

"Bombs away!" the red lava-covered pup exclaimed, spitting a fireball out of his mouth. A matching fire blast shot from his burning tail and arced overhead. The twin projectiles exploded in front of the small canine, setting three vicious Chompies on fire.

Hot Dog chuckled as the little green mouths with stumpy legs and arms still clambered after him despite the fire. He shot a second volley finishing the fragile monsters off. The round plant creatures collapsed into piles of ash.

He paused and waited as the large green bulb in front of him pulsed and launched another pair of chompies from its top. He hit both of them with a fireball, incinerating them before they touched the ground. He sat down and waited for the pod to produce another batch.

The monster-spawning plant resembled a large bulbous flower. Green leaves sprouted from the ground around it, while the pod itself was a dull yellow color. A ring of white, teeth-like thorns protected the opening at the pod's top from where it spat its Chompy spawn.

Fiery tail swishing back and forth, he took in the view of the valley below. Yellow patches of fresh cut hay fields interrupted the vibrant green floor. His nearsighted eyes barely recognized the small shapes of the farmer's huts or the village farther along the valley. The molekin living there wanted them to clear out the infestation of Chompies on the mountain pass. Hot Dog heard something about the farmer's path to the market being blocked, but he stopped listening after they mentioned hunting Chompies. He figured Stealth Elf and Slam Bam paid attention and would tell him if he needed to know anything else.

The yellow lines of lava tracing his body shone bright against his red coat in the grey morning light. His tongue lolled out in bliss. A silver collar sat on his neck, a gift he had received when first welcomed into the Skylanders, the stylized flame symbol of his element decorated its tag. He felt immense pride at being one of Skylands' heroic protectors.

A wet gurgle from the pod brought him back to reality. He debated how to play with this set and stepped back, deciding to give them a few seconds to react. Of course, being stupid, their reaction would always be to bite the first thing they saw.

Three green monsters dropped down next to the pod. He raised his haunches, tongue lolling out. The trio released simultaneous gasps of excitement when they saw the fiery pup. They ran forward, bouncing comically on pathetic stubs. A ball of fire built up in the back of Hot Dog's throat.

The lead Chompy's upper jaw tore apart from the lower half, translucent green blood gushing from the two halves. A two legged shape shimmered into sight, a pair of gold Elven blades gripped in her hands. A ponytail of blue hair dangled down her back, brown leather gauntlets, pants, and a top covered her green skin. Two large ears extended from the sides of her head.

He clamped his mouth shut on the fire blast when his fellow Skylander appeared. The flames swirled in his mouth, his cheeks bulging out like a frog as fire spurts from his nose. A terrible burning sensation shot down his throat as the other half of the attack backfired. Tears of pain watered up in his eyes.

Stealth Elf spun around, kicking the second Chompy with enough force to slam it into a boulder three feet away. She landed in a crouch, facing away from her last enemy. The Chompy spread its jaws to attack her exposed back. She swung her sword behind her back, piercing the roof of its mouth. The plant monster squeaked in surprise, before slumping onto the blade. Stealth Elf yanked her sword free. The body dropped to the ground with a wet thud. She knelt and wiped her weapon off on the Chompy's hide.

Smoke billowed from Hot Dog's mouth and his stomach rumbled painfully as the elf turned angry glowing white eyes on him. "Bad dog! We're supposed to be exterminating these pods, not playing games with them."

Despite his varied fire powers, he shrunk away. Stealth Elf possessed a few ninja tricks and some impressive melee combat skill. When she shouted, most junior Skylanders knew to shut up and listen.

Hot Dog didn't consider himself a rookie any longer after five months on the team and decided to snap back. Pain choked him before he cleared his throat and growled back in a raspy voice. "I was exterminating them!"

"No, you were playing some sick, pathetic game," she growled, unimpressed. "A smart warrior does not toy with her enemy."

"I'm smart!" he snapped with all the maturity of a five-month old pup.

She leaned towards him and he growled back. They might have traded a few blows if a burly, blue, four-armed yeti didn't come sliding down the mountainside atop a board of ice.

"Whoa, what's going on here?" Slam Bam asked, his ice board evaporating as he leapt off it.

"Hot Dog thought it'd be fun to toy with this Chompy pod," the elf replied.

"Big deal! They're just chompies!"

Despite the temperate weather on the mountainside and his adaption to more frigid climates, Slam Bam shivered. His eyes looked haunted as he stared off into space for a moment.

