

"This place is haunted, you know. Every full harvest moon, it happens. Something of unspeakable horror, that none of us can even imagine. It awakens."

"When it enters into our world, it is said a loud howling can be heard, one that makes even the trees afraid. Some say it's just an autumn wind, but those of us close to the horrible howl will know different. It instills a chill into you deeper than any wind could. And remember, this is only the herald of its coming."

"Its large and terrible form begins to prowl from the moment it completely forms upon our soil, looking for victims. It takes those it finds indiscriminately. Women, children, mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers. If it finds you, you will be its newest trophy. For it does far worse things to you than to simply kill, or eat you. Oh no, that would be too easy for a beast such as this."

"There will be a soulless shell, by the time it is finished. That is all I know, and all that anyone will know. No one knows exactly what the beast does to you, how long it takes, how much it hurts, anything like that. All they know is that if you *are* ever seen again, you will not be you. There will be nothing but a husk, a puppet of what you once were, made to serve your new dark master. That is why it takes your soul, and shatters your pathetic mind. It wants you complacent, it wants something that cannot even think to fight back. That is the only solace you would be able to take in all this. That the mind you'd be afraid with, that would feel pain, will in fact be gone. There will be just a body to carry out the will of its lord."

"For even everything I've told you up until this part, everything so far has been child's play. Once you are nothing, and you cease to be, that is when the horror truly begins. Not for you, for there will no longer be any "you". No, you, for all intents and purposes, will be dead. The horror is that of those around you, those you once loved, once cared for. You will find them, lead them to your host, and it will do the same to them as it did to you. You will watch, unknowing of what you're even watching, as the same dreadful sins that had just befallen you now curse your family and friends. And if it can get enough bodies, that is when it will be time. If its army is complete, then the final stage will begin."

"Passerby to the ritual said that an odd ectoplasm began to creep forth from the area. That this odd goo could be found littering the area, possibly even in odd shapes and designs upon the ground. The white stuff is what you used to be, what those you loved used to be. Yes, when it's done with you, and it has had enough of your services, you are reduced to nothing more than an odd ectoplasmic goo, and even then, still of use. For this goo; the souls, bodies, and minds of its former servants, that and only that can be used in the ritual. When enough of the stuff is collected, enough pure souls harvested, the stuff is brought together, and a portal is wrought. And that my friends, that is when the true lord of darkness is brought forth"

"Boo!"

A loud gasp and a shrill scream could be heard as the orca jumped out of a bush from behind the storytelling dragon. A girlish laugh heard even above the voices of the other two panicking campers.

"Ohhh, I can't believe how well that went David," the dragon girl said with an amused hiss, reaching up to high five the brush-covered orca male.

"I know, I think Jack wet himself over there," he snickered, returning her high five and plopping himself down on the log next to her, giving a little grunt and involuntary flex as he did so, still laughing a bit.

"H-hey!" a voice suddenly rang out, coming from the bull who was just now beginning to right himself. "That's not funny! You know I can get easily frightened-" he said with a little squeak, panting now, "You know I get freaked out easy, and that could lead to a panic attack or something!"

"Yes, shame on you Davey, you too Laura. I thought you were a little more grown up than that," the small brown fox said, rubbing her boyfriend's shoulders gently. One dainty paw went down to straighten her long brown locks while the other kept trying to relax the excitable bovine. She was looking like she had gotten over the scare quite quickly, and was just setting her hair back into place at this point. Her muscle-bound boyfriend seemed less so though. The larger than life guy looked pretty comical at this point, being so big and yet shaking so much.

"Oh, come off it Nancy," Laura hissed again, still laughing, but soundly slightly annoyed. "It was all in good fun. It's not our fault if your boyfriend is such a pussy." She hissed with soft laughter once again, her purplish-red scales gleaming as they caught the campfire's light. She looked almost like an Amazonian with such a physique, or at least the comic book depiction. The young dragoness proud and tall with a slender and curvy body. Her purposely revealing clothing-a tank top and jean shorts-weren't helping either.

