieter had more to say they found themselves unable to express themselves anymore, at least not verbally as they stood themselves back up and looked around the room. Just as they were about to mention that there wasn’t any sort of spa they blinked their eyes several times at seeing another room that hadn’t been there before, or at the very least that they had missed on their first look of the place. They walked towards the enclosed pool area and saw that off to the side there was an actual hot tub in the corner. At this point the synth lion knew better then to ask questions on how this deity managed to create such a thing and went over to the bubbling water to get inside.

Despite having been in the desert for the last day or so the hot water felt extremely refreshing to the synth as they sank down into it, finding that there were actual jets that came from the stone that agitated the water. Up until that point they hadn’t realized how the day had worn them down to the point their synthetic muscles had reached their limits and were finally able to relax. Just as the lion found a place where they could sit and still be above water they saw something getting poured into the water and looked up to see Horus standing there with several bottles in his arms. Once more Dieter attempted to ask a question only to find that whatever silence the falcon had imposed upon them was still in effect as the god emptied the entire bottle before throwing it behind him and starting on the next one.

“There’s no way that I can have a robot around me during this particular time frame,” Horus said after he poured out the contents of the last bottle and tossed it behind him. “So we’re going to have to soften you up a bit. Those potions plus the divine essence that’s still sitting in your belly should be enough to get you to the next step, and then we can work from there.”

Dieter just nodded and could already feel their body starting to tingle, feeling whatever magic along with the flowing water starting to affect them in more ways than one. Horus merely sat down at the edge of the hot tub and dangled his feet in, explaining that while the potions wouldn’t affect him that much they were heavy duty and normally used on people that got turned into statues. At this point the lion was able to speak once more and was about to ask what was happening to them when they felt the sensation on their body intensifying enough that it prompted them to stand up. As they both looked down at Dieter’s form they could see that the metallic shine they were used to having had changed and had fur sprouting everywhere while metal turned to flesh.

“Not bad…” Horus said as he leaned forward and wrapped his knuckles against the chest of the lion. “Mmmm, still a bit more work, and got to do your head as well but it seems that the mental conditioning plus such a dramatic transformation might have stretched it to the limit. Since I certainly don’t intend on waiting let’s kill two birds with one stone, metaphorically of course.”

Horus gave Dieter a devious grin and before the transforming lion could ask what that meant they suddenly felt a pair of hands on their head as the falcon shifted forward and dunked them down completely into the water. The sudden shock of being completely submerged caused Dieter to thrash about for a bit but the powerful thighs and calves of the falcon wrapped around their body and pinned them in place, and as the bubbles cleared from their eyes they found themselves right at eye level with the falcon’s cock. It appeared that Horus was about to give them more of his divine essence straight from the source, Dieter thought to themselves as the head of the cock bumped up against their muzzle, and though they knew that this would only further cement their fate as a plaything of the god they found themselves opening their maw and allowing the girthy shaft to slide inside of it.

Whether it was due to the cum they had already eaten or as a side-effect of the potions in the hot tub Dieter felt an intense rush as they began to bob their head up and down on the godly cock presented to them. Even though they were hooked in at this point the falcon continued to keep his legs wrapped around them, using their feet to stroke up and down the thick pelt of golden fur that was growing over their body. Most of the changes couldn’t be seen but as the lion continued to give Horus a blowjob under the water they could feel their insides shifting about, not just to flesh and blood though but in other ways as well. It made them wonder if they were just being turned into a lion man or if there was something more insidious in those potions, though at the moment all they could do was focus on the cock that was being thrusted into their maw from the hands that had tangled into the thick mane that they had grown.

After a few minutes and practically deep throating the hefty cock Dieter felt Horus cum, which only prompted the falcon god to push them further down to the root until their nose was pressed against his groin. With no way to move all the new lion could do was wait underneath the water as they felt the cock within their muzzle throb from jet after jet of deific cum shot down their throat. They were unaware of how long they stayed under the water but as they felt the cock inside of them soften the hands that had been against their head suddenly released them as well as the legs around their body. When Dieter was given the chance they immediately broke the surface of the water and came up for air, only to find that they didn’t need it even with having a body that felt like it was organic instead of synthetic.

“Yes, I made a few changes to your body while also turning you into a real boy,” Horus said as he watched Dieter brush their fingers over the new fur of their arms. “With my essence I made it so you don’t have to breathe, eat, or sleep as long as you’re in my presence, plus I made a few tweaks so that you can do things like you just did without having to worry about my hurting you or needing prep time. If I’m going to have you as a pet I may as well spoil you a bit.”

“Thanks, but my suggestion was not to be made into a pet,” Dieter quickly retorted as Horus got up from the water and prompted Dieter to follow him back into the main living area. “I know that you just put a lot of effort into me to keep me here but I really think that you should just send me back to… um…”

As Dieter stopped in mid-sentence they realized that they couldn’t remember where they had come from, except for the fact that they had traveled through time all they could get was hazy images of some sort of building and an office. “Yeah, that’s a side-effect of becoming the vassal of a god,” Horus said as he took one of the collars and put it around the neck of the lion, making a face before tossing it aside and picking up a new one. “The more of my essence you get the less you remember of your former life, and from the looks of it you’re a rather quick absorber of it. Pretty soon you’re probably not even going to remember your old name, much less where you came from.”

“Wait, no way…” Dieter replied as they took a step back as Horus put up another collar around their neck, prompting the god to frown slightly as one of the ends slipped from his hands. “Maybe my past life might be one thing, but you can’t just make me not be me, can you?”

“Look, it’s not up to me, that’s just the way this all works,” Horus replied with a sigh as he tossed that collar back as well before grabbing another one. “I don’t mind your identity at all, it’s just the whole mortal becoming immortal things changes the soul and the soul is where the identity is and blah blah blah all that nonsense.” Horus sighed as they tossed yet another collar away and put his hands on Dieter’s shoulders as he gave the lion a smile. “Think of it this way, we’re going to give you a fun new identity and after I’m done molding your body you won’t even need to remember that you were a synth lion named Peter.”

“Dieter,” Dieter corrected.

“Doesn’t matter,” Horus replied with a chirp as he picked up yet another collar and put it around Dieter’s neck, letting out a coo as the gold metal glinted in the light. “Ohhh, this is perfect, it’s really going to accentuate the white of your feathers.”

“Feathers?” Dieter said as Horus went over and started to grab a few more items that had been piled up. “I don’t… have feathers…”

“That’s going to change soon enough,” Horus said, smirking when the lion just looked at him in confusion. “What, do you think I was just going to have you stay a lion? I sort of have a theme and I’m going to need you to match it, but also why overhaul the entire temple when you got a good foundation? Don’t worry, when I’m done with your body even the lion synth you would approve of it, but since this is going to be a substantial change you’re going to need more essence and as part of my former analogy it would be good to get a little training in as well.”

While Dieter wasn’t quite sure on what Horus had intended for them there was a growing part of them that found themselves being onboard with what the god was saying and was almost starting to feel enthusiastic about it. It was no doubt part of the essence that they had been absorbing but they found that the falcon had a charisma and aura to him that made the lion want to do whatever he said, which included hopping up on the bed and allowing the god to put a gold and silver harness around their chest. As it settled into the fur they took a moment to not only examine the harness itself, which turned out to be a soft, supple leather, but also noticed that their body had taken on a more masculine tone to it. While it was nowhere near the Adonis-like form that Horus had it definitely felt like they were more handsome as the collar was put around their necks underneath their mane.

Horus wasn’t done decking the lion out yet and as Dieter watched they suddenly had a pair of gold cuffs around their wrists, a pair of silver ones on their ankles, and also had a silver ring that was slid over the base of their cock before it was nestled up against the base of it. Once that was secured Horus finished everything off by giving Dieter a silver leather jock to put on that was rather loose on them and a golden hood that was pulled over their head. The last piece looked like it belonged more on Horus than themselves as their feline muzzle didn’t even come up to the beak-like tip that the hood had, but the falcon god assured Dieter that they would grow into it before telling them to get on the bed. Once more they found themselves eagerly complying with the command and hopped up onto the matress, finding the material to be extremely comfortable as they were rolled onto their back and told to put their arms and legs into the air.

Dieter let out a small moan despite themselves as they felt the hands of the falcon god stroke along their muscular chest, feeling their body shiver from the ministration of those dexterous fingers before sliding further up one of their arms and reaching one of the cuffs. There was a soft click and when Horus moved to the other side the lion found themselves unable to move their arm, looking up to see that the deity had hooked up the cuff to a chain that had been previously hidden until that moment. As they were about to turn to ask Horus about it they saw them do the same thing to their other arm before sliding down their body. Even with the pleasure flooding through their system Dieter managed to ask what Horus was doing, but all the falcon replied was that it would make them more comfortable as he pulled up their legs and hooked them up so they were not only suspended in midair but also spread out to leave his exposed tailhole open.

Once everything had bene set up Horus continued to sit between the legs of the lion, slowly stroking his cock back to full hardness with one hand as he rubbed the bulge of Dieter’s jock with the other. With their arms and legs bound there was little that they could do but let the other man have his way with them, though as they thought about it that way it caused a tremble of anticipation to go down their spine. Already they could feel their fleshy cock contained within the jock hardening as well, pushing up against the soft leather as he could feel it begin to throb against the cock ring as well. They realized that the ring was going to keep them hard while the jock kept them contained, and as the look of frustration came over Dieter’s face they could see a small smirk come over the beak of Horus.

Before Dieter could mention it though they felt their back arch as the head of the other man’s cock began to push into his tailhole. True to the falcon god’s word as he was stretched open the only thing he felt was pure pleasure, groaning even more as Horus wasted little time in pushing his cock into him. As that thick shaft spread him open the only thing that the lion could think of was how right it felt, like it was only natural for them to be in this position with the falcon between their legs. It wasn’t even a matter of submission, it almost gave them a sense of pride that they were able to pleasure the god in this regard as their restrained body tugged slightly against the restraints that held them. It mattered little to the lion though as their mind was filled with pure pleasure from being stretched open by Horus, feeling their body tremble in his grasp as those fingers once more began to massage their stomach.

The strokes of Horus’ hips were slow and methodical and as those fingers continued to tease the fur of Dieter’s stomach the lion could feel something happening to the muscles that were there. It was more than just the flexing that occurred as the cock of the falcon pushed deep inside of them, they could feel the muscle thickening underneath the fur while Horus seemed to try to accentuate the changes. The midsection of the lion quivered as muscle began to pop out of their normally flat stomach, the fur and skin tightening around it to give them a set of washboard abs that would make most professional athletes envious. A similar sensation was happening around their groin and as Dieter was lifted up slightly from the thrusts of the other male they could see that their butt was growing more defined and tighter while their thighs tightened up and grew more muscular.

“If I’m going to have a pet I want them to be able to keep up with me,” Horus said as he continued his slow approach, though Dieter could sense that the deity was already leaking more of his seed into their body to fuel the transformation. “A strong, powerful creature that enhances me, not some servant that comes to my beck and call. I already have enough humans that do that for me, so instead I want someone that I would be more than happy to be at my side and to share my bed.”

“Share your bed?” Dieter said between gasps.

“Now now, I’m not making a parrot,” Horus said with a chuckle as he hooked his finger into the zipper of the hood and closed it. “Just enjoy, my dear Jiri.”

Jiri… as the eye holes of the mask were closed along with the hood it left the name lingering in their mind like a seed, which quickly began to sprout as the god thrusted into them and changed them further. That wasn’t his name, the transforming creature thought to himself, his name was… as the mental statement trailed off once more all they could think about was the name Jiri. Without even knowing Horus had implanted the first of their new personality, which started to spread and assimilate their old one as his hips were pushed up into the air from the falcon man beneath him. It was clear that Horus was getting very close and with their arms and legs bound the only thing that… that Jiri could think of doing was hold on as the deity orgasmed inside of their body.

The second that Horus climaxed the creature whose tailhole was spread open by the throbbing cock instantly knew about it as they let out a muffled squawk. Feathers sprouted over the top half of their increasingly muscular frame as the divine seed quickly suffused its power into their… into his body. The lion synth that had entered the temple was quickly overwhelmed with new sensations as well as new personality traits, Horus molding his new pet to be dominant on the outside by submissive to him, to be a pinnacle of masculinity and virility as well as a powerhouse to make the other gods jealous. As the transforming male felt his own growing cock begin to spurt Jiri quickly gathered why Horus had decided to suspend him in the air in the first place as he felt an intense pressure on his back before his new wings sprouted from it.

The greatest changes however were happening to the creature’s head, both mentally and physically as his feline muzzle began to stretch as the skin hardened. A beak… he was growing a beak, and that made sense to Jiri since he was a proud and mighty griffon. He was the pet of Horus, a partner and plaything, a vessel of his power and receptacle for his lusts. All of that information continued to swirl around in his head as the god’s orgasm continued into the other man until the bound male was filled to the brim with his power.

“Fuck…” Horus said as he fell on top of the other male, feeling his body still growing as he continued to keep his cock inside of Jiri. “Haven’t had a lay like that in ages, this might work out well after all. How are you feeling Jiri?”

When all the gryphon could do was let out a muffled series of noises Horus smirked and unzipped the hood, allowing Jiri to speak out of his freshly transformed beak. “That was fucking awesome!” Jiri exclaimed, wiggling slightly in his bindings as Horus began to undo them including the eye patches so that the other man could see with his golden eyes. “I love the form that you’ve given me, it’s way better than the… um… was I always a gryphon?”

“You’re half right,” Horus replied with a chuckle. “But none of that is important right now, right now we have to make sure that you can handle all that divine energy of yours. Also we may want to put away the bondage gear for now, as much as it tickles me to have myself as a falcon with someone as bound up as you are with that hood on your head it won’t do for public appearances.”

Jiri nodded and together the two managed to get everything off, putting it away back in the chest and getting the gryphon to look respectable as the envoy to a god. He knew as a pet to a god he would have to accomplish certain tasks and he was more than willing to do so enthusiastically, though when he finally did come in contact with others he didn’t say his actual relation to Horus. Most thought that he was either some sort of demi-god or a different type of divine being, including the others on the pantheon that came into contact with him. As the days passed however Jiri’s behavior had caught the attention of one of the deities in particular…

As Horus sat in this bed reading a book there was a knock at his door, which was something that caused him pause since he currently had Jiri at the foot of his bed with his feet pressed up against the masked beak of his pet that was in full gear. Fortunately the god had taken the time to make sure that it could be obfuscated and with a wave of his wing the gryphon suddenly didn’t look like he was wearing anything at all before he went over to the door and opened it. “Jiri,” a smooth, deep voice said as both Jiri and Horus saw the familiar visage of the jackal god of death standing there. “Horus around?”

“Oh, was not expecting to see you here,” Horus replied as he quickly got up from the bed and put the book down. “What can I do for you?”

“I was actually wondering if you could tell me the story about how you and Jiri first hooked up,” Anubis replied as he walked into the room, the glistening black fur of his chest on display as he wore only the lower garb as was his usual outfit. “I remember you told us once and I have to say that I missed a few of the details.”

“Of course,” Horus said as he wrapped an arm around the gryphon. “You see, I was just out flying when-“

“Actually I’d rather hear it from Jiri,” Anubis said as the jackal turned his head towards Jiri. “Go on, don’t be shy, where did you meet my dear friend?”

Jiri was at a loss for words; even after his new personality had been set as well as his identity it was hard for him to remember specific details about things, and after his beak opened and closed several times with no sound coming out it was clear that Anubis knew that he wasn’t any sort of demi-god or otherwise. “Listen, Nubi, I can explain,” Horus said as Anubis slowly turned and growled at the other god. “He just wandered in here one day, I didn’t even think that he could do that…”

“I have ONE rule Horus!” Anubis shouted, his eyes glowing red as the room suddenly darkened. “What’s the rule? Say it!”

“…don’t enthrall and transform mortals with our seed.” Horus replied with a sigh.

“And what did you do to him!?” Anubis asked in an even angrier tone, enough to make Jiri shrug back slightly as the forces of shadow coalesced around the jackal.

“I enthralled and transformed a mortal with my seed.” Horus once more responded.

“You enthralled and transformed a mortal with your seed!” Anubis shouted as he pointed to Jiri. “How in all the hells am I supposed to balance my ledger when you have a divine-corrupted soul being your personal pet? Does he even REMEMBER who he used to be?”

“I’m sure it’s still in there somewhere!” Horus shouted back. “It doesn’t even matter though because he was a time-displaced soul, plus he managed to get into my domicile without me realizing it, which means he had divine lineage in the first place! I can’t help it if he came in here and ate the salad meant… um… oh…”

The shadows suddenly fell away and the red glow disappeared from the eyes of Anubis as he looked at Horus in confusion, followed quickly by slight disgust. “Was this all about that stupid bet that you and Set had?” Anubis asked, Horus grinning sheepishly and nodding which caused the jackal to roll his eyes. “Well great… I mean at least you won, right?”

“Exactly!” Horus said.

“I WAS BEING FACITIOUS!” Anubis shouted, the room darkening to pitch black for a brief moment before the jackal turned to Jiri and everything returned to normal. “Well that’s just great Horus, a time-displaced soul with divine lineage and you turned him into your personal plaything. At least he’s not a brainless servant like Set had going there for a while, and this really all came about by him eating a salad?”

Horus had Anubis sit down and explain exactly what happened while Jiri waited patiently, serving drinks when his master asked him too as the jackal looked on in awe. Once everything was said and the story was told the jackal just sat there and shook his head. “Well you were right, there was nothing you could really do about it,” Anubis said. “Still hard to believe that fate allowed for a robot synth from the future to travel back into ancient Egyptian times to eat a salad you… seasoned yourself and enthralled himself to you. Does he really just do everything you say?”

“Yep, though I try not to abuse the privilege like some people we know,” Horus said before a grin formed on his muzzle as he turned to Jiri. “Hey Jiri, why don’t you go ahead and suck on Nubi’s cock while I take you from behind.” As Horus motioned his head towards the jackal the lithe male sat up and was about to shake his head, only to be stopped as the gryphon went over and slid his hands up the firm thighs of the other man and exposed his groin. It appeared that Anubis had already been somewhat interested in the idea as the rather thick member of the jackal man was already starting to twitch, growing even bigger as Jiri nuzzled his rubber-covered beak engulfed the other man’s member.

Anubis let out a groan as the gryphon continued to suck on his cock, the inside of his beak deliberately soft as molded by Horus who came up from behind. “Jiri, seal your beak around Nubi’s cock,” Horus said as he began to push in his own cock into the tailhole of the gryphon with practiced ease while the jackal nearly jumped when the suction of the beak suddenly increased tenfold around the sensitive flesh. “So what do you think, turns out when you pump enough divine seed in them you can start to warp their bodies on command.”

“I can see that you rather like this pet of yours then,” Anubis said as he continued to slide on his chair, trying not to fall off of it as he found himself thrusting his hips up in the air. When he put his hands down to grip the sides of the gryphon’s head it broke the glamour around the gear and caused the jackal to look up at the falcon, who just grinned sheepishly back while thrusting in and out. “Damn, he is good.”

The two spitroasted Jiri for a while longer before they both orgasmed, and as they did the gryphon suddenly felt a bit strange while his mouth was clamped around the shaft of the jackal god. At first he wasn’t sure what was going on but when he pulled off all three were surprised to see that his beak had turned completely black, though tendrils of gold once more were starting to already to reassimilate it. “Looks like your divine seed isn’t the only thing that can affect him,” Anubis said as he got up, straightening himself up once his cock had softened. “You think he’ll listen to me too?”

“I’m not sure,” Horus replied with a shrug. “Probably?”

Anubis nodded and turned back to Jiri. “Hey Jiri, hop on one foot for me,” Anubis said, the gryphon quickly complying in order to serve his master. “Summon a tendril of ethereal shadow.”

“Huh, guess you do have a bit of control and lent him a bit of your power,” Horus said as Jiri held out his palm and a tiny tendril of darkness formed on it.

“It appears so,” Anubis said with a smirk on his face, which prompted Horus to tilt his head in confusion before the jackal turned to the gryphon once more. “Jiri, I want you to ignore anything that Horus says and dominate him with whatever power that you got from me.” The beak of the falcon dropped in shock as Jiri suddenly turned to Falcon with an equally devilish smirk on his face that Anubis had as the jackal left.

Being able to summon the tendril of shadow gave Jiri an idea on how best to fulfill his new order and before Horus could even have a chance of trying to override it he summoned a tentacle of shadow to form over the falcon’s face like a muzzle. Horus let out a muffled grunt as he suddenly had his own beak covered in darkness, but as he tried to pull it off the gryphon could see his throat shifting from the tentacle inside of it slithering its way down into him. Since he had a feeling that this power wouldn’t last for very long he decided to make the most of it and summon another shadow, this one around the groin of the falcon that completely encased it. While Jiri thought about having dozens of tendrils stimulate the sensitive flesh he found out he could do something better and had the shiny black shadow tighten around the already half-hard member before it formed into a bulge around it.

Once Jiri was done he saw Horus quickly go from trying to get his beak free to his groin, but as he attempted to get it off of him there was nothing that he could do. Even when he dug his fingers in to reach the cock underneath the shadow muted the response, which meant that he couldn’t stimulate himself in that way as the falcon let out an uncharacteristic whimper. “Aww… I didn’t mean to make you feel sad,” Jiri said as he went up to the falcon, summoning two more tentacles that pulled the god’s arms over his head as he got more into his dominant mindset that Horus himself had given him. “Don’t worry though, I know what will give you the pleasure you need.”

The falcon’s wings fluttered in the air as Jiri came up behind him, feeling his heart pounding in his chest as he found himself in a position that he hadn’t been in before. Most of the time it was him on his back with his legs up in the air and Horus breeding him, but this time as his cock became fully erect it was time for him to turn the tables. As he ran his hands down the feathered abs of the other male he could feel him quivering, but he knew threw the link that they shared it was from anticipation. It made Jiri wonder if perhaps he didn’t mind being in such a situation, though that explanation would be best left for after he had his fun as he slowly pushed the head of his cock inside.

Much like his own body Jiri didn’t need to prep Horus at all, and as he continued to slide in it almost felt like his insides were trying to draw him in deeper. The gryphon was more than happy to oblige and it made him wonder if he would have time to give the falcon a little gear of his own, and though he knew that the moment for standard fare had already passed it didn’t mean he couldn’t improvise with some of his power. Horus let out a muffled grunt as a collar of shadow appeared around his neck and a pair of cuffs appeared on his wrists and ankles. As much as Jiri wanted to do other things like a harness too he could already sense that the magic of Anubis he had gained was growing thin and instead opted to enjoy himself in the moment instead.

With his arms bound above his head the only thing Horus could do was let the gryphon squeeze and feel up his body while his shaft continued to sink in and out of his warm insides. Jiri wasn’t quite sure what was better, fucking a god or being fucked by a god, but he was just glad that he had the opportunity to try both as he could feel the bigger man squirming in his grasp. From the connection to the shadow the gryphon could feel the falcon straining for release, his body shuddering with each thrust as he felt the need to cum once more but was unable too. He was also fairly sure that the falcon was altering his body in order to make his cock even bigger, sliding it out and seeing that it looked thicker than before as he thrusted in and got even deeper into the other male.

Jiri continued to stand behind Horus and have his way with the restrained body of the falcon until finally he came, which when he did the last of the black that was in his beak disappeared. Horus nearly collapsed to the ground and before either of them could do anything the gryphon’s eyes widened as he leaned back and fired off several jets of glowing cum into the air that landed on the nearby wall. Once he had finished Horus flopped back onto the floor and laid there for a while panting, and as Jiri asked if he was okay the god just gave him a thumbs up before flopping back down. He stayed that way for a few minutes before hoping back up to his feet and shuddering, his feathers fluffing out briefly.

“Man, if I had known what that was like I might have let Set win that bet,” Horus said with a grin. “You’re quite the natural, perhaps with a little training we could get you a pantheon of your own. What do you think, maybe take up the role of partying a few hundred years before Dionysus?”

“I think I’m good,” Jiri replied with a pleasured sigh of his own. “But perhaps you might want to do something like that in the future? I don’t mind being your pet but part of me serving you is to release that stress of yours, and it seems like we did that very well.”

“I will have to keep that in mind,” Horus said with a wink as he stretched his body. “Perhaps we can even get Anubis in the mix again since you seem to be able to absorb a bit of a god’s power when they’re inside you. But for the moment though I would like to do something else with you, as I’ve just realized that you’ve been in that body for quite some time and we haven’t even utilized the full extent of it yet…

Half an hour later Jiri was letting out a cry of pure joy as he spiraled through the air, the pyramids a speck on the ground as he used his wings to cut through the air. “This is awesome!” Jiri exclaimed as he flew right past Horus, the falcon having to flap backwards to avoid the dive-bombing gryphon who quickly leveled out when he got close to his master. “How have we never done this before?”

“Well, as deities we try not to expose ourselves too much to the real world,” Horus said as the two leveled out and flapped their wings next to one another, the connection between them allowing the two to speak normally even with the wind rushing by them. “But I do like to come out on overcast days just to stretch the old wings out without worry of prying eyes, though sunny days like this do give you a hell of a view.” Jiri just nodded and remembered not to stray too far from Horus or go too low to the ground, seeing the sun slowly start to sink towards the edge of the world as they continued to fly over the sea. Even though they started to get pretty far away from the temple that Jiri knew that Horus could just fold space and time in order to get them back to where they needed to be without too much trouble.

“How far up do you think we could go?” Jiri asked as they rose up higher once there was nothing but the sparkling blue sea beneath them.

“Oh, pretty far, though the air gets pretty thin after a while,” Horus explained. “We may be eternal but we’re not immortal. Oh… and I wanted to give you something that I think you might enjoy now that we don’t have to worry about the others popping in like Anubis did.”

Jiri tilted his head in question before Horus handed something to him, which after taking it he realized was a gold collar that had the name Jiri engraved on it in both English and heiroglpyhics on the outside and the words Adored Pet of Horus on the inside. “Awww, you shouldn’t have!” Jiri said excitedly as he unclasped the old collar, Horus about to say something before the piece of metal suddenly was whipped away and fell towards the sea. “Ah… whoops.”

“Don’t worry, it was just rubber anyway,” Horus said as he watched the gryphon excitedly put on the collar while he dug in his bag for something else. “Oh, and I found this too while cleaning, not sure if you still wanted it. Might be a nice keepsake.”

Jiri was surprised at getting another gift before he saw what it was, his eyes widening as he saw a book with a jeweled cover. Though he wasn’t quite sure what it was from it did spark a hint of familiarity, the gryphon holding on tight as he rubbed his scaly avian fingers over it. When he did he saw that there was a glint in the center jewel that at first he thought was just the sun, only to see it start to spread to the other ones. Must be some sort of strange magic, Jiri thought to himself as he placed his palm over the largest one in the center…

…meanwhile in an office cubicle in the modern era a cobra sat back in his desk, listening to music and sipping on a cup of coffee that he had gotten from the break room. As he leaned back however he began to feel a gust of hot air, like someone had turned on the heater that caused him to pull out the ear buds and look around. “Hey, it’s the middle of August guys,” the cobra said angrily as he moved to put his coffee cup on his desk. “Who the hell turned on the-“

There was suddenly a loud crashing sound as the surface the cobra was about to put the cup on disappeared, both it and the cubicle wall being pushed forward as a blur crashed into it and several others to create a path of destruction. The serpentine creature blinked a few times and slowly leaned into the furrow that was made, along with several other coworkers as they saw the hindquarters of a lion buried in the debris, which started to move as the wings of the creature twitched before flapping to try and remove himself. “Ugggghhh…” the creature within said as the gryphon backed up, pulling a binder that had gotten impaled by his beak before he looked around. “Where am I… wait…”

Everyone continued to look in shock as the gryphon man slowly got up, not wearing a stitch of clothing as he brushed himself off and smoothed the feathers of his head. “Um, excuse me,” the cobra said after he regained his composure, getting the bigger man’s attention as a pair of gold eyes looked at him. “Who are you?”

“Oh hi, I’m Jiri,” the gryphon said with a smile on his beak before a look of recognition came over his face and he pointed back at the cobra. “Oh hey, I remember now! Did you manage to get the updates on the G-45 specs that I sent you before the board meeting?”

“Uh… yeah…” the cobra said before he shook his head. “Wait, what the hell is going on?!”

“That’s good,” Jiri said as he gave the cobra a thumbs up, ignoring the question as he looked up in the air. “Hey Horus, uh, little help here.”

For a few seconds the naked gryphon stood there, but before anyone could ask any more questions the lights in the building flickered and another falcon that was even taller than the first avian creature suddenly was there with his arms around the other man. “Sorry, take them off the leash for one second and they start barging through time and space,” Horus said as he hugged his arms around Jiri. “Well, bye everyone, nice meeting you.”

