

Wynn did not believe for a second that it was this easy. Sure, Gerrark had demonstrated his abilities several times in the past, but such demonstrations were dubious, and the kobold had his doubts (not that he ever, ever planned on sharing them with the hyena). And even if the kobold believed the claptrap that Gerrark was always peddling, this still seemed like bullshit. A single phrase, just one sentence? That's all it took, and yet he'd never heard of anyone else performing such a ritual before? Wynn shook his head and rolled his eyes, after a reflexive look around the room to ensure no one would see him do so. There was no way this would work, and if he wasn't so full of respect for the hyena, as well as an irrepressible need to humiliate himself, Wynn would never participate in such foolishness. So it really was too bad that he did indeed respect the hyena, and was also very horny, because now he was standing in his room, looking like an idiot as he prepared to read a bunch of nonsense words off of a dirty piece of paper he received in the mail.

Wynn flipped the piece of paper over for the umpteenth time, just to make sure that he wasn't missing anything. If he was going to do something this silly he wasn't going to make the mistake of overlooking some important detail scrawled in the margins or whatever. However, no matter which way he held the paper or how meticulously he scanned it, it said the same thing:

SPELL OF SOCIAL EQUILIBRIUM

Whosoever speaks this spell shall initiate a process of payback to the creator of said spell, giving them any currency, items, etcetera necessary until they have paid back whatever debt they feel they owe to the spell's creator*

ENTO IRETROS INDERGAL, MYAMUS BELAL OES MIIN

**The spell will go to any lengths necessary to ensure proper payback*

Boilerplate magical contract stuff, or at least that's what it seemed like. That asterisked bit at the bottom was a bit ominous, but as it stood Wynn figured that bit was only there to make this whole thing hornier, because it did. When the kobold was finally sure that he was going to do this right, he shrugged his shoulders and stood up straight, looking like he was about to present a school report he hadn't much prepared for. He cleared his throat, and spoke.

"Ento iretros indergal, myamus belal oes miin!"

Nothing happened. No flash of light, or rush of magical wind, or shimmering curtain, or anything like that. Wynn didn't feel any different, and nothing looked different either. It was exactly as the kobold expected—Gerrark was either out of his mind, or playing a mean joke. Wynn blushed with embarrassment. Not because he had done something so stupid (that was a common occurrence), but because of how attractive either of those prospects were. Which only made him more embarrassed, because at

the very least he was cognizant of the fact that neither of those qualities should be attractive.

"I'm weird," Wynn muttered to himself, "but, at least I have someone who will humor my weirdness." Wynn couldn't help himself, and smiled. He sighed a sigh brimming with misplaced affection as he imagined Gerrark's teasing laugh, which he knew he'd be hearing once he related all this to the hyena.

"I kind of wish it worked. I owe Boss everything."

Wynn shrugged and sighed; he might as well contact Gerrark and tell him that his prank worked. The kobold reached into his pocket, and after hitting nothing but cloth, he blinked in confusion. He reached into the other pocket as well, finding it equally empty. He turned them out and all that was there was a stray piece of lint.

"Didn't I have my phone on me," Wynn wondered aloud, "Maybe it's on my desk?" Wynn turned around to check, and what he saw made it feel like his stomach fell through the floor.

For several years, Wynn's desk had been a place of comfort, security. It wasn't just where his computer sat; it was so much more than that. It was a place where he could relax and be himself. Every day after getting home and into his room, there it was, waiting for him. Even if he stayed away from his computer due to exhaustion, it was still nice to see it there waiting for him. So it was quite the shock when Wynn turned around and saw absolutely nothing.

No computer, no chair, no adorable tchotchkes, no desk itself. The spot it occupied seconds ago was completely empty. The only indication that there had been anything there in the first place was some indents in the carpet. To Wynn's credit, it only took him a minute or so of dumbfounded stuttering before he figured it out.

