

Beneath the Egyptian Moon

There was a sigh of relief as the tour group that had been out in the blistering Egyptian sun finally found refuge in the shadows of the ruins they had come to explore. It was the last stop on a week long journey that explored the relics and locations of the ancient times, this one being the most famous one of them all. It was the Great Pyramid of Giza, and as soon as everyone was inside their guide motioned for them all to follow. They were told that they were one of the first groups to be allowed back in after the discovery of several new rooms had been unearthed at the bottom of pyramid, which as they were told would not be part of their tour caused a collective groan from the group.

As they continued forward towards the already known areas of the pyramid one young man loitered at the back of the group. Ryan had been waiting the whole tour to see the new secret room that had been sealed off to the rest of the world for centuries, and after making sure he was in the right tour to see it he wasn't going to be stopped when he was so close. Luckily the electric lights that were strewn about the hallway were somewhat in disorder, and after they turned a corner to enter a burial chamber he took a step back into the shadows and waited there. He waited a few minutes there and when he was sure that the group had gone on and failed to notice his disappearance he turned back around and went down the stairs.

Without the sound of the other tourists or the voice of the guide the tomb felt eerily quiet as the lone adventurer continued to move deeper down. Thankfully the trip was relatively short before he saw the manmade hole in one of the walls that led to pure darkness, guarded only by a few strands of yellow tape draped across it. He was surprised there wasn't more security, though he guessed they had already removed any priceless artifacts before they let any tours in. With no lights strung up in the new room Ryan had to pull out his flashlight before he stepped inside, ancient dust swirling in the beam as it was carried by the eddy currents he created.

"Wow..." was all he could say as he looked around the room. The light showed a number of hieroglyphics on the wall that seemed to show a battle between the Egyptian deities. Though he had no idea how to read the writing he could follow the pictures closely enough as it spanned across all the walls before it ended in an area with a raised platform. There, in the middle of the platform, was something that caused him to gasp and nearly drop his flashlight in surprise.

A staff stood upright on the platform, made from solid obsidian with the head carved in the shape of Anubis. There was an unnatural sheen to it as well and when Ryan turned off his light he saw it glow with a deep purple, almost black glow that seemed to defy all rationality, which caused him to be disturbed enough by the phenomenon to turn the flashlight back on. As he got closer he saw that it stood upright despite the lack of a stand as the sharp point rested on the stone beneath it. Just before he got to the platform itself he looked down and noticed something peculiar, that his footprints were the only disturbance in the thick layer of dust in the immediate vicinity of the staff.

"How could anyone have missed this?" Ryan asked nobody as he found himself inexorably drawn forward. "It's so... beautiful..." as he continued to take step after step towards it he heard something in the air, like a voice so low it was merely a whisper. It spoke in a language that Ryan couldn't understand, but as he stepped up to within inches of it that voice grew louder as he could feel power radiate from the staff itself. The alarms that rose in Ryan's head were drowned by the force of the presence that pressed down on the human's psyche as his arm seemed to reach up of its own accord.

Tendrils of shadows swirled around Ryan's body as his fingers slowly drew closer... and closer... until finally they wrapped around the artifact with purpose.

The second he made contact with the staff it exploded, Ryan shouting as he flew backwards from the sudden force. His body was thrown nearly twenty feet up and across the room until he landed on the opposite wall with a thud, but instead of falling to the ground his body remained there like it was made of glue. As he struggled to regain his breath the beam of his flashlight illuminated the black clouds that began to swirl about the room. A low, deep laughter rang in Ryan's ears as the wisps of shadows coalesced into a vague humanoid shape. It floated there for a second and Ryan felt the same presence from before, though this time it was much more prevalent as he tried to somehow get away from the surreal situation.

The dark essence flew towards the human and Ryan tried to scream, but before he could make a noise it was on him and it felt like the wind had gotten knocked out of his chest once again. His entire body felt pressed against as he was surrounded by the unnatural darkness, and though he tried to close his mouth the shadows somehow filled it and kept it open. Ryan squeezed his eyes shut as the feeling intensified, particularly in his ears and nose as it felt like someone was breathing into his lungs. His eyes rolled back into his head as his entire body shook, held to the wall by some unseen force as the dark essence curled around and flowed into him...

And then suddenly Ryan felt himself falling and was just able to get his arms and legs out to break his fall as he hit the ground hard. His breath came in short, ragged gasps as he coughed several times while he got to his knees. When he was finally able to recompose himself he looked up to see that the staff was gone, as well as the black ichor that seemed to surround it. His trembling hand reached out and grabbed the nearby flashlight, then turned the beam on himself to assess his own situation. Other than some scrapes and bruises though he appeared to be alright, at least physically as he stood up. He slowly made his way out of the room and out of the pyramid proper, stumbling several times from the intense vertigo he was experiencing as he walked.

When he finally reached the outside he hissed and shielded his eyes from the intense light from the sun. Originally he had thought to wait and rejoin the tour group, but the longer he stood outside the more his head throbbed with an intense, pounding headache that caused him to abandon his plan. Instead he stumbled his way back to the hotel he had, and though he drew stares from his slightly erratic behavior no one seemed to approach him the entire way there. Even the front desk clerk merely eyed him wearily as he walked over towards the elevator and pressed the button, feeling a sense of relief wash over him now that he was inside and out of the sun.