Once more there was a flurry of hot air and the lights flickered once more before they came back online and the two were gone. As the others in the office began to talk amongst themselves on what just happened the cobra walked through the row of destroyed cubicles and desks to where the creature had landed, kneeling down in his business suit and picking up a familiar looking book. “No way…” the cobra said as he also saw a few feathers that had been left behind. “Dieter?”

Chapter Kitsune:

Bhurzo sighed as he found himself standing in front of a small stream, the clear water bubbling as it flowed over the rocks and dirt past his feet. It was a rather idyllic scene for being so deep in the forest and while the wolf would normally be happy that he found such a thing it caused him to sigh. As he knelt down to fill his canteen what made the lupine so frustrated at seeing the otherwise welcome sight was that it was the same stream that he had come across nearly four hours ago. It was a signal to him of something that he had not been wanting to admit but was forced to at this point…

…he was well and truly lost.

As the last of the air was pushed out of the canteen in favor of the water that flowed into it Bhurzo saw himself practically snarling in the reflection of the stream. As a hunter of the supernatural it was unlike him to get so turned around and it made him think that perhaps something else was at play other than his lack of direction. He had done everything from follow the stream to heading towards the sun once it started to set but everything seemed to keep him in this forest, which he had entered on the rumor that a mysterious being was spotted within. Though he had packed for a long trip the sun sinking beneath the trees meant that he was finishing up day three, which would also be the end of the food that he had been attempting to ration out.

The wolf pushed a little further into the woods while he still had light and made it to a small clearing that at least was something new to his eyes as the sun faded to night. Above him the skies had grown dark and the first stars were appearing in the backdrop of black. It would be a beautiful sight if it didn’t have such dire consequences attached to it, especially as he rummaged through his pack and found that his flint and steel were missing. Bhurzo felt his jaw drop slightly as he continued to dig through the contents and eventually turned over the entire thing to dump the contents out on the short grass only to find nothing.

Not good, Bhurzo thought to himself as he quickly scooped everything up in order to make sure he didn’t lose anything else in the dark. Though he had a thick pelt of brown fur the nights in these woods were rather cold and his body was already being affected by hunger as he consumed the last of his rations. Fortunately he still had his bedroll, but without a fire to help keep him warm it was going to be an extremely miserable night as he tried to set up camp as best as he could while in the dark. Lost, missing supplies, and out of food… this trip was not turning out well, Bhurzo thought to himself as he got inside his bedroll and felt his body shivered at he attempted to get to sleep.

As the chill of the night set in Bhurzo found himself surrounded by darkness, but it was not from sleep as he tried to curl up as best he could to keep his own body heat. He could feel the food in his stomach being burned just to keep his core temperature up which meant he would wake up with an empty belly and nothing to satisfy it other than the water he had gathered. Above him the moon had been covered by a layer of clouds which gave everything an eerie soft glow to the clearing and an almost ominous pitch black for the forest that surrounded it. When Bhurzo shifted about to his other side however he noticed something that looked like a bouncing ball of blue light that made its way along the tree line.

Could that be what he was looking for, Bhurzo thought to himself as he watched as best he could while practically shaking in his bag. It didn’t seem to be approaching him and between the darkness and the tall grass it probably couldn’t see him even if it was looking. While his first instinct was to go and investigate that would mean leaving his bedroll, and with it being as cold as it was it would quickly leech the little heat he had managed to retain. But on the other paw even if it wasn’t what he was looking for perhaps it was someone that could help him, and the idea of potentially getting out of the forest was motivation enough to abandon his bedroll and move through the clearing towards the source of the light.

Almost instantly the cold hit Bhurzo like a brick wall and it took all the willpower he had for his teeth not to chatter as his breath came out in frozen clouds. The longer he remained out the harder it was for him to move, but the light that had captured his attention seemed to be drifting away from him and he found himself following it despite leaving the clearing. Even with all his stuff potentially being lost the wolf pushed on, eventually no longer being quiet about it as he pushed through branches and underbrush in order to try and get to whatever it was in front of him. Whatever he was pursuing didn’t seem to try and escape him, which was good as each footstep became harder for the wolf to make until finally he stumbled forward and fell to the ground.

As his chest hit the dirt Bhurzo tried to will himself back up, but his fatigued muscles refused to cooperate with him as he felt the chill seep into his bones. He no longer felt his body shiver, which was not a good thing as he struggled to keep his eyes open. With all the supernatural creatures he had hunted down it was going to be hypothermia from his own foolish actions that finally got him, the wolf’s increasingly sluggish thoughts mused as he found himself drifting off despite his best efforts. As his eyes closed for what he believed to be the last time he saw a faint blue glow and a vulpine face hover over him before he lost consciousness…

When Bhurzo awoke again it was to the sound of a crackling fire and for a second the wolf thought that he had just woken up in his own prepared camp site, only to open his eyes and see the wooden beams of a roof above him. As he slowly tried to sit up he felt the rather thick blanket that covered his body slide off of his bare chest and looked around to see that he was in some sort of cabin. The windows outside were frosted over but from the scents alone he guessed he was still in the forest, which made the fact that he was sitting on the couch next to a fireplace even more interesting. At the moment Bhurzo was just thankful that he wasn’t lying dead on the forest floor as he shifted his body over in order to soak in more of the warmth that the burning logs were giving off.

“Ah, I see that you’re awake,” a voice said from behind Bhurzo, prompting him to look over and see a man smiling at him while holding onto a pair of ceramic mugs. It was a fox with white fur and ice blue eyes and the first thing the wolf thought was that the vulpine was strikingly beautiful as he was handed one of the mugs. “I was hoping when I dragged you here that you hadn’t completely succumbed to the cold.”

“Right, I suppose I have you to thank for that,” Bhurzo replied as he sipped the liquid in the mug, a rich chocolate flavor dancing across his tongue. “Where is this place?”

“Oh, it’s my own little slice of the world,” the fox replied after taking a sip of his own drink. “It’s not much, but its my home. My name is Yuki, by the way.”

Bhurzo introduced himself as well and the two made small talk as the wolf felt the strength return to his body from the warmth of both the fire and the drink he consumed in increasing quantities. From what the fox had explained he was out looking for special mushrooms that only emerged during the night when he had heard a crash and went to investigate. He had also been the source of the light that the wolf had mistaken as being supernatural as Yuki pointed out the special lantern he used in order to make sure he didn’t cause the fungi to retreat. When the wolf realized that he had left all his gear out in the clearing the fox smiled and patted him on the head before telling him that they could get it in the morning once he had some more time to rest.

Though Bhurzo wasn’t keen on the idea of leaving his gear out he felt a wave of fatigue wash over him and he had laid back down on the couch without even realizing it. He tried to say something to Yuki in the vein of thanking him for his hospitality but his muzzle felt like it was made out of lead and all that came out of his mouth was gibberish. In a very short time the wolf was out like a light, snoring loudly as the empty mug slipped from his fingers and landed on the wood with a dull thud. Yuki finished his own drink and went to grab the other one, a smirk on the corner of his muzzle as he rubbed a finger along the chin of the sleeping lupine before heading off into the kitchen…

This time when Bhurzo woke again it was with a snort, putting his hand to his head as he found himself once more on the couch of the fox that had saved him. He had just had a very strange dream where he was in the middle of the woods; snow was falling down around him but he felt no cold and he was surrounded by a strange aroma that was not that of the woods. When he had looked around the dream scape he saw Yuki standing there wearing a fox mask and beckoning him forward, which prompted the wolf to follow him through the trees. Just as they got in front of a cabin was when Bhurzo had woke up, but not before realizing that in the dream both he and Yuki had been completely naked.

Bhurzo found himself rubbing his mane as he tried to think about what that could possibly mean, if anything, as he got up and tried to move around for the first time since he had gotten there. As the wolf let the blanket slide off of him he realized that one thing mimicked his dream and that he stood there without a stitch of clothing covering his furry, muscular body. It was also at that moment that Yuki had come out of the kitchen with what looked to be two plates of steak. When Bhurzo saw one of those gleaming eyes look him up and down it prompted the wolf to grab the blanket and cover himself up once more.

“Relax, it’s nothing I haven’t seen before,” Yuki said as he set the plate down in front of Bhurzo, who suddenly felt his stomach gurgle with need. “Go ahead and dig in, you must be starving after sleeping for so long. Oh, and if you could set the blanket aside I would be very grateful that you didn’t stain it, no need for modesty around here.”

Though it felt a bit strange for Bhurzo to sit there on a stranger’s couch naked while the two of them ate he found himself doing what he was told, revealing himself before digging into the thick piece of meat. “Where are my clothes anyway?” Bhurzo asked once he had managed to swallow the first piece he had torn off.

“Currently in the midst of cleaning them,” Yuki replied as he also ate, though less heartedly than the wolf. “When I first brought you in you were suffering from the cold rather badly, so after getting a fire started I stripped you down and got you under the covers with me to share body heat.” Bhurzo almost choked when he heard that and prompted the fox to chuckle. “It’s the best way to reverse hypothermia in my opinion, and at the time you didn’t seem to mind sharing a blanket with me.”

Bhurzo found himself blushing slightly, trying to stifle the mental image of the smaller fox lying on top of him while he slept. It was not working very well however and in his current state he would show just how interested he was in the scene before he coughed and changed the subject. “I’m not sure if I said this the first time I was awake but I want to thank you for rescuing me out there,” Bhurzo said. “Do you live out here all by yourself or are there other cabins nearby?”

“Oh, it’s just little old me out here in these woods,” Yuki answered, which once more prompted Bhurzo to nod as he took another bite. “It’s actually been quite a while since I’ve had proper company, so you getting lost out there in the woods has actually provided me with some much-needed social stimulation. If I may ask however, what were you doing out there all by yourself?”

As Bhurzo was about to answer he suddenly realized that he couldn’t remember why he had gone out into the woods in the first place. “I was… trying to find something I think,” Bhurzo stated as he shook his head before taking a drink of the water that had been provided for him. “It’s strange, I know that it was important but I can’t remember what it was. I think I must still have frost on the brain.”

“That can certainly happen,” Yuki said with a slight chuckle as he got up and cleared the empty plate from Bhurzo’s lap, exposing him once more. “Why don’t you go ahead and stretch your legs while I see how your clothes are doing? Just don’t go outside, last thing I need is to drag you back in here during the middle of a cold snap.”

Bhurzo nodded and watched the fox leave, but before he got up himself he looked over at the blanket that he had set aside. After checking to make sure he was alone with a weary look back towards the kitchen he lowered his head to the fabric and inhaled deeply. That scent… it was the same one from the dream and after what he had heard must belong to the fox. As he breathed it in he once more found himself with the mental image of the two of them naked underneath the covers, but this time it had gone a step further with him being awake and Yuki rubbing against the tan fur of his abs and chest. It caused the member dangling between his legs to twitch slightly and Bhurzo quickly turned his attention to other things to prevent himself from walking around the cabin sporting a full erection.

The cabin living room wasn’t very big but did have a few creature comforts, and from the look of it Yuki did seem to live alone in this place. It was slightly strange that someone would live so far out in the middle of the woods but Bhurzo knew that there were some that preferred such a lifestyle as he looked over a few paintings and sculptures. Most of the figurines were made out of wood but as he got to a glass display case he found something that caused his head to tilt in curiosity. It was a fox mask; the porcelain face glinted in the light of the fire and nearby candles and as he stared at it he was reminded of the one that he had seen Yuki wear while in his dream.

As he stared at it his eye caught something else that was a bit strange, this time in his own reflection as he saw the faint outline in the otherwise translucent glass. It looked like there was something around his neck, a faint blue collar that glinted in the light. As Bhurzo reached up to his own body however he didn’t feel anything there, and as he ran his fingers through his mane it didn’t catch on anything that was there. When his arms were in front of his body though he also saw that there was something similar around his wrists in the form of cuffs, but when he looked at them there was nothing but the usual white and light brown fur that adorned his forearms.

The strange reflection caused Bhurzo to stand back up, but almost as soon as he did the room began to spin and he started to feel woozy. He stumbled a bit on his feet but before he could fall over he felt something wrap around him and keep him upright. “I got you,” Yuki said as Bhurzo felt himself starting to get dragged away from the case, looking down to see something white and furry coiled around his chest even as his vision failed.. “Relax, you’re safe with me…”

Suddenly the sense of vertigo and the blurred vision snapped back to normal, but when it did Bhurzo found himself no longer in the cabin. It was the woods, snow drifting down and landing on his fur as he smelled the scent of the fox once more around him. When he glanced around he saw that Yuki was standing there once more with the same mask on and wearing nothing else just like before. When he tried to approach him however Bhurzo found his legs unresponsive and looked down to see that there were shackles made of ice that were attached to his ankles.

“What’s wrong?” Yuki asked, his voice sounding otherworldly as he remained standing there in the swirling snow. “Why will you not approach me?”

“I… I can’t…” Bhurzo replied as he clawed at the ice manacles, only for the furrows he dug into the crystalline surface to reform almost immediately. “Yuki, is this a dream? What’s going on?”

“You tell me,” Yuki stated as he moved forward instead, circling around the trapped wolf as Bhurzo tried to reach out and found that his wrists were similarly bound. “If this is a dream then shouldn’t you be able to breach out of those bindings? This would be your mind after all.”

Bhurzo tried to force himself out but instead the chains attached to his wrists seemed to pull back more, and as they did the wolf thought that he would fall back only to find himself pinned against a wall of ice that had appeared behind him. “This is crazy,” Bhurzo huffed as his movement became even more restricted as he felt something that was around his neck keep him from moving it as the fox continued to approach. “This has to be a dream, right?”

“If it is then this certainly says something about you,” Yuki said as he ran his hands through the fur of Bhurzo’s chest, causing the wolf’s back to arch slightly from the pleasure of the touch. “All bound up in your own mind with someone you just met feeling you up, makes me wonder what sort of things you’re into. Normally a big strong wolf like yourself would love to bend over a smaller fox like me, but perhaps you like things the other way around.”

Bhurzo tried to respond but the only thing that came out of his mouth was a low groan as one of the hands wrapped around his throbbing shaft and stroked it. His entire body shuddered as he felt the fox run his fingers along the sensitive shaft, and with his body pinned down there was nothing that he could do but thrust his hips forward to try and get even more stimulation from it. The fox was clearly not going to be satisfied by a simple hand job though and as Yuki lowered himself down he found his body shivering, but not from the cold. Even though Bhurzo kept reminding himself that this was a dream the lips around his shaft felt extremely real along with the warmth of the maw that quickly engulfed his member.

The pleasure that was being fed to Bhurzo caused him to pant and close his eyes, which when he opened them again he saw that Yuki continued to look up at him even as his cheeks bulged from his thick cock in it. What really caught the wolf’s attention though was the fact that the fox’s eyes glowed with an unearthly blue light, similar to when he had first seen the lantern. Even with the vulpine muzzle bobbing up and down his shaft strange mental images began to flood through Bhurzo’s mind; standing there in the middle of the woods in front of a white-furred fox with glowing blue eyes, stripping naked as a number of tails swirled around him, the creature beckoning him forward as found himself walking without even realizing it. A realization came to him at this point that he remembered what he had gone out into the woods to look for… a kitsune.

But just as those thoughts entered into his head they were quickly drowned once more by the sea of pleasure that was coming from his body as those same tails Bhurzo had just seen in his mind began to wrap around and stroke every inch of him. This creature was a master of pleasure and once more as he stared down into those glowing blue eyes he found the memories he had just gained drifting back into the ether as pillars of ice erupted around them. As one appeared right in front of the wolf he saw his muscular body quivering from the ministrations of the fox between his legs, but what was even more striking was that he was wearing a porcelain wolf mask with markings identical to his own face. The holes of the eyes glowed with a blue light and as he continued to stare at it while building up to climax he suddenly saw a crack form right down the middle of it.

The next second Bhurzo woke up with a gasp, sitting upright almost immediately as he found himself back in the cabin once more. Instead of the couch this time though he found himself lying in a bed, his arms sprawled out and his limbs tangled up in the sheets as he quickly came back to his senses. Even with the dream over he could still feel some of the lingering phantom sensations on his body that caused him to pant as he tried to get himself out of the blankets that were coiled around him. By the time he had freed his body the door opened and he saw Yuki walk in, the arctic fox looking like his normal self and fully dressed as he carried in a tray.

“Ugh… what happened?” Bhurzo asked as he sat up.

“You overexerted yourself,” Yuki replied as he set the serving platter down next to him. “You’re still weak from the cold, more so than I had originally thought. When you passed out on me I decided to put you in my bed so you didn’t have to keep on the couch, which is rather uncomfortable anyway.”

“Oh, you didn’t have to do that,” Bhurzo said while leaning back. “I’m used to roughing it, a couch is like a bed for me.”

“That’s no excuse for poor hospitality,” Yuki stated with a slight smirk as he handed the wolf a bowl of soup. “Eat up, this should help you get your strength back quicker. After this though I’m going to be putting you to bed, no excuses.”

Bhurzo found himself merely nodding as he took the food and ate it, wondering how he was going to repay the fox for all the kindness that he was giving him in nursing him back to health. Not only was he feeding him out of potentially limited stock that he had but also was giving him the bed in order to help him be comfortable. As they ate they talked for a bit on how Bhurzo was feeling and whether or not he would be up and about soon, though it was hard for the wolf to keep focus since the bed had the scent of the fox all over it and it was making him aroused. That combined with the half-remembered filaments of the dream he had when he had passed out made it hard for him to contain himself as Yuki took the tray and put it aside.

“Alright, I’ll come and check on you in a little bit,” Yuki instructed as he turned back to Bhurzo who hastily attempted to reposition himself. “Just try and get some sleep before… oh…” Bhurzo once more found himself blushing a bit as his muscular body was half draped with the sheet and was tented right where his groin was. “Looks like someone is feeling better after all.”

“Honestly, I don’t know what’s come over me,” Bhurzo confessed as he put his hands down over his groin. “Maybe it’s just delirium from the cold but I’ve been having strange dreams about you, I mean, it’s just with what you’ve told me… it…” As the wolf found himself stumbling over his words he stopped when he saw that Yuki was grinning at him while pulling off his shirt. “What are you doing?”

“Well I can’t have you being up all night with that,” Yuki replied as he quickly let his pants drop to the floor as well, exposing his lithe form and sizable cock that was half-hard as he gave it a stroke. “Plus I think that you’re a rather handsome creature yourself, but I didn’t want to make it weird since we had been naked together. Seeing that though I think this time I think we’re going to have a little bit more fun together… now lie back, you’re still recuperating and I would hate for you to fall on top of me.”

Before Bhurzo could say anything the naked fox had slid on top of him, causing him to press his back against the bed. “Wait… Yuki…” Bhurzo said as he found himself panting. “Are you sure…”

“Shhhh… just trust me,” Yuki replied as he placed a finger on the snout of the wolf, grinning at him as he leaned in close with their muzzles. “I can tell you want this, can feel it deep down inside that this is what you want. Just relax, I’ll take care of you.”

The words seemed to melt in Bhurzo’s ears as the fox leaned in and kissed him on the muzzle, tenderly at first but as he felt the other man’s tongue slide inside it became more passionate. When he tried to bring up his hands in order to press them against Yuki’s sides he found them unable to move other than being slid up past his head. At first he thought it might have just been his fatigue acting up but when he tried to move them it felt like something was wrapped around them, restraining them from moving even though when he looked there was nothing there. The fox wasn’t even holding onto his hands as they finished up their heavy kissing and the vulpine slid down his muscular body.

When Yuki reached Bhurzo’s groin the wolf found that his legs were in the same condition as his arms, though it was hard to focus on such things when the naked man on top of him continued to stretch and flex while leaning in to tease and grope his body. This creature was perfect, he thought to himself as he continued to breath in heavily, taking in more of the intoxicating scent while watching the fox lean back even further. Though he normally didn’t let other guys on top of him like this it appeared that Yuki wasn’t interested in going between his legs, instead lifting himself up and pressing his own tailhole against the tip of the throbbing wolf shaft. Just as Bhurzo was about to ask if he needed to prep at all he was suddenly awash in amazing pleasure as the fox slid down and sank the tip right into himself.

Yuki gasped out after letting out a pleasured moan, leaning back and straddling the hips of the wolf as he allowed gravity to let inch after inch of the thick shaft penetrate his body. As Bhurzo tried to catch his breath he could see the fox’s lips moving, but it was hard to tell in the darkness of the room what was going on as his body continued to squirm. As his muscles quivered from the tailhole of the other man clamping down on his maleness it became even more apparent that something was holding onto him, but once more he couldn’t see what it was and it was hard for him to even focus with the pleasure he was getting. Yuki had quickly enveloped the entirety of his cock and started to slowly grind his hips back and forth, keeping as much of it inside of him while also stroking his own member in the thick tan fur of the wolf’s abs.

As Bhurzo’s head thrashed from side to side he happened to notice a mirror that was against the wall, and as his hips continued to buck up and down he happened to see himself and Yuki in the reflection… except that the scene was much different. The wolf’s eyes widened as he saw that the one in the mirror was held down by several tails that were looped around ice blue cuffs as the owner of the appendages rode up and down on his cock. He also noticed his body looked different too, his claws and teeth were smaller and his muzzle looked slightly more angular as he stared at his face that wasn’t quite his face. A few seconds later though all those thoughts were forgotten as he felt something press against his head and turn his gaze back to Yuki.

“Don’t worry about such things,” Yuki said as he stared down at Bhurzo, his eyes glowing with a soft blue light in the darkness as the wolf’s jaw went slightly slack. “I just want to make you happy, don’t you want to be happy?”

“Yes…” Bhurzo replied, the combination of pleasure from the fox sliding up and down his shaft combining with the magical energy that the kitsune on top of him was suffusing through his body. “I want to be happy.”

“That’s why you were looking for me,” Yuki continued to speak. “You wanted to give yourself to me, you knew that I was so lonely and just wanted some company.”

“You… you were lonely,” Bhurzo found himself repeating, though in the back of his mind he knew something was wrong he couldn’t stop staring into those glowing pools of light as his own started to do the same. With his arms and legs pinned by the phantom tails and his cock deep inside of the kitsune all he could do was bask in the pleasure being given to him. “I want to… give myself…”

“Yes… give yourself too me…” Yuki hissed as his form shifted subtly, tufts of blue fur forming as his body started to grow. “Give me your essence, give me your body and mind. You want me to dominate you…”

“Dominate me…” Bhurzo whispered as his orgasm began to build, feeling his willpower draining to his cock as the magical creature squeezed down on his cock.

“You want to be my pet, my plaything,” Yuki stated.

“I… want to be your pet.”

“My thrall.”

“Your thrall.”

“My… kitsune…”

This time Bhurzo was unable to respond as he climaxed, feeling his cock go deep into the fox before unloading into the other man. Yuki was quick to follow as his own throbbed against the abs of the wolf before his seed matted the tan fur. The two remained in that position for a while until their respective orgasms passed, and when it ended and the wolf blinked his eyes he saw the beautiful white-furred fox man that had helped him smiling down at him while sliding off his softening shaft. Without even saying anything he curled up against Bhurzo and wrapped an arm around him, leaving the wolf smelling the sweet scent of the other creature and causing him to rapidly fall asleep as well while still feeling like his entire body was being caressed…

When Bhurzo awoke once more he found himself in Yuki’s bed still, and though the fox himself was gone he could still smell the fox on his bedsheets that prompted the wolf to shift around so that his nose was against the pillow. He didn’t have too long to be that way before he heard the door to the bedroom open, and when he did he saw that the arctic fox stood there with a pair of mugs once more. “Good evening,” Yuki said as he handed one of the mugs to Bhurzo, who quickly slurped down the sweet contents within. “How are you feeling?”

“Much better,” Bhurzo said before he stopped and looked around, then looked back at Yuki. “Wait, was last night real or was it a dream?”

“I would hope that it was very much real,” Yuki replied with a wink. “Otherwise you just got to enjoy that yourself, but then again I wouldn’t know about it either so I think it’s safe to say that it was real. Unless, of course, I also happen to be a fiction of your imagination, which means it’s a dream.”

“Please, no teasing,” Bhurzo said as he sat up, prompting the fox to chuckle. “I don’t suppose that today I could possibly go out and get my stuff? Or at least put on my clothes?”

“Why would you want to hide a body like that?” Yuki asked, which prompted Bhurzo to blush slightly. “But I’m afraid that you won’t be able to go out, not with the snows as bad as they are. I’m afraid that you’re stuck here until it all blows over and even then I doubt that you’re going to find your stuff.”

Bhurzo sighed as he looked out of the frost-covered window and saw that there was actual snow on the ground. “Wow… I didn’t even think that the forest was supposed to get snow,” Bhurzo said, scratching his head before he was pulled up by the fox. “Whoa hey!”

“If you’re feeling better than you should walk around the house a bit,” Yuki replied with a chuckle as he got the wolf to his feet. “It’ll give me a chance to remake the bed and such, just try not to overdo it. I’m not sure if I’ll be able to catch you again like I did last time.”

As the fox shooed him out of the bedroom Bhurzo decided to take a tour of the place, realizing that since he had gotten to the cabin he hadn’t really looked around that much. As he poked his head into the kitchen it looked small but functional, though there wasn’t a lot of storage space for food or anything, and with the bedroom being occupied by Yuki that just left the main living area once more. As he remembered the last time he had nearly passed out he found himself drawn once more to the area where Yuki had his art, and once more he found the fox mask sitting there but this time with glass door open. After having two dreams about it Bhurzo wondered if they weren’t influenced by seeing it and picked it up, though as he ran his fingers along the smooth surface he found it to be just a normal theater mask.

Perhaps it was some sort of heirloom, Bhurzo thought to himself with a shrug, or maybe it was one of Yuki’s first projects. As he turned the mask back around however the wolf let out a gasp of shock as he saw that the face of it had changed from vulpine to lupine, and more specifically his own face in great detail. It also had a large crack that ran down the middle of it, which as he stared at it he suddenly saw another one appear along the cheek. The surprise caused him to jump and when he did he let go of the mask, which before he could try and snatch up again fell to the ground with a loud bang.

When Bhurzo quickly looked back towards the bedroom in order to see if Yuki had seen it he suddenly found himself looking at the snow covered trees trunks of the forest, and when he looked back he saw that instead of the pieces of the mask there was snow-covered ground. He quickly gathered that he had somehow ended up in the middle of the forest once more, and as he spun around he eventually saw the masked fox standing there in front of him and completely naked. When he looked down at himself Bhurzo saw that he was also naked, but also that his hands and feet had shrunk significantly and were covered in white fur that also had a pair of ice blue cuffs on them.

“How does this keep happening?” Bhurzo asked the masked figure in front of him. “How am I dreaming right now when I was standing in the living room a few seconds ago?”

“Where you now?” Yuki replied with a chuckle. “Awfully bold of you to assert considering what you’ve seen so far.”

“What sort of magic is this?” Bhurzo said as he tried to move, only to once again be shackled down as soon as he tried. This time however he fell forward and as soon as he did the cuffs that were on his hands were frozen to the ground with similar chains. “What are you doing to me?”

“I’m trying to bring out your full potential,” Yuki stated as he waved his hand, a chuck of reflective ice showing Bhurzo his reflection as the wolf saw the same mask that he had been holding in the living room on his face. “But as you can see you still have your guard up, and I’m afraid that I can’t do anything with you if you still have that mask on. If you want to break through and learn from me you’re going to have to show me what I know is truly inside of you, fortunately I have the means to help.”

“Learn from you?” Bhurzo asked. “What do you mean?”

“That is why you entered into the woods?” Yuki asked. “You told me that you were seeking a supernatural creature, I assume it was to bring out the one within you and to learn the ways of our magic. Now hush while your inner self attempts to manifest.”

Bhurzo just shook his head as he tried to wrap his head around what was said, but as he did he saw Yuki once more but with far more tails swishing through the air behind him. A kitsune… that’s right, Bhurzo thought to himself as he got up onto his knees, he had been searching in the woods because it was rumored that a kitsune was in the area. But something wasn’t right, had he really gone just to try and learn magic from this creature? As a thought nagged the back of his mind he suddenly felt a pressure in his stomach that caused his focus to go down to it.

At first he thought it was just his mind playing tricks on him but as he put his hands down to the fur of his washboard abs he noticed that it was significantly swollen, which grew even bigger as he watched it while his eyes widened. Something was happening inside of him and with his attention focused on it he could feel it moving around, growing bigger until it started to creep up his chest as well. The strange thing was that as it was happening he found himself growing more aroused by the second, his erect cock pushing past his growing stomach until that was hidden too as something within pushed out the flesh. Bhurzo let out a groan and fell on his back as the sensations in his entire body were becoming to pleasurable to handle, and as he let out a low grown while something snake-like could be seen and felt slithering inside of him.