The Chompy pod shuddering snapped him back to reality. With a growl, he leapt forward, slamming both of his right fists into the ground. The air crackled as a trail of ice spread from his fists to the leathery pod, incasing the plant in a frozen prison. Grunting in annoyance, he approached the iceberg. Slowly, he drew a pair of arms back, clenching his fists. Spikes of ice formed around his hands as he double punched the pod, shattering it into thousands of tiny fragments.

"I would've done that soon as I got bored," Hot Dog whined.

The yeti spun around and pointed a beefy finger at him. "Do not underestimate any creature, Chompies least of all! There is a reason they are such a varied species..."

He frowned, hardly believing the intensity with which Slam Bam spoke. He exhaled a burst of smoke from his mouth with a dismissive sigh. "Well, I'm not scared of them. Regular Chompies, Frigid Chompies, Armored Chompies, Bone Chompies, hell, I'll even take on Giant, Quadruple-Headed, Multi-Element Super Chompy! They're all cannon fodder to me. You should stop treating me like a puppy."

"You'll be treated as an adult when you start behaving like one," Stealth Elf said.

Slam Bam rubbed the back of his head nervously as the pair glared at each other. Hot Dog bared his teeth and she raised her blades.

"Whoa! Hey!" he jumped in between the two, placing a hand on the fire dog's head to keep him from charging the elf, who crossed her arms with a huff. "Let's just forget about this and finish the mission, okay?"

"Fine!" he exclaimed, shoving the yeti's hand out of his face. He turned around, holding his tail upright in a prissy manner. "I'll check out over this way and you two can check wherever. Don't let the big, scary Chompies eat you now!"

Stealth Elf rushed after him, but Slam Bam blocked her path with a pair of arms. She sighed and holstered her weapons.

Hot Dog walked off, the flames on his tail blazing brighter with his rising temper. Once out of the pair's sight, he dropped his arrogant posture and settled into an angry stomping walk.

"Bunch of old timers... what do they know?" he muttered under his breath.

He followed the path up the mountainside, jumping to ledges and rearranging blocks to get higher. The exercise did little to take his mind off Stealth Elf and the other Skylanders' doubt in his abilities. He wondered what kind of hero cowered when faced with Chompies. He deserved his place in the ranks more than that pair of fire chickens!

Deciding a little action would improve his mood; he placed his nose to the ground and sniffed. Crisscrossing the ground, he soon found a scent trail with the bitter tang of pod sap. Tail wagging and tongue hanging out as he realized the scent was fresh, only an hour old at the most. He tracked it up a narrow winding pathway. He ignored the perilous drop to his left, despite his paws being a slip away from falling off and his right side brushing against the cliff. Having been shot out of a volcano the day he was born, Hot Dog doubted a fall would hurt him.

The scent grew stronger as he climbed higher. Rounding a corner, he found the trail faded after passing an overgrown bush. With a curious hum, he doubled back and pressed a paw into the plant leaves. He pushed through and felt empty space behind it. With a laugh, he forced his way inside. A dark cave stretched before him, tiny rays of light filtering through the bush to illuminate the rocky wall. Looking into the dark opening, he hesitated for a second, before remembering these were only Chompies. With a confident smile, he dashed into the cave, his fiery tail lighting the way.

The passage soon opened up into a circular cavern. A large emerald crystal formation hung from the ceiling, casting a green glow through the chamber. Three Chompy Pods sat in the center of the room. A dozen Chompies milled about the cavern, thinking whatever they thought when they weren't trying to bite something.

Though his throat still hurt from the backfire earlier, he smiled at the thought of burning these Chompies up. He charged into the cave, barking to announce his presence. The monsters yelped in surprise as he erupted into the room, a wall of fire consuming those unfortunate enough to be near the entrance. Hot Dog leapt over the burning Chompies and landed amongst the rest, lashing out with his tail. Most shied away from the burning appendage, but one foolish Chompy attempted to bite it. It shrieked as flames filled its mouth and scampered away, fire and smoke billowing from its mouth. A lucky Chompy rammed into Hot Dog's exposed side and shoved him to the floor. He scratched at it with his dull claws, panicking as the swarm rushed towards him. Kicking at the ground, he focused his inner fire and turned into a swirling comet, launching balls of fire around the room. He whizzed across the ground, knocking several of them flying. The comet slid to a stop in a corner clear of monsters and Hot Dog rolled to his feet, surveying the scattered piles of fire burning in his wake. Only a few Chompies remained and those he dispatched with a well-aimed volley of fire balls, aggravating his sore throat in the process.

