

Three in one

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“Well, aren’t you a cute one?”

The red gryphon looked over her *guest* as the snowy leopard squirmed in his bindings. A knotted dildo gag filled Greg’s maw as he knelt on the ground, wrists tied behind his back to a spreader bar that sat between his ankles. His whimpers were barely audible, and a black blindfold made it impossible to see what was going on around him.

“It’s not often someone like you tries to sneak into my land, much less to *steal* something.” A smile crept over the avian’s beak as she ran a talon along his quaking chin. “Of course, after what all you did to my home... I don’t think I’ll be letting you go any time soon. In fact, I can think of a *few* uses for you.”

Her finger ran along his groin, where his twin shafts were standing at stiff attention. He didn’t want to admit it, but he was immensely turned on by the situation. Bound, gagged, blindfolded... His clothes nothing but shreds while he himself was outside in the forest she called a back yard. Anyone could have walked up and seen him as he was.

With a grin, the gryphon grabbed hold of his black spires and gave a soft tug at them. Greg shuddered and moaned out, his groin suddenly growing cold and numb as his head drooped a bit. What came next made his whining sound even more needy, as her hand rubbed between his legs.

There were no penises or sheath there. There were no balls there. Nothing but a smooth furred section, as sensitive as could be.

“You won’t be needing those, my lovely little kitten. I’ll certainly be putting them to good use, though.”

In her other talon, she took his rods and orbs and sat them onto a nearby stone bench. There was no visible flesh outside of the cocks themselves, making them look almost toon-like as they throbbed on their own. One even began to leak with precum, drooling much like its former owner was.

“Likewise, you won’t be needing this...”

With both hands free, the felavian pressed her palms against the sides of the snow leopard’s face and began to pull them away from his head, as if carefully

prying it off of his head. Slowly, the poor feline's whimpering began to grow quieter. Almost distant. Nothing more than echoes.

The head restraints soon fell away, and in her hands, a hooded mask of Greg's face. Or at least, anyone looking at it would have thought it to be a mask. Mouth opened as if still wrapped around its dildo gag, and eyes little more than empty holes.

Greg himself found the world a bit more empty. He felt no mouth or eyes. He could not see or speak, and the only sound in his head was the gryphon's words. His face was blank, save for his natural spotted pattern. Nothing more than a vague outline of a head. Even his thoughts fell into silence. His entire world seemed to disappear in that instant.

The gryphon moved to pull on his hands and feet as well. Fingers merged into thumbless mittens, and toes into solid boot-like appendages, as gloves and stockings formed from what once occupied those locations. But when she ran her finger down his spine, the nullified figured shuddered hard. Its wrists and ankles came free from their bindings, but in the process, he felt far colder than he'd ever felt before.

His pelt and tail dropped to the ground like it had been nothing more than a costume. The colors faded from his body, leaving only a smooth white surface behind as he hit the ground, barely able to move himself in the dark abyss that he perceived.

Of course, Greg himself wasn't in that doll. He could still sense it for the moment, but as soon as he was far enough away, he could feel the gryphon's talons inside of his head and face. His entire existence, slipping over a slick plastic mannequin head, before the sound of a closing wardrobe door echoed through his very being.

A few hours later, the gryphon had another trembling intruder buckled down. The soft-furred yellow fox was hunkered over on her bed, all three tails cuffed and attached to a collar around his neck, leaving his anal hole open wide behind him. Blindfolded, with a silicone toy muzzle gag strapped over his snout, and a vibrating plug stuffed up his rump, Calico could do little more than writhe and squirm in place on the rubber sheets.

His *host* had already liberated him of his cock and balls, as well as both of his arms. Unlike his friend Greg before him, there were no blank limbs left behind. Only smooth shoulders where they would have been, fur flowing over them in the soft breeze wafting through the room.

“Your little friend thought he could do what he wanted as well.” The avian told her prisoner, rubbing a paw-like hand across one of his rump cheeks. It was one of the ones she’d taken from him, worn over her talons like a squeaky latex glove. “Now he’s nothing more than kinkwear for my collection. And you’re about to be the same.”

A cruel smile crossed over her beak as she reached down and grabbed Calico’s legs near the hips. Slowly, she squeezed and pulled down on them, fur receding in place as skin became rubber. Buckles and zippers began running down along their length, and toes merged into a single digit, with thick soles covering the bottoms of his feet. Both went cold and numb as they detached, leaving a pair of thigh-high yellow boots in their place.

Barely able to move at all, the torso of a fox whimpered loudly against his gag, ears lowering rather quickly.

“Oh, don’t pretend you’re not enjoying this, kit. Even your buddy Jason seems to be getting off to it. I’ve been texting him pictures all night.”