“Looks like its trying to get out,” Yuki said as he knelt next to the squirming wolf as his stomach began to deflate as quickly as it inflated, Bhurzo letting out a gasp as the figure of a fox briefly was outlined in his furry skin. “Still have that mask on, what a shame. Well if it can’t come out normally it’s going to find other ways to do so.”

It was hard for Bhurzo to even know what was going on as he saw the reflection in the ice once more, and as it did he could see the fox face pushing out his fur in certain areas while more tentacles pushed their way through his body. As he tried to move his arms he found them pinned down to the ground as his stomach deflated enough that he could see his cock again, though in reality was because it had grown to nearly a foot in length and was still growing! The pleasure coming from the sensitive flesh was intense as it began to wiggle of its own accord, and as something pushed out of the tip the wolf went from horrified to shocked to confused when he saw something white and furry emerging out of it and continuing to grow. That wasn’t the only thing that was changing as he felt something pushing out of his tailhole as well, like someone was having sex with him in reverse as his cheeks were spread open and two more tentacle-like tails pushed out.

What was… happening… Bhurzo could no longer speak as he began to feel something start to push up his throat, and though he thought it might have been the fox head he realized it was something else as it began to push up inside of his tongue. The wolf let out a loud moan as his tongue stretched out just like his tongue, whipping around in the air as it grew to fill his entire maw while two more slithered their way to his nipples. By this point the two tails in his rear had wrapped around his cock tail and started to stroke against it, causing his hips to thrust up while two more of the appendages pushed their way out of his nipples. The pleasure coming from each spot was so intense that Bhurzo didn’t even realize that Yuki had leaned down and started to stroke his cheek, which had several more cracks appearing there as his ears wiggled before the holes stretched to allow more of the tails to push their way out.

“Looks like you’re full to bursting,” Yuki said as the wolf’s entire body had become distorted, not only from the growing tails that were sticking out of nearly every part of his body but from paws and the face that occasionally stretched out his form too. “All that pleasure, and you can’t even handle it.” When Bhurzo looked at the fox masked creature there was nothing he could say, but it seemed that the creature knew what he was thinking and leaned down next to his ear. “Don’t worry, you’ve already given yourself to me, all you have to do is let me in…”

When Bhurzo opened his eyes again he found his body back to normal, which considering what he had just gone through was quite a feet as he found himself on the couch once more. The sound of the crackling fire did little to ease his mind after what he had just seen in his dream, which he remembered in vivid detail. Part of him wondered if this was one as well, finding his senses increasingly hard to trust as he got up. Maybe he just needed to put on his clothes and get out of there, the wolf thought to himself, and as he got up and went over to the kitchen he noticed the fox mask that was inside of the cabinet. It was still intact and the door was closed, which for some reason was a little comforting as he went to the kitchen to try and find where Yuki had washed his clothing.

With the cabin not being very big it didn’t take long for him to go through all the areas and couldn’t find anything that belonged to him, and as he tried to remember where he might have seen them last he suddenly got an image of the forest once more. That’s right, Bhurzo realized as he started to remember, he had taken off his clothing in the woods… but why would he do that if he was freezing to death? And that’s when he remembered that he only had on a pair of shorts and a t-shirt…

…because it was the middle of summer.

Upon that realization Bhurzo ran to the door and opened it, immediately being greeted by a wave of heat as he heard the cicadas chirping their usual song even with it being the middle of the night. There was no cold snap, no snow… as Bhurzo turned around he saw Yuki standing there in the middle of the doorway with a smirk on his face and something in his hand. “How did I forget that it was summer?” The wolf said as he rubbed his head. “I came here looking for a kitsune…”

“And you found one,” Yuki replied with a chuckle as he walked forward, his nine tails swaying in the air. “Congratulations, not many had made it out of my glamour before, you definitely are all that I thought you would be. Still a little late for you though, but in all honesty even if you hadn’t pledged yourself to me you became a lost soul as soon as you entered into my forest.”

“That’s impossible, I broke through your enchantment,” Bhurzo said as he took a step away from the kitsune, but as he held out his hand he saw that there was a ice blue cuff on his wrist which matched the ones on his ankles and the collar around his neck. “What is all this? What did you do to me?”

“Only what you asked,” Yuki replied as the grin grew on his face, stepping forward as a leash suddenly appeared in his hand that was connected to the collar that pulled him in. “It’s fun that you think that you’re still resisting, those cuffs and collar are just there to keep the costume on while I finished my work. Now that it’s time for the last step it’s no longer needed, as you can see it’s already far too late.”

Before Bhurzo could reply Yuki held something up to his face, and when he did he saw the cracked façade of the wolf mask that he had seen before. It was crumbling and as he watched the pieces of porcelain finally fell away completely and revealed the face underneath. As the ice blue eyes stared at the reflection found himself stepping forward as the mask that he had been wearing all this time was finally pulled back and revealed… a kitsune. Not just any kitsune either, as he brought his fingers up to his lupine muzzle and saw the one within the reflection of the mirror do the same he realized that it was Yuki that was staring back at him.

“You know, I used to be quite powerful,” Yuki said as he tossed the mirror aside, still grinning as the water from the nearby bucket rose up and started to freeze. “They used to call me the kitsune of the Eternal Winter, because wherever I want snow and ice would always follow. I also used to have a habit of enthralling handsome young men, but when you have the lust of a creature like myself it can’t be helped and plus by the time I was done with them they were begging for me to use my tricks.”

As Bhurzo attempted to respond the ice block that had been created suddenly moved towards him, an ice wolf that looked identical to him morphing out of the crystalline substance and wrapped around his back. “People said it was unnatural what I did,” Yuki continued on, Bhurzo unable to say anything as the ice tongue of the creature ensnaring him split into several smaller tendrils that pushed into his ears, nostrils, and the biggest one sliding over his tongue to push inside of him. “It was true of course, you couldn’t have sex with someone and encase them in a block of ice, but I could.”

The ice version of Bhurzo suddenly plunged its cock into him and caused the real wolf to let out a yowl, only to have it frozen when the creature flowed like water over his body before freezing once again. This time he found himself completely encased, even his tongue and cock as he could still feel the cock inside his tailhole spreading him open while the tentacles in his head did the same. “Eventually I guess they had enough of the handsome kitsune toying with their men, enticing their husbands, brothers, sons, fathers, and anyone else who wished to be embraced within my tails and decided to try and rid themselves of my presence once and for all,” Yuki explained as his tails slithered around the frozen wolf, who couldn’t do anything but continued to be pleasured as even the ice around his own throbbing member seemed to stimulate the sensitive flesh. “After they convinced one of my lovers to poison me I was dragged out into the middle of these woods where they cast a powerful and insidious magic to make sure that I would be lost forever within it, and admittedly after the first few hundred years of trying to escape I settled down and created the little homestead you see here… but I did continue to corrupt their little ritual from within where I could, hoping that someone like you would come along and finally free me from my loneliness. Don’t you see, my dear wolf, that was all I wanted all along, to finally be wrapped up in the arms of another and not feel alone.”

Suddenly the wolf felt the ice around him shattered before his body got suspended in the air, and when he looked to see what it was he saw that Yuki’s tails had coiled around his limbs and had lifted him up with surprising strength. The kitsune brought him gently to the ground and began to kiss him while continuing to restrain him, spreading his legs apart while his tongue slid into his maw. For the confused wolf it felt like he was kissing his mouth but not at the same time, like he was kissing the lips of a rubber mask as Yuki got into position behind him. As Yuki told Bhurzo he was a good pet and ran his hands through the chest fur of the wolf it caused him to groan, though once again there was something different about the way his fur felt and everything else other than just the kitsune being the one to start to push into his tailhole.

It was also the smell, it felt to Bhurzo like Yuki had just put his crotch in front of his face but at the same time there was nothing there. As the kitsune began to push his cock into the restrained wolf however it brought all of his attention to being stretched open, causing him to let out a gasp as his entire body shuddered. Even though he hadn’t been prepped the thick shaft of the other man sank into him rather easily, no doubt by whatever magic as he felt his insides get filled by the rather impressive cock. His own maleness started to rise up but as it did he felt like it was in some sort of rubber sheath, though his eyes quickly went to his stomach when he saw that it was bulging out with more than then just the kitsune inside of him.

That’s impossible… as Bhurzo watched several snake-like tubes wiggle around in side of his abs and chest though it felt like there was something inside of him. But this wasn’t the dream world, whatever Yuki was doing to him was actually happening to his body as his fur was pushed up by the growing appendages within. When he looked to Yuki the kitsune just leered at him with a devilish smirk and those glowing blue eyes staring right at him while he began to thrust in and out of his hole. Let him in… the words of the kitsune echoed in his mind as he realized he had allowed Yuki inside of him before his back arched from a particularly powerful thrust inside that caused him two writhe in his bindings.

Suddenly however Bhurzo’s hands felt like they had just been freed, though it still feel like they were behind some sort of shirt or other piece of clothing even though he was naked. When he looked at where the tails had wrapped around his arms the wolf’s eyes widened at seeing what had been his muscular limbs hanging there limply like some sort of costume. He tried to push his hands out from where he felt them and it caused a sensation unlike anything he had ever experienced before as he saw a pair of hands push out his pectorals. With the kitsune still plowing into his tailhole it was hard to focus but as Bhurzo watched his feet bob in the air he saw the toes deflate in on themselves.

“I told you, you are my kitsune,” Yuki said between pants as both he and Bhurzo continued to feel their pleasure rising, the two males rutting despite how bizarre the wolf felt as he shook his head only to feel his muzzle flop around. “My pet, my thrall, mine in all ways.” As Bhurzo let out a sharp gasp he heard a voice different to his own but similar, feeling something push its way out of his lupine muzzle as the tentacles within his body stretched his fur out to the point where it was starting to tear. “What better way than to make you into me.”

Bhurzo let out a moan of pure bliss in his new voice as the tails that had been inside of his wolf pelt finally broke free, revealing the lithe white-furred body within as his arms were suddenly freed. The cuffs around his ankles and wrists fell away as the creature that the wolf had been sloughed off the kitsune’s body, Yuki even pausing to pull completely out and remove the lupine cock that had been covering the one underneath before plunging back in. As the tails completely unfurled they immediately wrapped around the ones that were now caressing and groping his new body, and with only the collar on it kept the wolf’s head on him even though a vulpine muzzle could be seen poking out of it.

“Let’s do this together, shall we?” Yuki said as he grabbed onto the mane of Bhurzo, the one underneath it feeling the skin already start to stretch as the both he and the kitsune were about to hit their orgasm. “One, two-“

The wolf let out a loud howl as he sat up straight from his bedroll, the waves of euphoria crashing through his body before he began to pant heavily. For a minute he couldn’t even move as he had to wait for himself to calm down, and when he finally did he let out a soft sigh before collapsing back on the rather hard ground that was cushioned only by the padding that his blanket provided. It didn’t matter much to him though, as the wolf realized where he was he found himself laughing as he saw the embers of the campfire that had been created what Bhurzo thought had been several nights ago. But the sun was shining and the air was warm, a far cry from the environment that he had been stuck in previously.

After making sure that everything was packed away the wolf got up and began to make the hike back to the city. There was nothing left for him in the woods, not any more at least, and the sooner that he could get back to civilization the better. Fortunately unlike the dreamscape it would only take about half a day, though as he started to walk in the direction of town there was a familiar creek that he was about to pass by. A smile crossed the wolf’s lips and he leaned down to the water, watching as the kitsune that appeared in the reflection smiled back.

“Not bad if I do say so myself,” Yuki said as he ran his hand through the mane that once belonged to Bhurzo before sticking out his tongue. As he continued to look in the water he noticed something just out of the corner of his eye, the shadow of the actual wolf thrashing about in ethereal chains. “Oh don’t worry, I’ll take good care of this body for you, and considering what a good boy you were I might even find someone else and let you keep this one.”

Yuki chuckled to himself and admired the slightly deeper voice of the wolf as he stood back up, though as he did he felt a chill in his hand and looked to see that a patch of the fur had started to turn white. “Mmmm, maybe not, we’ll have to see,” Yuki said as he splashed in the water, which froze underneath his shoe before floating further down the creek. “Even if not though you’ll love being me, you already got to experience the best parts.”

While the core of Bhurzo continued to complain Yuki just shut him out, which considering that this body was now his he found it easy to do. Ever since those cursed sorcerers trapped him within those enchanted woods in the first place he had vowed to get out and get revenge… but considering a couple hundred years had passed since anyone had gone deep enough in for him to steal their mind and body they were long since dead and the kitsune didn’t feel like looking for ancestors. But from what he had gleaned from the wolf before turning him almost completely into him it was clear that magic no longer held as much sway in this world, which meant that he was a big fish in a little pond. As Yuki flashed Bhurzo’s toothy grin he already started to imagine just how much trouble he was about to get into… or maybe we, since having a cloning spell would be such a shame to use just once.

Chapter Hydra:

As night fell over the ancient lands of Greece the moonlight illuminated the ruins of the structures that used to be there, which due to the ravages of time were reduced to crumbling pillars with only a few of the stone buildings left standing. The tours of such places had long since ended and as the shadows cast by these mythical monuments began to spread over the area it stood vacant as a silence fell on the once bustling ancient marketplace. Well… the ruins were almost vacant as a solitary figure climbed up through the west hills and made his way through the piles of rubble. Juan slowly pulled down the black hoodie that he wore to cover his head and looked around for any roaming security guards and, seeing now, made his way towards one of the temples in particular while making sure of his step while in the darkness.

Though normally Juan didn’t trespass over such ruins this was a special circumstance, though to anyone that he might explain it to would think it a mere treasure hunt the man climbing over the decaying marble knew that the artifact that he was seeking was far more potent than that. Most believed that any relics that were in these ancient temples had already been taken out of the area, catalogued and put up for display in some museum both local and abroad, he knew that the real treasures of the ancients lay far beyond where anyone might look. It was a place invisible to the naked eye that no technology could ever gaze upon, at least not on purpose. Magic… it was a hard concept to grasp but had Juan not seen it with his own eyes upon first claiming the pendant he found in an attic of an old house he was helping to renovate he wouldn’t believe it himself.

As soon as he had grabbed hold of the amulet Juan had been shown in his mind that this was a key to an ancient chamber, one that held a mysterious and powerful elemental artifact. Ever since that day it had been all that he thought about and eventually he found himself on a plane flying towards the land that he now stepped foot on. Once he was there he could feel opal-like stone start to practically pulsate underneath his shirt and after about two days of wandering around the area he finally found what he was looking for while on a guided tour of the ruins of Athens. When he first got an idea that he was close he almost darted forward in order to go to the spot but the security personnel plus all the people around caught his more rational sensibility and kept him where he was.

That night however had him scale around the rocks of the nearby shoreline and come up on the other side of the hill, avoiding the roads and the usual fences and other security measures to keep people from accidently walking into the historical site. That had led Juan to where he stood right at that moment, stepping between the massive columns and looking up at the vaulted marble ceiling in awe before pulling out his flashlight. Even though the area wasn’t completely enclosed the moonlight being blocked out made it hard for him to see anything in the dark shadows, which meant he had to risk the beam of light as he kept it close to the ground. The second that he had stepped inside he could feel the pendant pulsating against his chest and the further in he walked the stronger it was.

Eventually Juan found himself in a section of the temple that was slightly sunken in, walking down the chipped and cracked marble stairs and heading to the middle of it. When he turned off his flashlight he could see the pendant glowing underneath his shirt and when he pulled it from around his neck he let out a slight yelp as the chain broke right in his hands. For a split second he feared he had broken it but as the pendant landed on the floor the stone sank down into the marble and glowing lines started to form into a symbol unlike anything he had ever seen before. The true power of the gods, that’s what Juan thought as quickly backed away when the marble split in half underneath him and began to retract to reveal a set of stairs below.

Once again Juan found himself in awe at the display of magic, knowing that this temple had probably been scanned and looked over in every way yet this chamber remained undiscovered. As he started to go down the stairs it made him wonder if it even existed before the amulet dropped down on to the stone, which he could no longer find. When he was about to turn on his flashlight once more he found it unnecessary as the walls began to glow with lines similar to the glyph on the entrance, only this time it showed pictures that actually moved as he made his way down. From what he saw it looked like it was talking about the hydra, a many-headed sea serpent or dragon-like creature that the flowing magical lines depicted as running amok in Greece.

When Juan got to the bottom of the marble stairwell he saw a hallway lit up before him which showed him more of the story as he went. Warriors attempted to cut the heads off the hydra just like in the Greek legends, though one thing that it seemed to leave out was that instead of merely splitting into two heads like magic the tentacle-like neck that had formed wrapped around the human and transformed him into it. The human couldn’t help but stop at that part as he watched several others succumb to the same fate and found the entire act to be… oddly erotic in a way. It didn’t help that unlike most public myths these pictographs were uncensored and the men involved often were seen having the tentacle get into them in very graphic detail before the transformation even started.

Eventually the story ended with a bunch of what Juan guessed were magic users gathered around the hydra’s body, their lines glowing more brightly as the image of the hydra suddenly split into two with one being white lines that coalesced into a ball while the other turned black and flopped to the ground. The last image was the same magic users using that same orb to perform all manner of primal magic, which he wasn’t even aware was a thing until the word suddenly popped into his mind. The mages of Greece used the essence of the hydra to augment their own abilities, he thought to himself as he got to the end of the hallway where a door stood between him and the next room. At first he thought that he might need to go back and try to find where the amulet went but as he stood there the magical lines that had followed him moved into the marble and formed the image of the hydra once more before it slid open to reveal the chamber within.

Juan let out a gasp as he immediately saw that in the middle of the cylindrical room was a swirling orb that hovered above a pedestal, this one made out of black marble as it was surrounded by pillars of a similar material. The orb of the hydra… the raw power of primal magic stored down here, though for what reason remained a mystery. With such incredible energy Juan imagined that Greece could have potentially stopped themselves from falling, or perhaps it was because it was such a desired artifact it was hidden away for that purpose. Since it had been hundreds of years in the past there was really no one that Juan could talk to on the story of why such a thing would be hidden away and why the key to it would be nearly on the other side of the world, but as his eyes continued to remain transfixed on that shimmering object he found himself slowly stepping towards it.

A loud splash had caught him off-guard however and when Juan looked down he saw that there was a small moat that was around the pedestal, which was surprisingly deep as the water had gone all the way up to his stomach. When he remembered that his phone was in his pocket he quickly pulled himself out and removed the electronic device which dripped with water that came out of the case. Great, Juan thought to himself as he shook the phone a few times before setting it aside, so much for being able to document any of this. With his clothes soaking set he tried to wring them out while still on him, and when that didn’t work he figured since he was alone in a secret chamber in a temple closed off to the public that he could strip down and hang them on the lip of the dais that the pedestal sat on.

After using the last bit of dryness of his shirt to dry himself off he put the sopping wet clothes aside and then found his attention turning back towards the orb once more. While it was a bit strange to Juan to still want to investigate the magical artifact while naked he reminded himself that it wasn’t like anyone would see it, plus he could almost feel the energy radiating off of it even at the edge of the platform that he had sat on. Perhaps it had been fate that led him to claim this power, Juan thought to himself as he took a step forward with his bare feet on the cool marble, though to what end he wasn’t sure. As he carefully approached he wondered what he might do with the magic that he had seen depicted, though first he had to see what it did as he found himself almost within arms reach as his hand drifted up towards it.

Juan let out a soft gasp as even before he had touched it he could feel the power starting to flow into him, but before he placed his palm on the surface of it he felt a cramp go through his hands that caused it to retreat slightly. As he looked to see what was going on with his fingers his eyes widened when he saw the digits swelling right in front of him, watching as the flesh hardened and darkened to a deep red coloration. On first glance it looked like he had just gotten severely burned but as the joints popped and stretched he saw his fingernails lengthening out and sharpening into a set of wicked claws that looked rather deadly. When Juan pulled his hand back all the way he looked down and sat it wasn’t the only place where scales were starting to appear as he saw a patch of similar but lighter red start to spread over his human flesh.

That was definitely not shown in the pictures, Juan thought in a panic as he tried to retreat further, only to feel himself get pushed forward as a loud roar reverberated through the entirety of the chamber. As he stumbled towards the orb he managed to catch himself before he touched it, but with his chest so close to it he let out a sharp gasp as he felt not only his chest but his arms swell with muscle as the magical energy suffused into him. When he managed to step back he saw that the scales had grown almost entirely over his upper body while his somewhat skinny chest had grown a pair of full-blown pectorals. If it wasn’t for the fact that he was being transformed by some sort of ancient orb he would have considered the muscle growth to be a good thing, but all he could think about was leaving before he was altered further.

But the human found it harder to leave than he thought as he suddenly felt a second pair of much larger hands on his own. As the light of the orb began to grow brighter he could see the ethereal arms of a draconic creatures pressing against his own hands, though one of them had already managed to push it way into the one that had transformed. The hydra… as Juan stared in disbelieve he felt an increased pressure against his back like someone stood behind him while his feet were penned in by another set. With Juan pinned up against the pedestal he tried to squirm to get out of the grasp of the ghostly creature but he heard a deep growl next to his ear that caused him to stop all but a single shudder as a rather large translucent muzzle appeared next to him.

With his body so close to the orb Juan could feel himself changing further, but that wasn’t enough for the creature as he felt the possessed, transformed hand slowly reach up from the black marble without him telling it too. He could feel his fingers wiggling outside of his control as he saw the thickly muscled ethereal arm start to merge with his real flesh, feeling the limb grow heavy as it started to curl around the orb. A jolt of power ran through Juan’s trapped body, but when he didn’t suddenly explode out with scales and muscle he realized that it wasn’t the power that was transforming him, it was the spirit of the hydra that had managed to trap him. With his naked body pressed up against the marble there was nothing that the human could do as the orb started to get pushed towards his already scaled chest, though he found that it wasn’t the only thing the hydra was about to push into him as he felt something prod up between his cheeks.

Even with the creature being nothing but pure essence it felt to Juan like he was being stretched open by a rather thick dildo, causing him to gasp out as his back arched from the insertion. As he did his own hand pushed the orb into his chest and the second he felt the essence merge with his own he knew it was too late, he had opened a doorway to allow this spirit inside of him and the hydra was not going to let him leave without the body he had claimed. With there no longer being a reason to keep him at the pedestal Juan felt himself get released from the hold, but it still felt like there was someone on his back as the swirling relic disappeared inside of him while he let out a moan of pleasure despite the terror of the situation. Even with the orb assimilating his essence Juan attempted to turn and leave, but as his feet slipped on the polished marble he felt the start of claws scrape against it while he fell backwards.

The human would have fallen on his back, but instead he found himself hovering a few inches above it as the creature latched onto him continued to thrust into his body. With the orb inside him Juan could see the ethereal form of the hydra, watching the spectral tail waving around while the huge draconic feet flailed around his own. By this point the cock inside of him was so impossibly deep that Juan could see the outline of it completely stretching his stomach, though what held his attention more was the fact that the thick toes of the hydra were pushing into them. The sensation of his flesh and bone stretching as the alien feet seemed to stretch out his own like a pair of rubber slippers caused him to let out a strangled cry of pure bliss, especially when he felt two of them knit together while they expanded to give him a huge pair of dragon feet that sprouted even bigger claws than what was on his hand.

“Please…” Juan tried to say between thrusts as the hips of the ghost hydra could be felt pumping into him to the point they were starting to sink in. “I didn’t take your body… or your power…” The human only heard a growl in response as his teeth began to sharpen even though the head of the creature could still be seen next to him, though his attention was once more turned to the wave of pleasure as his hips and sides began to swell with muscle while his flesh hardened to bright red scales. This creature had every intention of possessing every inch of him, feeling his still human hand press against his stomach as the cock of the ghostly hydra pushed in deeper and lower until it slid into his own and caused him to cry out when suddenly turned red and grew several inches at once.

Juan panted heavily at this point and his voice sounded much deeper than before as he felt cold marble against his back. The hydra had already merged with him from the neck down and he could feel the vertebrae of his spine popping as his scaly body grew out into a tail. As his throat began to stretch and his teeth grew big enough that he couldn’t close his lips anymore Juan managed to flip over onto his hands and knees, still feeling a slight connection to them despite them being thickly muscled dragon limbs as he attempted to get to his clothes. But as he heard another growl and felt the primal essence of the creature pushing its way up into his brain it was becoming too overwhelming and his larger body collapsed a few inches over the edge of the platform.

Drool had started to drip from Juan’s lips as he opened his eyes and saw that his extended neck allowed him to see his own reflection in the moat below, along with the hydra head that floated right next to it. For a second he thought that perhaps the monster actually knew what it was doing as it seemed to look into his eyes, which the pupils of had grown significantly as horns had already started to sprout out past his hair. Did this hydra hear his plea, Juan thought to himself, only for his hope to immediately be shattered as he saw the draconic muzzle give him a knowing smirk before arching his head back. Juan started to shout but as soon as the head of the hydra pushed into his own he felt his own face stretch out, his cry turning into a roar as the spirit took the very last bit of the human. For a few moments the entire body of the scaled creature quivered and convulsed on the floor as a second pair of horns grew out while the first extended, his back swelling before spikes ran down the back of it as the hydra’s growing muzzle snapped and gnashed while the throbbing cock between his legs less loose with a torrent of seed.

When the final parts of the transformation finished and the mind of the human fully assimilated the new creature panted heavily from the exertion while still lying on its stomach. The room grew dark without the light of the orb as the creature let out a sigh of intense joy at finally having a new body. As it opened up its yellowed eyes the pupils narrowed into slits as the information of the human that had previously been the hydra was combed though, but with only one head it found its thoughts to be sluggish and half-formed. The primal power was far too overwhelming for the creature as it slowly stood onto its feet, his cock sliding back into the slit that had formed around it as he walked out of the chambers while scraping his claws against the magical murals of those that imprisoned him...

Meanwhile on the beach Juan hadn’t been the only one that was trespassing on lands where they didn’t belong, Sitka coming up for air while treading in the waters of the bay he swam at. While normally it was fine for people to go into the water it was restricted at night, but that was when the young man wanted to go the most as he started to make his way back to the shore. He had only gotten caught once doing it and even than the guard let him off with a warning once he had shined the light over his speedo clad body. It was just lucky that he had gotten them in the first place, Sitka thought to himself as he remembered getting the number from the guard and hooking up later.

The other reason he preferred being out at night than the day was because there were less tourists to get into the way, which in his mind was worth the danger of going out when it was dark. He also worked a night shift job and couldn’t come out except during peek hours of the day anyway and he enjoyed the water too much to wait for the equally packed weekends to do it. Even though there was a cultural heritage site not too far away he rarely encountered any security forces that patrolled the area save for the one that he got lucky with as he continued to swim until he felt the sand underneath his toes. As he got back onto the shore however he thought that perhaps luck wasn’t with him that day as he saw an orange glow further up the hill, only to realize that it was where the ruins were that bordered the area.

“Damn, someone torched the temples?” Sitka muttered to himself as he adjusted his speedo before walking over to the area where he normally hid his stuff. “Police are going to be here soon, last thing I need is to go to jail because some idiot decided to be a pyro.” As the man made his way across the beach his pale skin was illuminated in the moonlight, which brought the attention of a pair of eyes that had just come down that same hill. The humanoid draconic creature licked his lips as his primal instinct kicked in, letting out a soft growl as the scales of his shoulder pushed out until a bright red tentacle formed that continued to grow as the monster stalked closer to its prey.

The human remained unaware of the red-scaled creature heading in his direction as he got on his hands and knees and pushed aside several of the rocks to reveal a small chamber that he had discovered years ago to hide his stuff in. As he reached in and pulled out his backpack however he suddenly felt the sand shift around him and became aware of the presence of another. “Hello?” Sitka asked, shivering slightly as he felt something slide down the waistband at the back of his speedo. “Mikael, is that you? I definitely appreciate the spontaneity but in case you didn’t see someone set the ruins on fire.”

Sitka’s smile rapidly disappeared from his face as he heard a low, throaty growl that was definitely not the security guard he was thinking, but before he could try and pull himself out of the small tunnel he suddenly felt something slip between the globes of his butt and slither its way in. The human let out a loud howl as he felt the ring of muscle open, something that even with his practiced hole shouldn’t have been that easy while something pushed into him. When he tried to scramble out it only served to push whatever was inside him even deeper, causing him to pant and moan despite himself as he managed to get far enough he could poke his head back out. The second that Sitka did though he wished he hadn’t as he found himself staring directly into the bared fangs of some draconic creature, though even with the scaled muzzle directly in his face all he could focus on was the increasing pleasure of the cock-like appendage that continued to push into him.