A few minutes later there was a chirp at his hotel room and he barged inside, nearly slamming the door shut behind him before he turned and closed every window as tightly as he could. Thankfully for him the blinds were rather good and soon he found himself in a hardly lit room, which caused his vertigo and dizziness to be alleviated as he sat in the dark corner. His mind tried to replay the events of what had happened in the secret room but the longer he tried to focus on them the more his thoughts seemed to turn to quicksilver and vanish. The only thing he could hold onto in that entire span of time was the staff and the voice and everything else became a blur, even his walk to the room grew hazy the longer he sat there.

After a few minutes he went to the bathroom and showered the dust he hadn't even realized he had been coated with in the darkness, then checked his phone to see when his flight was leaving. Thankfully it was later in the night, which meant he wouldn't have to deal with the cursed sun... though as that particular thought popped into his head he began to wonder when he had begun to feel that way about it. He quickly dismissed it as just another side-effect of some foreign illness he had picked up and shook his head as he took off his towel and got dressed. As he got his bags packed for the trip home he occasionally looked out the window and at his phone to see if his trespassing was noticed or if anyone heard a strange explosion, but even as he checked out and headed towards the airport the only thing he got was concerned text from the leader of the tour group. He shot back a text apologizing and that he had left to go back to the hotel because he wasn't feeling well, and that seemed to satisfy the situation.

An hour later Ryan was in a plane that had just taken off, the tired male looking out the window one last time at the skyline. "Well Egypt, it's been fun but it's time for me to go," he muttered to himself as he sat back and closed his eyes. After a few minutes his head shifted back towards the window and one eye opened to look out into the darkness. A small half-smile crossed the human's face as he looked down at the fading lights, chuckling lowly to himself before the eye closed once more and his face went slack.

Ryan suddenly found himself surrounded by darkness so deep he was unable to see his hand in front of his own face. As he regained his faculties he realized he was sitting in something but otherwise surrounded by empty space. He began to debate whether he should leave his spot when several wall torches flared to life and illuminated the room he was in. As his eyes adjusted it quickly dawned on him that he was in an Egyptian-style throne room, and that he was the one sitting on the throne.

Before he could move a dozen people filed into the room, all of them in traditional Egyptian garb and with golden bowls and plates with various items on it. Two of the females with dishes of fruit went to the sides of the throne and offered it to Ryan, who tentatively ate it as two others came up with a bowl of water and cloth and began to wash his skin. It was at this point he realized that he was also dressed in similar clothes, though the only thing he had on was little more than a loincloth. Strangely the usual embarrassment of having so much exposed wasn't there, especially as he continued to get the cool cloth wiped gently on his skin as four of the servants rubbed and massaged his legs and feet.

Any trepidation about his location or what was happening to him went out the window as he moaned slightly and slumped down in the throne under the ministrations of his servants. Soon he wasn't even grabbing the snacks being offered to him, instead he merely opened his mouth and let himself get fed as two other servants grabbed giant palm fronds and fanned his body. The remaining two servants merely bowed in front of his throne in reverence, something that gave him far more pleasure than he should have gotten. He was so deep in pleasurable relaxation he closed his eyes as he felt an aura of superiority settle on him while he was served hand and foot.

As Ryan continued to settle in the hands that had been massaging his feet suddenly turned to the feel of tongues against his skin. His eyes slowly peeked to see, but as soon as he saw what was happening they shot open and he let out a loud gasp. The formerly human servants had been replaced with dog people whose long tongues licked against his legs, which now had a layer of glossy black fur that ran all the way down to a pair of huge canine paws. His head twisted left and right as he saw the other servants had

changed as well and all of them began to fawn over his own transformed self as he held his clawed, furred hands in front of his face and let out a loud shout...

...which turned into a gasp as he shot upright. He looked around frantically to find himself back on the plane, his shirt wet with sweat as he breathed heavily. Luckily for him many of the other passengers appeared to be asleep and not notice his outburst, though after a minute a flight attendant came up and asked if he was alright. He just asked for a soda to calm his nerves, and once they left he took a dry portion of his shirt and wiped his brow.

"What was that all about?" he whispered to himself as he laid back in his seat. When he looked out the window he was surprised to see land had replaced ocean, which meant he had been asleep for the majority of his trip home. He stayed awake for the rest of the flight and all the way home as well, mulling over his strange, and very vivid, dream. By the time he walked in the front door though he dismissed it as an overload of Egyptian culture working its way into his subconscious. After a quick shower and a hot meal he decided to turn in early for the night, and though he wondered what waited for him on the other side of sleep he found it rather easy to fall asleep.

The next few days passed by uneventfully for Ryan, which compared to the trip he had just taken seemed almost mundane to him now. The events that transpired in the pyramid had become all but forgotten, only the occasional flash of a fragment of memory that he merely dismissed as part of that strange dream. But as the days wore on he did start to find increasingly odd things start to happen around his home. At first it was nothing major, he would wake up to find that stuff in his bathroom wasn't in the same spot or that there was food missing he thought he had, but as time went on the changes became far more noticeable like his furniture was moved or his television was left on when he remembered turning it off.