Before he could even begin processing the fact that she’d gotten into his phone, he felt his rump tugged slightly into the air. All three tails seemed to disappear from his mind in an instant, and the gryphon stood over him with the inflatable tail plug they’d become. A trio of thick balloons, with a bulb at the end to lock them inside of some poor sap’s ass.

She moved to his neck, and with a simple slow pulling of his shoulders away from his head, a nice catsuit began forming with his old markings. Rubber and hollow, with a zipper along the back, a red knotted cock and ball sheath in the groin, and a nice tight thru-plug in the rear, both with a zipper pouch surrounding them. And as the magic coursed through her victim, he gave out a final whine of resistance, before his head deflated into a mask, much like his former friend.

He couldn’t see. He couldn’t really think or hear anything. There was nothing but a black void, and the occasional word from the gryphon that he could make out. Nothing more than a mask, which she placed on a false head in the wardrobe, next to the snow leopard.

A little while passed, but before long, another of the group decided to make their way into the gryphon’s home, and was once again captured. However, the grey wolf smiled as he found himself placed on the avian’s bed, arms bound behind his back and legs trapped in a humbler bar, his large balls already feeling quite full and sore in their ring.

“Jason, I assume?” She said, running a hand over his rather thick black shaft.

He nodded softly, whimpering beneath the silicone muzzle she’d gotten over his face. His tail was wagging at high speed, and despite being blindfolded, she could tell he was trying to look hopeful towards her direction.

“Mmm... You’re an eager one. I like that.”

She wasted no time in grabbing hold of his face and pulling, much as she did with Greg earlier in the night. Slowly, gently, his head began to tug clean, and her magic went to work. Then, it pulled free. A mask, much like his friends.

However, unlike his friends, the world wasn’t completely dark for long. He hadn’t even gotten a chance to feel the emptiness of his new existence before his host slipped the hood over her head. Her beak shifting underneath the lupine muzzle that surrounded it.

He could see. He could hear. He couldn’t move or speak, but those two senses worked once again.

But the strangest thing of all?

He could feel her body as if it were his own. The wings on her back, and the paws and talons on her limbs. Her leonine tail, thick cock, and even her rather moist feminine folds down below. Just the sheer touch of her claw against the latter made his spirit quake in its shapeless void.

As she looked down, he saw his former body lying limp on the bed. Headless, soulless, empty, but somehow still alive, at least for the moment.

His captor’s smile widened quite a bit, though. She ran a talon down that shell’s back, and when she reached the base of his former tail, the corpse went limp. Flopping into a heap like a one-piece costume, though not latex, and certainly not fur.

Plastic.

Plates of hard molded plastic formed where his skin and fur used to be, taking the shape of his muscular body. Markings made it look like his actual fur, while faux screws and a black underbody made it look almost toy-like. Like some sort of action figure. Even his thick cock poked out in the same way, shiny and smooth, with just a bit of translucency to see through it.

The gryphon unclipped a few parts of the pile of toy in front of her, removing the groin section from the suit. Her legs slipped easily through the holes of the undershorts, allowing her to pull them into position with ease. Her own throbbing rod fit nicely into the hollow red rocket her new plaything once

bore, the magic allowing every little touch to pass through for both of them to feel.

She grabbed the chest piece next, pulling it over her head with little effort. The surface shifted as she pulled it into place, with a pair of rather firm silicone mounds taking up residence over her original breasts, complete with a pair of nipple hoops hanging down from their peaks. The belly also changed, forming into the same sort of silicone base, though having a frosted translucent look that let them see inside, down to the back plate that she clipped into place. Getting the legs and arms on was swift, though it took a few moments for her to secure them to the body with their new thick feral paws lacking proper thumbs.

That was when Jason felt *himself* hardening as well, his new mask form turning into a matching piece for the set. Their shared tail wagged back and forth as his muzzle filled with soft rubbery teeth, and a matching pink tongue that could move somewhat naturally within it. Eyeholes frosted over as plastic covers formed to hide the gryphon's rainbow-colored eyes, and when it was over, they both sighed in unison.

The wolf got to its four feet and walked over to the mirror near her wardrobe, smiling underneath the mask she bore. A toy feral canine, down to the core. No sign of the gryphon that wore it, as she had taken on that form entirely for the time.

"And to think, your friends met the same fate." She said with her hinged jaw flapping, knowing he could hear her. She could sense his thoughts as well. "If you're a good and eager boy, I may let you into a new body to serve as my pet, or perhaps even a toy. I may even let you wear your friends when we have our fun, given how you reacted to pictures of the fox."

The thought alone was making Jason horny. Wearing Calico or Greg, getting off with *their* cocks... He could feel the shared shaft growing needy.

"My... Quite eager indeed. Let us find something to sink our shaft into for the night, my pet."