"Yeah. Besides, this is good for the guy, maybe it'll toughen him up. It's pretty bad when the guy yells louder than the girl when somethin' scary happens." David stifled a laugh with his big flipper of a paw, but that didn't stop the loud burst from his blowhole, making his amusement more than apparent. Maybe if he was wearing more than a bathing suit from the day's earlier expedition to the lake, he'd have been able to hide it. He liked to show off himself off though. He was no Jack, but he was proud of himself. And for a species that was known for its blubbery behemoths, he looked downright undernourished.

"Yes, give the person who's prone to panic attacks an episode. That won't hurt him, or send him to the hospital, or traumatize him or anything. Nope, it'll "toughen him up" won't it? You two should be saying you're sorry for what you put him through!" Nancy was standing now, hardly tall at 5'3, but intimidating nonetheless, her bushy tail twitching madly and her fangs bared at the laughing siblings. She was no where near as pretty and well endowed as Laura, which probably explained a bit of the current teasing. After all, how did that skinny shrimp get such a big handsome lug when Laura couldn't? It made no sense to the dragon!

"No no Nance, it's alright, it's alright. Look, it was just a joke. We don't all need to fight anymore..." There was Jack's sheepish tone, barely rising above the others' as usual. Though one would immediately think that this was one guy not to mess when first laying eyes upon him, such a view would be shattered within seconds of hearing that borderline feminine voice. Sure, his muscles were almost grossly large, the bull looking like he was flexing constantly, and he was six and a half feet tall if he was a

foot... ...But under the right conditions, he was mistaken for Nancy on the telephone, and had the meek personality to match his ironic voice.

Nancy wasn't done fighting though, nor was Laura done tearing into the scaredy-cow, or David defending his sister's hilarious prank. Until that gruff and disagreeable voice suddenly forced its way into conversation as well, halting the others.

"Enough!" Bertram shouted, arms crossed, the badger sitting up from his own log bench. "This is stupid to be arguing about this, what's done is done. Just say your sorry, will ya? That was pretty mean, if predictable you two." The stout mustelid shot a sharp glance at the two siblings, and didn't even need to say anything to Nancy or Jack. Their was shame quite evident in the fact that they both freaked out, while Bert didn't even seem to blink when David jumped out.

"Yeah, fine, *dad*," Laura huffed, shifting his small wings a bit, a quick flick of her serpentine tongue going in the small male's direction. "Sorry Nancy. There. Now shut up about it, geez..." As she crossed her arms, the other four were soon doing the same, a very awkward and uncomfortable silence plaguing them for a few minutes.

"Where did you even hear such a story anyway?" Bertram eventually asked, his eye ridges lifting inquisitively from behind his thick spectacles. "It's all rubbish, anyway. Poppycock, bull--"

"Shows what you know," Laura spat in his direction, sticking out her tongue in a juvenile way once more, "It's a pretty popular legend around here. I may not have gotten it exactly right, but all the locals believe it's true."

"Which is exactly why we shouldn't have gone camping in such a backwards place," Bert replied with a sigh, "There are perfectly nice camping grounds about ten minutes from the neighborhood, and yet we had to come out into the middle of hick country, where people believe that ancient evils actually exist. Ohh, de daemons, de daemons!" He was stretching himself out, speaking in a very mockingly spooky voice, arms waving and claw tips wriggling in a very clichéd ghost-like manner.

"If you didn't want to come you should've just stayed in your basement, damn!" Laura was hissing angrily at him, her long tail thrashing dangerously behind her. "Besides, that camp is so dumb. How is that the outdoors? There's a concession stand for gawd's sake!"

"Besides, this place is pretty beautiful, you have to admit," chimed in David, rising to his sister's aid as usual. "You can see all the stars, all those wildflowers... And the nearest town is only about forty five minutes away by car. I bet we could even order a pizza out here!" A lame attempt as usual, but Laura still smiled weakly at her younger sibling, silence falling around the campfire once more. The quiet fell over the campers like a blanket for a moment, even the crackling flames observing silence.

"I'm pretty tired," Nancy said suddenly, rising from her seat besides Jack and tugging his arm gently. The bull rose with a grunt himself, giving his girlfriend a quick affectionate squeeze. "I think I'm going to head for bed, you too hunny?"

