

The club was so loud, the people one booth over couldn't hear Gerrark slam his cocktail glass on the table. They *did* hear the angry barking that immediately followed, however.

"Dude, I'm done being nice," the hyena said, slurring more than he wanted to, "You're a creep, we want you gone." He leaned forward on the table, his left arm sliding in front of Meek protectively as he did. The tanuki gulped from behind the arm, silently wishing this disgusting rat would leave them alone.

"Calm down bitch," Clyde said with a laugh, blowing a cloud of smoke in Gerrark's direction, "You're never gonna get laid yapping your mouth so much."

"That's it!"

Gerrark got as close as he dared to that smug rat's grin (His odor was so strong this close, it was suffocating.), narrowing his eyes. Both fangs bared, his voice had a quality similar to a spark seconds away from combustion.

"You're dead."

Clyde looked completely unfazed; the only change in his face whatsoever was that the ember on the end of his cigar started to blaze a bright cherry red. Gerrark growled, and the table shook as he launched himself off of it, directly at the rat. Claws and teeth bared, it was clear he planned on following up with his threat.

Clyde moved so quickly, so fluidly, it looked like he didn't move at all, and yet all of a sudden the hyena was in his grasp, thrashing and barking. Clyde, holding both of Gerrark's wrists in his big mitts, slammed the hyena's paws hard against the countertop. His other hand had the hyena by the mane, yanking hard enough to bring tears to the snarling dog's eyes. Without bothering to spit out his stogie, he yanked Gerrark in for a slobbery kiss. Meek looked on in horror, transfixed by what came next.

"Mmmfmmm, mmmff," Gerrark's eyes were wide, and his thrashing only got more frantic, at least at first, "Mmmfm! Mmmf, mmfmm, mmm..." But as smoke swirled out of the rat's nostrils and his own, Gerrark's struggles began to cease. Muscles untensed, and his eyelids began to fall. He began to splay out across the table, until the only thing keeping him up was Clyde's hands, one on the back of his head, and one under his chin, holding his neck. The hyena's tail, standing straight on end seconds ago, wagged weakly. When Clyde finally pulled his lips off of the Gerrark's, the hyena's eyes spiraled, and a dopey grin sat affixed to his snout. Clyde cleared his throat, and spit on the hyena's cheek.

"Dumb bitch," he said, smirk returning to his lips, "A hole's a hole. Time you figured that out. Now where did... Ah." The rat chuckled to himself, and grunted. Meek, dragged out by a thick rat tail coiled tightly around his neck, struggled in vain. His pleas were barely audible, Clyde squeezed so tightly.

"Where do you think you're going?" Clyde said with a sneer. He yanked the tanuki closer, never loosening the grip he had on his neck. Meek was turning blue by

this point, and stars danced in his vision. Clyde, either unaware or uncaring, took another puff of his cigar.

“You need a real man, babe. I’ll show you.”

Only now did he finally loosen his tail, but as he did, he lifted up his arm, and jammed Meek’s snout right against his pit. Meek, already disoriented from lack of oxygen, could not begin to fight back against the powerful musk flooding his nostrils. The scent pushed a shiver of sensation through his body, and fogged his brain. Everything else slipped away, and the tanuki’s body went limp. The rat’s powerful pheromones had already overwhelmed the tanuki, and the same spirals in the hyena’s eyes were now in Meek’s as well, complete with brainless grin. Clyde laughed to himself and lowered his arm, trapping Meek’s snout in his pit.

“Looks like I caught myself a couple new holes...” he reached over to the hyena, and wrenched open his mouth, sticking two nasty fingers into it, and playing with his tongue. Gerrark did not react, as his brain was still fried from the rat’s debilitating kiss. Clyde then flipped him around on the table (spilling any remaining glasses onto the floor), and grabbed his ass, reaching his hand down the back of Gerrark’s pants and ripping them in the process. His finger dragged between Gerrark’s cheeks until it found his asshole, pressing in as soon as he did, and making the dog whine. Clyde was nothing but evil chuckles as he continued his groping, until he reached around the front, and felt Gerrark’s throbbing dick.

“Oh, heh, right,” he said, reaching over to grab Meek’s bulge and confirm he had one too, “You already make for such hot holes I forgot I wasn’t done with ya just yet.” He halted his chuckling only to finish off his cigar, snorting the last cloud of smoke right in Meek’s unblinking face. He ashed it into Gerrark’s mouth, and then put it out in his hair, before turning to the tanuki right next to him.

“Well, you’re closer,” he said, shredding Meek’s pants and underwear with ease. The tanuki was hard as a rock, and ready to cum. Clyde looked down at his dick with disdain, and unbuttoned his own jeans. A dick, monstrous in proportion, emerged. It was black, veiny, throbbing, terrifying. It made the table lean, and when he flexed, it outright fell over into the seating, giving Clyde and his tanuki plenty of room to work with.