"I-i-it worked! What the hell!" The kobold was freaking out, and understandably so. In the middle of his slack-jawed gawking towards the empty space that once contained his desk, his bed also popped out of existence. The dresser followed less than a minute later, and before long items all around the room were vanishing one after the other. He was a mixture of terror and excitement, the former because he was watching his life get dismantled in front of him, and the latter for the same reason. Somewhere in his brain amidst the confusion and fear he knew that having the biggest hard-on of his life was not the right response to what was happening right now, but that really only made it worse.

Eventually, it stopped. There was nothing left. The room was bare. So was his closet, and he was naked for that matter as well. He didn't leave the room to check, but at this point he was pretty confident his various items around the house had also disappeared.

"That's everything," Wynn said with astonishment, falling to his knees, "He's taken everything from me." Despite having just witnessed all this, the kobold still couldn't believe it. It was like some shamefully arousing nightmare. There was one thing Wynn was sure of, and it was that there was no way it could get worse (Better?) than this. And that's when he heard a foreboding, and familiar, voice in his head.

"Not everything..."

There was no time to ask for clarification. Wynn's body suddenly felt strange. It was getting hot, but not in the way a body normally felt hot. He didn't feel it in his head

or hands or anything like that, but deep in his gut. Scratch that, it was moving. Moving throughout his body. Up and down, back and forth, along the outline of his extremities. He didn't know what was happening, but it sure wasn't pleasant. He opened his mouth, hoping the question he was about to ask Gerrark could reach the hyena's ears. It never did.

"AhhhhhhhHHHHH!" Wynn's body was suddenly so hot it felt like he was on fire. It felt like it went on for hours, days even, but maybe it was only a single second. He couldn't be sure, and never would be. After a sudden burst of heat and light, the kobold was gone. All there was in his place was an odd collection of discolored gems where he stood, smoking slightly.

"Where am I?" Wynn asked without a mouth to speak. The world was colorful, and oddly refracted now. It was also much bigger than it was a moment ago. When Wynn looked over and saw the other gems nearby, the revelation hit him like a bolt of lightning.

"Oh no."

Suddenly, the room was gone, and Wynn was somewhere else. He didn't have to wonder where he was for long. All his stuff was here with him, and a snout he'd never seen but somehow knew quite well was inching closer. Before him was his Boss, the one and only.

"Hmmm, what cute little gemstones we have here," the hyena's voice boomed all around the gem that was now Wynn, "I guess this is what his body turned into. Should have expected as much." He studied the gems in his paws carefully, looking at each one and sniffing a few of them. Gerrark passed over Wynn's gem seemingly without noticing him at all, which would have probably made the kobold cum himself to death, if he still had a dick with which to do so.

With the magic done and things settling down, Wynn started coming to terms with what happened. It was weird, and it was scary, but it wasn't really such a bad thing. He had a lot less responsibilities now. Plus he was probably immortal, right? That was kind of neat. Best of all, he could be close to his Boss, now and forever. Wynn reclined, somehow, maybe, in his gem, relaxing into his new position in life. He could get used to this, he was sure. By now, Gerrark had finished studying the gems, and smiled down at them. Wynn loved the view of those big chompers from down there, and was looking forward to seeing them a lot.

"Looks like they're real after all. Lucky me!" The hyena bounded over to his coatrack, donning a large cloak. He grabbed a pouch off of it, and then unceremoniously dumped all the gemstones inside.

"You're going to make me one rich mother fucker, little rocks," Gerrark said with glee, "I know just the pawn shop for all of you."

"Hahah, very funny Boss," Wynn said without saying, just kind of assuming the hyena could hear him. Gerrark did not react at all.

"Boss? Boss, can you hear me? You're joking right? Boss? Boss!" Wynn tried to scream at the top of his lungs, but there was no sound. He tried to thrash and move, but the gem his soul was trapped in stayed inert. It felt like he was pressing his snout right against the edge, hoping that the hyena would see, but the mongrel's snout didn't react

at all to his whimpering. Wynn was about to give up hope, but he saw the hyena's eyebrow raise, and he fell to his metaphorical knees in prayer.

"Some of these are quite lovely... Maybe I'll keep a few," he said, tapping his chin, "Guess it depends on how much they're worth." Without any further deliberation, the pouch was shut, and Wynn was in the dark.