About a week in Ryan invited his friend Allan and as they played video games he told him about the strange things that had been happening around his house. "Maybe you brought one of those vengeful Egyptian pharaoh spirits back home with you," Allan suggested as they finished another match. "You know, one that takes revenge on people by moving their stuff around and eating their food."

"You make it sound like a bad roommate," Ryan chided as he put down his controller and rubbed his head. "I don't know, maybe it's still jet lag or something but between that and the strange dreams..."

"Strange dreams?" Allan asked.

Ryan could feel his face become flush with embarrassment as he thought back to the dreams, ones where he was essentially worshipped like a god and then everyone turned into humanoid animal creatures. He stood up and walked to the kitchen to both try and change the subject and hide his arousal from his friend. "Let's just say they're Egyptian themed," Ryan confessed. "It's probably just exhaustion from the trip, why don't you look up my queue and find a movie we can watch while I get us some more snacks."

Allan took another look at his friend, then shrugged and turned the system they were using for games over to a movie streaming service. "Well here's your problem," he called out to Ryan with a smirk. "Seriously Ryan, 'Dieties of Egypt'? We saw that movie in the theaters and we both agreed it was

terrible, why would you go and watch it again? No wonder you're having weird dreams, your brain is trying to figure out why you're watching garbage."

There was a loud clang as Ryan dropped the bowl he was using and walked into the living room with his gaze fixated on the television. He knew the movie was awful, which is why he would never have watched it again, yet there it was on his screen asking if he would like to continue playing it. He grabbed the controller from his friend and accessed the time logs he found it was rented a little after one in the morning, which was well after the time he had gone to bed for the night. "What in the hell is going on here?" he asked himself.

"Dude chill out," Allan tried to reassure his flustered friend. "You just came back from a major Egypt tour and you said yourself that you're probably experiencing jet lag. You probably been walking around in your delirious state and forgot how bad that movie was and wanted to experience a bit more of the culture before you had to fully return to real life. That's probably it."

Ryan felt himself calm down and nodded, sitting down on the nearby chair. It had been a long trip and he still felt very tired despite going to bed early for the last week. As he let himself come down from his anxiety Allan got up and finished with the snacks, then put in a decidedly non-Egyptian themed movie for them to watch. Once it was finished Allan got up and declared it was time for him to hit the road and Ryan walked him out.

"By the way dude, killer rave is happening this Saturday in the warehouse district," Allan informed him as he stepped outside. "I know it's not your thing but just think about it, could be something to help get you reattuned to this world."

"I'll think about it," Ryan replied before he waved him off and shut the door behind him. Once he was sure he couldn't be seen he just shook his head and walked back into the living room to clean up. It wasn't the first time his friend had invited him to such a thing, but the last thing that he wanted at the moment was a noisy, sweaty party with a bunch of guys strung out on whatever drug was making the rounds. He would make an excuse later why he couldn't go, he thought to himself as he put the last of the garbage away and went to bed.

That night Ryan found himself in the same dream once more; the now familiar throne room was already lit by torches and the servants had already come in to worship him, but with a big difference in that he was no longer the one sitting in the throne. Instead was the unmistakable visage of Anubis, the jackal god of the night, who sat in the throne being fed and fawned over while he sat at the deity's feet with the other servants. When he tried to stand up and ask what was happening he heard the clang of chains and looked down to find a black metal collar around his neck. This immediately caused the other creature servants and the jackal god himself to look down at him.

"Do you dare to stand in my presence slave?" Anubis growled as he leaned down, but before Ryan could say anything one of the canine's huge paws reared up before it pushed him to the ground and pressed against his face. "It is only due to my grace that you remain in that pathetic human form you cling to so desperately, perhaps as punishment I should take it away..."

Ryan gasped as he felt his face begin to push out and his skin itch from the black fur that sprouted from his body. "No, please Anubis!" he cried out, which only caused the thick pads of flesh to press down

more against his transforming face as his ears began to migrate to the top of his head. "I mean, Master Anubis! Please spare my form!"

There was a moment of hesitation, then Anubis let out a loud laugh that the other servants mimicked before he gazed back down at the restrained human. "I must be feeling particularly generous today," the jackal said as Ryan felt the half-formed canine nose and ears recede back to their normal human configuration. "But my generosity must be met with equal measure. Worship my paws like I know you can slave, and if you continue to please me the magic holding your transformation at bay will remain, but if you start to slacken in your efforts so will my want to keep you as human. I suggest you get started now."

Ryan couldn't believe what was happening to him as he felt those furred toes wiggle against his face, which had already begun to sprout fur once more. He started to nuzzle against the large, clawed digits as his hands came up to massage near the ankles as best he could. The second his mind started to wonder to how he could get into such a predicament in his own dream he would feel his body start to change and he would have to redouble his efforts. Eventually he started to lick around the massive paw, which caused the Anubian god to let out a low growl of satisfaction as he watched...

Meanwhile in the real world Ryan's body sat upright in the bed and opened his eyes, the irises shining with a brilliant purple color as they looked around. "That should keep him occupied for a little while," Anubis chuckled as he stretched out the unfamiliar form he took. "Now with my host properly distracted it's time to finally explore this realm a little more in-depth then I've been able to before."