“Time to make you beautiful,” Clyde said, his tone dripping with sultry sleaze. He turned towards Meek, pressing his bulk right up against the tanuki, pinning him. Clyde’s tank top, stained with sweat and cigar smoke, smeared across Meek’s snout, while Clyde’s gigantic dick crushed the tanuki’s lap. After some adjusting, the head of his dick was positioned in front of Meek’s, and the rat’s disgusting snicker was back.

“Here comes the fun part babe.”

Clyde’s dick began to shift, change slightly. The black, veiny outside looked like it was melting for a moment, becoming drippy, amorphous. Eyes opened on the head and

it flattened out. The slit on the end of his dick widened until it became a drooling mouth, the perfect compliment to such a slimy, slick snake. An unnaturally long tongue licked its chops at it stared at Meek's dick, and Clyde watched with glee as it swayed, preparing to strike. He reached under Meek's chin, and tilted the tanuki's head up, staring right into his spiraling eyes.

"You're just a hole. *My* hole."

Clyde's snake dick swallowed up Meek's entire crotch in one, smooth motion, and shortly after, began to swallow. The sensation was so strong it pushed through his musk-addled brain and filled it with new, spellbinding pleasures, leaving the tanuki panting. In no time it became a whimper, constant and needy, before erupting into a moan of mindless pleasure. The snake between Clyde's legs hungrily sucked, growing larger and larger as Meek's howls of pleasure grew in pitch. The black goop spilling from the snake's mouth spread across the tanuki's crotch, continuing the spread of transformative corruption. Without warning, Clyde's dick shifted to look like a more normal (if titanic-sized) dick, and thrust. If Meek's mouth wasn't filled with Clyde's stained tank top, the whole club would have heard his scream.

Clyde's dick pushed in, deep, deeper, deeper all the time. Invading the tanuki's body, shifting his insides into something more useful to the rat. Pushing, pulling, dragging, splitting, it was all too much, too much for her. She was cumming, or was Clyde? It didn't matter. Nothing mattered. Nothing but the rat's dick, which she could finally, truly appreciate. Thank god she had a pussy. Thank god for Clyde and his dick.

Meek's was gone, solid gone, and in his place was a cum-covered tanuki, whimpering as Clyde slowly pulled his massive dick from her aching pussy. She let out a tremendous sigh once she was empty, her toes curling.

"Clyde... Please... I need you..." the tanuki whimpered, unable to do anything but squirm on the bench, eyes shut tight.

"I know, hole," he said, hefting himself up off the seat, "Calm down bitch." He reached over the upturned table, grabbing the partially clothed hyena, who was still nothing but smiles and spirals. He threw Gerrark onto the ground against the wall, holding his throbbing cock as he advanced.

"I gotta take care of something first."

They protested and fought at first, the hyena particularly so, but it didn't matter. In the end, it didn't take too long to completely break them. After that first taste of Clyde's brainwashing dick all it took was another look before they trailed off, and their eyes got wide. By the time he was done fucking them, they were begging for more; crying with need over how empty they were, and how Clyde was the only one who could fill them. After a couple of weeks of this, the protests eventually stopped. The fighting was

forgotten. Their chains were put back in the closet, the girls' shackled by something unbreakable. Complete and utter devotion to the rat, in all his chauvinistic glory.

"Clyde, Clyde!" The hyena rushed to the apartment door, her new, cartoonishly sized breasts bouncing as she pressed into the rat's side. She smiled up at him, her eyes filled with his colored rings; permanent additions to her look. He kicked off his shoes, acting like she wasn't there.

"Clyde, thank goodness you're here," the tanuki giggled, her brainwashed expression an exact mirror of the hyena's as she waddled over, "We've been so empty without you."

"Smoke, drink," he grunted, walking past them to the bathroom. By the time he emerged, hands bone dry, his holes were waiting for him by the couch, whiskey and cigar in hand. He plopped down between them, and seconds later he was sipping his drink and puffing on his stogie, while they looked on in adoration.

"Please, fuck me Clyde," the hyena hole whimpered, as she nuzzled her snout under his arm, and into his pit.

"Please, I need it first Clyde, I need your dick or I'll die," the tanuki hole whispered in his ear, licking crumbs out from the folds of his chins. Clyde, despite being hard as a rock, let out a long, annoyed sigh.

"I can't deal with you holes peeping in my ear all the time," he said as he shoved the tanuki's face away, slamming her hard into the floor. As soon as she recovered, she was hugging his thigh, and staring up at him with the same loving gaze.

"Time for one less bitch around here," Clyde said grabbing the hyena by the chin, wrenching open her mouth, and spitting. He threw her to the ground as well, and soon she was in a worshipful position right beside the brainless tanuki. Both stared in awe as Clyde lifted up his dick, and watched it begin to change. Two familiar eyes opened up on the head, and the girls squealed with anticipation, puddles of cum appearing between their legs.

"So, who loves Clyde the most?"

"Me, me me me!" Both girls piped up at the same time, tails wagging behind them. Clyde's dick, now fully snake-shaped, swayed in front of them, looking hungry. The rat wore a horrible, evil grin.

"Let's find out."