The hydra decided at this point to provide a little more stimulation at this point in order to keep the shocked creature docile, extending another tiny tendril to stimulate the button of flesh that caused the toned body of the other man to spasm in pleasure. From his extensive time alive the monster knew exactly the best way to keep creatures that he merged with from squirming too much, though humans were by far the easiest to put under his control. Already the mental fog that had reduced the hydra to a snarling, drooling beast that had crawled out of that prison, which he promptly set on fire to prevent any sort of recurrence, had started to lift with the introduction of the essence of another. That didn’t stop a growl from escaping the hydra’s throat as he watched his tentacle continue to impale the man while stroking his own cock, savoring the sensations of taking another man for the first time in a while even if it wasn’t one of those cocky, arrogant warriors that kept trying to kill him.

With the eyes rolled back into Sitka’s head from the overload of pleasure form his stretched hole he didn’t see his pale skin starting to shift in hue, becoming an almost blue coloration while the bulge of the tentacle caused his stomach to swell out. As the magic of the hydra suffused into this new body it began to tremble not only from the sensations it was getting but from the magical energy that was being pumped into it. The front of the speedo that he had been wearing stretched as the man grew erect, the fabric already straining from his thickening thighs while his feet dug into the sand. The hydra let out a low moan of his own as he could already feel the power that came with the added essence flow into his body, along with something else as he looked down and saw the feet of the human merge with the tentacle that had turned blue.

The sudden sensation of the tentacle pushing up into his chest caused Sitka’s eyes to snap open, which had started to become discolored with a yellow tint. As he looked down at the source of the bizarre sensation he let out a gasp as he saw that his stomach looked like it had a giant snake inside of it that was pushing up to the muscles of his chest. Even though he could feel it wiggling inside of him the human couldn’t believe that was the same tentacle that was still sliding into his butt, though it was hadr to see that too as he found it hard to sit up. When he tried he heard a loud snap and let out a groan as his cock sprang free from the speedo that had kept it imprisoned, which immediately caused it to spurt with cum as the swollen lump in his chest rose up to his neck.

Sitka attempted to try and say something but as he did it came out merely as a gurgle, though it wasn’t the tentacle yet that was causing it as water began to gush out of his mouth. It was the power of the hydra that was claiming his body, the creature thought as he flexed his growing muscles from the mass that was being channeled in through the tentacle connected to the shrinking human. This head will clearly have an affinity to water and as blue and yellow scales could be seen forming on his body he also gained a colorful purple frill that was a similar color to the speedo that had given up the ghost some time ago. The human quickly became light enough to lift up into the air as the arms that Sitka found that the arms he tried to use to prop himself up had become stuck to his shrinking sides.

It didn’t take long before the transforming tentacle pushed the rest of the way up the new hydra head’s body, Sitka letting out a gargling cry as it pushed out of his throat and wiggled around in the air as he continued to orgasm. As the last of his humanity was released the hydra pulled the fused human down into his body, which melted easily into his new form as Sitka’s head morphed and twisted around the tentacle inside his stretched lips. As the ears of the human stretched out into a pair of purple ear fins it went from gurgles and groans to snapping and snarling as a pair of huge fangs grew out past its lips while an angler antenna grew out from its head. The hydra also felt something else growing from his own body as the excess mass that continued to flow from the thickening neck of the second head formed into a second tail with blue and yellow scales along with a purple frill just like its neck that planted itself on the shoulder of their body.

Despite having two heads their body remained humanoid, though it had grown significantly bigger as the already powerful form rippled with new muscle and strength. The entire time the hydra had not stopped stroking himself and as the two minds synced up with one another the dragon eventually let out a roar from both muzzles as it orgasmed with the help of the climax from the former human. As the two sets of yellow eyes opened up once more the heads looked at each other; though they were capable of independent thought the two remained locked as one mind in order for them to continue to gain more heads. Two heads were better than one, the hydra mused as it went over to the water and began to walk on it as sirens could be heard getting closer, but if they wanted more power and the ability to think clearly they were going to need quite a few more. Fortunately the head that had just been assimilated knew where they could find more creatures as they walked forward into the bay a little further before jumping into the air and diving underneath the surface.

A few miles down the coast a guard shack sat in darkness along the side of the road, anyone looking inside would see nothing but shadows and the occasional blinking light within. As a man dressed in a security guard outfit made his way into the small room however the sound of snoring could be heard, which prompted him to sigh and roll his eyes before he flicked on the light. As soon as the lights flickered to life the man that had been sleeping in his chair suddenly let out a hiss and covered his face with his hat while the other man went over and set a cup of coffee down in front of him. Like the first man this guy was also in a guard uniform, though they were a fair bit younger and thinner than their counterpart as they got their feet off of the table and grabbed the coffee.

“C’mon Mikael, you can’t keep sleeping like this,” the first man said as he poured a bunch of sugar into his own coffee. “Why do you even take the night shift if you can’t make it all the way through?”

“I find comfort in the night,” Mikael replied, which caused the other man to scoff. “What, it’s peaceful, no one to bother you. Plus I was merely resting my eyes, the sun is almost up and I knew soon you would be coming like the cheerful morning person you are.”

“Yeah, well, you’re lucky you weren’t a few miles further up the coast,” the guard replied as he leaned back with his cup. “Some arsonist set fire to a bunch of temple ruins, surprised you didn’t get the call yourself. Plus I’m neither cheerful nor a morning person.”

“Of course you are,” Mikael stated with a smirk. “You should have your own brand of coffee, Anklos morning blend for the morning person, made with pure sunshine! You like it out there during the day anyway, give me my nightclubs and raves, which is why we work perfectly together like that circle drawing.”

“Whatever Yang,” Anklos replied as he looked through the inspection clipboard while Mikael drank his coffee and looked out the window. The first colors of dawn had started to come out and as he looked at his watch he saw that it was almost time for him to leave. Just as he was about to stand up and tell his partner that he’ll see him tomorrow morning however he saw something down near the shoreline that caused him to squint. With the light of dawn catching him in the eyes it was hard to make out anything more than a shadow but as soon as he saw it whatever happened to be down there quickly darted out of sight behind the hills.

Even though he was nearly off of work the mysterious sight prompted him to want to go and investigate, which when Anklos asked what he was doing and heard about the figure on the beach got him up out of his chair too. Though it was unlikely that someone trespassing down on the shore would need two security guards the early mornings were often the most boring since the tourists often weren’t out yet and the locals knew better. It didn’t take them long to get down to the shore but as they did the only thing they saw were rocks and sand as they heard the sounds of the ocean crashing against the beach. Mikael scratched his head in confusion as even at a full sprint down the shore they would have either seen them along the water, but as his gaze went over to a small, abandoned shack he saw the door was open and prompted Anklos to follow.

“Man, I forgot this place was even down here,” Anklos said as Mikael opened the door to the shack and peeked inside. “I remember I used to eat my lunch in this place when we used to have two guards on duty, gave me some peace and quiet. This place has not improved with age.”

“Unlike you, my friend,” Mikael said before the sound of creaking boards caused them to stop and look around. “Anyway if someone is in here we should probably tell them to leave, last thing we need is this thing collapsing on someone and causing a scene.”

Though the shack wasn’t big there were multiple rooms, which prompted Mikael and Anklos to split up to search them quickly. When Mikael looked inside of his area he saw that the roof had collapsed completely inside of it, which only reinforced the fact that they need to find whoever had came into this place quickly and escort them out. Just as he was about to call out to Anklos that he was done however something reached out from the shadows and grabbed him by the face, pressing a clawed, scaly hand against his mouth before dragging him into a different area of the cabin. Just as the last of the security guard disappeared out of sight Anklos peeked out of his room, closing the door which only caused it to fall off of the hinges.

“Alright, I think that perhaps maybe what you saw was just a trick of the dawn,” Anklos said as he looked around the cabin, only to find it empty as he turned around in confusion. “Mikael, is this some kind of trick? You know that I really don’t like these kinds of surprises.”

As Anklos threatened to leave without even looking back he saw something that was lying on the ground near what had been the main living area for the shack. It was the flashlight that the other guard was using, and as he warned that he didn’t find any of this funny he went over to pick it up only to have it get crushed by a huge scaly black paw. “Oh… gods…” Anklos said as he looked up, his body trembling as he saw three sets of yellow eyes looking down at him. “Hydra…”

Earlier that morning the two-headed hydra had emerged from the water at the place where the water head had guided them, a place where he knew of someone that would be near the shore and easy to take. With their enhanced vision they could see the young man in the security guard shack in the window, and with a few puffs of fire they created a haze that kept their body in shadow. As soon as they saw the man look at them they darted off towards the nearby cabin that Mikael had informed the former human they could do it in if he ever stopped by. Once they were inside they peeked out the window and waited to see if their trap worked, which as they watched they saw that he wasn’t the only one that had gone down to the beach.

That was just fine for the hydra, the two heads nodding to one another as they formed a second tentacle to emerge from further along their back. Once more the adage two heads was better than one applied but they slunk into the shadows as the two approached the shack. While they were going to get both they wanted to try and get a head start on one, which would be their original target as the two split up and Mikael approached their hiding spot. When the guard looked inside the room the hydra shifted around and came up behind him, grabbing him and pulling him back while the tentacle of their unoccupied shoulder slithered around his body.

“Told you… I’d stop by…” the water head of the hydra said, the human looking back at the one that had whispered into his ear in confusion before the tentacle coiled around his neck and pushed its way into his ear. As soon as the monstrous flesh made connection with it tendrils slithered inside and transformed it so that the hydra could make a link with its new head, feeling Mikael tense up before they found the right spots to infest and cause every muscle in his body to relax. Though the two heads still had trouble thinking, especially as their primal magic increased as well as their mental processes, the ancient creature knew to have some fun as they stimulated another part of the brain and watch the front of the human’s pants tent almost immediately.

As they watched the brown eyes of the human turn to yellow they were about to strip him of his clothes when they already heard the other guard approach, which caused both heads to snarl in slight frustration. From the residual thoughts of the water head they had wanted to mate with this human right away but it was clear that they were going to have to take care of the other guard first. As they heard them saying something that the hydra could hardly understand he could hear the voice getting closer, which just prompted them to go out and deal with them right away. They stepped out into the light and could see the shock on his face as three pairs of yellow eyes stared down at him, Mikael’s thoughts already starting to become corrupted by the other two heads as the older gentleman said a word that the monster clearly recognized.

That was the last thing that Anklos got to say as the tentacle they had formed on their upper back slithered through the air and coiled up the human’s body like a snake before it shoved itself into his mouth. With their focus mainly on the handsome creature in their claws they pulled up the other man and brought him towards their back as they felt the flesh of the tentacle already merging where it made contact with his body. They could already feel the scales of their back sticking to the exposed flesh of the other human but the two hydra heads instead stared at their primary target, watching as black horns had already started to sprout from his head and his lips became more pronounced. With the transformative magic flowing through his mind it had already warped his psyche to the point where they essentially had another hydra head that was in a human’s body…

…which was going to make what happened next very, very interesting.

As scales began to form where the tentacle had fused to the former human’s neck the hydra ripped the uniform off of the man, leaving him completely naked within a matter of seconds. With the essence having been locked away for so long it had been so long since he could hold the appreciation of the male form, even if that form was human, and he found that with these new souls that he had assimilated he found himself wanting more humanoid before and seek out males for more than just the pleasure of transforming their warriors after they severed one of his heads. The hydra could feel the rush as a new spiritual head formed out of their bodies along with the physical representation of the tentacle before it plunged itself into the human before them, possessing him just like it had the others, and as they absorbed that soul they found the desire for what they were about to do even more insistent.

The increasingly black-scaled head let out a hiss of pure pleasure as the hands of their main body reached forward and brought the rear of the human down towards their cock, which had immediately pushed its way out of its slit once their planned had formed and was throbbing in the air. With their mental connection it felt like they had two cocks with one being on Mikael while the other was pressed against their tailhole, or in this case between the cheeks of the human as they started to push in. Though they could start to sense that they were going to merge with the body they decided to wait for a bit, especially as they felt the squirming human transforming behind them and could already feel their body starting to grow bigger from it.

All three heads growled in unison as they began to push inside while black scales started to form over the human’s backside, their power unable to be completely contained. By this point Mikael’s head was completely covered in black scales that lightened at the muzzle while tendrils of darkness emerged from his mouth that grew into a muzzle. The primal power of the shadows… it was a good one to have and it would serve them well, though at the moment the hydra could only think about thrusting his cock into the still mostly human body for as long as possible. As they slid in deeper they accidently pushed back too far, which caused Mikael’s muscular body to press against their own. By this point it had been so suffused with their energy that it practically melted into them, though they thrusted into what felt like themselves for as long as possible until the black-scaled head of the hydra shifted into place along with the others while black scales replaced the red ones at his feet that grew into even bigger draconic paws.

As the three heads looked at each other they could feel themselves getting more enlightened by the second, something that the ancient part of themselves knew was part of what their historical predecessors feared. When they were merely a monster with several heads they tamed the hydra in order to use its connection to the primordial magic of the land in order to tame it, but as they gave it more people to integrate into its body the more it learned until upon having a lovely older man that was wise in mind but frail in body join them they made a breakthrough. Soon they had started to speak to those that had commanded him to do their bidding and said showed them their intelligence, and rather than embrace them they attempted to cut off their heads to make him merely a conduit for them once more. When they failed to do that and the hydra used the very warriors that attacked him to reconstitute itself the magicians of the old world finally decided to use the forbidden magic in order to yank its soul out, killing the body in the process so that they could use the essence on its own.

Of course that was until he started being able to possess them, the hydra thought with the three heads grinning at once, but it also led to them sealing the creature away in that prison for what they thought would be all eternity. But the monster was out now and while it wouldn’t have the delight of revenge from what it had assimilated already this place knew little of the old ways, save for the fact that of course they were depicted as a monster. Just as they rolled their eyes the three heads let out a gasp as they suddenly felt another get added into the mix, the human they hadn’t been paying attention letting out a snarl as they all turned their necks to see the white scaled and more lupine but still draconic head with a pair of bright blue horns and feathered ear-fins that looked almost like wings. As the assimilated mass pushed two more tails out of their body, one with white feathers and one black scales, it also caused two more appendages to grow from them in the form of a pair of leathery wings.

“Did you three seriously forget about me back here?” The white-scaled head said with a snarl as a shimmering silver mane grew down the back of his head to complete the look.

“We were… preoccupied,” the other three said in unison, though as their eyes shifted about they all began to move a little more independently of one another as the red-scaled head in the center spoke up. “But we are glad to have you, now that we harness the powers of light and shadow we can move about this land more freely.”

“Not to mention is has bulked us up quite a bit,” Water said as one of their hands ran down their mountainous pectorals. “If we had looked like this back in the day they would have built statues of us instead of tried to kill us.”

“I would certainly worship us,” Shadow replied as he licked his chops at looking at the nearly fourteen inch cock that continued to jut out from between their legs, the red of their lower body darkened a few shades while their other hand ran over their washboard abs. “Maybe these humans will.”

“What, take the place of the gods?” Fire scoffed, tendrils of flame coming out of his nostrils as their arms suddenly stopped their groping and crossed over their chest. “We may be ridiculously handsome but that doesn’t mean all the hot guys out there are going to want a piece of this.”

“Don’t be so sure of that,” Light responded, the remaining heads starting to gain the same toothy grin as a thought flashed across their minds. “This is a brand new world, don’t right it off just yet. Perhaps we can test that theory, not to mention we have room for a few more here…”

That next week two men made their way down a dark alley next to the nightclub that they had just been in, looking at their phones at the address that had been texted to them. “Hey man, I don’t know about this,” the slightly older one said as he brushed aside his long hair. “I have a flight in the morning and we’re getting scammed I can’t afford to be roofied or anything like that.”

“C’mon Antonio, you saw the pictures,” the slightly shorter, much skinner man said as he rubbed the sweat off of his tanned skin and tried not to show his own nervousness. “If this is going to happen anywhere it’s going to be here in Greece. I spent so many years digging in the dirt looking for things like that I’m not going to let the chance to miss out on meeting a living legend, especially since they sounded so nice on the phone.”

“I still have the feeling we’re just going to be ending up naked and on YouTube completely passed out,” Antonio replied before he sighed. “Alright Nicholas, but if it’s just a bunch of dudes in dragon masks I’m pushing you inside and locking the door behind me. Plus you’re going to pay me for the drink I left behind.”

The two chuckled at that but for both of them it was to hide their anxiety as they continued down the road to the red dot that was on their phones. It had all started a week ago with Antonio staying with his friend Nicholas for a week, and while he was there he was browsing a few websites that both of them enjoyed that involved… certain materials, and as they did they suddenly got a message from someone that was in the same message board. At first they thought it was some sort of scam, after all who ever heard of a hydra using a computer? But when they asked for pics and got them they were immediately intrigued and after a few days of talking back and forth they finally got the call to meet.

Once they got to the door the two stopped and they texted their host, which quickly got a response back telling them to come in. Despite the invitation the two remained standing at the threshold at some time with the two prompting one another to go first, eventually getting to pushing before finally Nicholas snapped that he would do it and went inside with his friend hot on his heels. The second they got in the first thing they encountered was a wall of steam as it felt like they had just entered into a sauna. Sweat immediately began to drip down their bodies as they put their phones in a nearby plastic container marked for such before they made their way further inside and called out to the one they were supposed to meet.

“We’re over here,” a voice called out, one that was deep and inviting as the two entered into a tiled room that was much like the entrance way. “I hope you don’t mind the steam, we found this old bath house and decided that it would be the perfect place for us for now. Why don’t you two go ahead and take off your clothes… you’re not going to need them for much longer anyway.”

Antonio gave his friend a dirty look but both complied, stripping down out of their already wet clothes and throwing them aside before the kept moving through the steam. It didn’t take long before they got to the source and both humans gasped as the four-headed creature smiled up at them while laying against one of the benches. Droplets of water dripped down their scaly body and seemed to accentuate their heavily muscled form as the blue-scaled head breathed a jet of water into the air that the red-scaled head blew fire into to creature a thick plume of the hot steam that surrounded them. As the two continued to stare at the hunky monster in front of them the hydra shifted around so that he laid on his back, the four tails they had beckoning the two humans closer.

“Holy shit, it’s real,” Antonio said before he quickly shook his head, Nicholas glaring at him slightly. “I mean you, you’re real! Damn, your pictures don’t do you justice.”

“Well, you can imagine how hard it is to get four heads in focus,” the four heads said in perfect unison, making them sound like they had one voice as they once more shifted their tails to expose the rounded globes of their scaly butt. “But if I remember correctly you both said that your fantasy was to fuck a hydra or similar monster… now here’s your chance.”

“I… uh… wow…” Nicholas stammered as Antonio continued to just stare with his jaw dropped. “Who… who do you want to go first?”

“Why not both at once?” the hydra replied with a smirk on their faces. “We’re a big boy, we can take it. Go ahead, I’m sure that this won’t be the first time you two have done something like this together.”

This time it was more than the steam making the two humans blush as they decided to take the hydra up on the offer, the tiled bench wide enough to allow both of them to get on either side of the large monstrous humanoid without slipping around two much. For a few moments neither of the two touched the creature beneath them, as though doing so might cause the illusion of this real life myth to vanish, but their lusts quickly got the better of them and as they pressed their hands against the moist scales they heard the heads let out a groan of pleasure already. Despite the fierce nature of the beast, or perhaps because of it, both men were rock hard as they positioned themselves so their cocks would go in at the same time.

As the hydra suggested their tailhole was more than accommodating for them, their claws cracking the tile beneath them as they were double penetrated by the two humans. For the hydra it was better than they had imagined and from what they had gleaned from their individual hosts, which as the four heads smirked at one another as they knew that soon it would include two more before the humans began to thrust down into them. With the combination of the steam and their own enthusiasm the hydra felt the bodies of the two human slide a bit as they tried to thrust into their scaly rump while unaware of the two tentacles on their upper back snaking down towards them. The hydra waited until both were in as far as they could and felt the two orgasm from their tight walls and their own cocks sliding against one another, which they deemed the right time to do a little penetration of their own.

Both men let out a gasp of surprise as they felt their own butts get pushed into, though with the pleasure that they were getting from being inside the hydra it quickly melted down into pure blissful euphoria. Their hands slid and pressed against the sides of the monster and they continued to try to move them even as their fingers melded with the scales of the hydra’s back. As Light and Shadow looked back they could see their tentacles pushing up through the flesh of the human’s back and quickly reaching their skulls, almost like the two were inviting it in as their tanned skin even started to knit the two together while they sank into the body of the creature. With their muscle mass already primed most of these new bodies were transferred into the wings to make them actually flyable, the membranes being tinted with blue and yellow while grey scales started to mix into the chest and sides of their form.

The tentacle reached Antonio’s brain first and as he saw the wings pushing out and the grey scales covering his face he let out a gasp of pure joy. “Yes… to finally fly free…” the changing human managed to say between the tentacle’s thrusts as it pushed into his mind and linked them with the others. “I… am… Wind!”

The former human let out a loud roar that grew deeper as his face became an angular draconic snout while white horns pushed out of his head, sweeping back as his friend quickly came up behind him. His snout grew in to be more blocky and as brown scales assimilated his swelling face darker lines could be seen tracing over it. He was making their body even more stout and as bright brown stripes appeared on their shared form he let out a guttural cry of his own that made the earth beneath their feet tremble. Two more conduits, two more heads, and they could still feel the hips of the two humans trying to keep thrusting into them even though their cocks had long been absorbed into their body and their feet turned to a pair of tails that matched the new faces.

As the two new heads moved up into place next to Light and behind Shadow and Fire they all panted heavily, though as Water was the first to recover he let out a whistle that prompted a muscular naked man to come out with a plate of food. As Earth and Wind were fed by the servant that had almost immediately pledged himself to them as soon as they saw him flex his powerful muscles, he was followed by a second similarly naked and muscular guy who started to stroke and lick his cock. “You know, maybe it wasn’t such a bad thing that we got stuck down there,” Fire said as he stretched out his wings and sat back against the tile, several heads letting out groans as their servant got between their legs and began to suck on his shaft. “The people are definitely nicer, plus it does turn out that there are those out there that not only want to fuck us but want to be our heads as well.”

“I told you,” Light said with a smirk as the yellow eyes of their two newest heads nodded enthusiastically before leaning forward and eating the grapes that were presented to them. “Not to mention we can still harness the primordial powers of the world, though not as strongly as we used to, and from the looks of it we can do more than survive off of our skills alone and find others to join us and make us smarter and stronger.”

“Well let’s not get too greedy here,” Fire replied after he had taken a sip from the goblet offered by the first servant while they used their hand to stroke the hair of the eager hydra cock sucker nestled between their thighs. “We have a good thing going but we don’t know if the threat of the past is completely in the past. Until we get a few more spies perhaps it might be best to stick with the heads we have, plus we got all the major primal magics down anyway.”

The other heads nodded and the hydra went back to relaxing, Fire and Water creating another plume of steam as they all let out a contented sigh while the red scaled dragon head closed his eyes. “You know…” Shadow said, causing Fire to open his eyes again and look over at him. “I heard that that with humans they actually created an actual primal magic with the metal that they created.”

“Ohhh, a metal head?” Light commented. “That would be interesting, do you think that there could be one for actual technology too? Or maybe even a digital head?”

As the other heads of the hydra began to talk they were quickly silenced by a loud clearing of the throat from Fire, who looked at them all before a small grin came to his face. “Well… I suppose it wouldn’t hurt to have ONE more head,” Fire said, the others all giving him fanged grins as he watched the shaft of their cock slide into the throat of the human in front of him. “Or perhaps two…”

Chapter Ouroboros:

Allen walked down the street with a problem; it was one that likely wasn’t typical of those whom he crossed paths with, nor would they understand if he tried to explain it to them. It had started out as a normal day for the tall and somewhat thin man as well, with no work for him to do that day he had gone into the downtown area in order to just hang out and found that there was a local festival that had been set up in the area. While most of it was geared towards families and kids he decided since it was free for admission that he would go about and see if he could find something entertaining. After walking around a few stalls he grabbed a few of the snacks that were for free and then started to make his way towards the exit.

“You!” a raspy voice called out, prompting Allen to look around until his brown eyes fell upon a woman that sat at a small card table with a deck of cards in front of her. She looked like she was ancient and as she continued to point a bony finger in his direction he couldn’t help but look around to see if she might have been mistakenly referring to someone else. “No, you, get over here.”

Though it was a bit rude Allen answered the summons, walking over and sitting down on the chair that was opposite of her when prompted. “Hey, I really don’t need my fortune read or anything,” Allen stated as the old lady continued to gaze at him. “Plus I just spent the money I had at the food stall so I couldn’t pay you if I did.”

“You… oh, my boy… oh I couldn’t let you leave this place until I told you what I saw,” the old lady said as she continued her steadfast stare into his eyes. “You do not have long for this world… your time in this world is coming to an end, and it is very soon. Time unwinds around your body like a string cast into the air, and it won’t be long until there is nothing but the spool.”

“Are you… are you trying to say that I’m going to die?” Allen said in both shock and confusion.

“If that makes you feel better about it,” the old woman said as she leaned back in the chair. “Your aura is a black hole, a pit in which it absorbs everything around it. Soon you will be no more, and while I don’t know what awaits you it’s all I can say.”

For a second Allen sat there in stunned disbelief before he felt anger rising up in him. “You can’t just tell people that they’re going to die!” Allen shouted as he stood up. “What kind of fortune teller are you?”

“Who says I’m a fortune teller?” The old woman replied. “I can understand that it is hard to accept one’s face but believe me when I say it’s true, and if you don’t believe me then you can ignore this warning and go about your day. But mark my words, your time here will be shortly at an end as fast as the crow flies.”

Allen still couldn’t believe what he was hearing, shaking his head at not only at the gall of this lady to just point him out of a crowd and tell him that he was going to die but also at how sure she sounded that it was going to happen. Once he was done rubbing his eyes Allen was about to ask her what sort of scam she was running when he was shocked to find that she was gone, replaced with an empty chair as he looked around to see if she had gotten up. No way someone that old could have gotten away that fast, Allen thought to himself as he even looked under the table to try and find the old crone. As he felt a tap on his shoulder he thought that perhaps that it was her and that she had somehow gotten behind him in his confusion but when he looked up it was a younger woman that informed him that if he was waiting for her that it would take some time to set up.

At this point Allen’s head was spinning and when he got up from the chair he saw a sign that advertised face painting, watching as the woman set down an air compressor and brush along with a bunch of colors. “Excuse me,” Allen asked as he pointed to the table. “Do you share this table with some sort of fortune teller lady? Looks like she might be in the triple digits for age?”

“Uh, no, sorry,” the woman said with a laugh. “I think I would remember someone like that, and I had just packed up in order to go to lunch since there was no one to watch my table while I was gone. Plus I was only gone thirty minutes and had gone to the nearby grill area, I can’t imagine anyone would set up shop here that quickly without me seeing it and I walked back you were sitting here alone.”

Too weird… Allen quickly thanked the woman and began to go to the exit of the festival grounds, though as he walked by a fence post he heard a loud squawk that caused him to jump. When he looked over he saw a crow had landed there and seemed to stare right at him, prompting him to run his hands through his black hair before running away from it. Everything was becoming too weird for him at the moment and he needed to just get out of there, even as he felt eyes on him for his strange behavior he ignored them and jumped the barrier that had been setup to go down a nearby alley. The entire time he ran home the only thing he could think of was if he had gotten cursed, and even when his panic abated and he turned into a main street the only thing he could think of as he walked among the crowd of people was that he had some sort of ethereal target on his back.

Despite the fact that he still couldn’t believe what the lady had said he immediately made an appointment with his doctor and then scoured the internet for a way to figure out what was going on with him. It may have just been his imagination but it felt like death was coming for him, like he was running away from it but it was chasing him and quickly catching up. He was still a young man and had his whole life ahead of him, or at least he thought he did, and it made him wonder what on earth he could have done in order to deserve something like this. It didn’t help that the next day when he went to his doctor’s appointment he was greeted with yet another crow, this time sitting outside his apartment as though waiting for him before he got on the bus.

The doctor was about as awkward as Allen expected and after as many tests as he felt confident in asking for without raising suspicion he was eventually told a few days later that there was nothing physically wrong with him. The internet didn’t hold much information for him either, but the longer time went on the more it felt time was ticking down until his demise. With the doctor and the internet striking out he tried to find other ways in order to figure out what’s going on and even going to the festival again to see if that old woman had somehow come back. Once again he came up empty however and it started to push him to measures that were a little more traditional in nature…

…way more traditional.

A few weeks later Allen sat at his desk with a number of old books and photocopies, everything that he could find considering the ancient practice of alchemy. As he had gathered his data things began to start looking more and more like what the old woman had said was true, starting to see things like people disappearing and reappearing while things like furniture that he owned just winked out of existence for a brief period before coming back. It was like it wasn’t just his life was coming to an end, it felt more like the very fabric of his existence was becoming undone right in front of him. If it hadn’t been for the fact that he had his head scanned multiple times he might have thought that he was going crazy.