He coughed. The attack and his terror had drained a good deal of his energy and now his throat felt like dried up lava. *Good thing, Stealth Elf and Slam Bam aren't here. That would be the last thing I need.*

A wet squelch reminded him of the trio of pods. After closing in on them, he unleashed another wave of flame. The two closer plants caught fire and thrashed about as they burnt, before bursting open, spraying their translucent innards everywhere. The goo splashed all over the Skylander, dousing his tail and sizzling against his skin.

"Ew!" he groaned, shaking like a wet dog. The thick substance stuck to his fur. He focused his energy, trying to relight his tail, but the gunk prevented the spark from catching. "Great, this is worse than getting wet."

He'd grown to like swimming after Gill Grunt convinced him to try. His fiery body let him dry off quickly, but this stuff didn't evaporate like water droplets, instead the heat he imitated just hardened the thick goo. The substance seemed to

drain the fire magic from his body, worrying the fire dog. He'd never heard of a pod doing something like this.

As he tried wiping his paws off in the dirt, the remaining Chompy Pod heaved onto its side. The young pups raised his head and jumped when he saw the plant's thorny maw in front of him. Four vines slithered out of its round pink opening, snaking their way toward him.

He tried to spit a fire ball, but his sore throat only managed to produce a small whiff of flame that died a few seconds after leaving his mouth. He tried throwing a wave of fire off his body, but the slime prevented the fire from even starting. The wiggling vines stretched nearer and at last he tried to run. A quick tendril wrapped around his hind leg, yanking hard and dropping Hot Dog onto his belly. He yelped as a second, then third and fourth vine wrapped around his legs. They dragged him back towards the plant as his front paws ineffectively scrabbled for grip in the soft, damp earth.

"Help! Help!" he screamed, his throat aching as he cried.

The vines yanked his feet off the ground. Craning his head, he saw the green ropes retreating back into the pod's opening. His eyes widened and his cries became more desperate.

*It's going to eat me!* he screamed inside his head, hardly able to believe it, even as he felt his paws brush against the plant's gooey maw. Kicking against the vines and leaves accomplished little as his legs slid inside it and his rear soon followed, the pod's tight orifice stretching to take his body in. His paws dug at its insides, dull claws failing to gain a hold on the soft, malleable flesh. As the tight lips slipped over his belly, he felt more tendrils looping around his feet and one prodding under his tail. He continued crying for help, until he felt a sharp shove up his tail hole. With a pitiful whine, tears filled his eyes. He clawed at the pod's leathery outside with his paws, trying to keep his limbs stiff to present some kind of obstacle, but the pod slid around his shoulders with no problem, pushing his paws over his head. The dim light from the cavern faded as the Chompy Pod swallowed his head.

More tendrils joined the insertion ravaging his tail, filling him in an uncomfortable and unnatural way, but as his body slid down the plant's goo-slicked tunnel, his rod stirred from its sheath aroused by the squirming under his tail. The contracting motion the wall made as it swallowed him caused his member to swell faster. He whimpered in a combination of pain, shame, and pleasure.

The sap coating everything ensured he couldn't burn his way out and he wasn't sure he could risk burning up what limited oxygen there might be. The pod squeezing his sides made breathing difficult, though he couldn't tell if the haziness in his head was caused by oxygen deprivation or the sensations gliding over his erection and assailing the inside of his rear.

It might be a combination of the two he realized as the tentacles began pulsating, little bugles working up their length and to his insides. He groaned as a

warm liquid filled him. The young pup didn't have much experience with sex and found the plant's ministrations hard to resist. His frightened mind fought the urge to rub himself against the contracting wall, but the throbbing in his loins overwhelmed him and he fought in the confined space to push harder against the stimulation. The warm wet sensation coaxed incredible feelings from his cock and balls. He regained his senses as his seed spurted into the small space between his belly and the pod's birth track. He whined in disgust as the tendrils dragged his belly over his load and then his chin, smearing him with his own thick cum.

His feet pushed into a larger chamber and Hot Dog feared he'd reached the stomach. The tendrils pulled him farther in, more wrapping around his body as it passed through the opening. A pair of them nuzzled at his spent rod, nudging in a confused and concerned manner, or that's how Hot Dog imagined it. They looped around him and writhed across the whole of his length. He whined as they tended his sensitive flesh. The plant rubbed a cold, wet tip against his head, exciting him for reasons he couldn't explain.

Even as the plant massaged his tired shaft, he still felt the tendrils writhing around his shoulders. His neck slipped into the chamber, the ropey appendages suspending him in place. In an uncharacteristic moment of insight, he guessed the waiting, writhing tentacles' purpose and clamped his mouth shut when his head slipped into their reach. They pawed at his maw, hot and wet, as he resisted the urge to moan even as he hardened inside the vine wrap and another hot load surged into his stuffed tail hole.

