

Camp Lycaon: Summertime Madness

By Blue Jay

The Wolf King is not the only one gathering his forces for the coming battle...

This was something I really wanted to put out during the actual summer, but obviously it's far too late. And with Halloween now upon us, I decided to just go ahead and crank this out. It is rather short, but I wanted to just show a little bit of the Olympian gods moving some more of their pieces into place.

Hopefully you enjoy this despite its brevity. And violence.

"You sure you're all right, man?" DeSean asked.

He and Pud, his best friend, had decided to throw a pool party before things got too chilly. It hadn't been easy getting together nearly thirty people to bring various snacks and drinks, let alone to be outside when it was beginning to average below seventy, but they had pulled it off.

For the most part, everyone was enjoying themselves, and DeSean was handling bar duties at the modest stand they'd set up off to the side. While most of the partygoers were enjoying themselves with one last dip, chatting with their friends, or nursing their beverages, the young man was wholly occupied by attending to a single duty.

Namely, an unknown guest.

DeSean didn't want to ask too many questions, because he didn't want to come off like he was harassing the man. The guy wasn't actively bothering anyone, and in fact the mood seemed to be getting better in spite of his presence. But all the same the DeSean knew neither he nor Pud knew who this guy was, and he doubted the dude was a plus-one invite, which the guy was party crashing.

"Are you sure there isn't a drop of wine here?" the man asked for at least the fifth time. His words weren't slurred, and he'd been drinking more than a bit over the past couple of hours.

"Totally wine-free, man," DeSean reminded him. "It'll take a while to get any, so unless you really need it, you'll just have to make do. Sorry."

The man grumbled and took another sip of his drink. He was fairly young, probably no more than thirty, with a cherub face and short curled hair. DeSean almost asked him if it was a Jewfro, but figured since

he looked down in the dumps about his favorite liquor not being available and bothering him further would be tempting fate.

Actually, now that he thought about it, DeSean couldn't recall getting much out of the man aside from his name.

"If you don't mind my prying, Dionysus, who'd you come here with again? I don't think I ever heard of you before."

The other man gave a small laugh. "No, no, I came here on my own. I know about every party no matter whose it is or where. I am the greatest when it comes to these sorts of things. A lot of people have forgotten about that."

DeSean raised his eyebrows. "Forgotten? I can't say you've been getting your name out lately if people don't remember you for something you say you're the greatest at. That's like Jordan dropping out after his first championship or something."

Dionysus nodded, raising a finger. "Good point, good point. I have been keeping things a bit toned down lately, haven't I? Been indulging in the good spirits more than spreading them. Perhaps I should really just throw a bash and invite everyone into my club. Some of the old members are, well, too old to keep up with today's world. Gotta get some new blood, I think."

"Like the Blues Brothers. You're getting the band back together. Almost, anyway."

Dionysus laughed, genuinely amused. "My favorite scene from that film was them skipping out after drinking \$300 worth of beer! And now I'm reminded of Lorre and Price in their wine-tasting showdown in *Tales of Terror*! Such a brilliant scene!"

As the man's mood improved, so too did the party's mood. DeSean blinked as he saw Alexis, one of the trainers from the athletic club, yank aside the cups of her bikini top, shaking her tits at everyone and clearly enjoying the attention. The bartender's face flushed red, and he almost stepped out from the stand when Dionysus waved him down.

"No, no, this is natural. It's an early effect of my recruitment drive here, after all."

The young man blinked. "What? What are you talking about? You've sat here the whole party getting wasted a mouthful at a time."

The dark-haired cherub shook his head. "Hmm, no, I haven't, actually. I can get a light buzz at the most, but as wine, one of the oldest and most cherished alcohols in world history, is my forte, then I cannot actually get, to call it as you would, plastered."

Around the pool, everyone was getting wilder, their swimsuits getting either very loose or being discarded entirely. Hands were starting to appreciate a number of body parts, many of which were splashed with drinks and then passionately suckled and licked.

“You see I came here to both relax and enjoy myself, and to get some work done. My father is a very serious sort of fellow, the total opposite of me in all its appalling frankness, and he’s got a lot of enemies. They’ve been at each other’s throats for so long that it’s escaped mortal memory, but we remember. We still need people like you, DeSean, people to be our foot soldiers and on occasion our champions, to defeat the defiant ones and preserve the status quo because when all is said and done what you have through us is worth holding onto.”

He paused, taking a moment to look the young man right in the eye. “I like you in particular. You’re attentive, respectful, know a bit about drinks, and aren’t struck by the handholding syndrome that renders so many people lacking in the wits department. I need that in a subordinate, especially if I’m going to do my old man’s dirty work, and very especially if I’m going to end up in a gods-damn war.”

It took DeSean a few tries to swallow and get his vocals working again.

“I’m not...I don’t do violence, man.”

Dionysus shrugged. “Neither did Jerome, and look at him.”

He jerked a thumb over his shoulder, and when DeSean followed it, his blood went cold.

Not a hundred feet away was one of his friends, a man he’d known for almost five years, pinned down on the grass. He’d been trying to run for the fence, leap over it and make his escape and maybe get some help, but the other partygoers had caught him. Each one was in the middle of transforming into some kind of animal, a leopard or a dolphin, and six of the hybrids had chased him down easily.

His screams for mercy were cut off as the others grabbed his arms, legs, and head and began tearing him apart. Limbs were torn free of their sockets and muscle, sinew, and blood went everywhere, drenching the grass and the fur and rubbery skin of the frenzied killers. The human’s head was twisted savagely in all directions before the spine broke completely and the she-leopard holding it snarled in mad triumph as she let the blood draining out splatter her face, her tongue lapping it hungrily.

“The maenads,” Dionysus told him. “My fangirls. Very devoted to my worship. And obviously their mad fanaticism has its uses. Of course, I don’t expect you to join their ranks, as they’re all women, but I really must insist you make the right decision. You have always liked parties, and you never failed to raise a toast, so I have to ask you to continue serving my interests now. So what do you say, DeSean? If it’s any help, I’ll turn you into a leopard, since I usually dolphin-shift people who displease me; you’ll notice the majority of your guests who are on the receiving end are of the fin-sporting variety.”

It was true: even with a violent death right in front of them, the rest of the revelers had not ceased for an instant in their merriment. More drinks were consumed as a full-on orgy took place, sexual lines completely disappearing. DeSean couldn’t recognize anyone anymore, but if he had, he knew he would have seen people he could have sworn were straight either sucking or riding cock, or enjoying some delicious pussy.

Before he knew what he was saying, or even why, he had whispered his consent.

Even as the fur exploded across his skin, Dionysus looked away, the god's attention on his phone. While his new lieutenant's face pushed out into a muzzle, he dug into his favorite contacts and gave a call to his father. There was no immediate answer, and after a few rings went to the voice mail.

Rolling his eyes and muttering a complaint, Dionysus went ahead and left a message, letting his father know a few dozen raw recruits of his had just been brought into the fold.

"Better appreciate it this time," the God of Wine grumbled. "All the times he's criticized the catering services I hire for his own shindigs, he damn well better thank me for getting him some muscle for his stupid feuds."

He almost called for DeSean to pour him another round, but finding that the new leopard-man was busy giving it hard to another feline, he got up and fetched the bottle himself.

"Okay, fine, maybe non-wine liquor isn't so bad after all," he admitted, once more turning his back to the new cultists.

To be continued