But it was also when he had gotten his greatest idea, one that involved more than just cheating death. For the longest time ancient alchemists had attempted to extend their life or to achieve immortality, and unless they had kept their success a big secret none of them had ever succeeded. As he read through ways of trying to save himself from his fate he found himself understanding things like branching universe theory and the idea of linear time being less like a line and more like a pond. If that was the case, and all of existence was merely the surface of the water, then who was to say that he couldn’t remove himself from the pond entirely? It was a bit on the extreme side of thinking but when he had put down his coffee mug on his table only to hear it shatter when he saw that it had disappeared he figured that existing outside of the usual parameters of time was better than not existing at all.

In the end Allen came up with a rather unique fusion of modern theory and ancient practices, finding that using the same transmutation spells that they used in order to attempt immortality along with a bit of creative engineering on his part could do what he wanted. The only thing was that he didn’t want to turn himself into an actual statue, like finding out the philosopher’s stone was real by actually turning into it. He still needed something that represented timelessness though and eventually came up with a solution that he could work with, swirling the vial of liquid latex around that been the culmination of nearly three months of near endless work. It had been nearly time in order for him to try it out, looking over his notes in order to make sure he had done the alchemical circle that he based on the entire thing correctly.

It had initially required a lot of space but given that his furniture still hadn’t returned after disappearing the day prior he found himself with more than enough room to work with. It seemed the that the glitches were getting worse and save for his workspace he found himself seeing people move from one spot to the other and cars appearing where they hadn’t been like he was in some sort of bugged out video game. Maybe the simulation is breaking down, Allen thought to himself, though he had yet to see any falling green lines of code. That didn’t stop those damn crows from showing up though, glacing out the window to see that one of them was perched on his fire escape as he flipped it off.

Once he had gotten to the middle of the circle Allen took the vial of alchemically infused rubber and removed the stopper, and as the faint aroma of latex filled the air the human suddenly had doubts. Even with reality glitching around him and his stuff disappearing he was about to try and do something that even those who had studied the craft hadn’t accomplished during their lifetime, and though he was able to use the power of the internet and computers to compile his data much more quickly it was hard to believe that any of this wasn’t going to work. It also required a fundamental belief in magic, which up until a few months ago he didn’t even consider but was now standing in a middle of a runic circle about to try and perform an ancient ritual.

Allen found himself standing there for a while before he sighed and poured the liquid into his palm, then taking it and painting the remaining symbols for the spell to work on his forehead, cheeks, and finally on his bare chest. Once he was done he rubbed the rest into his palms and waited, feeling the seconds tick by as he stood in the middle of his mostly empty living room with only a pair of shorts on. Though he began to feel the rubbery substance tightening on his face and cause the skin underneath to tingle nothing else really seemed to happen, which made him wonder if he really had just wasted the last two months on a fever dream. Just as he began to think about going back to the drawing board he saw the chalk lines on the floor start to glow with a faint light.

“No way…” Allen said, his shock turning to delight as the magic could be seen filtering all the way out to the edges. “I did it! I guess that makes me an alchemist now…” As the human watched however he saw that the glowing white quickly shifted to black and started to spread out, and as he lifted up his foot he saw thick strands of a substance very similar to the liquid latex that he had just put on his body start to stick to his foot and start to climb up it. “Uh, uh oh, this wasn’t in the description, damn google translate…”

Allen quickly tried to get out of the circle but the step he had used to inspect his foot had been his last as he felt the thick substance had started to crawl up his other foot. When he tried to step forward with the one that was still in the air the heavy strands pulled it back to the middle of the circle and quickly coat it as well. Panic started to set in as the human tried to figure out what to do since other than the ritual itself and some base concepts he actually didn’t know how alchemy function, and from the way the liquid rubber was traveling up his legs he knew it wouldn’t be long before he found out the consequences of that. As he looked out over at his desk and all the information he could possibly use he found that the feeling of the rubber that had started to tighten around his legs was also giving off another sensation, Allen feeling a bit of embarrassment as the shorts he wore for this experiment began to tent.

As the liquid continued to cascade up his body though Allen didn’t have too long to think about it as it quickly coated his thighs and encased his cock, causing it to jump to full hardness as the fabric that covered it started to dissolve away and caused his shiny member to spring out. He let out a huff as the rubber clung to it and as he found his hand drifting towards it he also found something poking up inside him that caused his entire body to straighten in shock. It quickly became clear this substance wasn’t just aiming to coat him as it started to spread him open, and what made matters even more bizarre was it felt like he was getting penetrated by a rubbery version of his own cock as it did! Alchemists were extremely kinky, Allen thought to himself as the wave of rubber continued to roll up his flat stomach and continued to assimilate his thin body.

Even as Allen tried to bite his lip he couldn’t help but let out a moan as the rubber cock continued to thrust into him even with the shiny material tightening around his backside, though as it started to get towards his shoulder he felt a different stretching sensation that was happening at his legs. He looked down and saw that while the rubber was stimulating and coating him it was also transforming him, feeling his legs start to swell with muscle while his feet pushed out and grew larger. As his toes merged together they looked almost reptilian, but that was nothing to when the rubber reached his shoulders and poured down his arms while his chest filled out and his abs grew more defined. Even his cock looked like it was growing bigger as he felt his arms swell while the liquid rubber reached his head and coated his face.

As another tentacle of rubber emerged and pushed into his mouth, forming into a similar phallic shape as the one that was inside his rear, he felt his spine stretch and felt something push out just above his rear. Did he just turn himself into some sort of rubber lizard statue, he thought to himself as his mouth was filled with the shape of his own cock that he found himself sucking on despite himself, and was this going to be his eternity? He found himself still unable to move his body except for tilting his head back and as the rubber covered his face he began to see something coalesce in front of him. His vision was starting to go hazy as the liquid was creeping over his eyes while his face pushed out into a muzzle but as the glowing object took form it became a shape that he was familiar with, the image burning into his mind and remaining in his vision even after the rubber covered him completely.

Allen wasn’t sure how long he remained there encased in the rubber that had completely enveloped him but suddenly it all melted away, the human coughing as the cock that had been pleasuring his mouth pulled out of him while the one in his rear did the same. As he turned to his side in order to prevent any of it from leaking down his throat he realized that he was lying down, feeling the familiar texture of the cushions of his couch as he looked around and saw that his furniture was back. He quickly sat up at this revelation and when he examined his own body he saw he was also completely reverted to his original thin human form.

Could have kept a couple of those muscles, Allen thought to himself as he hopped over the couch and went back to his desk. The circle that he had drawn was for transmutation, and though the effects were temporary it had been clear that he didn’t want to do that even with a flexible substance. But while he was being transformed he had gotten a vision of something that could help him, something that literally represented the timelessness that he was looking for. Whether his furniture coming back was a sign that he was heading in the right direction or not he felt like he had just been pointed in the right direction, to a creature that up until that moment he had thought was just a concept.

Ouroboros.

As Allen rifled through the papers and books on his desk it reminded him that during his studies he didn’t actually see the creature mentioned much aside from it being used as a symbol for Alchemist Orders and other such things. The more he dwelled on it though the more he believed that this serpent actually existed, or exists, or something like that just as much as he knew that he wasn’t going to be around for much longer at this rate. Even with his furniture back he could still feel his very existence decaying away from whatever curse was upon him and once more saw the beady eyes of the crow that had been at his window. It also made him wonder just how much the bird saw of that previous display and also reminded him of the fact that he was naked as he went to his bedroom and hoped there was still a change of clothes.

It took another week for Allen to scrape together as much information as he could about the serpent of eternity, finding that for being such a prevalent symbol in society there wasn’t a whole lot written about him. Aside from being eternal there had also been mention that he was the holder of limitless knowledge, so even if he wasn’t directly the solution to his problem he could at least try and ask what was happening to him. The problem he was running into was that since Ouroboros was regarded more as a symbol rather than an actual creature no one really tried to summon him or otherwise get into contact with the potential deity… or possible monster. That meant that Allen had to do a bit of creative thinking in order to try and get Ouroboros to come to him, and instead of starting over with some sort of new type of alchemy he just used what he had previously done and expanded upon it.

At the end of the week Allen found himself standing in the middle of the alchemy circle that he had remade, adjusting some of symbols while still keeping the majority of them. Once again his furniture had completely disappeared and this time it had taken his television and cabinets too, which left the room completely empty. At least it gave him more room to expand as he added the last of another outer ring before tossing the mostly spent chalk aside. After what happened last time he also opted to do this ritual without clothes, especially with half his wardrobe missing, as he rolled the fifty-five gallon drum of liquid rubber into the middle of it where several others already had been set up.

Allen breathed out a sigh and rubbed the sweat from his brow, remembering what a pain it was to get the materials in the first place. When he tried to go to his friends and family first half the people didn’t even know who he was and the other half took a while before they remembered, which made it all the more awkward when he had to use their account to order gallons of liquid rubber for the ritual he was casting. Thankfully it all worked out before his address winked out of existence too and as he stood there looking at the expensive barrels his one solace was that if this didn’t work he at least didn’t have to pay them back. He tried to put himself into a better head space though and went back to his notes of the ritual he had cobbled together from pieces of other ones, moving to the last step as he took a paint brush and dipped it into one of the barrels he opened before painting the symbol of Ouroboros on the side of it with the alchemically treated substance.

“Please work,” Allen whispered to himself as he backed away, crossing his fingers as he could actually feel the magic starting to gather underneath his feet. “Ouroboros, if you can hear my call please answer, tell me how I can save myself from this fate.” As he continued to watch the circle glow he felt his stomach doing flip-flops as it reached the edges where he had drawn the symbol of the eternal serpent around the entirety of the alchemist circle to try and help direct the magic to where he needed to go. When the magic filled the circle he was relieved to find that he wasn’t surrounded by a pool of the shiny substance, and as he heard a bubbling noise he saw from the one that he opened looked like it was starting to boil.

But that was only half the magic, Allen had used an alchemical ritual that was supposed to make a homunculus, which was essentially a golem or an actual creature just with no soul, and have Ouroboros possess it so that he could try and talk to him. As the room darkened and he could start to see something that shimmered up above the human felt his heart lifting with joy. It was hard to see at this moment but he could feel that he had done it, that he had managed to get the attention of the eternal serpent. He also saw that the rubber was starting to react as the lid of the other containers cracked and eventually broke off as the shiny liquid began to swell upwards.

This time Allen could actually watch as the serpent’s body formed and as he watched it swirl around in a circle it looked absolutely stunning. This creature was a deity, he thought to himself, a god of time and knowledge that flowed through him like a river that never ended. As he continued to watch him fly over the alchemy circle however something was wrong, he could sense it in the air even as more of the liquid rubber began to coalesce into a similar tubular shape. It wasn’t connecting with it, Allen realized, even though he had channeled alchemical energy into the substance it was still just inert goo at its heart and it had nothing to latch onto.

The second that Allen made that rationalization the spirit flew to the corner of the room and disappeared, causing the human to cry out before falling to his knees. Another failure, and this time he had Ouroboros so close that he could almost touch him. As the room once more brightened back up with the presence of the spirit gone the human saw while he was looking down at his alchemy circle that there was a shadow being cast over him that shouldn’t have been there before. Allen slowly turned around and as he heard a low hissing noise he realized that while he hadn’t gotten the spirit he had summoned that one part of his spell did work, slowly looking up at the rubber naga creature that had been created as it towered over him.

It was also at that moment as he saw the huge gooey cock that jutted out from the humanoid upper body of the creature that Allen remembered he was naked, and before he could get up and hide from his creation a coil of the naga’s lower body had managed to slither around him and coil against his form. He hardly had time to wonder why something that wasn’t supposed to even exist without his command be so horny as he felt it wrap his legs completely around his body, hearing the cobra naga chuckle as its hands slid down his skinny chest and went down towards his groin. He wasn’t quite sure whether it was because of the size of his own member compared to the one that he felt starting to push up into his backside or just from the fact that his homunculus he had summoned was about to take control, but either way he knew what was about to happen as he wrapped his arms around another coil that looped around his chest and braced himself.

To his surprise the thick rubber cock was quite firm as the tapered tip entered into him, causing his body to tense as he felt himself get penetrated for the second time in a month and both times by rubber implements. At least this time it wasn’t his own shaft, he thought to himself, though as it quickly started to get wider he wonder if that might not have been a bad thing. The naga seemed to sense the tenseness in his body however and began to squeeze and undulate the coils around him, not only spreading more of the thick liquid rubber over his body but also causing him to relax as it felt like he was being completely encased in some sort of bizarre water bed. His legs began to feel like jelly as the initial anxiety of getting rutted by a liquid rubber naga homunculus gave way to the pleasure that the surprisingly tender creature gave him, even feeling those smooth hands rub against his back while he continued to feel the throbbing cock flow into him.

It was a rather handsome naga, Allen admitted as he let the massage continue while he leaned forward against the coils supporting his body. Perhaps these alchemists knew what they were doing after all, it had always been said that the greatest innovations were driven by entertainment and sex, and this creature was definitely a master of the latter as he let out another low moan. As the creature went from penetrating to thrusting and started to work his cock in and out of him it felt like his spine was being pleasantly stretched, though as he tried to curl his toes from the feeling of the goo cock spreading him open with measured rocking of its coils he found he couldn’t. It was enough of a shift in sensation that he turned backwards to try and see what was going on and as he saw his rubbery legs pushing their way out from the mass of coils that were wrapped around him it looked like his feet as well as the rest of his legs had been merged together.

As Allen tried to move to see better he heard the snake hiss in his ear and as that forked tongue tickled against him it caused his squirming to cease. Once he had relaxed in his coils once more the rubber naga shifted his body, keeping his cock pumping deep into him while lowering his head down. With his lower form more exposed he saw that like with his last attempt with alchemy his body looked like it was covered in rubber and his entire form was more muscular than before, his clawed hands going to his stomach where the thrusting from the naga caused the cock to rhythmically swell his stomach. He could also feel something welling up inside of him but as droplets of liquid rubber began to drip out of his nose he was more preoccupied with the creature completely swallowing up his new foot long serpentine cock with one swallow in its gooey throat.

Allen arched his head back and let out a hiss of pleasure, feeling his rubber covered tongue poke past his lips as it split into a fork while the latex-covered flesh of his back and neck flared out into a hood. Even with this creature’s masterful timing where he pushed down on his cock while the one inside him pulled out and vice versa it wasn’t enough to distract the human from the fact that his face was starting to swell out and the flecks of rubber that covered his flesh were spreading to completely cover him. Well, at least he could move, the transformed rubber naga thought to himself as he decided to give in and let the rubber homunculus naga take control, and there were probably worse fates than being a sexy rubber naga creature as his counterpart brought him to orgasm while the sounds of their squeaking bodies filled the room…

Allen continued to feel the pleasure of their undulating bodies until at one point he found himself opening his eyes and finding himself lying in a rapidly evaporating pool of liquid rubber, sighing loudly as he looked up and saw the long serpent body that he had been using to coil back around the one that had transformed him melt away to reveal his normal skinny legs. “Man, couldn’t have even given me that, huh…” Allen said to the empty air as he slowly got up. “No Ouroboros, no naga, apparently no home of ever getting out of this alive… and apparently I need to stop using the alchemy created by Renzyl and Athear because everything of theirs comes out super horny.”

Even as the last of the rubber sloughed off his body though felt that he couldn’t let himself get discouraged. Within a relatively short time he had not only managed to cast alchemy magic but actually got to saw the image of Ouroboros, and if it wasn’t for the fact his clock was quickly counting down to zero he’d probably be bragging about it to someone. As he slowly sat up he heard a squawk and looked down to see that a crow had somehow gotten into his apartment, the bird looking at him as it tilted its head back and forth. At this point Allen was beyond caring how things worked as he looked over and saw that his desk was still there, eventually dragging his sore body over so that he could take what he learned and come up with a new plan.

As the days started to blur together Allen found that his situation was quickly deteriorating; the first day after his fateful misfire with the homunculus and seeing the spirit of Ouroboros he found himself no longer able to even go outside without the world practically shifting underneath his feet and ending up in a new location. After the first time took him nearly five hours to get back Allen knew that it would only get worse and decided to stay in the one place of stability he had left, which was the area that surrounded his desk. When he looked out the window it was like looking at someone speeding up a tape back and forth and splicing parts in while cutting others out on the fly to the point where it was almost dizzying as he continued to look through the papers on his desk.

Night and day also blurred together as his electronics no longer worked either, not only would his internet show him pages that he hadn’t pulled up until his computer disappeared altogether but when he tried to order food it sounded like ten people all talking at the same time. Even as he started to get close to a solution he found himself having to work on the floor as his desk disappeared and laid on the wood completely naked out of necessity rather than choice. The last vestiges of his life were disappearing and soon there would be nothing left of him to say that he ever existed, which would soon include him as he laid back against the floor with the book he had been reading against his chest.

“Why didn’t you possess that naga…” Allen said to himself out loud as he laid there, his papers and a single vial of liquid rubber he had managed to save from the previous experiment surrounding him as he rolled the glass in his hand. “The homunculus wasn’t a living creature, maybe that’s why it couldn’t do it since this book says that spirits can only communicate through living vessels. If that’s the case then maybe I could do the same spell with a living creature and make it work… if only that crow was around, would love to use him.”

Suddenly Allen felt a weight get lifted off his bare chest and as he looked at himself he gasped when he found that there was no more book there. As he looked around in shock he found that his papers were all gone too, leaving him with only the vial that he was holding in the otherwise empty apartment. This was it… whatever was eating away at his existence had caught up to him in the present. If he didn’t do something this moment he wouldn’t have another chance, and the only thing he could think to do is the conclusion that he had just came to as he stood up.

Fortunately the magic of the alchemy circle he had created caused it to remain and Allen darted to the middle of it, taking out the cork of the vial and dabbing the substance over his fingers. He didn’t have much of the alchemical rubber and he couldn’t afford to waste a drop of it as he drew a circle on his forehead and embellished it as best he could to look like the eternal serpent. With the main symbol down he drew the rest of the runes as best he could and then used what was left to paint a similar Ouroboros sign on his stomach just to be extra safe. He stood in the middle of the circle and focused as hard as he could on the spirit he saw.

With his eyes closed he couldn’t see the magic taking hold, and part of him didn’t want to. The only thing he could hope for was that the eternal serpent would see his desperate act and take pity on him enough to help him, or perhaps just take him somewhere where his existence hadn’t been cursed. After a while though he felt nothing, and not just from the spell not working but like all his senses had been completely blocked out including touch. At this point he couldn’t help but look and when he did he let out a silent gasp as nothing but darkness surrounded him.

This was the void, he had failed.

But even as he began to feel the despair of being erased from time he saw something appear in the distance, though it was hard to tell exactly how close it was since he couldn’t even see his own body, but as the creature got closer to his point of consciousness he found that it was Ouroboros that had appeared to him. “Your summons has been answered,” The creature said even though his lips didn’t move. “I am the eternal serpent, Ouroboros, the creature with no beginning or end.”

At first Allen wasn’t sure that he could speak but as the darkness began to creep away he found that he wasn’t in the void but rather still in his apartment, making him wonder if it had been his headspace that Ouroboros entered into since he felt his own body once more. “I need your help Ouroboros,” Allen replied. “I’m sure that you know but something has happened to me that means I’m going to die and very possibly be erased from existence, I was wondering if perhaps you could lend me your power so that this won’t happen? Or if not at least use your limitless knowledge to tell me a solution to save myself.”

“It sounds as though you wish to have eternal life or limitless knowledge,” Ouroboros stated as the ethereal serpent swirled around the human. “But you can not have one without the other. Would you be prepared to take on both in order to continue to exist, even if it meant biting your own tail?”

Though Allen was about to answer yes he suddenly felt a slight hesitation as he realized what he was about to agree too. If Ouroboros gave him this he would be everlasting, but that came with some pretty heavy baggage with it that he wouldn’t be able to take back. On the other hand he would exist, and knowing everything sounded like it could have some serious benefits too. He didn’t want Ouroboros to wait though, though as he thought about it worrying about making the eternal serpent wait felt kind of silly, he nodded his head and said that he would take both to save his own existence.

Ouroboros didn’t respond, but instead he leaned forward and tapped in the middle of the symbol that Allen had drawn on the middle of his face and felt the rubber immediately begin to heat up. The alchemy circle on the ground started to glow entirely in a bright golden light suddenly the human felt his mind open up, feeling the information of the world flowing into it at a pace more like a waterfall than a river. He could feel himself starting to sweat as a pressure began to build on his skull as the images of knowledge flashed faster and faster until it became nothing but a blur and eventually it caused him to fall on his back. Though he couldn’t see it the alchemical rubber on his stomach had started to glow as well and as he began to writhe from the overwhelming sensations it stretched upwards while the one on his forehead unfurled and began to move down.

“Ouroboros, it’s too much!” Allen shouted as he held onto his head, though that did nothing to stifle the flow of information. “I can’t… I can’t hold it in! It’s going to destroy me!”

“That is because your mortal form can not handle such vast oceans of knowledge,” Ouroboros replied as Allen felt his body get curled around again, but this time by the coils of the glowing creature that managed to surround his entire body as he felt the presence of the ancient creature on his flesh even if it wasn’t solid. “But you will soon no longer be mortal, and until you must cycle the knowledge through your past and future until it becomes the present.”

Allen was so overloaded that he could only kind of understand what was being said, but as he continued to float there in the middle of the empty apartment he felt a sensation that would have been unfamiliar if it hadn’t already happened to him a short while ago. The human felt the ghostly maw of the serpent slide over his shaft, and as soon as it did the information that had been flooding his mind and causing him to lose himself started to ebb down to a trickle. He let out several gasps both from the feeling of getting his maleness sucked by the deity that held him there but also from the fact that he could think clearly again, though the wealth of knowledge that was being given to him could still be felt like it was downloading in the background. There was also something else he was starting to feel as the rubber serpents that he had drawn on his body had managed to merge together, forming the infinity symbol on his body before it began to spread over him.

Perhaps there was more of a reason that he had to go through those first few processes, Allen thought to himself as he began to feel his back pop and his ribs lengthen. It was just like his transformation into the rubber naga except this felt… more fulfilling, like this was what he was supposed to be as he saw his sides stretch while the black rubber covered them. The combined sensation of his transformation and the extremely pleasurable sensation of his cock being deep throated by Ouroboros caused him to squirm, feeling his new body wiggling around as the translucent tail of the serpent started to wiggle up into his backside. It did figure that after all this he would find the eternal serpent to be just as much of a hornball as the alchemical magic thought he was, letting out a chuckle before he felt something push up against his face.

It was the cock of the creature being presented to him, the smooth flesh glowing as the coil lifted slightly as his body stretched more in the coils of the one transforming him. He could sense the power of the eternal serpent within and found that there was a certain irony to having a serpentine sixty-nine for him to get what he wanted. At this point after what he had gone through Allen was more than eager to take the maleness into his own maw, though as he did his eyes snapped open as they immediately shifted to a golden color that overtook everything else. It had felt like he had just sucked on a car battery and as he completed the circuit between him and the ghostly creature the information came back in, but this time as it flowed through both of them he knew that he wouldn’t be overwhelmed again as a sudden and irrefutable truth came to him.

A sense of serene calm washed over him as he continued to suck on the thick throbbing cock, almost able to feel a rubbery texture to it before he realized it was his own tongue. As the eyes of the human began to glow his face started to push out into a muzzle, not the serpentine one from his last transformation or the reptilian one of the statue he had briefly became but slightly more draconic instead. By this point his body had grown to nearly twice the length it had before and as his legs merged together while in the grasp of the scintillating serpent his arms started to do the same, the shiny black rubber that was covering over his entire body enveloping them as they were eventually engulfed until they became nothing more than lumps on his sides. When his body started to fill out and his chest barreled out while tapering down from his extending length a few horns grew out from the side of his face, including a large pair of shiny rubber ones that caused the human formerly known as Allen to shake his head.

The floating of the creature there was no longer because of the ethereal body that was wrapped around it by rather it’s own power as the transforming creature blinked and found himself with a thick tapered cock in his maw, but it wasn’t see-through anymore as he saw the shiny black that framed the throbbing member. Ouroboros smiled as he pulled his own cock out of his maw and unfurled his huge body from himself, which he had space to do as he found himself no longer in his apartment but in the void once more. But this time the eternal serpent knew that it wasn’t because he was disappearing, it was because that was where he belonged as he let himself continue to grow until he probably would have wrapped around the entire city he formerly lived in while sliding through the very spaces of the universe. In essence he had done exactly what he planned to do initially, he had found a way to remove himself from the fabric of time itself, and in doing so he had removed Allen from existence and brought Ouroboros into being.

Talk about a self-fulfilling prophecy, Ouroboros thought to himself as he decided to take a quick tour around eternity before seeing where he could poke his head out from the seas of time…

Eventually Ouroboros found himself coiled up in a rather large office, though it wouldn’t have been large to the eternal serpent except that he shrunk himself in order to comfortably fit as his golden eyes looked at the man that sat on the other side of the desk. “So you’re saying that you saved yourself by summoning Ouroboros,” the man said as he moved his finger in the air. “And that you knew this because you always were Ouroboros and that moment had already happened for you in time.”

“That’s correct,” Ouroboros replied, flicking out his rubbery forked tongue.

“So when Allen was told that he was going to die, which in essence happened, it set off the chain of events that created Ouroboros,” the man once more said. “But was inspired by seeing Ouroboros that was actually him except that it hadn’t happened yet because you needed to wait for you to get to the point where he could create you?”

“I’m not seeing what’s so complicated in all this,” Ouroboros replied. “As someone whose entire facility deals with the facilitation of time lines and their distortion therein I was intrigued by this place due to the fact that you seemed to have grasped the non-linear fundamentals of it.”

Before Ouroboros could continue further the rubber serpent was interrupted as the human man waved his hands in the air. “Screw it, this is giving me a headache and that’s not why I took this meeting anyway,” the human said as he got up from his desk. “Listen, I know that you’re one of these creatures that exist outside the boundaries of space and time an such but the fact is you somehow managed to loop your own timeline onto yourself to essentially render yourself into a timeless being outside of the fabric of existence. We could really use you in order to help us clean up a few things and while I know that we probably won’t come to a traditional arrangement I would like to think that we here at the SHIFT Institute can make it worth your while.”

“Make it worth my while…” Ouroboros repeated as he looked around. “So many timelines run their way through here like the strings of a weaver’s press, I suppose I could find something here that I would enjoy. There is probably a wealth of experiences here that could occupy me and it’s nice to be in a stable place outside of the usual arrow of time.”

“I see…” the man replied. “If I may ask however, I thought that the eternal serpent was blessed with limitless knowledge. Doesn’t the fact that you know everything kind of make things boring?”

“Knowledge does not equate to experience,” Ouroboros hissed, chuckling slightly as he saw the man put a hand to his head. “I may know how a dice works but I will not know what side comes up until I see it happen, which given the number of timelines you tamper in I’m surprised you don’t know that either.”

“I suppose I deserve that jab,” the man said.

“Merely teasing,” Ouroboros said. “You are quite the businessman though, I will give you that. However you didn’t really tell me what services you wish to offer me in exchange for what I wanted, and I am most intrigued what I could do for you that you can not do yourselves.”

“It deals with taking corrupted timelines out of the fabric of reality, to use the same metaphor,” the man said before he waved his hand in the air. “I’m going to mess up the explanation though so I’m going to give you over to the one that brought you to our attention in the first place. I’m not sure if you might know them but they took a very keen interest in your progress with becoming Ouroboros.”

Ouroboros tilted his head slightly until he saw the man press a button on his desk, which prompted the door to open as the rubber serpent looked behind him. “Now that is a surprise,” Ouroboros said with a grin as he saw the anthro raven walk in with a smirk on his beak. “My little omen has come back to me.”

“Got it on the first try,” the raven said as he motioned with his hand for Ouroboros to follow him. “Come on, we’ll talk on the way so we don’t cause the boss man’s head to explode with the technical temporal jargon. You can call me Corvus by the way, I’m the head of anomaly investigation here at the Shift Institute.”

“Or the horny crow that was watching me while I changed,” Ouroboros responded, watching the feathers of the man ruffle as he chuckled. “Is that way you don’t want me in the office?”

“Of course not!” Corvus replied, looking beyond Ouroboros to the man behind the desk that he gave a sheepish grin. “First of all I’m a raven as you can see, and second I wouldn’t dare think of using company time and resources for my own personal voyeuristic pursuits! Anyway time to go, I think they’re serving meatloaf in the cafeteria and its actually edible this week!”

Corvus practically flew out into the hallway as he motioned for Ouroboros to do the same, shutting the door and prompting them to move until they were a fair distance away. “I see that becoming eternal hasn’t made you any less of a jerk face,” Corvus said as they made their way down the hall. “I still remember when you flipped me off while I was standing outside your window.”