Anubis took a deep breath and focused his gaze on his hands, his eyes glowing slightly. His mouth turned up in a concentrated snarl as he could feel the human body break out in sweat as he tried to guide his power to the fingers. Slowly he watched as the fingernails darkened and fine black hairs began to sprout from the human flesh. After about a minute though Anubis let out the breath he had been holding with a sharp exhale as the hand reverted back to its normal configuration. He looked down at the unchanged appendage in displeasure before he huffed and got up out of the bed for his next task.

The possessed human walked out into the kitchen to grab more of the 'snacks' he had been sampling during his time out, then back over to the computer that had been intentionally left on and sat cross-legged in the chair with the bag of chips. After a few minutes of experimentation and skimming Ryan's thoughts on the matter Anubis was able to access the internet, scanning through various documents and articles that pertained to the state of the world. He frowned slightly when he saw how much things have changed from the mysticism of the ancient times, though his displeasure was slightly abated when he clicked on a bookmark and found a site full of humanoid creatures, most of whom were male. For the first time since he possessed the male he had enough time to himself to stroke his cock, narrowing the scope of the pictures to sexy jackal males which caused him to chuckle when he realized most of them were of him.

"Perhaps I'm more popular in this era then I originally thought," he mused as he continued to stroke himself, and though it was with human equipment he found more than enough stimulation to finish with a low snarl and several jets of seed splattered over his bare chest. Once he felt himself come down from the climax he looked around, grabbed a nearby shirt and wiped himself off before he went back to the computer screen.

After a few more clicks through Ryan's bookmarks Anubis found himself on a site that offered products, which piqued his interest as he typed in a specific search. "So I just push the button under what I want and slaves bring it right here?" He mused as he clicked on several items that interested him. "What a wonderful system, and perhaps with a few things I can help expedite the process since the human lives so far away from my place of power."

After typing in a few more searches and ringing up a few more items he clicked the checkout button and cocked his head in confusion when the next screen came up. "Credit card?" he asked the screen in question, then as he scanned the human's mind one more he went over to a nearby pair of pants and pulled out a leather wallet. He stuck his tongue out when he saw the driver's license with Ryan's picture on it, then dug through it until he found the blue piece of plastic with black numbers on it that he was searching for. Once he had found it he pulled it out and looked at it, then looked at the computer screen as a smirk formed on his face...

Ryan awoke suddenly and with gasping breaths as he looked frantically around the room, finding the familiar safety of his room surrounded him as he struggled to regain his composure. Despite being awake he could still feel the paw of Anubis pressed against his face like it was still there as well as smell the rich musky scent that came with it. He tried to shake off the feeling as best he could and decided to take a shower to try and help rid him of the memory of the smell when he noticed his phone was blinking. His curiosity getting the better of him he unlocked his phone to find an alert from his credit card company, which showed that he had just made a purchase of over fifteen hundred dollars.

"The hell?!" Ryan shouted as he picked up the phone and looked at it once more just to see if it wasn't a misread. When he reviewed the information once again and saw the timestamp on the purchase it all became clear to him on what happened. The changes to the queue in his streaming service, the unauthorized purchase... it was clear that someone had stolen his identity and was now using it to go on a shopping spree. He looked at the clock on his phone and saw that the local branch of his credit card company had just opened, which meant if he drove down to it he would have plenty of time to report the transaction as fraud.

About an hour later Ryan reached the shopping district that housed his destination, and despite his determination to get to the bottom of the problem he found himself unable to get out of the car. He started to feel sick as soon as he stepped outside in the sunlight, but he hadn't let it get to him until he finally made it to the outdoor shopping area. "C'mon Ryan, get a hold of yourself..." he scolded himself as he grabbed the sides of the car and hoisted himself up.

As soon as got into the shade of one of the buildings that lined the courtyard he began to feel a bit better and sat down in order to recover. He found a nearby bench that lined the wall and sat down at it, resting his head against the wall as he breathed a sigh of relief. Whether it was because of the dream last night or the stress of the current situation he felt as though his body was made of lead, and combined with the coolness of the shadow he found himself starting to nod off. His eyes slowly closed as his body relaxed against the wall, feeling himself slowly drift into unconsciousness...

When his eyes snapped open again they were a vibrant shade of purple as they surveyed the area. Anubis stood up and growled slightly to himself as he tried to formulate a plan in the short amount of

time he would have while he was out. As soon as he stepped into the sun he grimaced and looked up at it a second before he retreated backwards. "Good to see you're still ever present," he grumbled to himself as he walked under the canopy that lined the entire shopping district.

Anubis knew he was in a bind when his host found out about his purchases; though he had deleted the notifications that came up when he had checked out he wasn't aware there would be others. In his still weakened state if Ryan began to get suspicious enough to root him out he wouldn't have the power to overtake him... yet. He needed more time, and more importantly a way to explain the loss of funds to push the human off track. His answer came in the form of a machine that was giving out money to people, or more importantly to the people that it was giving that money too.

It didn't take long for him to find a suitable mark, a college-aged male that looked impressionable enough that was walking straight towards the machine. Anubis intercepted him and stood in the man's path, and before the human could tell him to move out of the way the jackal god extended his hand and placed it square on the human's chest. Tendrils of dark power flared out from Anubis' palm into the male, and as the jackal watched the human's eyes turned from green to purple. "Follow me, if you would," Anubis commanded, the human nodding numbly as the two walked into an empty space between two of the buildings.