As if there was any question, because the bull was already away from her side and fiddling with the door to their massive tent, having trouble opening the faulty zipper. "Of course Nance, I'm tired too. If we all wanted to go on a hike tomorrow, we're going to need our rest."

"Damn," Bert interjected, "That's right, and I didn't bring my alarm clock... Just kick me a few times if I don't wake up. Jack. Not Laura or Dave," the badger looked at them both suspiciously as he turned to face them, looks of "innocence" and "surprise" on both their muzzles as they suddenly found their hands and the ground dreadfully interesting.

"Will do," Jack said after Nancy slipped into the tent, and the large bull clumsily following. After a few minutes of shuffling and some more zipper shenanigans, their tent finally seemed to quiet down, only the occasional rustle being heard.

"Well, goodnight then," Bert said softly, climbing into his own modest little tent, his own zipper going up with ease, the shadow within the tent stilling in a moment.

"Leaving us to put out the fire yet again," Laura grumbled, picking up the water bucket they had for such a task, and splashing it haphazardly across the flames. David was soon stomping out any still burning embers, and after five minutes or so of checking the camp, both went to their own tents, situated right next to each other, of course.

"Well, goodnight little bro', sleep well." Tucking her wings to her back, Laura positively slithered into her tent, still shifting about many minutes afterward.

"You too Laura. Night." A rustle from his body clipping the tent's doorway as he pushed through, all five campers finally down for the night.

However, it would be a good hour before a single one of them would find sleep, because just as David settled down into his tent, a powerful wind whipped through the little clearing, the trees all around them bending and cracking, the noise so deafening it sounded like a shriek carried across the forest.

"Fuck, I'm up, I'm up, quit kicking Laura. Told you not to be the one to wake me... Frikkin' bitch swear..." and it wasn't long before Bertram's string of unintelligible swears became inaudible.

"Get up you lazy ass. I know you're not a morning person, but something's wrong, get up!" Laura was already leaving the side of the shabby little tent though, and strode over to Nancy and Jack's veritable palace, grabbing one of the support rods and shaking the tent. "Jack, Nance, get up, I need you guys up, get out of bed, now!" The girl sounded afraid, and when this tone had registered with the others within moment they were all huddled in a circle in between the two tents.

"What is it Laura, what's wrong?" Nancy, asked, shivering from the cold, pressing against her bull of a boyfriend to keep warm. With the clothing they were both wearing (or lack of it) it was pretty obvious that "body heat" was what kept them comfy during the night. "Are you hurt or something? Where's David?"

"That's the problem," Laura began, her words caught in her throat. "He's gone. I woke up this morning, and when I went to wake him, his tent was completely empty. His backpack too. His car is still here though!" She was sounding more panicked by the moment, tears glistening in her eyes. "He just left, didn't say a word, I didn't even know he was gone until a few minutes ago."

"Laura, calm down," Bertram said softly, giving her a quick and friendly push on the arm. "So he didn't leave a note or anything. It's okay, he probably just went on the hike a bit early. No need to be a freak about it." He seemed to put himself in the position to shake her if necessary though. Which, the way she was going, she may need it.

"Be nice Bert, she's just worried about her brother is all," Jack's soft voice mumbled, the giant lumbering over to pat Laura's shoulder reassuringly, "Now why do you think something's wrong? Bert's right, he probably just went to explore a bit. Or maybe he's going to the bathroom. He wouldn't want to have us see him do that I bet."

"But that's just it," Laura whimpered, shivering under the others' paws, and not from the cold. "If he's going to the bathroom, why are his sleeping bag, backpack, and everything else gone? And if he's hiking, it wouldn't make sense to take all of that stuff either. What could have happened to him? You don't think-" But she turned her head away, fear melting quickly into embarrassment, Nancy, Jack, and Bertram leaning forward in unison to see what was the problem.

"Don't think it's what?" Nancy finally questioned, shivering again involuntarily.

"Well, that thing, from the story last night..." If scales could redden, the young dragon girl would be red from tip to tail. "I mean, you all heard it, didn't you? I know I didn't imagine it, that horrible shrieking noise!" She looked at all of their faces, giving a pleading look to all of them, only getting sideways glances in response.