“To be fair I thought that you were trying to kill me,” Ouroboros replied while he slithered. “Although if you had not been there I might not have acted as quickly as I did, which would have caused the time distortion cascade I was causing at that point might have overwhelmed me and I truly would have ceased to exist.”

“Oh, well then you’re welcome,” Corvus replied as a smirk appeared on his beak. “Off the record you were a lot of fun to watch, that thing with the naga was intense.”

“Oh really?” Ouroboros replied, Corvus giving the snake a slide glance of concern before he let out a yelp as he was suddenly wrapped up in the coils of the serpent. “You really liked what happened to me when I created that naga? Perhaps I can give you a repeat performance?”

“Ouroboros, we’re in the middle of a hallway!” Corvus said in a forced whisper as he looked around. “You can’t just…” the raven man trailed off as he suddenly found himself in the middle of a grove of trees that he recognized as a small park just outside of the institute. “Oh, right, eternal serpent.”

Ouroboros didn’t bother with a response except for squeezing his shiny coils around the creature as he transformed his body, letting out a hiss as the scales just below his head began to become distorted. It quickly formed into the shape of a torso as a pair of lumps appeared at the broadest point, the serpent wiggling his clawed fingers as soon as they formed while he felt his neck lengthen from his shoulders. It was one of the perks of the way he had created his body, Ouroboros thought to himself as he reached into the coils that were wrapped around the trapped bird and pulled off his clothes with deft precision, he could even form into a humanoid with a pair of legs if he wanted. Right now though he knew what the other man wanted as he shifted himself until he had lined up his cock that pushed out of its slit against the tailhole of the raven.

“Horny crow,” Ouroboros hissed in delight as he began to tighten his lower body, using the pressure to slide himself in as he held onto the head of the raven with his new hands.

“Raven,” Corvus gasped, panting as he was spread open as he looked down while the pleasure washed over him until the naga pulled his head back up.

“Whatever,” Ouroboros replied before kissing his beak, flicking his forked tongue inside as they made out while his body rippled to slowly but fully pump his rubber cock into Corvus. He kept a steady, slow rhythm to keep the other man in his shimmering coils for as long as he wanted, and eventually he pulled away from the bird and allowed him to pant while he smirked. “Let’s complete the circle, shall we?”

Corvus was in no position to protest, though he didn’t want to as Ouroboros shifted his body so he could push his draconic snout between them. It didn’t take much to find the cock of the bird that he had trapped in his rubber confines and found that he was quite well hung. Fortunately he also had a latex throat and plunged himself down onto the shaft all at once, hearing Corvus let out a loud squawk as he was fully enveloped. With his body wrapped in the snake’s lower body from the waist down with his arms pinned to his sides there was nothing he could do but quiver within Ouroboros’ gasp while he sucked and bobbed his head.

Though he could control the raven man somewhat the combination of the tight hole pressing against his latex tool and the lithe form wiggling inside him caused him to orgasm, but not before he hastened his sucking and caused his partner to do the same thing. As he filled the raven and drank down his seed his body tightened even more, not to the point of discomfort but enough that he could hear the other man letting out short, stifled pants as his pleasure was intensified further. Once they were both fully spent Ouroboros released his prey, feeling the raven flop against him while he remolded his upper body to be that of a full serpent once more.

“That was… intense…” Corvus panted as he tried to fumble with the pants around his ankles before he finally managed to put them on. “Thanks for that, you probably ruined sex for me now, the only way that I can get off from this point forward is if I have rubber nagas squeezing the life out of me in more ways than one.”

“I still know the ritual if you would like to make that happen,” Ouroboros said, grinning as he watched the other man fumble around while he waited patiently. “Of course you would have to decide whether you want to be a goo naga or a rubber one… but if I’m recalling this point in time correctly I believe that they’re no longer in conflict, so perhaps you could have both.”

“I know who you’re talking about, and that’s a pass from me,” Corvus replied with a laugh. “Now that we’ve both had our fun though if you’re serious about helping the SHIFT Institute out I do need you to come with me. You may be the eternal serpent of limitless knowledge but you still need to fill out paperwork.”

Ouroboros just nodded his head and followed the raven back into the institute proper, opting to walk and slither rather than warp back so that Corvus could explain the exact nature of what they would like him to do. As he listened the serpent found it to be a rather interesting idea, using his ability to loop timelines on themselves and removing them in order to take particularly corruptive or dangerous one and prevent them from directly interacting with others. A smart concept, but as Ouroboros warned if he did do something like that it would create a creature of untold potential that wouldn’t ever die and could possibly gain the same powers he did. Corvus nodded and responded and said that they had a whole protocol in mind for what he could do, though as the two walked into the Institute proper the eternal serpent suddenly found himself distracted as he sensed a disturbance that caused him to turn and look at the creature passing by.

“Oh, hello Slypher,” Ouroboros said as he continued to slither by while smiling. “I look forward to seeing you soon.”

“Oh, actually it’s…” Since Ouroboros and Corvus continued to walk by the draconic sabrewolf didn’t have a chance to correct the strange rubber serpent, though given the nature of their work it wasn’t always a surprise to see such creatures. “It’s Serathin…” Serathin just sighed when he saw Corvus escorting the guest towards the creature resources department and ended up looking at his phone before shaking his head, not having time to correct the guy and not really caring either. “What a strange creature, probably someone that pulled themselves out of the temporal fabric of time and caused a self-sustaining time cascade… though I do like that name, Slypher… sounds sexy.”

Serathin shrugged and continued to walk towards his intended destination, unaware that Ouroboros had looked back at him once more while smirking as he knew that their paths would be crossing again…

Chapter Werewolf:

It was dusk and the small suburban street bordering the forest was already starting to wind down for the day; people coming home from work turned into their garages not to leave their living rooms for the rest of the night while the kids who played in the streets were told to come in. As the streetlights flickered to life there was still one home that had activity around it, mainly around the large moving van that was parked up on the street. “These last boxes can just go in the garage,” the muscular purple horse said to the orca guy that was right behind him. “Then I think Rodreyn already has pizza coming if you can get the rhino to come out of his room for five seconds.”

“Well he is excited to finally have a place of his own I think,” the orca replied with a chuckle as he was handed two of the four boxes that were still in the truck. “As I’m sure you are too. Hard to believe you got such a deal on a place like this, really quiet neighborhood and you got some trees in your backyard too.”

The horse just shrugged and took the last two boxes for his own before exiting the truck. In truth it was hard to believe that he and his friend had managed to snag the rather nice place for what they offered, though in truth it seemed like the previous owners were more interested in leaving than the money. As he stepped into the drive way and looked around he couldn’t imagine what it was that would drive them to leave, especially since the place felt like it was practically deserted as the streetlights flickered on. Perhaps they were partiers and the neighbors didn’t appreciate that, the horse thought to himself as he continued to walk inside, though that still wouldn’t explain the low-ball offer they had accepted.

Just as he was about to walk into the garage the stallion saw someone walking over to them, the snow leopard waving his hand in the air. Speaking of the neighbors, he thought to himself as he set the boxes down. “Hey there,” the snow leopard said as he reached out and shook the other man’s hand. “Name’s Dillon, as you probably guessed I’m in the house next door.”

“Calvech,” the horse introduced. “Nice to meet you, my friend Rodreyn and I just bought the place.” The snow leopard nodded and welcomed him to the neighborhood, and as the two chatted for a bit Calvech felt that the feline seemed cordial enough. “Hey, do you know why the previous owners of this place decided to up and leave in such a hurry?”

“Mmmm, hard to say, just moved in a couple months ago myself so I really didn’t get a chance to get to know them,” the snow leopard replied with a shrug of his shoulders.

“So you just moved in yourself?” Calvech replied, looking the snow leopard over and noting that he was rather young, probably about his age. “Strange, makes you wonder if there’s something prowling around in the woods out back or something.”

“Well if there is I’m sure that it’s nothing two hunky guys like you and your housemate couldn’t handle,” Dillon replied, the grin on his face growing slightly. That wasn’t subtle, Calvech thought to himself as he could tell that the other guy was eyeing him up and as he did the same he admitted that even with the pants and long shirt he could see that the slightly smaller male was pretty well built. “Anyway I just wanted to say hello, I’m sure the hawk and wolf on the other side of you will do the same once they get back from work and perhaps we can all throw you a little housewarming or something.”

Calvech thanked the snow leopard and watched him walk back to his house, then went into his garage and closed the door behind him. It was an encounter that he relayed to his orca and cobra friend that had sat on the couch they just moved into place, which caused them both to chuckle. “Look at that, just moved in and already making friends,” the cobra said with a smirk. “You think you going to make a move on that?”

“Oh come on Sam,” Calvech replied as he rolled his eyes while he hooked up the television. “Even if he was actually hitting on me do you really think it would be smart to start a relationship with someone that lives next door to me? One bad break-up and I’m going to have to look over my shoulder while I get the male.”

“I didn’t say that you should get into a relationship with him,” the cobra shot back. “If he’s offering than why not take him up on it if it’s no strings attached? Plus I hear that felines are wild in the sack.”

“Somehow I think that would be even worse,” the orca commented.

“Says the guy who had three different men on the hook at his beck and call,” Sam replied, causing the orca to grin sheepishly as the cobra turned back to Calvech. “Look, don’t listen to Nero, unless you and the rhino have something going on that you’re not telling us about I’d say see what’s on the table in this area. Just think, you could have a booty call a stone’s throw away and not have it be Roderyn.”

“What’s not me now?” a fourth joined in, Calvech nearly banging his head on the entertainment center as he looked back up to see the rhino standing there in his tank top and shorts.

“We were just talking with your housemate since he met one of your new neighbors,” Sam said as Roderyn walked over to the nearby reclining chair and sat down. “Says that he’s a pretty hot snow leopard guy who apparently hit on him.”

“I was just saying that it seems like our neighbor seems to be a friendly guy,” Calvech quickly corrected, grabbing the remote and turning on the television to see if it was working. “It’s strange though, he said that he just moved in a few months ago himself. Makes me wonder how many people on this street decided to just up and move like that.”

“Maybe they’re trying to set up an HOA,” the orca replied casually before looking at Roderyn. “That pizza coming soon or what?” About fifteen minutes the pizza did arrive and the four continued to talk for a bit before the orca and the cobra called a cab and headed out. After another round of congratulations on the new house the horse and rhino waved off their friends before heading back in, locking the doors behind them and starting to unpack.

As Calvech put the pizza boxes into the garage he realized that he had an entirely different way of needing to do things now. He had been so used to apartment living in the city that this was definitely going to be a chance, but when Roderyn got eviced and crashed with him while his lease was almost up it seemed to be the right move. It did seem like a nice place and the inspector they hired didn’t find anything wrong with it but there was still something that just bothered him about the entire thing. Too late to do anything about it now, Calvech thought to himself as he finished trashing the pizza boxes and walked inside to see the rhino pulling stuff out of a box on the counter.

“I see we’re making ourselves right at home already,” Calvech said with a grin as he watched the rhino look at him and give him a smirk. Roderyn had ditched the shorts and tank top that he had worn during the move, wearing only a rubber jock that left him bare-assed in the back with a sizable bulge in the front. “How long have you been waiting to do that?”

“Since we got the first box in,” Roderyn replied with a chuckle as he squeezed the pouch in front. “I can’t believe we actually made that silly bet, this thing has been driving me wild since we first started moving. I take it that you’re still wearing yours?”

Calvech grinned and let his own pants drop to the floor, the rubber of his own jock glinting in the light of their new kitchen as he pulled off his shirt to show off his muscular frame. “So as you can see, it appears that we’re at a tie,” Calvech said as the rhino moved up to him, the slightly shorter male getting right in front of him until his horn was touching the snout of the horse while their groins hovered mere centimeters away. “You sure we should be doing this though, I thought that we were going to take it slow and try just being housemates first before we started getting involved with one another like that.”

“I didn’t say that I wanted us to get in a relationship,” Roderyn replied as they began to press their muscled bodies together, their jocks squeezing as they rubbed up against one another as their erections closed the distance between them by stretching the latex. “Just offering with no strings attached.”

“I see that you heard Sam,” Calvech replied, letting out a soft moan as their bodies teased one another with their mere presence. “It would be a great way to break in the new place, though I don’t want it to get weird between us. I don’t want to sleep with you and have it be awkward the next day going back to my own room.”

“At last it won’t be a long walk of shame,” Roderyn replied, Calvech feeling his breath as they began to close their eyes. “Just a little casual fun between friends, like with Sam or Nemo, if it helps any just think of it as the gym locker room.” Calvech felt himself blush slightly as the rhino brought up the times that both he and the rhino had hooked up with each other and the other two at the gym they frequent, which was part of the reason they had all become friends in the first place, and as he felt their cocks throb against one another he finally leaned forward the rest of the way.

As the muzzles of the horse and rhino met in a kiss both of them threw their cautions to the wind, the two groping one another as they made their way towards one of their bedrooms while kissing. As they approached the bed Calvech saw the box that the rhino had first hid inside before the other two had come to help, the shiny rubber gear laid out as it appeared that Roderyn had this plan all along. Before they could get to use any of it however they heard a loud thud that came from their backyard that caused them to pause as they leaned back against the bed. When they looked out the window they saw that the motion lights had been activated that caused their passions to cool down and prompted them to put their shorts back on and investigate.

Once they were semi-decent they both went out armed with flashlights and looked around their yard, but as they scanned the area they didn’t see anything that might have caused the motion sensor to activate. “What do you think?” Roderyn asked as they took a few steps outside. “Maybe a deer?”

“Or something like that,” Calvech said as he turned off his flashlight while looking over at the fencing that surrounded their yard. With the light of the full moon overhead it was easier to see everything with it rather than his light as he went to investigate the fence that bordered the woods, noticing that one of the planks looked loose. When he got close he let out a yelp and almost fell over as his hoof fell into a large hole that been dug underneath the barrier which was big enough that he could crawl underneath easily. “Roderyn, come here, you’re not going to believe this.”

The rhino ran up to where Calvech was standing and his eyes widened as he saw the horse standing waist deep surrounded by the freshly-dug earth. “That definitely wasn’t there when we looked at the place,” Roderyn commented as he watched the stallion duck his head under and go to the other side. “What the hell would have made that?”

“Something that really wanted to get into our yard,” Calvech replied as he saw the rhino follow him out, both of them hoisting themselves up and finding themselves standing next to the tree line of the woods. “I had just come out here this afternoon to check the meter, there’s no way I would have missed this, but what sort of animal could have done that in a few hours?” Roderyn just shrugged his shoulders and as the two looked around Calvech noticed that the snow leopard’s yard looked like it had a fence that was recently taken down as well. Was there something going on with these woods that the previous owners hadn’t talked about, and if that was the case just how serious was it?

As Calvech was about to suggest that perhaps they go back inside and lock the doors he suddenly heard Roderyn say he saw someone in the woods before barging forward. Calvech tried to get him to stop but but the stocky male had already pushed through the branches that brushed off his thicker skin while it caused the stallion to flail against while trying to not get whipped in the face. While he wasn’t sure who, or what, his housemate had seen it appeared that the other man was dead set on finding them as he used the path that was being opened by the rhino to follow. Once they got past the brush line and the forest opened up however Calvech suddenly found himself standing in the middle of the woods alone as he turned on his flashlight once more.

As he continued to step forward Calvech called out for Roderyn, but got no response despite believing that he had only been a few feet away from him at the time. He felt a shiver go down his spine as it suddenly felt like he was in some sort of horror movie, with one genre in particular coming to mind as he looked up and saw the moon gleaming down at him through a break in the trees. A mysterious sound, dark and spooky woods, strange animal-like findings, a full moon… but there were no such things as werewolves, right? Just as he thought that though the horse thought he heard a low growl that caused him to spin around, only to see nothing behind him as his heart started to race in his chest.

Calvech considered bolting back to the house but as he continued to move the beam of his flashlight around he saw Roderyn’s head and arms leaning over a fallen tree. “There you are,” Calvech said as he breathed a sigh of relief as he went over towards him. “You have no idea… how… worried…”

Calvech trailed off as when he got closer he noticed the rhino’s body was bouncing back and forth against the wood and he had a familiar look of pleasure on his face. At first he thought that perhaps he was jerking himself off behind the tree but as he noticed that both hands were on the fallen trunk he noticed there was movement in the shadows behind him. The horse’s hooves skidded against the dirt as the light from his flashlight illuminated a figure that was standing above the rhino, the lupine head covered in some sort of gimp mask with silver lenses and a silver zipper that was across its muzzle. As Calvech stood there in shock its head glanced up from the rhino it was clearly plowing into and looked right at the horse, those lensed eyes staring at him as a pair of thickly clawed rubber hands grabbed onto Roderyn’s back horns and pulled him back while the male let out a groan of pleasure.

As the horse continued to remain frozen to the spot he heard the sound of a twig snapping to his side, turning his head just in time to see that the rubber-covered guy having rough sex with his friend wasn’t the only one in the woods as he saw another latex-encased lupine. Calvech let out a shout and tried to turn and run but the other guy was surprisingly quick as he felt a pair of hands on his shorts. He was brought to the ground by the force of the garment being pulled off of him and as he landed on his chest it knocked the wind out of him, causing him to cough as he turned over onto his back. The flashlight had also been knocked out of his hand and as he reached over to grab it the light suddenly illuminated the head of the creature, the visage of a snarling wolf-beast standing over him that looked similar to the one with Roderyn except his mouth zipper was open and had bright red lenses.

What in the hell was going on, Calvech said as he scooted back, only to stop when he heard another angry growl from the creature that caused him to stop once more. Was it a bunch of guys dressed up in rubber werewolf costumes that were prowling around the woods? Was that the reason why they had gotten the house so cheap, because some fetishists were out there? As the thickly muscled creature came into the light of the flashlight and began to nuzzle against the rubber jock that had been exposed however Calvech saw that as the tongue of the guy licked against his bulge that it was covered in the same shiny substance as the rest of his body.

It was clear what this creature wanted and as he heard the moans of his friend growing louder Calvech turned himself around and used a nearby tree trunk to get onto his feet, only to have the creature come up from behind and press him against the bark. He started to breathe in gasps as the man behind him rubbed up against his back, which caused pleasured tingles to go down his spine as he felt something pushing up underneath his tail. This can’t be happening, Calvech thought to himself as the body of the incredibly strong man behind him kept him pinned to the tree while he wrapped his arms around it, there’s no way something like this was actually occurring to them on their first day of moving into a new place. Yet as he felt his leg get lifted up and pressed against the tree with one huge paw of the creature while the other wrapped around his chest it was clear this wasn’t a dream.

Soon the moans of the horse joined the rhino as Calvech felt the creature push its way up into his tailhole, feeling the head poke in between his cheeks at first with a bit of resistance but quickly stretched to give him entry. It was clear from the feel alone that this man’s cock was covered in rubber as well he was quite hung, feeling his own straining in the rubber jock that gave this guy such easy access. There were no words exchanged between them, just the growls and snarls of the bigger man behind him as he felt that strange tongue lick up against his neck and face. Fortunately for Calvech this guy pretending to be some sort of rubber werewolf at least knew to keep it slow as he was proving to be quite thick and causing his body to shudder.

Though Calvech wanted to desperately know what was going on and who these people were he found himself unable to speak, as though the primal nature of the act forbidden him to do it. The feel of the rubber the other man wore felt so good against his body it didn’t matter to him what they were doing, all he wanted was to feel more of it against him, especially spreading open his walls as the rubber hand moved up and down his chest. As he let continued to let out pleasured gasps he suddenly snorted when the rubber-covered cock was thrusted up deep and he felt the groin of the other man press against his rear. He had just been hilted, and as Calvech felt his head roll back and his eyes close from the sheer ecstasy of the rubber beast breeding him he felt his muzzle get turned and that strange rubber tongue push into his mouth…

When Calvech opened his eyes again it was because the light of the sun hit them, the horse groaning as he held up his hand to block it from hitting them as he groaned and turned to his side. He could hear the sounds of birds chirping and at first he thought that he was still in the forest but when he started to regain his senses he realized he was in his bed. The sounds came from an open window, the horse feeling the soft breeze come in before he slowly got out of his bed and shut it. As he looked around and stared at the piles of unopened boxes that he had intended on putting away that night his mind felt like it was in a haze.

As he slowly walked out into the hallway and looked around everything still looked like it had before, though it was still a little surreal that he was walking in his own house as he made his way towards the kitchen. It was a good thing too since he looked down and saw that he was only wearing the rubber jockstrap from last night, which would be awkward to be in if he was in someone else’s place even if it did show off his physique. As he rubbed himself down there it reminded him of the last thing he really remembered, which was that he and Roderyn were kissing each other before they heard something and went out into the yard to check. Everything after that was a blur though and as he heard a door open he saw the rhino stepping out of his own room and rubbing his head along with the rubber jockstrap that he still wore.

Calvech made them both breakfast and as they ate they talked about what happened the previous night, only to find that Roderyn couldn’t remember what really happened after they had gone out into the yard either. When they were done and decided to go out to check the yard once more the horse frowned when he couldn’t find where his shorts that he had been wearing gone off to as he searched around the house. He ended up putting on a different pair and when he got to the back door he saw that once again his housemate was in the situation. As they went outside however they didn’t see anything out of the ordinary, though Calvech did stumble upon a large hole underneath their back fence that hadn’t been there before and was surprised to find their missing clothing there.

Though the event had put them both on edge nothing else seemed to happen that day and the following night they both went to sleep in their respective rooms without incident. As the days turned into weeks and they gradually got used to their surroundings they found themselves forgetting about what had happened entirely, instead focusing on getting everything moved in and squared away. When they invited their friends over again to grill out in the backyard they did comment on the strange disturbance at the back fence, but by that point Calvech had filled it in with soil so that it was just a large patch of freshly dug earth. One thing that was different though was that more than once Calvech or Roderyn had walked into the room of the other and the two had very passionate sex, and also that they found themselves wearing the rubber jockstraps in lieu of their actual underwear more often until it was the only thing.

One day Calvech got home from work and did his usual routine for that day, finally getting used to putting out the trash bins weekly for the night before coming in and taking off his clothes. He had found that with having a new place he was finding it less and less necessary to wear anything while inside, a sentiment he found his housemate sharing as he stripped down to the usual rubber clinging to his groin. The horse breathed in deep as the felt free for the first time all day and looked into the living room to see if his housemate was watching television, feeling the lust that had been growing more prevalent during the weeks making him horny for the rhino. When he saw that he wasn’t there he sighed and went over to his room in order to get his computer, only to stop at Roderyn’s door and look inside as he saw a tipped over box that had scattered its contents over the floor.

It was the rubber gear that they had brought from the old apartment, Calvech realized as he walked into the room and looked down at the pile of stuff, though it had appeared Roderyn had added a few new things to the collection. He didn’t realize how much the rhino had gotten into it but as he thought back to the previous times they had sex, especially the most recent ones, they had been incorporating a lot more of it into their fun and he knew where to get the stuff. As the horse picked up a pair of gloves he found himself rubbing the material in his hands and letting out a soft moan of satisfaction. The latex did feel so good, Calvech thought to himself as he looked down at his cock encased in the shiny material, it only made sense for them to want to expand their attire as he found himself sliding the gloves on over his hands.

Once he had put them on Calvech brought his fingers down and the sensation of stroking his cock through the jock with the gloves on was electric. It sparked something within him and he needed something more, looking around until he found a pair of rubber cuffs that he inhaled the scent of before putting him around his wrists. When that wasn’t enough he thought about a collar before he stumbled upon something a little deeper in the pile that caused him to start salivating. It was a thick rubber dildo modeled after a humanoid canine, which caused his own to throb as holding it felt strangely right, like his tailhole was meant for it as he grabbed a bottle and dumped a bunch of lube on it without worrying about the mess he was making.

No sooner had he gotten it on the floor than Calvech got himself situated over it, putting the tip up against his tailhole that caused him to shudder. For some reason he needed that in him and as he lowered himself down on it the feeling of the rubber sliding inside him caused a wave of pure pleasure to roll through his body. As he pushed himself down it reminded him of something, though it was on the tip of his tongue as the dildo stretched him open wider and deeper. As the horse quickly got down to the base of it he started to hear a growl that caused Calvech to open his eyes and look around for the source, but as he began to rub against his own cock through the jock he quickly realized where the sound was coming from…

…he was the one that was growling.

As it reverberated in his chest the uncharacteristic noise felt so deep that the horse found himself enjoying it, pushing himself to get louder as he began to slide up and down on the dildo. It wasn’t hard to do as the sensation of latex rubbing up against his insides felt so good that he almost started to orgasm right there as he opened his mouth and let the noises come out of his mouth. This was not the noise that a normal person would make, a voice in the back of his mind said, but the feeling was so primal, so amazing that he didn’t care if anyone saw him. The noises he was making would be the least of his worries anyway as the horse let out a snarl as his muscular equine body bobbed up and down on the canine cock while his rubber gloved hands continued to press against the stretched material of his jockstrap.

But someone was watching him pleasure himself, Roderyn standing at the doorway looking at his housemate while eagerly licking his lips. The rhino had been downstairs in their basement; he got home a few hours earlier than Calvech and when he did he found that a new arrival of toys and gear had come in that he was more than eager to use on himself. His muscular arms and legs were adorned with a set of cuffs along with a collar around his neck, though the reason that the horse didn’t hear his own growling was the cock gag that he had put around his own muzzle. He had needed something rubbery inside him and had been stroking himself off when he heard the horse come home, which prompted him to eventually stop what he was doing and got upstairs to see the scene that laid before him.

Calvech was so lost in his own haze of pleasure that he didn’t even notice that the rhino was standing there, at least not until he felt something bump up against his equine snout. When he looked up his glazed over eyes saw the rubber-muzzled face of the rhino looking down at him with a similar look, then down to his cock that without even saying anything he took into his maw. His entire body trembled when he felt the texture of rubber on his tongue and he brought up his gloved hands to bring Roderyn in further, trying to get as much of the shaft in his maw as possible as though he needed it to breathe while he sat down and completely enveloped the dildo inside of him. In the back of his mind Calvech thought that the other man must have gotten a rubber sheath that was quite big, especially when he only got about three-fourths of the way down on the shaft before it started to push up against the back of his throat.

That wasn’t going to stop Calvech though and he once more found himself growling as he pushed further, feeling it slide into his throat with surprising ease as he felt Roderyn nearly buckle from the stimulation. While pleasuring his friend was on the horse’s mind he really just wanted more rubber inside him, wanted to feel it all over his body to the point where he would probably dump a gallon of liquid latex over himself. It was a sentiment shared by the rhino and after feeling his throat get used like a cock sleeve for a few minutes Roderyn pulled out of Calvech and pushed him backwards. In the instance that blissful shaft left his mouth he snapped his jaws at the other man, drool leaking from his lips as he let out a snarl before he felt something get pushed onto his mouth.

It was a cock gag and muzzle sheath similar to the one that Roderyn had on and though Calvech wanted the rubber cock of the other man he allowed himself to be bound like that, mostly just to have something shiny to suck on while the rhino lowered himself onto him. With Roderyn starting to impale himself on his shaft it caused the dildo inside him to be pushed in even deeper to the point where the horse’s butt was flush to the floor as the stocky male impaled himself. Calvech nearly banged his head against the floor as the head of his cock was enveloped and felt something he hadn’t expected, that somehow the rhino had made it so his inner walls were also coated with rubber. It caused the equine to bring his hips upwards and felt his own insides clamp around the lupine dildo as he thrusted upwards to stuff as much of his cock as he could into the rhino above him.

With the gags in place the two couldn’t say anything, though from the muffled noises that they were able to make it was clear that they weren’t going to have any meaningful conversation anyway as Roderyn began to shift his hips up and down while Calvech did the same. The sensations for both men became so intense they had to grip the floors and bedpost to steady themselves, and as they did both began to feel their palms start to shift and expand. With their thoughts drowning in lust both of them hardly noticed as their hands sprouted claws, the rubber of the gloves melding with the horse hair underneath as they grew bigger. Their feet were quickly going the same route and feeling his hooves split and morph was enough to snap the horse enough out of his enthralled state to realize that something was going on.

As Calvech looked down and saw his feet morphing before his eyes while becoming shiny his eyes went from half-lidded to wide open, letting out a muffled squeal as he tried to lift himself up from the dildo that was still impaling him. That caused him to shove his own cock up to the hilt inside of Roderyn and as his back arched he orgasmed, his rubber-covered cock throbbing hard as something thick and shiny spurted out of the end and splattered onto the horse’s chest. It also caused his latex inner walls to squeeze the shaft inside him and even with his lust-trance broken Calvech had been so close to the edge that it didn’t take much to push him over. The muscular horse still pushed himself to the side and caused Roderyn to tumble to the floor as he finally managed to slide off the dildo inside him while he was still half-embedded in the tailhole of the other male while they both panted through their noses.