With his mouth closed, he sniffed the air inside the chamber. It smelled bitter like the plant's sap, but he detected an understated sweet floral scent.

The tentacles lowered him to the floor, his paws squelching as they touched the warm, squishy surface. It seemed to increase its grip on his limbs, keeping him hogtied, even as he tried to struggle now that his feet had found the ground.

Its limbs pulled on his legs, yanking him into position. With surprising strength, it forced him to kneel down. The tentacles pulled his hard-on downwards and he feared they might rip it off, but they stopped when it pointed straight down. Something lip-like brushed against his tip, he gasped as this kissing appendage enveloped his head and worked its way upwards, while the other tendrils slid back to allow it better access. The thing massaged every inch it enveloped, sending a shudder of pleasure through his body.

He growled, trying to focus his attention on something else. His mind abruptly turned back to the conversation with Stealth Elf and Slam Bam and the way the yeti seemed especially weary of the Chompies, no, maybe not the Chompies, but the pods. His eyes widened. Why hadn't they warned him about this? He felt a fresh surge of hatred for the pair, but he soon forgot them as the growth completely engulfed his rod.

The special tentacle began undulating sensually around his cock, rubbing over every inch of his sensitive skin. Between these gentle messages, it contracted and sucked on him, making his eyes roll back. At the same time, the tendrils buried

in his rear began pushing back and forth, adding to the sensory overload. He forgot to keep his mouth closed, parting his jaws to let his tongue loll out. The pod seized on this momentary lapse and shoved several tendrils down his throat. He gasped and gagged as they filled his mouth, blocking his air. He thrashed in renewed panic before one of the tubes began pumping air to his lungs. The other tendrils massaged his throat. spurts of goop pumped from their tips. The thick ropey strands settled in his stomach, feeling like a heavy meal. His ecstasy-flooded mind failed to grasp the significance of this action at first; instead drunkenly musing how it felt like the pod was fucking him from three directions.

The tendrils continued writhing inside his throat and anus, while the maw around his erection alternated between massaging and sucking on him. His body trembled as an orgasm built. The pod seemed to sense his impending release and increased the pace and forcefulness of its ministrations. Hot Dog growled, determined not to give in to the plant's desires. He grunted as the tube pulled his erection deeper into it, eager to drain him. He poked against a soft wall, feeling a narrow slit. Grunting around the myriad of tentacles stuff in his mouth, he came, spurting his seed into the plant. It pulsed in tune with his spurts, giving him the best climax of his life. He moaned his pleasure around the mouthful of tentacles.

He sighed, slumping in the vines' grip as his peak ended. His eyes closed, ready to pass out, but the mouth-like tentacle resumed teasing his cock. Still hard and sensitive, another glob of cum spurted from his tip, sending a sharp, painful shot through the oversensitive male. The pod ignored his exhausted struggling, working his cock over like a machine. He barely became limp, before its rubbing brought him back to full length. The tentacles pumped more fluid into his body, the traveling bulges pushing erotically against his stuffed walls. The meal pumped into his stomach seemed to be some kind of super sugar as he felt his weary head regaining clarity and his overworked cock didn't ache quite so painfully anymore.

The canine soon sprayed another load into the pod's maw, this orgasm lasted even longer and Hot Dog feared he might not stop cumming. Mercifully, his climax ended, only for the plant to resume its teasing.

*Stop! For the love of Skylanders, stop!* He begged and pleaded over and over in his mind, alternating between begging the fates to save him and demanding their help. He imagined the other Skylanders showing up to rescue him. At this point, he didn't care if Stealth Elf saved him. The chances of them finding the hidden cave entrance were slim. They'd been right all along. If the plant released him, he promised he'd be a better dog from then on.

No rescue came and the plant never ceased its wild squeezing. Hours passed as his belly grew heavy with the pod's slime and he filled the greedy tentacle's belly with spurt after spurt. More sap dripped from the pod's walls, keeping him damp, not that it mattered, his body felt too worn out to produce even the faintest of sparks. He wanted rest desperately and hoped the tentacles might stop whenever he finished an orgasm, but it always continued on despite his wishes. Squeezing, rubbing, and sliding over him in ways like no other creature could, while the

intermittent spurts of fluid provided enough energy to keep Hot Dog from completely tiring out.

At last, the tube slid down his penis, the air inside the plant felt cold against his tired flesh. His hard-on popped up against his belly, free at last. The wet mass pulled out of his tail hole, twisting and writhing even as they left. The tentacles around his legs unwrapped, letting the exhausted Skylander fall to the sticky floor. Hot Dog gasped in the musty air, his throat sorer than before. He tried moving his back legs, his stretched tail hole aching in protest.