"Look, Laura..." Bert began, still looking to the ground, a small claw rubbing the back of his head uneasily, "We all heard something I think. But that was just the wind. Besides, some ancient evil demon or whatever? You can't seriously believe that's real. I mean, this is weird, I'll admit, but your brother wasn't made a slave by some sort of dark force, alright? That's just silly."

"But, but-! I mean, what happened to him? His car keys, cell phone, all traces of him except his car and tent are gone!" Her voice was rising in pitch once again, before she was finally shaken by the badger.

"That's enough, alright? Now, one of us will just get our cell phones, and call his. He must have it on him, so we'll see if he's alright, okay? Okay?" After a small snuffle and a nod, he finally let her go, and they all went to their perspective backpacks, searching for something to reach their friend with.

For the first few minutes, each one rifled through their backpack pockets and pouches methodically, but within minutes the searching turned desperate, and each one was tossing clothes, diving into their tents to check in there, or running back to their vehicle.

"My cell phone, it's gone!" Jack was panting, running back from his car, "I can't find it anywhere!" He looked back at his girl, but she just shook her head, and when they turned to Bertram for his answer, the situation only got worse.

"That's not all," the badger began in a deliberate tone, his backpack and its contents in a heap behind him, "Your car keys are all gone too, aren't they." Everyone else dove back to their designated spots to search, but the mustelid just stood there, knowing already they would find nothing. Watching as each one of his friends slowly

made their way back to the impromptu circle; he let out a little sigh, a very serious expression on his muzzle.

"This might be serious... None of us have a phone, and our car keys are gone... And David was the only one who could have possibly known how to get to them so easily and take them without us noticing. Anyone else would have made a ruckus going through our stuff." As he spoke, he hoped it would relieve him and the others to know the facts, but in reality, it just made the whole situation all the more unnerving.

"This may all be a joke, right?" Jack offered weakly, looking between them all with hope in his eyes. "Maybe he's just screwing with us. Yeah, that makes sense right? I mean, he likes to play jokes, and since he probably heard the wind last night, I'm sure he thought this'd be the perfect joke to play on us. It makes sense!" He seemed positively ecstatic at his "discovery", but he seemed like the only one.

"He'd never do this Jack..." Laura whimpered, Jack's shoulders slumping instantly, "He likes to play jokes, but he would have at least told me about it. Something's wrong, we need to get help. Get some people to help us find him!" Laura had a wild look in her eyes, and was about ready to bolt off into the forest herself, except that a firm paw suddenly grasped her tail, making sure she wouldn't go anywhere easily. Bertram was about to reprimand her, but it was actually Nancy who spoke to her first, the vixen walking forth from Jack's protective grasp.

"Laura," she began, "We don't know what's going on, but don't rush off. We should probably stick together. I mean, where would you go? There isn't anyone for miles. We have no phone, no cars, no nothing... It'd take hours to get back to the town, it's at least what, forty miles away? We flew down the country roads on the way here." She had a look that was just as stressed as Laura's, but she was still acting relatively calm, for now.

"So what do we do though?" Jack asked, leaning down in between the two girls, sweating despite the almost freezing temperatures, "We can't just stay here lost. I mean, people know we're here, so they'll come searching for us eventually, but still..." He trailed off, not needing to say what they were all thinking. They didn't have enough food or water to last that long, and that didn't even count the fate of their missing friend.

"I say we look for him," Bertram said quickly, finally letting the reptilian tail go.

"Look for who?" Laura blurted.

"Who? Your brother, that's who! I still think this is a joke or something, and besides, if we find him, he probably knows what happened to our phones and keys. Besides, he can't have gotten too far. I know I heard him snoring last night, so he can't have gotten up too much earlier than the rest of us." He was already going back to his pile of clothes, had pulled a pair of pants and a shirt, and had dove into his tent, obviously changing out of his pajamas. Reluctantly the rest did the same, moving to their tents to prepare, though they all seemed far less enthusiastic than their diminutive friend.