Even though only a few minutes passed Anubis could tell that his power had already started to fade on the human, the result of his weakened state and working his magic during the daytime. "Listen here human," he ordered as he pressed his finger against the enthralled human's chest. "You will go to that machine out there and withdraw the sum of fifteen-hundred dollars and give it to me so I can pay my host's credit card bill, and in exchange I will seek you out once I have taken this mortal body and you can be one of my sacred servants. Do we have a deal, or will I have to drag you to the depths of the underworld to prove that it is unwise to cross me?"

"Uh... okay..." the human replied, which prompted Anubis to raise an eyebrow at the rather muted response from the enthralled creature. "I have like... two thousand I can give you... but if you have an app to your credit card company I could just transfer it directly via that."

The god spirit blinked a few times as his mind took a second to translate what was just said before he scrambled around looking in his pockets until he found the smartphone Ryan owned and held it out to him. "Do this now mortal," Anubis said, his eyes glowing with purple light as his mouth drew up into a smirk. With the monetary problem now solved it would only take a few tweaks to the human's mind to completely cover his tracks...

...when Ryan opened his eyes again he jumped slightly when he realized he was no longer on the bench outside the mall. Instead he found himself in the lobby of his destination, the credit card company's logo emblazoned everywhere. As he got to his feet his brain struggled to remember the reason why he was there in the first place, only recollecting it had something to do with checking something about his account. Of course he could do that from his phone, so the human continued to try and shift through the hazy memories as he walked up to the clerk and asked to confirm his balance.

It only took a few seconds for the employee to look it up, and when she told him what it was it sounded right to him, even a little higher than what he remembered. So why had he been so adamant to get there? When the clerk asked him if he needed anything else Ryan finally gave up and just shook his

head and left. By the time he got to his car he had completely shaken off the nagging feeling that he was forgetting something and drove home to continue his day.

The rest of the week continued to bring about bizarre occurrences that Ryan couldn't quite explain. At one point he had taken a nap on his couch in the middle of the day and when he woke up again it was nearly pitch dark. He thought he had slept all the way to the night time, but when he looked at the clock and found only an hour had past he realized it was something else. It took a few minutes to remember he had drawn the blackout blinds he had just bought, but for a few fleeting seconds before he turned on the lights he wondered when he had even gotten such things installed in the first place. More than once he also found himself idly surfing the net on his computer, only to find his searches had wandered toward lewd images of creatures worshipping at the feet of gods that he didn't remember looking for.

The oddities didn't just occur in the daytime either, every night he would dream of the Egyptian throne room. Any pretense that he had once been on that throne was gone and more often than not he would find himself at the footpaws of the jackal god that sat there. By the time he had gotten to Friday night he had not only begun to get used to his subservience but actually found himself enjoying it, and as he rubbed and caressed those godly paws he found his own humanity slipping away. At first it was just a tail that grew out, then his ears formed into points, and by the end of it he was just as much a dog servant as the others as Anubis leered down at him...

Ryan awoke with a gasp as his phone buzzed, and when he looked down at the clock he saw that it was almost one in the afternoon. When he pulled off his sheets he realized that he was not the only thing that was up, his morning wood prominently tenting his boxers as he unlocked his phone screen. He saw the noise was from a notification from Allan, no doubt to ask if he wanted to go to his party, but as he was about to delete it he bit his lip. Something was happening to him, he thought to himself as he began to idly stroke himself subconsciously, and he couldn't ignore it anymore or try to explain it away as a result of his Egypt trip... or was it?

His thoughts were interrupted by the ring of the doorbell, which caused him to scramble around to get dressed halfway decent before he opened the door. On the other side was a man in a delivery outfit with a small mountain of packages loaded up on a cart behind him. "If you could sign here," he said as he thrust an electronic signature device into his hands. "I'll go get the rest of them from the truck."

"Wait, rest of them?" Ryan called out, but the delivery driver had already started to walk back towards the truck. As he moved the pen along the screen he looked down at the dozen that had already been put on his doorstep. They all had his name and address on the labels, but for the life of him he couldn't remember ordering anything, much less a dozen different items. When he looked back at the truck the driver had another pile of packages and by the time everything was moved into his living room he had almost three dozen boxes in a pile. All Ryan could do was stare at them in confusion as the driver printed out the slip, then tapped him on the shoulder and handed him the receipt.

"That's cute and all but I need an actual signature for my paperwork," the delivery driver stated as he handed the device and receipt back to him. As he looked down at the slip of paper he saw that instead of his usual cursive scrawl there were several pictures that looked remarkably like hieroglyphics. After double-checking to make sure it was his signature he handed the device back and the guy quickly left his house.

It took a few seconds before Ryan realized that he still held the receipt with the Egyptian writing, and on a whim he decided to try and translate what it meant before he dug into the boxes. He went to his computer and pulled up a fairly reliable hieroglyph translation website that had a number of the symbols already uploaded. Nevertheless it took a few hours to get what he needed into the search box, but when it was finished it looked almost exactly like what was on the receipt. "Hopefully this doesn't take too long..." he said worriedly, knowing if he made a mistake or it was off even by a small amount the search could take hours or he could get a million potential variations.