A loud gurgle reverberated through the plant, shaking against his body. Torrents of bittersweet sap flooded the chamber. Holding his breath, the exhausted Skylander whimpered. The soft walls closed in on him and he feared it planned to crush him before he could drown. The walls shuddered again, pressing against their limp prisoner. The bile surged upwards, carrying him out with it.

*Spppluurrtrrrtt!*

The Chompy Pod vomited him onto the cavern floor along with a torrent of its slime. He gasped, the air felt freezing against his wet fur, especially compared to the warm pod. He tried to run, but his legs wobbled and refused to support his weight. He flopped to the cavern floor, the bulge in his belly felt uncomfortable against the ground, but he didn't care. He lay there in the dark for some time.

A low rumble within the pod woke him up. Fear lent him strength which he used to crawl away from the plant. He whimpered quietly as his abused penis brushed the ground. He coughed globs of bitter goo up every couple steps and he felt the same liquid leaking out of his rear and down his balls.

Outside, the moon shone overhead, halfway on its journey across the night sky. So the pod had held him for a day at least. He shivered, goose bumps spreading under his fur. A frigid wind blew, swirling around his sensitive tail hole and dangling cock.

With a groan, he found his footing and stumbled along the narrow ledge. His back half swayed, unable to walk straight. Good thing he remembered the trail back to camp, because the Chompy goo's stink overpowered his sensitive nose.

His exhausted muscles yearned for rest, but he couldn't sleep. Not out in the open where the Chompies might find him. He shuddered at the thought. He'd walk into camp, stinking of Chompy sap and his own sweat and semen, but he'd rather deal with Stealth Elf's scorn than a repeat of the last couple hours.

The reassuring glow of the campfire reached him from the cliffs below, lifting his ragged spirits. His stumbling pace quickened. A rock caught his foot, knocking him off balance. He tumbled forward, instinctively curling into a ball for protection. He fell down the mountainside, bouncing over rocks, bushes, and even off some ledges along the way. He whined in pain, his abused throat unable to manage anything louder.

The camp rested near the beginning of the mountain pass, inside a circle of crumbling Arkeyan statues. The tumbling dog crashed into a decapitated stone head, landing on his own head with his limbs spread out against the rock. With a whine, he fell onto his side. The crash produced a lot of noise, alerting the camp's watchman.

"Who's there?" Stealth's voice sounded from nearby. The elf ninja leapt over a fallen stone block, landing in a combat crouch, weapons drawn. Her keen eyes glowed in the darkness. Her fierce stance relaxed as she recognized him.

"Hot Dog? Where were you? We wasted half the night looking for you!" she checked for signs of danger in the woods, before sheathing her weapons and rushing to his side. She laid a hand on his ribcage and recoiled in disgust, a strand of slime dangling from her fingers. "What is this?"

Hot Dog wanted to explain, but the plant's rape, the hobble to the safety, and the tumble had consumed the last of his strength and safe with his comrades, he sunk into the blissful security of sleep at last.

"Hey! Don't pass out, damn it!"

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Hours after Hot Dog's escape, a tired mountain goat climbed its way to the cavern and decided to weather the cold night inside. He pushed through the bush cover, dull, beady eyes examining the wall. The scent trail left by the Skylander's escape confused the goat as he didn't recognize the smell of Chompies or fire dogs. He didn't care for the bitter stink, but it didn't offend enough that he preferred the cold outside.

Entering the large chamber, the goat spotted the last remaining pod. Coming within a body length of the plant, he inhaled and promptly recoiled from the strong smell. He left the plant alone, deeming it too smelly to eat and thinking nothing more of it as he curled up to sleep, in a corner opposite the strange pod.

The pod gurgled and shook, sap spraying from atop it as three newborn Chompies erupted forth. They landed on the cavern floor on the same stubby feet all their kind possessed. Their body shape remained the same, but instead of a light green, their skin shone a fiery red. Pillars of fire crackled around their eye stalks. The newly born Chompies surveyed their domain and spotted the alarmed goat. With a shriek, they charged him.

Though startled, the goat felt determined not to let these little creatures pushed him around. He lowered his horns and charged. As he neared the first Chompy, its body flashed with red light. The little creature exploded as the goat neared it. The blast launched the confused animal backwards, covering its white coat in black soot. It hit the cavern wall and then the ground. The remaining Chompies stopped and stared at the smoking crater where their older brother had just stood. The goat wisely turned and fled the cave, escaping further harm at the stubby hands of Skylands' newest danger; the Enfuego Chompies.