Calvech attempted to speak briefly before his tongue and mouth squeaking against the smaller dildo reminded him to take off the gag, pulling it away and taking a deep breath as the rhino continued to pant. Just as he was about to comment on his feet he looked between his legs at the cock half-buried underneath the rhino’s tail and it caused him to blink several times. “Roderyn…” Calvech asked once he had caught his breath, the rhino removing his own gag and looking up at him. “Did you… did you put the same cock sheath you have on me before you pushed it inside you?”

“I’m not wearing a cock sheath,” Roderyn replied as the rhino shook off the last of his own enthrallment. “Why?”

“Because we both are now,” Calvech said as he slowly pulled the rest of the way out of Roderyn, the rhino shuddering in pleasure as the thick rubber cock flopped out onto his thigh. As the two men got into a citing position they saw that their bodies had been changing, though with their rutting stopped they saw their bodies shift back to their original configuration with Calvech seeing the rubber paws merge back to a hoof while his fingers went back to normal. In fact the gloves, cuffs, and other rubber adornments that they had been wearing also disappeared with them as though their bodies absorbed the gear, with the only thing that remained shiny was their cocks as they softened and retreated into a slit that had formed in the latex that covered their groins.

“This… this is insane,” Roderyn said as he spread his legs and rubbed against the smooth rubber there, watching as a zipper formed right where his cock should be as the entire area bulged slightly. “What’s going on? Why is this happening to us?”

“I don’t know…” Calvech said as his own groin underwent a similar transformation. “Could this house be cursed or something? Maybe this was happening to the former owner and they decided they had to leave, though whatever is going on seems to be progressing at a rather rapid rate.”

There was a pause between the two as they began to tug on the zippers that contained their cocks, and as Calvech stared at Roderyn he could see that the rhino wanted to say something. “I kind of feel weird saying this, but…” Roderyn trailed off as he started to rub between his legs again. “I think I’m fine with this.”

Though Calvech didn’t respond he found himself nodding as he had actually shared the rhino’s sentiments on the matter. Not only had the sex been mind-blowing but aside from the initial surprise of their bodies changing and the rubber zipper and bulge that contained their cocks he found the changes to be incredibly hot. Seeing his friend like this made him want to go over and rub against him while they made out, then maybe put the rubber cock gags back in their mouth as they used the lupine dildo on each other. But with the haze of their lusts clearing up the rational part of their minds told them that they should at least try to figure out what was going on with them, especially with the potential that whatever was happening to them might progress further and get worse… although a small voice in their mind wondered if worse was really the right term for it.

A few days passed and the two tried to see if there was lore on the house in question, and though they tried to keep away from using rubber once their cocks had gone back to normal they had sex every night with sometimes going for hours on end. Though they missed their jocks they found being naked and around one another was just as nice, and even when they weren’t rutting each other they remained pressed together. They had also started sleeping in the same room and started to move Roderyn’s things into Calvech’s bedroom, thinking that they would turn his bedroom into an exercise area for the two of them. That was the plan for the weekend though, which was about to start as they had both gotten home from work and as usual neither of them were wearing any clothes with both on the couch laid up against one another while casually surfing the internet.

“Hey, I think I found something here,” Roderyn said as he shifted his position, turning his body around so that his head was laying on the horse’s chest. “It’s not about the house, but the woods nearby. Some people that walked the area said they thought they heard increased wolf activity in the area, though whenever they tried to investigate they never found anything except for some pawprints in the area.”

“Actual wolves this far south?” Calvech replied as he tried to sit up a bit. “That’s a stretch, are they sure it wasn’t just some drunk wolf guy on all fours?”

“They claim it’s actual wolves,” Roderyn said as he scrolled down further. “Some people are saying that it’s actually werewolves that are prowling the woods, and from the looks of it the rumor actually has a bit of traction. Hey, you don’t think the previous owner sold us this place a month ago because he really thought there were werewolves in the area?”

Calvech was about to respond when what Roderyn said reminded him that they had been in this house for a month now, and as he thought about the idea of werewolves being out in the woods it prompted him to get up from the couch and go out into the backyard. He remembered the streets had been dead when they got finished up with the packing, but it had just been that night as he remembered coming home around a similar time later on to see people out and about. Werewolves… as he looked up at the sky he could see the full moon starting to rise and he suddenly felt a strange sensation, like a shifting in his stomach but lower. With his yard fenced in Calvech hadn’t bothered to put on any clothes and as he looked down at his cock he saw that it looked shiner in the moonlight, and as he examined it further his eyes widened when he saw a rubber zipper form around it while starting to spread over his purple horsehair.

Calvech ran back into the house even as he felt his hooves melting slightly under his feet and when he got to the living room he saw that Roderyn had gotten up as well and was holding onto his stomach. “Ohhh… I feel… very strange…” Roderyn said as he looked up at Calvech, his eyes starting to lose focus as rubber could be seen starting to spread out from his lips. “Is this… are we…”

“I think so,” Calvech replied, holding out a hand to get the rhino to come towards him even as his fingers started to look shiny and swollen. “C’mon, we need to… get down to… the basement…” Calvech found himself panting as he saw the rhino nod and follow him, the transforming horse leading the way down. As he had stared into the moonlight he had caught a glimpse of a memory that had been buried, one of creatures that had taken both him and Roderyn in the woods and at that moment realized what they had been… and what they were about to become…

Rubber werewolves…

Vulcanthopes…

The horse found himself stumbling slightly as he got down the stairs into the basement, which was mostly being used for storage at the moment. The word vulcanthrope had appeared in his mind like it had been imprinted there and as he saw deep purple rubber oozing over his feet as they stretched and expanded. His hooves had been completely encased by the corruptive substance by this point and when he took his first step on the floor it was with a heavy wolf paw complete with deep orange claws. As he wiggled them they felt powerful, his muscular body shivering as he imagined those thick toes pressed against the bulge of another and stroking it as they thrusted up into them before he shook his head.

Once he had gotten down to the bottom floor he asked Roderyn if he was alright, only to suddenly feel himself get tackled onto the thick rug that had been installed in the space. As he heard a snarl coming from above him Calvech wiggled around and saw that the rhino’s entire muzzle had already been completely coated, dripping with a slate grey rubber that dripped from the sharpening teeth in his growing maw. Though he kept the horn on his head it was clear his jaws were morphing into a more lupine shape as the horse could feel him trying to get between his legs with the shiny grey cock that was growing with each throb that pulsed through the shaft. As the muscles of the horse flexed however he took his own rubbery hands and pushed the changing rhino off, his fingers popping as they grew a set of claws similar to the his toes as he got to his feet.

With the transforming rhino dazed Calvech had an opening, the horse cracking his neck before he opened his eyes and let out a snarl of his own to reveal a set of bright orange rubber fangs dripping with a similar substance as he lunged forward. Seeing the rhino getting covered in rubber, hearing him growl and snarl like a beast, all of it had caused the transforming horse to go wild with lust. He needed that sensation of rubber not only on his own body but on his friend, his packmate, his fellow vulcanthrope as well. As he was about to pounce on the creature though he felt a pair of equally large hands grab onto the black latex cuffs that appeared on his wrists, Roderyn giving him a fanged grin as he slid his fingers into them and attempted to pull the horse down.

The sounds of squeaking rubber and loud growls filled the basement as the two wrestled with one another on the floor, though as the struggle went on for who was going to be on top continued their efforts became less aggressive and more sensual in nature as their rubbery pectorals pressed against one another while Calvech tried to get the rhino onto his stomach. As Roderyn responded with attempting to buck upwards to get his hips between those shiny purple thighs he could see that something was happening with the grey rubber of the former rhino’s lupine muzzle. It appeared that the man beneath him could feel it too and as more of it spread on his face like a mask strands of it started to bridge between his upper and lower jaws to pull them together. As Roderyn tried to stretch his muzzle one last time Calvech could see a thick lupine cock sliding into his maw before the rubber flowed completely over it and fused his muzzle together, leaving only an opening in the front as a pair of black lenses formed over his eyes in the rubber surrounding his face.

Calvech took advantage of the transforming creature’s distracted state and slammed his hips down, pushing himself between the thighs of the other vulcanthrope and looping his hands into the cuffs of Roderyn’s thighs to pull them up. As the lupine paws of the former rhino were pulled up into the air he took his bright orange cock and plunged it deep into the tailhole beneath him, hearing a muffled grunt from beneath him as he managed to get his entire shaft into the other male with one smooth thrust. As Calvech started to let out a howl of victory however it was cut off as he began to feel rubber dripping down his snout, and though he couldn’t quite see it he could feel something thick and cylindrical pushing into his maw and sliding over his latex tongue as his own face formed into a heavy muzzle. Even though he was effectively gagged the purple rubber vulcanthrope could almost hear the snicker of his grey latex counterpart as he felt the same shiny liquid cascade over his horse tail to shape it into a more lupine one.

With both creatures already being fairly muscular their transformation mostly seemed to focus on their body shape, though as Calvech ignored the fact that his face had been turned into a muzzled version of itself as he felt his eyes merge into a visor while he thrusted down into the other male he had rightfully dominated. As their limbs did swell with new growth the cuffs that Roderyn had worn before appeared on his body while a new set of cuffs appeared on Calvech’s ankles, which only seemed to accentuate his thick purple paws as the orange pads slid against the carpet while he thrusted hard and deep into his rubber counterpart. For the rhino his face looked more like a full gas mask, retaining the horn on his snout and a few of the ones that flared outwards as the cock gag thrusted into both of them. As the two continued to rut down there on the floor the dark grey werewolf decided that he had given his packmate enough time and flipped the purple werewolf onto his back just as a mane of synthetic hair flowed down his back, pausing only as a chest harness formed on Calvech while an x-harness did the same on Roderyn’s thick pectorals.

The two flipped positions with each of them taking advantage of the tailhole of the other, both of them remaining silent as they basked in their rubbery forms. Their minds were nothing but pure instinct and desire, and had they not heard something that caused them to stop they would have kept using their new bodies on one another. Instead they immediately parted from one another and they both practically crawled their way up the staircases their respective members slid back inside and were zipped up as though by an unseen hand. Fortunately Calvech had been so preoccupied that he had left the door open and the two vulcanthropes slipped out into the yard, sniffing the air before heading over to the back fence and quickly displacing the dirt that was there.

Once the two had dug a hole big enough for their muscular bodies to fit under they slid underneath and made their way into the woods, their lensed eyes searching around while they moved with incredible speed. The underbrush and branches brushed off their rubber bodies without so much as a care as they delved further into the woods, guided by the scent of latex in the air and their own instinct until they suddenly found themselves not alone. When the two stopped they found themselves standing in front of three other rubber werewolves, though they quickly knelt down as they recognized that they were the newest members of the pack. The black and red rubber werewolves were somewhat familiar to both of them as they stepped forward, though they hadn’t seen that the red one had a pair of wings that were bound with elaborate rubber straps, but the silver one with black markings behind them was new as he stayed back.

The other two vulcanthropes were more then happy to welcome the two new members of their pack, walking up and pushing their fingers into the muzzles of the two and forming a hole right in the middle. As the gags merged with their mouths Calvech and Roderyn quickly found them replaced with the real thing the two eagerly bobbing their heads forward as the thick rubber cocks slid inside. As the two standing vulcanthropes thrusted into their synthetic maws the one with the zipper on his muzzle opened and the two let out a loud howl, which was quickly joined by the one behind them. The sound reverberated through the two kneeling there and the cocks inside of their maws pulled out enough to allow them to join in, unifying the five together before they went back to the orgy of lupine rubber…

The next afternoon Calvech and Roderyn sat in the living room of their next door neighbor Dillon along with the ones that lived on the other side of them, the black-furred wolf and red-tailed hawk leaning back while the snow leopard sipped on his tea. All five of them were completely naked and had just woken up a few hours ago on top of one another in the woods, which is what prompted them to have the meeting in the first place. “So it seems that you two also enjoy rubber as well,” the wolf that had been introduced as Xavier said while nonchalantly munching on a cookie. “I presume that you already knew this when you first met them Dillon.”

“Of course,” the snow leopard replied. “I would have told you two but you both worked late and by the time you had pulled in it was practically too late. Had I known that they would have taken to it so strongly I would have tried harder to keep us separated so we could introduce one another more properly.”

As the horse took a drink himself he found himself staying mostly quiet through the conversation, nodding when asked something while Roderyn filled in more of the blanks. Once they had gotten back to the house after transforming back mostly to their former selves, one piece of their anatomy in particular still glimmering as the snow leopard informed them that it might take a day or so to get that back to normal, Dillon explained to him that he was originally the first vulcanthrope to arrive on the street, having been infected at a rave party the month prior, and after his first transformation he had stumbled upon Xavier and his husband Ken who happened to enjoy rubber and had attracted him to the point of him smashing through the fence to get to them. That was when the former owner of Calvech and Roderyn’s house had seen the monster running the yard and also caught glimpses of their subsequent meet-ups, and though they hadn’t bothered with him since he didn’t like anything that would attract a vulcanthrope to him the sight of the monstrous creatures was enough to send him running.

“I mean, I can’t say that I blame him for not including that on the disclosure form,” Roderyn said as he fell back against the couch as well, staring into the air in disbelief after they had told them that the wolf and hawk initially had intended on ambushing them inside their house but they had gotten startled by the motion lights in their instinct fueled mindset. “So are we going to transform into those rubber wolf creatures every full moon?”

“Oh, you can transform far more often then that,” Dillon replied with a grin. “Now that you’ve fully succumbed to the rubber beast within you can do all sorts of fun things, but it’s only after the first full moon from your infection that you can do it. That’s why we didn’t approach you beforehand after we knew that you had gotten vulcanthropy, it’s something that can’t quite be rushed if you want to get a fully formed rubber werewolf.”

“We were watching to make sure that you were okay though,” the wolf piped up. “I have to say that one time in the bedroom you two had a few days before your first time was amazing, I wish I had filmed it.” Both Calvech and Roderyn felt themselves blush slightly at the praise of their packmate, feeling their instincts stir at that particular rubber rendezvous.”

“In any case the only time where you can get a bit out of control is the full moon,” Dillon continued on after shooting Xavier a dirty look, which the wolf responded by sticking out his rubber tongue. “We can strap you up during those times but you have to be kind of careful since you can sort of absorb the bondage gear that you wear, something that our actual wolf here found out when we tried that and he came out with most of his vulcanthrope form having various rubber straps hanging off of it.”

“I still have that form by the way,” Xavier quickly interjected. “A lot of fun for strapping another into.”

The hawk rolled his eyes and grabbed Xavier’s muzzle, and when he pulled back a set of red latex straps were fused with his mouth preventing him from speaking before Ken nodded to the snow leopard. “So anyway my recommendation is to spend the next month or so hanging out with us and making sure to get the hang of your forms,” Dillon recommended. “Not just because we’re going to have some mind-blowing rutting either, but the faster you get comfortable with your rubber werewolf forms the easier it’ll be to do things like Ken and Xavier over there and to control yourselves around others.”

“Control ourselves around others?” Roderyn repeated. “You mean we might wolf out on them or something?”

“Sort of,” Dillon said as he shook his hand in the air. “Much like our two friends over there with you if you catch the scent of someone who loves rubber you’re beast awakens and sometimes you can involuntarily transform even without the full moon so that you can add another to the pack. While I’m all for having more members it’s a delicate process and the last thing any of us want it to expose our infection to the world and make it hard for all the vulcanthropes out there to operate, much less our own kind right here on this street.”

“I see… I guess that makes sense,” Calvech said as both he and Roderyn nodded. “So we can just sense someone who is into rubber?”

“Yep,” Dillon replied with a fanged grin. “In fact if you two don’t have anything better going on why don’t we give you a little practice since the pack is all here…”

A few months later Calvech and Roderyn walked into the locker room of their gym, the two seeing their cobra and orca friend sitting there talking to one another clad only in a towel. As they walked over to them the two let out a cry of surprise and happiness as they went over towards them immediately. “I was wondering when you two were going to be coming back,” Sam said excitedly, the cobra looking them both over. “How was the trip?”

“Oh, it was amazing,” Calvech said with a big grin on his face. “Met some people, had some fun, all that good stuff.”

“It was crazy that you won something like that so soon after you got moved in,” Nemo stated as the orca leaned against the locker.

Both Calvech and Roderyn nodded and as the rhino put his arm around the horse and the two kissed, which prompted the other two glanced at one another before looking back at them. “Wait a second, are you two…” Sam said as he pointed back between the two. “You guys actually seeing each other now?”

“Sort of,” Roderyn replied with a chuckle. “Living together has shown us some things about one another and we decided that we’re only going to need one bedroom from now on.” As the orca congratulated the rhino and the two hugged the rhino’s eyes widened slightly. “Hey… do you have on a new type of deodorant or something?”

Nemo broke the hug and just looked at the rhino strangely before shaking his head. “Nope, same stuff that I usually wear,” the orca said. “We just got finished up with a pretty big workout though, had we known you guys were back and coming in we would have waited for you. Why, do I smell bad or something?”

“No… quite the opposite actually,” Roderyn replied as he leaned in once more, taking in a deep breath as Calvech was practically sniffing the air around the cobra man as well. When the two backed away they were still grinning, but there was an almost predatory look to it before they quickly waved it off.

“Hey, we were actually going to be having a little cook-out with our neighbors in a couple weeks,” Calvech said, the two turning towards him as Roderyn licked his lips hungrily without their notice. “We would love it if you two could join us. I think you would like them, they turned out to be really nice people.”

“Oh, yeah definitely, just give us the time,” Sam asked, Calvech giving them the date of the meet-up. “Great, that should be pretty easy to remember. Isn’t that when there’s a full moon?”

“Why yes,” Calvech said, his smile growing slightly wider and showing off the faintest hints of a pair of fangs before they retracted. “Yes it is.”

Chapter Mercreatures:

A few miles off the coast of the resort town a lone boat sat bobbing silently on the waves, the rather large vessel sitting on top of one of the largest coral reef bays in the world. On that boat the four guys that had sailed out there were busy checking the neoprene diving suits and scuba gear that they had brought along, the wolf and horse looking over one another while a dragon-wolf hybrid and rhino did the final checks on their air supply tanks. “Are you sure that we have permission to do this?” The purple horse said as he hoisted up the air tank that had the name Calvech on it. “I was sort of expecting to see a lot more people out here for how popular it is.”

“All the locals are currently in the town celebrating some sort of festival,” the wolf-dragon replied as he got his own tank with his name Vritrax on it while handing the one marked Rodreyn to the rhino. “It normally lures all the tourists in as well so it actually works out in our favor of being able to explore the reefs without having to worry about running into a bunch of others. Now has everyone gone through their checklists and made sure their gear is working properly?”

“You know it!” the wolf replied, taking the last tank with the name Lorkos on it and putting on his goggles. “Let’s go already!” The others just chuckled and rolled their eyes at the eager wolf as he put in his breathing apparatus and sat on the side of the boat before rolling back, hearing a loud splash that was soon joined by three others. Once all four were in the water they gave a thumbs-up as they did their last checks and then proceeded to dive down into the reefs.

With the sun sparkling overhead it was the perfect backdrop to their swimming expedition as they looked at the tropical fish that sparkled in the light amongst the colorful coral. The four had opted to stick together since there weren’t many people out and the first few hours was spent just lazily swimming along with the occasional picture that was taken in front of a particularly breathtaking display. As it started to get close to the end of the day and Rodreyn signaled that they were ready for lunch the others nodded in agreement, but as they started to head towards the boat that they could see the bottom of they all suddenly felt a shift in the current that caused them to stop. They had regrouped in order to swim back and as they looked at one another in both confusion and anxiety Vritrax motioned for them to surface and swim the rest of the way of the boat like that, but before they could do it all four were suddenly pulled downward as the ocean floor opened up beneath them.

It was a whirlpool, as they looked down and saw the black hole that had opened up in the stone beneath them they all attempted to swim away from it but even the strongest of their swimmers was unable to fight the pull as they were swept inside. One by one they were pulled in and disappeared into the darkness, and as the last one fell inside they all found themselves being buffeted against the rocks before finally falling through actual air before landing with another series of splashes. With the water that was still pouring in from above they struggled to get their bearings in the darkness, and as Lorkos got to the surface first he immediately got out of the waterfall that had been created and grabbed a glowstick from his suit. The wolf was thankful that he still had them on his person since they were normally used for cave diving and when he looked around he saw a beach of dry land that he swam his sore body over too while using the light to signal the others to come towards him.

The other three saw the light and immediately made their way up, Vritrax and Rodreyn practically ripping the breathers out of their muzzles while Calvech swam forward and got on shore before doing the same. “Out… out of air…” Vritrax gasped as the two went out and pulled both of them to shore, the rhino gasping as well. “Almost suffocated…”

“That’s not good,” Calvech said as he helped the wolf-dragon out of his gear and took a look at the tank, seeing the needle buried in the red. “These should still have another three hours left in them, which means that they were probably… ah, yeah, there it is. Tank’s cracked all the way down, probably lost all that air in a few seconds.”

“I suppose it was better than my back,” Vritrax stated as he took off the useless tank completely before going over to inspect the one that was on the coughing rhino. “Yeah, Rodreyn’s in the same boat, which means that neither of us have any air. How about you two?”

Lorkos was about to respond as he took off his tank, only to stop and hold it up to his ear as his muzzle turned down into a frown. “My valve’s cracked,” Lorkos stated with a sigh. “At this rate I might have ten, possibly fifteen minutes if I left right now in the dark tunnels that we have no idea where they go. How about you Calvech?”

“I think mine is fine for now,” Calvech said as he pressed the button on his breather and heard the hiss of air. “But even if it is that’s one quarter-full tank of air for four people in a cave system that we know nothing about. The fact that the cavern isn’t still filling with water means that it’s probably going out somewhere but we don’t exactly have the luxury of trying to find out where that is.”

“Well we’re definitely not coming out the way we’re coming in,” Rodreyn stated once he had coughed all the water out of his lungs and stood shakily to his feet, using his flashlight to look at the hole in the ceiling they had fallen through before scanning the large cavern with it. “I doubt anyone knows this place even exists, so even if with our transponder beacons it would be tough for rescuers to find… whoa.”

As the flashlight beam turned to look directly behind them the other three heard the rhino gasp, and when they turned around themselves they found out why and made similar noises. In their assessment of their gear they had failed to see that they were sitting on cut stone steps as a huge statue of a sea serpent-like creature loomed over them, the fins that protruded from their almost snake-like bodies thin enough that they almost appeared translucent. When the others hastily pulled out their flashlights and examined the area more thoroughly they saw that they actually stood in front of what looked like the entrance to a temple carved into the stone with a set of two of those statues flanking it. All of them were in awe at how massive these statues and as they stepped up closer to them Lorkos went up and touched his hands against the smooth stone.

“Unbelievable,” Vritrax said as he looked at the face of the serpent’s toothy maw, which still had aquatic features to it that made it almost a bit fish-like. “I’d say this was some sort of temple dedicated to a naga creature, but the fins that it has reminds me of something else. It makes me wonder if this was some sort of sea-side building that sank into the waves.”

“What, you mean like an ancient seaside city?” Roderyn asked as his light illuminated the long serpentine body with a fin that ran all the way down it’s back. “That would explain why it was here, though I can’t imagine how long it was sitting down here to have those coral beds growing over it. Plus maybe they’re not nagas, what were those fish creatures that some sailors worshiped way back in ancient times?”

“Mermaids,” Calvech replied simply. “Or Mercreatures since these humanoid torsos seem to depict a vaguely male physique.”

“Huh, I always thought that they were half-fish half-creatures that were supposed to be beautiful and lure sailors into their deaths,” Lorkos said with a shrug as he looked over the humanoid upper body of the statues. “I mean, I suppose these things have a certain fierce appeal to them that some may like, and they definitely are rocking the muscle bods, but I think most people would run screaming from something like this.”

“It really depends on the mythos you subscribe to,” Vritrax said as his attention turned to the darkness further in. “What’s more important though is the fact that if this thing is really big it may possibly have an alternate way out that’s closer to the surface, or maybe even lead to one of those small rocky islands that we passed on the way here. It would have to be quite the structure but at this point I’ll take exploring a dry temple over blindly navigating through water-filled caves that could also easily go nowhere.”

The others agreed and armed with the flashlights they made their way into the entrance, all of them giving a weary look to the statues that guarded the door as though they were going to come alive and punish them for stepping inside. When they got through the door they found that the temple was huge, their flashlight beams not even reaching the opposite wall as they illuminated huge columns that went up the ceiling shrouded in darkness. The cracked tile floor had puddles of water that formed from water leaking above and they could only imagine how much stone and water above was being held back by the supports as they gave a cursory glance throughout the area. Despite the space being huge however they found that it was mostly empty, and when they had all made a few rounds around the space and came back they didn’t really see anything except for a few piles of rubble.

As they went to the driest section of the temple, which happened to be in the middle, the four talked to one another about their plan of action. Even though several of them had broken wrist displays Vritrax still had one that worked and informed them even if they found a way out it might be covered since they were currently at high tide. With all of them still sore and weary not only from the day of swimming but also from the trauma of being sucked into the whirlpool and through the caves that brought them there. Though they didn’t have much in the way of comfortable bed positions Roderyn had brought along some emergency rations that they all ate in order to keep their strength up before settling in, turning off their flashlights and just using the glowstick as ambient light while they waited for the wolf-dragon’s digital watch to go off.

That was what Vritrax thought had happened when he opened his eyes again, his ears twitching when he heard music that he thought was coming from his device. When he pushed the button though he saw that it was still a few hours before they had low tide come in, but as he sat up and looked around he could still hear music playing. When he confirmed that it wasn’t his device he thought that maybe it came from one of the others that had a just a broken screen or something, only as he stood up and looked at the others sleeping he could tell it didn’t come from them either. In fact it was coming from deeper in the temple, and even though it was strange to hear music in a place like this he found himself captivated by it as he wordlessly left the other and went in pursuit of it.

As he walked towards the back of the temple the music was growing stronger, sounding like someone singing some sort of opera but with no words to it. The melody was haunting but also strangely beautiful and as he got the stone wall he was both confused and frustrated that he couldn’t find the source of it. Just as he was about to check the walls however he saw a faint glow in a crack underneath his feet and when he knelt down and put his ear against it the music was even stronger. The wolfdragon wrapped his knuckle against he tiles until he got to one that sounded hollow and then after making a trip back to the entrance slammed one of the air tanks against it.

After the second time the stone fell away and Vritrax was able to get his hand into the hole to pull out the tile the rest of the way. The eyes of the wolfdragon widened when he saw the secret set of stairs that went downward, the stone illuminated by the soft glow of whatever was beneath. While normally he would have been excited that this possibly led to a way out or at least closer to the surface the only thing that his mind was transfixed on the melody that echoed in the chamber below as he walked his way down. As his steps slowly but determinedly went down the stairs in the back of his mind he knew that that he should at least wake up the others before going down into some mysterious tunnel underneath the sunken temple, but those thoughts were wiped away by the growing presence of the music in his head as he stepped down into the hidden chamber.

It was another large room that came back underneath the temple floor, but as Vritrax continued to walk into it his gaze was set on the glowing golden object that sat in the middle of it. As he got closer he found that it was a huge trident; the ornate weapon looked worthy to be wielded by Poseidon himself and as he continued to approach it he almost felt unworthy to do so, except as he focused more on the song it felt like it was drawing him in because he was. It called to him because he deserved it, Vritrax thought as a smile grew on his face while he stepped into the aura of the trident and felt its power flowing through him, and the fact that he was in the presence of a magic object in an underwater temple was lost to him in the waves of music that crashed through him. It surrounded his very presence and seemed to urge him to take it, to claim this artifact as his own as well as the power that came with it.

The wide eyes of the wolfdragon became glassy as he stood a few inches away from the podium, his hands trembling as they drifted towards the shaft of the trident. There was a few moments of hesitation as something inside the hybrid warned him that this wasn’t right, but it was quickly drowned out by the music that swirled around him as he urged himself to grab hold. Even though the weapon would be extremely unwieldy he desired nothing more than to pick it up and as his fingers touched the shiny surface his back suddenly arched and he let out a sharp cry as a swell of power surged through his body. For a brief moment his eyes became solid gold and he stumbled backwards, though his fingers latched onto the trident and pulled it off the pedestal with him as he began to feel something happening to him.

Vritrax’s head thrashed as his teeth grew longer, the whiskers on his snout and horns on his head retracting as vibrant blue scales replaced the grey fur and dark grey scales. He could feel his fingers wrap around the trident more as they quickly transformed and stretched longer while similar azure scales cascaded up his forearms while they filled out with muscle. The artifact let out a pulse of power and as it did the wolfdragon groaned as he felt the neoprene on his body stretch from his back, his body trembling as the skin of his neck stretched out into a fin that merged with the shiny material, turning into a membrane as the back spines grew out of his spine down to his tail. When the scales that were cascading up his arms and legs met with the neoprene that covered his upper arms and legs the seam melted and merged while the black material shifted to a dark blue and adopted a similar pattern.