Surprisingly only a few seconds passed before he got exactly one match displayed on his computer screen. "Anubis..." Ryan said out loud, his vision blurring and the world beginning to spin as the name seemed to echo in his mind. "Why... why is it Anubis..." He got up as quickly as he could, knocking over the chair in the process from his shaky limbs, but with every step he took he felt like he was being pulled down and his limbs began to feel like they were made of lead. Finally the sensations were overwhelming and his eyes rolled back into his head as he collapsed on the bed with a dull thud.

When Ryan awoke again it was to sunlight shining on his face, his eyes immediately closing again from the bright light before he groaned and shifted. When he lifted himself from the bed the first thing he realized was the bedspread was not his own, the immediate second thing was that he wasn't alone as his gaze fell upon the long black hair of the naked guy sleeping under the sheets. "What the hell?!" Ryan screamed, which made the other guy jump awake and pull on the covers underneath Ryan, which then caused him to fall backwards and tumble off the bed.

"Damn man!" the other male said as he scrambled over to the side of the bed to see the nude Ryan sprawled out in a daze on the floor. "Haven't you ever heard of good morning?"

It took a few moments for Ryan to regain his senses, taking the hand offered to him to get him back to his feet. "Who... who are you?" he asked as he looked around the unfamiliar room. "Where am I? Why am I naked?"

"Wow, you must have been rolling pretty hard," the other guy shrugged as he sat on the side of the bed next to him. "Name's Blake, I was doing body painting for the rave we met at when you came up to my booth and said I was a great artist and wanted some full-body stuff. I only lived a street away so you came here and got naked, then I painted you up."

"Oh... so does that mean we didn't sleep together?" Ryan asked as he looked around for his clothes.

"Are you kidding?" Blake replied in disbelief before a huge grin appeared on his face. "We fucked for hours just after I had finished, missed the entire rest of the rave. You were a beast man, by the time we were done I was practically begging for you. Still sore back there in fact, I can't believe you can't remember with how into the role-playing you were last night. I thought for sure you were going to keep pounding me all the way into the morning but you passed out right as the sun was coming up, looks like I did the same."

Ryan's head was spinning as he tried to process what the other male had told him, his brain straining for memories on what had just happened. When he looked at Blake he found his naked body quite pleasing, various colors of paint accentuating his toned body that was likely the result of him exercising

and taking care of himself. He could see why he would have taken him, with his considerable talent and fine physique he would make a great... Ryan's train of thought derailed as he realized how strange such a thought process was. When he realized he had been staring at the naked guy far longer than deemed appropriate he felt himself blush and look away as he thought how to change the subject.

"Hey wait a second," Ryan exclaimed as he looked at his own body and realized he didn't have a mark on him. "I thought you said you actually painted me?"

Blake looked at him in disbelief for a few seconds, then put his hand to his forehead as he laughed. "Oh man, you really were out of it!" he said as he took Ryan's hand, pulling him up and placing him in front of a full-length mirror. "You specifically wanted my rave paint, completely invisible in normal light but you go under a blacklight and it shines like the sun. It's a shame you didn't want any of my opaque colors, this was definitely some of my best work, but you were strictly against it."

"Why... why did I not want any of those colors?" Ryan asked despite his apprehension towards the answer as the room suddenly went dark.

"Because, to quote you directly last night, it would ruin the surprise."

A purplish-blue light bulb flickered to life and Ryan took a step back in surprise as the gold-colored lines that had remained unseen until that second glowed brightly on his skin. The theme was definitely Egyptian, bands of hieroglyphs wound their way up and down his arms and legs like serpents while on the left side of his chest was a jackal's head framed by a crescent moon. As he turned his back he saw another very recognizable symbol, the ankh of life framed by a pair of giant wings. "You painted all this?" Ryan managed to ask as he brought his face up close to see the golden lines that framed his eyes.

"Like I said, you were very inspirational," Blake said as his own body entered into the range of the black light and showed off his upper arm where a smaller golden ankh glowed. "I even got into it a little bit, at your request of course."

Ryan could feel the artist began to grow more amorous towards him, and despite the temptation to succumb and go for what he guessed would be round two he pulled away and moved over to turn on the light switch. "I have to go," he managed to say as he found his shirt and pulled it on, then continued to look around the room desperately as he put his hands to his head. "Where are my pants?"

"Oh... I think you accidentally ripped them when we started getting into it," Blake admitted as he watched Ryan flounder around a bit before he went into his closet and pulled out a few things. "Here, just use these." Ryan looked at the green camo shorts he was tossed and sighed before he put them on, which was rather easy as they hung loosely around his waist before he was given a belt as well. "Sorry they're a bit big, but should get you home alright."

"Thanks a lot," Ryan replied before he made his way towards the door. "Sorry about just running out like this but something... strange is going on and I need to figure it out."

"Hey wait!" Blake yelled just as Ryan was halfway through the door. "Will I ever see you again?"

For a second it looked like Ryan was about to continue to move when a smirk quickly traveled across his face. "Oh absolutely," he said before his expression changed to concern again and closed the door

behind him. Blake just stood there for a few seconds with a dumbfounded expression, his hand idly scratching the unnoticed patch of black fur that ran down his spine and lower back...