It was eight o' clock at night now, and still no sign of David. The group had spent all morning, all afternoon, and most of the evening (they had to eat sometime) searching for him, but still found nothing. The cold, their fear, and the alien environment were beginning to wear on each of them, but none more so than Laura. And as the second night had begun to fall, she was in hysterics.

"We have to find him, Dave, Davey, Daaaviiiiid!" She was screaming at the top of her lungs, held once again by her tail, though all three of her companions were struggling to hold her still. "Let me go dammit, he's out there, something's wrong, that creature has him, I know it! Let me go you fuckers!" She wheeled around, angry tears streaming down her cheeks, fangs bared and claws ready to swipe. She looked quite like one of her feral ancestors at this moment, and they all shrunk back from her (but still held fast), fearing she would breath a gout of flame in their direction.

"Let me go, or I swear to God I'll make you, my brother is out there!"

"Laura, calm down!" Bert suddenly screamed, hoping to shake her from haze, giving her tail a hard yank, "We don't know that he's hurt or anything. For all we know this could still be a joke, or he found people, or whatever! There was no signs of a struggle, no nothing, he's probably just lost himself!"

Though she no longer looked like she was going to wound those holding her back, her voice was still laced with fear. "That's just it though! That, that thing doesn't allow a struggle, you're just gone! You remember the story! One moment you're fine, the next you're a mindless shell or whatever! That could be him, it must be what happened!" She continued to struggle, but her attempts to break free slowly lost their passion. Before long her body went limp and she was on the ground, sobbing uncontrollably.

"He's gone..." she muttered, as the tears continued unabated, "I couldn't protect him, see what happened. Just like that, he's gone, and there's nothing I can do."

"No, that's not true. We can stay calm, and look for him. This doesn't seem good, but losing it won't help find him. And Laura," Bertram said with authority, now looking her right in the eye, "No monster got him, alright? Monsters aren't real."

She continued to cry for what seemed an eternity, only the soft rustle of leaves in the wind to break the sound of her hyperventilating. They all just stood there, not knowing what to do or what to say, because although they all wished to console her, relieve her of her fears... But they felt the same despair in the pit of their stomachs. They kept constantly checking behind their backs, fear of an invisible kidnapper taking root within them as well. They could not bring themselves to break down like her, but they all envied the heartbroken dragon, for the wished they could.

"Come on everyone, we should get some rest, we can continue looking tomorrow."

"Where is he, where?" Laura said to herself, tossing and turning in her sleeping bag. "He was here, in his tent, just last night, I saw his shadow before I went to sleep, I'm sure of it!" He whisper rose in crescendo as she suddenly sat up, trying to make it out of her tent as silently as possible, and not disturb the others. Inching her way over to her brother's tent. She searched around one last time for clues, to find some sort of idea of how to proceed next. But she was no better off in the dark of night than her and all the rest were in the day, and it was all for naught.

"Brother, Davey... I know you're out there, somewhere. I'll find you." Laura said stubbornly. She took one last look around the clearing, before she began to walk into the dark forest, guided only by the bright stars.

"Davey, Daaaavey!" she yelled from within the dense forest, not caring if the whole world heard her anymore. She didn't know how far back camp was. She had no idea where she was at all, but she didn't care. She only cared to see her odd mammalian brother once more, and to make sure he was safe. One hour, two hours, all night, it didn't matter, she was determined to find him. "Daaaaviiiiiiid!"

"Laura. No need to yell, I'm right here."

The young dragoness stopped dead in her tracks, not daring to look around. Was her mind playing tricks on her? She had been hearing his voice for hours now, it couldn't be true. Slowly, she began to turn herself around, and even in the low light of the starry skied forest, she recognized her brother.

"Davey, oh thank God, thank God you're alright, thank goodness! Where have you been, what happened Davey? You had us worried sick!" The dragon tried to muster some indignation, but failed miserably. She just continued to kiss all over his muzzle happily and hug him tightly, just happy to have him back.

After a moment's worth of hugging, kissing, and half-hearted berating, something seemed wrong. Laura leaned back, though she didn't dare let go, just staring at her brother in the starlight. "Davey, are you alright? You're so quiet."