The entire time Vritrax was frozen in place, his mind struggling to keep up with the sensations and feelings that were flowing through it as he gained more muscle mass from the power of the trident. Even though he was turning into a monster he heard a voice saying that this is how it had to be, that if he wanted to wield the power of the trident he would need to become the creature that could. Even though his body was warping and twisting in unnatural ways it felt really good to the hybrid, like he was becoming what he was truly meant to be as he felt the flesh between his fingers stretch up to webbing while the shiny texture of his main body spread out to his head. As he let out a loud huff and hiss while his muzzle began to grow more rounded Vritrax found his corrupted thoughts telling him that he wasn’t becoming a monster…

…he was becoming a god.

Once more Vritrax leaned backwards and groaned, but this time it was out of pure pleasure as the power cascaded down to his limbs. The growing bulge in his neoprene scuba suit suddenly surged as the material seemed to suction around his member, and as it stretched out it coated it like a second skin before pushing out and gaining even more length. As his upper body inflated with muscle underneath the shiny skin he found himself falling forward and had to dig the base of the trident into the stone below as his legs gave out from underneath him, only to find himself still supported as he attempted to move them only to find they wouldn’t pull apart. Vritrax looked down with his golden eyes and saw that the reason way was because they were knitting together, the flesh and neoprene fusing and flowing into itself to create one long serpentine body as his feet and toes stretched and coiled around one another to become the tip of his new tail.

Vritrax found himself growling as the fin that had set off the transformation of the neoprene scuba suit to become part of his body stretched down to his new lower body, only to find as his face continued to contort that the changes had started to slow down. As the music died away from his partially stretched out ears the half-transformed being hissed and looked down at the trident that was supposed to give him his divine body to see that the powerful glow had become a dim light. When the gold of his eyes shifted away he found that one of his eyes had become a reptilian one with the blue spread out over his sclera while the other remained his former self as he looked into a nearby puddle. He found the sight to be infuriating; he had answered the call of the trident, how had he not gotten the body that came with it!?

Fortunately his lower body had transformed enough that he could slither along it and he felt a shudder of pleasure as the rocks slid over his neoprene scales as he looked down at his throbbing cock. The dark blue shaft had grown a series of bumps and ridges on it and as he gave it a squeeze he felt his entire body shudder. The sensations weren’t just pleasure either, as he ran his partially-furred hand over the completely transformed cock he could feel that same hum of power that had been in the trident. That was it, the creature realized as his eyes looked up to the ceiling of the chamber, he was unfinished because the power that had been laying dormant down here needed more… sacrifices in order to finish the job.

Luckily the corrupted Vritrax knew exactly where it could find such screatures as a lopsided grin spread on his corrupted muzzle before he slithered his way back up towards the stairs…

Meanwhile back up in the main temple lobby Roderyn had gotten up when he heard a loud banging noise and looked around in the darkness to see what it was, then eventually turning on his flashlight when he heard it again. When he didn’t see anything in their perimeter he looked back at camp and in the dying light of the glowstick could see that Lorkos had gotten up as well and as his green eyes scanned the area the rhino could tell that he also had heard the noise. They also quickly realized that they were down a member as Calvech remained asleep until Lorkos went over and nudged him so that he would wake up. The horse let out a loud snort and groaned before he slowly got up from the uncomfortable floor, rubbing his eyes and asking what’s going on.

“Hey, how could you sleep through all that banging?” Roderyn asked as Lorkos switched on his flashlight as well.

“What?” Calvech said before the horse sighed and rubbed his fingers against his ears. “Ah, this water, I can’t hear a damn thing. I better not get another ear infection out of this.” As Calvech tried to bang his palm against his head to get the liquid out of his ears while the other two stood up and looked around. Lorkos cracked a few more glow sticks and tossed them around to help illuminate the temple area in order to try and find where the wolfdragon went and eventually the entire area had an eerie green glow about it that still didn’t reveal the location of their missing member.

Eventually the three went to the entrance of the temple in order to see if he was out there, and when they looked down they were surprised to find that one of the air tanks was missing. “You don’t think he tried to go out for help on his own?” Roderyn said as his light scanned the surface of the water. “That wouldn’t explain the banging we heard though.”

“No way, Vritrax would never do something so risky as to dive out there with no one knowing he did so,” Lorkos replied as the wolf shook his head, then looked over the tanks until he found the one with air in it. “He didn’t even taken the tank that had the air in it, and with the other three dead there’s nothing that he could have done here. It is possible he may have gotten up and is just near the back of the temple looking for a way out, the place is huge after all and perhaps we just missed him.”

The rhino just shrugged and the two went back into the temple with Calvech following them once Lorkos tapped on his shoulder to get his attention. Once he got the horse back on track the two went to follow the rhino into the main hall of the temple, only to see that he had stopped close to where they had set up camp and was standing still. As Lorkos was about to ask what was going on he looked past the bulky body of the other man and saw what Roderyn was looking at, his mouth dropping open slightly in shock when he saw the serpentine creature in front of them holding onto a golden trident. At first he thought it was some sort of monster but as they saw the single whisker that hung down from his muzzle and the patches of grey fur on his body the wolf let out a gasp.

“Vritrax!” Lorkos shouted, prompting the strange eyes of the creature to look over at him as the light that was cast on him reflected off his unnaturally shiny skin. “What the hell happened to you?”

“I have been chosen by this blessed artifact,” the creature stated with a hiss, his words slightly garbled from his partially transformed muzzle. “Soon Vritrax will be no more and I shall become the God of the Mer, but I need more power to ascend. Join me and together we will rule like we once had when this temple saw the light of the sun.”

“No way…” Lorkos said as he shook his head, though when he attempted to approach he was stopped by the big arm of the rhino. “What are you doing! That trident is possessing him or something, we have to stop it before it corrupts him completely!”

“That is the plan,” Roderyn said as he leaned his head back. “But we’re not going to talk him out of it, so I’m going to rush him and try to knock him off-balance. You two stay back and if you see an opening try to pull that trident away from him, you got it?”

Though Calvech asked what was being talked about Lorkos nodded, though he stated he wasn’t a plan of the fan before he leaned the horse in and told him as loud as he could without hopefully being overheard. Though the wolf and horse didn’t like the plan the rhino was the strongest out of all of them, though the stallion would argue otherwise but was handicapped at the moment. As the two took a few steps back Roderyn got ready for the charge, though he saw the aquatic naga creature do the same. After briefly stretching his muscles the rhino charged forward and immediately attempted to get the other creature into a grapple, only to find himself stumbling as the serpent quickly darted to the side.

He's fast, Roderyn thought to himself as he jumped when the lower body of the creature tried to coil around him. Even though Vritrax had been partially transformed by the power of the trident he wielded it had given him augmented strength and speed along with a much more flexible body, along with the fact that it seemed like his scales were made out of neoprene that caused his form to be smoother as well and hard to get a grip around. As the two grappled with one another for a while eventually the rhino thought that he had gotten the pin on the naga, only to let out a grunt as the creature got on top and pressed the trident against his chest and felt the muscular chest press against his back. The wolf and horse gasped as the lower body of the naga attempted to wrap around the thick legs of the rhino only for Roderyn to manage to stand up even with the creature on top of him.

“Stop trying to resist,” Vritrax hissed as the trident began to glow brighter, the power already starting to regenerate upon finding another. “Soon you will see what we can truly become when we’re together…”

“I don’t think so!” Roderyn shouted back as he braced up before doing the only thing he could think of, which was charge backwards as fast as he could. The force of the body slam could be heard reverberating through the temple as the mercreature let out a screech as he was pinned by the rhino before he slumped forward, which caused the eyes of the rhino to widen. “Oh… oh no…”

“Vritrax!” Lorkos shouted as he and Calvech ran up to the rhino, who remained where he stood with his body pressed up against the mercreature and a shocked expression on his face. “Roderyn, you didn’t… is he…” As the rhino shook his head he continued to remain frozen there, as though he was unable to move from the spot as he let out a gasp. “Roderyn?”

For a few moments the rhino merely stood there still, but as his hips began to move back and forth the two began to see that the front of his neoprene suit began to stretch. Both horse and wolf had their jaws drop as they could see his cock start to push its way out and as the shiny material molded around the thickening shaft they could see the serpentine lower body coil itself around the rhino’s legs. “This one thought he could impale a god,” the neoprene naga said with a mocking laugh as his head began to transform further, his speech becoming more clear as the last of the wolfdragon’s muzzle disappeared under bight blue neoprene scales. “But he is the one that has gotten impaled instead.”

The two didn’t need to ask what that meant as they could see something start to bump up from his exposed stomach, the rhino groaning as the cock of the sea creature behind him was thrusting so deep that it could be seen. Even before Roderyn had attempted the body slam Vritrax had managed to his body aligned so that he could stretch the rhino open, and even though he had gotten pushed up against the pillar and the somewhat spiky body of the rhino pushed into his neoprene skin it was nothing when compared to his increasingly godly physique. It had also given him time to direct the power of the trident directly into the rhino’s brain and as Roderyn’s mouth opened and closed no words came out, but his tongue started to push out past his lips while his eyes started to glow with a golden color. With the corruption seeping into him and the body that was causing it curled around his the rhino had lost the second that his body pushed into the neoprene one behind him as he felt the spikes that he thought might have killed the mercreature getting absorbed into the body behind him.

When they saw the rhino starting to transform as well as the creature behind him getting bigger Calvech and Lorkos turned to each other and decided to run. There was still one tank of air left and with a shared rebreather they decided to take their chances with the caves instead of staying here and leaving their fate to the self-proclaimed God of the Mer. As for Vritrax and Roderyn it was clearly too late for them at the moment and as they saw the neoprene suit on the rhino starting to shift and ripple while the coils around his legs seemed to squeeze them together until they started to merge there was nothing they could do for them. But as Calvech got closer to the exit he suddenly felt that he was doing alone and turned to see that Lorkos had stopped and was slowly turning back to where the two were transforming.

When Calvech shouted at the wolf asking what he was doing the stallion could see the lips of the other man moving, but couldn’t hear what he was saying and got closer to ask again. “Can’t you hear it?” Lorkos said, this time loud enough for Calvech to hear. “The music… it’s beautiful…”

“What music?!” Calvech shouted, shaking his head and moving forward to grab the wolf by the arm only to have it get yanked out of his hands. “Lorkos, we have to go! You can’t save them!”

Calvech let out a gasp as Lorkos turned around and looked at him, his eyes glowing with a golden tint as his hand went to the groin of his neoprene suit and began to rub it. “I understand now what I need to do,” Lorkos said as a wide grin spread over his muzzle while he turned around and started to walk back into the temple. “We have to join him Calvech, we have to bring back the God of the Mer so that his music can spread through the land. Just listen Calvech, feel the song of the sea on your heart.”

As Lorkos continued to step forward Calvech just shook his head and turned towards the exit of the temple, unable to hear the melodious chorus that rang in the wolf’s ears. The God of the Mer hadn’t been powerful enough to use it to ensnare Roderyn but as more power was gained from their joining it allowed him to capture the wolf’s mind as well, watching as the lupine man walked all the way back and knelt down while staring at his new god. With Lorkos enthralled and being more corrupted by the second the God of the Mer could focus on what he truly wanted, which was to gain a body worthy of the trident that he possessed as his neoprene cock stretched out the hole of the rhino in front of him. With the synthetic substance already pushed up inside of him it didn’t take much for the possessed Vritrax to use the power he possessed as his hips began to push harder and sank his shaft deeper into the other man, while pleasure coursed through both of their bodies.

Roderyn let out a grunt and looked down as the intense pleasure that came from his inner walls being spread open by the godly cock shifted, and as he saw his own fully erect member bobbing in the air he saw the bulge that came from the one that was inside of him start to swell out even further. Below that his legs had already become swollen and the shiny substance filled in the divot that had been the separation of his legs, but as the finned lower body continued to coil and squeeze around them the dark blue coloration started to seep into his black neoprene-covered legs and flow over it like melting candle wax. Even though the rhino had lost the sensation of feeling in his legs when the sea serpent slithered over them he still tried to wiggle them, only to see the lower body of the mercreature slither around while it grew longer and began stretch out towards the wolf while taking his with it.

No, a voice corrected in the rhino’s head, those were no longer his legs. They were now a part of their grand body as the transformation continued, merging their two bodies from the waist down while the neoprene sea serpent continued to thrust into him and cause his cock to push out the neoprene of his stomach even further. It wasn’t the only place either as Roderyn’s back arched from a particularly powerful push inside of him, only to feel himself stuck to the chest of the one behind him. Even in the haze of his lusts that were being pumped into him just like the cock of the other man he looked down and saw that the sides of his upper body had merged with the one behind him as the arms of the mercreature wrapped around his waist in order to sink his body in even deeper.

As Roderyn let out a low moan the cock inside of him suddenly shifted downwards and emerged fully, the thick shaft sliding right along his own neoprene member as the hips of the mercreature absorbed the ones in front of him. All that mass slid down into the growing sea serpent lower body as the last of the fur that had been peeking out of the serpent’s head disappeared, assimilated by the neoprene scales as Vritrax’s other eye joined the first in becoming a reptilian pupil. Though the transformation was complete the trident, and by extension the mercreature, wanted to have a truly godly body. Fortunately there was still so much more of the rhino to absorb and as their bodies flowed into one another the teeth of the rhino could be seen pushing past his lips while his entire head began to quiver in ecstasy.

Though the god had thought of just completely merging these two creatures that were to be his vessel completely a different idea had come to him, and as the finned arms of the sea creature reached forward to stroke their twin cocks both heads let out a gasp as Roderyn could feel them as though they were his own. In essence they were, and as they bulked up to match the muscle of the upper set that they now had the neoprene stretched out in order to create a set of similar fins worthy of an aquatic deity. By this point their two bodies had become nearly indistinguishable from one another as the last of the rhino’s chest sank into the one behind it, revealing their incredibly ripped physique as their shoulders broadened. As their cocks continued to get stroked the rhino’s head tilted back as the lingering thoughts of Roderyn assumed that this was it and he was about to disappear, but instead of getting pulled into the body of the creature he felt his neck get pushed back and start to lengthen while his muzzle became more draconic.

The other head of the mercreature smirked as he saw the surprised look on his new neoprene naga head let out gasp as they were connected, watching the former rhino’s horn sink into his muzzle and his ears stretch out as the power they shared soaked into his mind. Until that point it had been Roderyn and the possessed Vritrax, but as the glow faded from his eyes to reveal a pair of reptilian pupils there was no only the God of the Mer. The two-headed creature let out a roar of triumph as his body was complete, the four arms flexing while his powerful serpentine lower body slithered about beneath them. As they flexed their two sets of arms the two heads admired their new form and knew that they had achieved a great body that would be worthy of the trident that was now clutched on their left side.

But… there was always room for more, and as the mercreature looked at the wolf that continued to dutifully kneel there an idea came to mind for Lorkos. Even with their thoughts being horribly corrupted they still had a sense of comraderie that they felt with the other two, and though they would be hunting the horse down in a bit they wanted to keep them all together. It wouldn’t do to just make this one into some sort of soldier or minion, he wanted to have Lorkos join in the fun of being a god as they instructed him with a wave of his hand to come closer and to get on all fours. With the wolf still enthralled by the song that continued to play in his mind Lorkos wordlessly got up and went to the neoprene sea serpent, bowing his head before lowing himself and presenting his tailhole for them.

With the creature enthralled and the horse that was still scrambling to utilize the last remaining air tank not going anywhere the God of the Mer decided to take his time with this one, slowly wrapping his shiny coils around the wolf’s midsection and eliciting a pleasured groan from the lupine. Already they could feel the cock that Lorkos had been stroking the entire time was hard as a rock and had slid up further into his scuba suit, but unlike the rhino and the wolfdragon it was going to stay that way as the mercreature began to push his own against the stretched material between the lupine butt cheeks. As soon as their corruptive head pressed against it the material gave in, almost suctioning around those toned globes before it started to push inside. Lorkos immediately began to pant as he was stretched open, his legs pushing up slightly until they were forced back down by the thick shaft sliding deep inside of him while the coils of the sea serpent kept him in place.

The wolf gasped as he could feel the thick neoprene cock pushing so deep into him, the tip spreading him open to the point where it felt like it had gone all the way up into his stomach. The strange sensation was enough to cause him to look down and as he did he saw that his belly did look distended, but what really got his attention was the fact that his legs appeared to be bound together by the neoprene that covered them. When he tried to wiggle them he found that they wouldn’t unstick from their position and as they seemed to get pulled up into him it caused his entire body to shiver. Something was happening to him, but as he began to panic the song that was still wrapped around his mind once more calmed the wolf as his hips began to shrink as well.

After a few minutes of thrusting Lorkos let out a gasp as he felt the coils that were around his stomach suddenly push further up his body, and as he was about to fall forward he felt the mental instruction to put his hands to his sides and allow it to happen. The second he did so he could already feel that his neoprene-covered sides were becoming sticky, but as it started to coat his limbs they disappeared underneath those shiny coils that continued to squeeze against him. It wasn’t long until the other creature had managed to encase him from the shoulders down, and as he felt them pop Lorkos suddenly realized through the intense fog of pleasure that he was starting to drool…

…a lot.

The God of the Mer just watched as the wolf continued to transform, the neoprene slowly creeping up his neck that began to thicken as more of the rubbery substance that coated his mouth continued to leak out of him. By this point his legs were nothing more than lumps against the base of the cock that merged inside of him, the creature no longer thrusting as it was no longer needed. It had turned from rutting the wolf to stroking himself with his tail as both creatures could feel the flesh becoming more sensitive. If Lorkos could look back he would have seen that his body was merely an extension of the one that had corrupted him as fangs began to push out from his gooey lips while his ears started to melt.

When most of the mass of the neoprene body was transferred into the sea serpent it released the coils, causing the transforming head of the wolf to let out another torrent of shiny cum as it revealed his tubular body. The lower body of the creature was soon replaced with both sets of hands stroking the two foot length, causing so much pleasure to push through the mind of the new snake cock that it didn’t even realize it when he had lost the last of his lupine features, his wolf muzzle stretching to a serpentine muzzle as he felt a rush coming that signaled an orgasm. All three creatures became bound to the corruption that they had succumbed to as their first climax hit, the regular neroprene cock as well as their snake one firing jet after jet of their shiny tainted seed into the empty temple where it splattered against the wall. The God of the Mer trembled as he could feel his cock rejoice in such a profound body as the shaft of the creature slithered about in the air, stimulating himself even as he continued to drip from his lips while the gold glow of his eyes disappeared to reveal solid green ones instead.

But while decorating their former temple with their deific seed was invigorating it was nothing compared to filling a vessel with his power and using it to transform them. But as he slithered towards the entrance of the temple the God of the Mer saw that while one of his shafts had been given a form that only made them more godly they still had one that was relatively normal. But that was going to quickly change as he went out into the cavern, ignoring the scuba gear and diving right into the water. Unlike the horse that had gone in before them the lord of the waters knew exactly where to go, sensing his other snake cock to be in the tunnels ahead of him.

Calvech felt the stream of bubbles leave his respirator as he swam as fast as he could through the underwater tunnels, trying to feel the flow of water that would allow him to follow the current outside. Even though he only had a few hours of air and no idea where he was going he had to risk the dive, especially after looking back into that temple and seeing what happened to Lorkos. He still couldn’t get that image out of his mind and it distracted him to the point where he almost hit his head on a rock as he had to do a ninety-degree turn in order to reach the next tunnel. Fortunately he still had his waterproof flashlight and hopefully a head start on this resurrected mercreature as he carefully made his way around a larger rock into a cave that he had to carefully squeeze through.

The current pushing him out was getting stronger the further he went though and as Calvech continued to swim he didn’t see anything pursuing him, though with the way the tunnels in this place were he would have a hard time seeing if anything snuck up on him. That only spurred him to try and escape faster, though eventually he reached a fissure that was would only be wide enough for him to fit through if he was lucky. When he shined his light outside of it though he let out a muffled gasp and a stream of bubbles floated up when he saw the open ocean just outside of it. When he craned his head up from the bottom of the fissure he could also see a glint of light that he hoped was the sky above and decided that it was enough to risk what he was about to do.

After taking several deep breaths Calvech held the last one and quickly unstrapped the tank from his body, letting it fall back into the cave while he pushed his body forward. Though it was a tight fit he was able to slide his muscular body through and when he made it to the other side he felt a profound sense of relief go through him. Even though he had lost the other three in the temple he hoped that he could find a way to save them, maybe someone in the local village could try and tell him what to do as he started to swim towards the surface. Before he could even clear the rocky grotto that he had emerged from he felt something in the darkened waters, and when a shadow swirled around him the purple horse immediately tried to race for the surface only to be grabbed by the ankle and pulled back down.

A stream of bubbles left his mouth as he saw the stary surface get pulled away from him, only to feel something rub up against his neoprene clad body instead. The God of the Mer had actually been waiting for the horse to emerge the entire time, finding his way though and getting to the other side. As Calvech thrashed in the water he felt his goggles get pulled off of his head, though at the moment the only thing he could think of was the burning sensation in his lungs. Surely this creature wasn’t going to let him drown, the horse thought as he felt his legs get surrounded by those huge coils, and as he began to open his mouth he felt something push in and was surprised when he could breathe again.

As Calvech looked down to see what it was however he let out a muffled grunt of shock when he saw that it was the snake cock that he had seen his friend get transformed into! But with his arms pinned to his sides there was little he could do as he felt it slide down into his maw, feeling its tongue inside of it like a bizarre kiss as the two heads leaned on either side of his skull. This one had managed to evade him by not hearing his song, the God of the Mer thought as their jaws opened, so they would make sure that this one heard it before it was given its new fate. With the rubber tentacle slithering around in his maw there was little that Calvech could do as he felt two more slide against his head, though the tongues of the two-headed creature had somewhere different they were intending to go as they slid into the ears of the horse.

The last thought Calvech had before he was blasted with the magical energy of the mercreature’s song was that he was definitely getting an ear infection now, though as his eyes began to glow with a golden light his thoughts were quickly eaten away as the pleasure coursed this system. With the neoprene snake cock inside of him it had already caused the mercreature to be fully erect, sliding his untransformed cock into the soon to be twin of the one that was starting to slither into the horse’s throat. With three bodies already fueling the power of the trident that they held onto it didn’t take long before their shaft already started to merge with the horse, feeling his muscular body start to flow back into their shared form as the coils that had twisted around his legs subsumed the hooves and purple horsehair of their last friend. It didn’t take long before Calvech no longer needed to breathe, but that didn’t stop the snake-cock from deepthroating itself as it was able to shove so far down into the horse’s body that the head could be seen pushing out the chest of the horse whose pectorals flattened.

The God of the Mer floated in the water and let their snake cock do the work of the self-imposed blowjob, though at this point it might be considered sounding as the entire neoprene-covered body of the horse was practically convulsing from the transformation happening to him. His wild mane of orange hair melted into his body along with his ears, leaving a red stripe down the back that was similar to the green tattoo of the other snake cock while his arms pulled into his chest. Already his legs were absorbed into the tail of the sea serpent naga’s lower body, gaining another foot of length as the washboard abs and muscular sides that Calvech worked hard for were lost while his form bloated. It was for a higher purpose though, the horse heard in his mind as he shrank down until the snake cock inside of him had to pull out and caused a torrent of bright blue neoprene cum to come out of both creature’s mouths.

As the last of the horse disappeared with his head warping and morphing into a snake head while the last of his purple fur was assimilated into the bright blue shiny scales that matched the other snake cock. The glow from his eyes faded the two shafts began to curl around one another, excited to have one another as the four were rejoined together once more. Though the four heads could operate independent of one another they were all the God of the Mer, and as with their last conquest secured firmly on their groin the sea serpent naga used his bright green fins and powerful arms to propel himself to the surface. When the two heads broke the water he found himself in the vast expanse of the sea, though to his keen eyes he could see the glow of light that came from the festival that was happening in the nearby village as they dived under the water and disappeared with only a trace of glowing blue floating in the water…

As the sun started to rise up and the sky went from black to a its usual dawn series of pinks and oranges the party in the festival was still going, though most locals and almost all the tourists that had been there retired for the night with only a few of the hardcores that were left drinking. For the two that were sitting on the small dock that came out into the water they had actually woken up early to fish, using the early morning where few were out in order to try and take advantage of the undisturbed waters. It had been a tradition for the ferret and the wolf to do since they had moved to the island and as they relaxed in their chairs the ferret tossed a beer to the wolf who caught it and popped it open. While there was still the occasional sounds of the party that could be heard it was mostly quiet, which was how they liked it as they watched the bobbers in the water connected to their strings.

“We can probably get another few hours before everyone wakes up and starts running for the beach,” the ferret said as he took a sip of his own drink. “What do you want to do after that?”

“Hopefully clean our catch and put it on the grill,” the wolf replied with a chuckle, prompting the ferret to do the same. “If not I’m not sure, the streets are usually too busy to go anywhere during this time but it also feels weird to just… stay inside. Hey, do you hear that music?”

“Hmm?” the ferret replied, looking over at the wolf who had their hand to their ear. “Probably just some drunk with one of those portable boom boxes that they like to carry around to annoy others. Hopefully they don’t come down here and scare the fish.”

“No, it’s not like that,” the wolf said as he found himself slowly standing up, his rod falling to the side as he looked out to the water. “It sounds… really beautiful…”

Before the ferret could say anything else his ears perked up as he started to hear the same music, his jaw dropping slightly at how wonderful it sounded as he slowly stood up as well. It sounded like it was coming from the sea itself and as the two went to the edge of the dock they both began to slowly take off their shirts, and as they pulled them over their heads it revealed that their eyes had started to turn a golden color while they did the same with their pants. By the time they had gotten completely naked and knelt at the edge of the dock the water right in front of them began to stir before the shiny neoprene mercreature rose up from the surface. Both heads looked down at the creatures that it had sensed as it swam towards the shore a smirk crossed their muzzles as they saw that the two had not only become enthralled by his song but were both completely erect.

As the God of the Mer held the trident in his hands the two could feel the power that came from it, but all they could do was kneel there as they began to see two more forms start to rise up from the water. The two snake cocks had grown quite a bit and though they could have shrank down to fit into the maws of the two offering themselves he had a different idea, their jaws unhinging before they darted forward and stretched themselves completely over their heads. Both the ferret and the wolf let out muffled grunts of shock as the sudden engulfment caused them to squirm, but as the mercreature watched while trembling in pleasure he saw them immediately calm down as their throats could be seen swallowing what was being pumped through the neoprene snake cocks latched onto them. Suddenly their bodies began to tremble and shake as their cocks throbbed even more, and even with being obscured by the heads of the snakes that were stretched over them the God of the Mer could see them starting to transform.

The god continued to pump their glowing neoprene cum into them until their stomachs started to bulge out, but as their fur began to look wet and matted they began to bloat with muscle. The sea serpent slithered forward and shifted the trident to rest against his shoulders and held by his upper arms while the lower set stroked the small members of the two, though as he held them they surged with growth while becoming shiny while in their grasp. They were shaking so much it was hard to tell what was from pleasure and what was coming from their transforming bodies as a fun suddenly sprouted from their growing bodies that ran down their spine. Even with their heads covered he could hear their muffled grunts and groans turning to growls as their minds were filled with the awe and splendor of the new god they worshipped.

By the time the creature pulled his cocks off of them their heads had completely transformed, both of them with green neoprene scales that covered their heads and almost crocodilian muzzles that continued to extend out while being filled with jagged shiny teeth. The shiny glowing cum that they had been fed continued to leak out of their mouths and nostrils as they both stood, grunting and flexing their arms as their god stroked their growing lengths that rested against muscular thighs. Unlike the god himself the glowing eyes of the two remained as a pair of fins grew out from the arms and legs they flexed their muscular bodies before orgasming at the same time. Once the two new neoprene mercreatures had climaxed they almost immediately bent down on one knee again, bowing their heads to the one that had created them as he could feel their reverence to him become absolute.

From what the God of the Mer had gleaned from these two during their assimilation the festival was still set to go on for a few days, though this early in the morning it was unlikely that anyone would even be out or up yet. But there were a few drunken stragglers about and they would make for more acolytes, and as the god pointed a webbed hand out to the streets and ordered them to lure and drag whomever they could find to the sea the two neoprene scaled mercreatures merely nodded and made their way back into the city. While he would have loved to join them he was a patient deity and knew that soon he would have this entire island, just like he did back in ancient times before those that invaded turned his statue from god to monster. Well, perhaps he was a little bit of a monster, the two-headed creature thought to himself with a snicker as he slowly slid back beneath the waves, sticking around close enough to make sure that any that might hear his song will come in and become the creatures they were truly meant to be.

And perhaps, the God of the Mer thought as his eyes flashed gold before they disappeared under the water, this time his temple could stay above the water…

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