By the time Ryan had found his car and gotten home the sun had already started to set once more, fumbling for his keys to open the door. Throughout the entire drive home he wondered how he had gotten like this, and now he was no closer to the answer than he was when he left Blake's apartment. It was extraordinarily out of character for him to go to a rave with Allan, much less randomly hook-up with someone and sleep with them without his knowledge. Had he been roofied maybe? He wished he could have called his friend but it appeared he had left his phone at home.

It was dark as night inside his house as he stepped in and closed the door behind him, and when he flipped on the light switch what he saw caused him to drop his keys on the floor as his jaw dropped in awe. Though the layout of his living room had remained the same the décor looked like it had just come straight out of an ancient temple. Obelisks and statues were scattered about his tables and countertop, as well as other items like incense bowls and scales. "What... is happening..." he said as he began to feel disoriented, but unlike last time it quickly passed and he felt clear-headed once more.

"I'm just making myself feel more comfortable," a voice said which caused Ryan to spin around, realizing after a few seconds that it had come from his own mouth as his lips curled into a smile without his control. "As much as I lament the loss of my old home you saw for yourself that it had fallen into a bit of ruin during my absence. So thank you very much for this space, oh, and for your body to use as my vessel as well."

As a laugh escaped his throat Ryan tried to demand what was happening, only to find that his own voice refused to listen to his mental commands. "You humans do amuse me with your attempts to try and resist us," Anubis said as Ryan put his hands up to his mouth and felt the muscles there moving despite him. "I do have to thank you for helping me to escape that prison, the illusionary wall I had put up to hide myself from those unfitting to by my vessel had begun to falter. Had you not arrived to possess then I shudder to think of what would have happened to me."

Mentally Ryan shouted at the jackal god to let him go, but as he tried to run to the door his footsteps suddenly slowed until they stopped dead in his tracks. Though he could feel every twitch in the muscle Ryan found his legs had begun to move backwards of their own accord, and as they did the hair on his skin began to grow thicker as it deepened to an ebon black. He could feel the smile on his face continue to widen as the muscles in his thighs and calves began to thicken. As the thick fur spread down to his feet the muscle and bone there expanded, growing outwards until he stood on a pair of heavy canine paws that still allowed his mutated legs to retain their humanoid stature.

"I've been waiting for this a long time," Anubis said as Ryan watched him wiggle the claw-tipped digits. "You've worshipped at my feet in your dreams, now for your final act in this body I will let you reap the fruits of your devotion."

Before Ryan could do anything his transformed legs started to lead him towards his bedroom, his body wobbling unsteadily from the forced movement as the human saw that the Egyptian lord had changed out the sheets and curtains to a similar Egyptian fare as the living room. As he passed by one of the hall mirrors he saw that his face had started to change as well, though it was much slower than his lower body his nose had started to turn black and his teeth poked passed his lips while his entire face looked

swollen. He was about to bring his hands back up when he felt control get jerked away from him and they went down to the belt loop of the borrowed camo shorts. The garment had grown tight around his waist and as it fell away from his thighs Ryan was able to move his fingers once more as his traitorous legs caused him to fall onto his bed on his back.

With only his upper body and head minus his mouth under his control Ryan could do little more than get himself comfortable as his cock throbbed in the air. He hadn't even remembered when he had gotten aroused as the black fur continued to spread over his groin. "I think someone likes his predicament a little more than he lets on," Anubis chided, Ryan hearing his voice deepen slightly as his fur-covered legs bent with unnatural flexibility until the soft pads of his new paws were pressed against his maleness.

If Ryan still had control of his vocal chords he would have moaned, but Anubis made a similar sound as his furry toes wiggled against the sensitive flesh. As the fat melted away from his stomach and was replaced with the thick muscle of an eight pack Ryan felt his spine extend behind him, forming into a long, surprisingly fluffy tail. The human could feel more of his control slip away with every inch of his flesh that was assimilated into fur, though it grew harder to tell as the pleasure from the paws rubbing against his cock increased. The bottoms of his fingers soon grew leathery and black as fur sprouted over the digits that gripped the bedspread, then as his fingernails darkened and grew into pointed claws they darted up and pressed against the tops of the jackal feet to increase the pleasure and the bliss that came from it.

As Anubis's muzzle continued to form on his body and the fur spread from the elongated nose the deity began to move things into the final phase. His eyes began to glow a deep, solid purple as the human spirit that used to inhabit his new body was pushed back and condensed into his skull. Ryan was so awash in pleasure from the expert toes that manipulated the throbbing member, which had grown several inches length until he could fit the entirety of his canine foot against it, that he had lost track of how much of his body he had given up. The human's ordinary chest plumped out until a set of impressive pectorals pressed against the fur that covered them as Anubis's form assimilated the human.

With newfound flexibility in his spine Anubis leaned forward and took the tip of his cock into his own muzzle, Ryan gasping mentally as he was battered with the powerful, lustful sensations that threatened to overwhelm him. As the human's short brown hair lengthened and turned black Anubis' muzzle began to glow with blue light, the soul of the one he had taken this body from as his ears stretched and lengthened into long canine ones. As his new ears migrated to the back of his head Anubis knew that his takeover had been completed and the transformed body was now his, which meant there was only one thing left to do as he slid his lips and tongue up and down on the black spire of flesh. At this point Ryan wasn't even aware of his situation until the only thing he could feel was the slick cock that caused everything to grow more unfocused with each thrust as the rest of his body began to build to its climax.