"Yes, I am," a soft monotone replied, "I'm perfectly fine, you needn't worry about anything anymore my sister, anything." A cloud had finally begun to move, no longer obscuring the bright moon, and as its beams fell upon the orca's face, Laura let out a little yelp. The eyes that stared back at her seemed to have nothing behind them at all. No love, relief, emotion, or even a soul. The eyes that stared back at her were those of a puppet.

"No need to worry ever again my dear..." A low whispery voice echoed, its owner's hand now upon Laura's shoulder, "Now, prepare. It will be a long night indeed."

As Laura turned to face her attacker, she began to scream. But even in the still night air, no one would seem to hear it.

A frightening scene awaited the three as they emerged from their tents that morning. Not only was Laura gone now, but her sleeping bag and pack were gone as well.

"We need to get out of here," Bertram said quickly, when it was confirmed that the fellow camper had simply disappeared. "Something is going on here, we need help. We can't stay here any longer. We need to get the authorities involved."

"But you said it yourself yesterday!" Nancy whimpered, "We're in the middle of nowhere, no way to contact anyone, no car keys! And I don't know about the rest of you, but I don't know how to hotwire a car!" It seemed as if her resolve had finally shattered as well, and the other two males didn't seem far behind. Jack was holding onto his sweetheart so tightly he was probably hurting her (though in her state, she probably couldn't tell), and Bertram had bit into his bottom lip so hard, warm blood had begun to trickle down, staining the frosted ground.

"That's better than waiting here for whatever happened to them to happen to us. I'm not gonna wait around for that to happen!" And suddenly, the badger was tearing off, all rhyme and reason forgotten, disappearing into the foggy forest. Despite his size he tore out of the clearing like a bat out of hell, his white and black fur melting into background within moments.

"Bertram, Bertram, wait you ass!" Nancy cried, before she suddenly broke free of her boyfriend's grasp, who was so surprised by Bertram's sudden flight that he could only watch as his darling ran off as well. "Come back, we need to stick together!" That was the last Jack heard as she disappeared into the thick fog as well.

"Nancy, wait, stop!" he said half-heartedly, but she was already gone as well, the bottlebrush tail the last thing he saw. And with only the still morning to keep him company, the bull was suddenly very, very alone.

It was a good half and hour before Jack was ready. He had checked the remainder of the camp for everything he could, hoping to find something useful for the search. He knew he was wasting precious seconds to search for the others, but he was worried, and despite his stature he was afraid he couldn't deal with what was out there. The big cow had found some road flares in Bertram's car, a very heavy flashlight in Laura's trunk, and some leftover beef jerky in his own pack. He didn't know how all this was supposed to help, but he could waste no time. He left the clearing.

He had no idea where to head first, and didn't even remember which direction the other's ran off in, but he wouldn't let that stop him. As scared as he was, the girl he loved and some very dear friends were deep within that forest, and he was determined to find them.

"H-hello? Nance, Davey, Bert, Laura? Anyone, are you there?" he called for the twenty-fourth time, the darkness getting thicker the further he went. This didn't faze him so much, until he was making his way through a particularly labyrinthian set of

trunks, and proceeded to trip over an unearthed root, the bull slamming into the ground face first with a crash.

"Ohhhh, owww, that hurt," he said thickly, forgetting his fear for a moment in a mixture of surprise and pain, "Stupid trees, I had no idea the forest even went this fa-" but he could not finish his sentence. His words were caught in his throat as his eyes once again adjusted to the ground in front of him, an odd white goo laying before him.

"The-the ectop-p-plasm!" He suddenly cried, rising to his feet and clicking on the flashlight. All around him the cursed substance littered the ground, and within moments the bovine looked like he would faint when he saw it all. "It was real, the story was real! So this is their souls, and minds, and bodies and stuff! Oh no, Nance, all of them, no!"

Bellowing in fear, he began to charge, tearing through the branches, knocking any loose trees from his path. More of the stuff was hanging from trees, making odd patterns on the ground as he went in deeper and deeper. How much of his friends were in these globs, could he possibly change them back? What if it was too late?