Anubis managed to get his own member to bump against his own throat before he let out a muffled howl of pleasure, jets of his godly seed filling his maw. The footpaws that had been massaging the root of his cock the entire time clamped down as he kept his muzzle locked around his tool, the blue glow of Ryan's soul almost completely covered up by those black, rubbery lips. When the jackal's orgasm finally subsided he slowly let his cock slide out of his maw as he unfurled onto the bed, the glistening organ glowing with blue light as he could sense the blissed out human struggle to comprehend where he was.

"Much, much better..." Anubis sighed with relief as he sat himself up on the bed and rested his feet on the plush room carpet that he had set up with everything else before the party. "But still not quite right... needs a few finishing touches." With a snap of his fingers a shimmer of purple energy cascaded across his entire body and markings began to appear over his fur. The paint that had been applied to his body turned to living light that decorated his body while with a wave of his hand jewelry of gold adorned his neck, wrists and ankles while silver bracers and greaves appeared on his wrists and shins. As he looked at the markings while he stood up he commented on the artistry and knew that he would have to get the one who made them as one of his servants, but as a white loincloth materialized over his waist he was reminded of the soul still contained within his hanging member.

"Forgive me, but there was no way I was going to be sharing this form with you," Anubis apologized with a chuckle as he gave the soul-possessed cock a squeeze. "Now comes the matter of what I'm going to do with you. I could just leave you there, but that gives you the chance to try and rebel against me which I don't feel like dealing with. I could cum your soul out and let you drift to the underworld... although with all that obedience and subservience I instilled in you to take your body it would be quite a waste."

As he continued to contemplate his purple eyes glanced over at shelves that were lined with various items, picking up a yellow and red colored fox plush. "This will do," he said as he tossed the toy onto the bed and closed his eyes. "It's been eons since I've done something like this, hopefully I still have enough magic left to accomplish this tonight. Though I'm sure it would be fun for you to stay there I have things to do."

Arcs of purple electricity flared between Anubis and the toy as the fox plush began to wiggle and writhe. The synthetic fur began to take on a more natural luster as it stretched and expanded under the jackal's magic. Soon additional features began to appear on the growing plush as well, the mouth splitting open and forming real teeth and a tongue while a very real cock sprouted from the otherwise smooth groin. As the yellow with red striped fur grew longer the cream-toned fur of the belly began to rise up and down of its own accord as stuffing was replaced with a set of toned muscles.

When Anubis opened his eyes once again a real anthro fox laid there on the bed, breathing and twitching with only one thing missing that he could provide. The black-furred muzzle of the other male turned up into a smile as he pushed his glowing member into the tailhole of the yellow fox beneath him, feeling the warm walls reflexively clamp against him which caused a shiver of delight to pass down his body. Anubis gave the soulless body a pat on its flat, taut stomach before he began to thrust in deeper.

It didn't take long for the jackal to orgasm for the second time, gripping the fox's hips as he let out a loud snarl while he came. Less than a second later the eyes of the fox body glowed with a blue light as it gasped loudly, as though taking its first breath in quite a long time. "Welcome to your new body Ryan," Anubis said as he pulled out, which caused the newly created creature to shudder and curl in on himself. "Well technically you're a homunculus now, but who's counting these days?"

Ryan took a few seconds to get his bearings, feeling the soft fur of his vulpine form under his fingers before he looked up at Anubis. It was just like in his dreams, seeing the powerful male tower over him, and before he even realized what he was doing he nearly fell to the floor at the canine's feet. "Lord Anubis," he said, pressing his muzzle against the soft paw pads.

"Mmmm, well worth the magic," Anubis said as he wiggled his toes against Ryan's face before he stopped. "Arise my servant, we have much to do and for you to show me in this brand new world. I have to say though if it's anything like what I've experienced so far then I think I will be very happy here."

"I am honored that you let me be your servant Lord Anubis," Ryan said as he stood up. "What shall you have me do first?"

Anubis thought about it for a second, then went over to the desk where he had left Ryan's cell phone and picked it up. "I would very much like to get that human artist in here and see if he would like to join my stable of servants," he said as he looked over his fox servant, rubbing his fingers against his chin. "We should make you presentable, but I'd rather not use any more magic right now..." he looked around the bedroom before he found the pair of discarded camo shorts and tossed them to the other male. "Here, put these on."

The fox grabbed them out of the air and slid them on, with his new build and the layer of fur he found that he didn't even need the belt anymore as they made modifications to let his new tail hang out. "There we are, looking good," Anubis complimented before he walked into the living room. "If that artist does join us perhaps he can give you some markings too, but first you're going to show me how to find him. Also your name is going to have to go, for now you'll just be servant until I can think of something better."

Once they had gotten to the living room Anubis was shown how to find Blake's number that had been programmed into his phone and went to the couch to text, motioning for Ryan to come over. As soon as he sat down the fox took his place at his feet, rubbing the tops where the markings of a crescent moon while he massaged them. Anubis just let out a happy growl and looked down at his faithful and devoted servant, hopefully the first of many good things this new world had to offer an old god like him.