So taken in these thoughts and his blind charge that he didn't even see the second root, and he fell once again. This time however, he was on an incline, and rather than a short and sharp thud, he tumbled down the hill at breakneck speed, hitting every trunk, rock, dirt mound as he crashed and rolled down the hill. His body was bruised and beaten worse than he had ever felt before, and could hardly even tell if something was broken, he was so disoriented.

He could feel more of the goo under him as he lay upon the ground, the disgusting liquid squishing vilely under him. He wondered if this was the end. Lost in the forest, beaten badly by a fall, his friends gone. And he would have laid there and accepted such a fate, if not for a low moan, a moan that sounded familiar, that prompted him to open his eyes.

His vision was not clear, he could hardly see in front of him. He saw people moving, and his heart jumped up into his throat as he heard another moan. "Nancy?" Uneasily he walked forward, his sight becoming clearer with each step. He finally made his way into the source of the noise, a small clearing in the heart of the woods.

"Yesss my lovelies, just listen and obey, and make sure to mooan loud enough for your snake master to hear, hssshssshss..." A large naga, with a voice like quicksilver, swayed in front of Nancy, Bertram, Laura, and David, his eyes flashing, his paw on the member that came from his frontal slit. It was not in the least what Jack expected, and the bull actually slapped himself across the muzzle a few times to make sure he was seeing things right.

"That's right, paw yourselves sweeties, make a big show of it, hssshssshss-Ack!" The naga had stopped looking at the four in front of him when he finally noticed the bull, the large male reptile looking like he was caught in his parents' bathroom with a playboy.

"Ohh, y-you, the bull, w-what are you doing here?" The large green naga said, still gripping his own member prehensile cock, though his tail had curled around himself in an attempt to hide his act. "I thought for sure you'd run back to everyone, and, well, I... I was going to return them by tonight, I ss-sssswear!"

Jack was more confused than he had ever been in his life. Here was his three dearest friends, and his girlfriend, naked in front of a naga, who was apparently pleasuring himself, and forcing them to do the same. And now that he had been caught, the naga seemed more afraid than Jack had been only moments ago.

"Don't worry, you can take them back, I can make sure they don't remember anything! You can just go on your merry way, and we can pretend this didn't happen, hmmm?" He was now sliding himself toward Jack, and though he looked so powerful a moment ago, he seemed to purposely shrink himself in front of the bull, as a child might do.

"W-wa... W-aha... What is going on here?" Jack finally asked, just staring at the naga, more confused than he had ever been.

"Well, you ssee, I get so lonely out here in my cabin sometimes, and, well, I'm a creature of odd tastes you ssee," the reptile began, the word "guilty" seemingly plastered on his snout, "And when I get visitors, I like to have some fun... I don't get a lot of action, sso you all here is like a godsend... Because, well, don't tell me you're not a fan of voyeurism my friend... Doesn't it seem like more fun in a crowd, and jussst getting your spooze all over the place, the lack of shame and dirtiness of it all?"

Jack's muzzle was hanging wide open, and it looked like it was frozen there eternally. "You, my friends... This was because you were horny? And you like to do a circle jerk?" This couldn't be real, it was so absurd. This was far better than his friends being the victims of some ancient evil, ingredients in a dark ritual, but this was just insane! A voyeur snake who liked to capture campers for a masturbation orgy!

"Yes, sso horny," the naga whined, hissing back at him and staring up at the bull, "I get so lonely, as I said... I promise I wouldn't hurt any of you, it's just sso much fun, hmmm? It's so enjoyable, it almost makes you want to join in with the big ssexxy ssnake, doesn't it?" The reptile's eyes were flashing once again as he stared into the bull's, a smile as big and dumb as the other four's appearing on his. "Come on, just for a little while my big buff friend, let's all have sssome fun, moan a little... Just remove those constricting pants..." And before the bull knew it, he was being led to stand by Nancy, his mind blanking quickly, realizing that it was quite foolish to get so worked up after all.

Laura looked around the camp, letting out a soft hiss of surprise. What happened, why was she all wet and sticky? Why was everyone else asleep around the fire? She felt like she was asleep for ages, what exactly had happened?

"And where are my pants?"