

A Gnoll by the Campfire

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The Sucrase forest was a dense nigh-impenetrable forest, the light unable to pierce through the heavy canopy of foliage overhead. Old ruins were scattered about its depths, artifacts of a time long ago when human and monster-kind alike attempted to tame the forest, but nobody had been stubborn nor powerful enough to succeed. One sole individual was currently traveling through its depths, unaware of any others who might've entered the ancient forest, instead focusing on not being eaten by the inhabitants of the woods.

Kris was cursing himself as he tripped over another root, very nearly knocking himself out as he narrowly avoided hitting his head on a dense old oak. "I hope that whoever planted these trees is spending an eternal afterlife in a hedge maze as penance for all the trouble this forest causes," he spat, glaring at a particularly gnarled tree. Letting out a deep sigh of dissatisfaction, the man sat down on the same root he'd tripped over to pull his boot off. A series of pebbles and weeds fell out along with a couple of creepy crawlies that he attempted to not look at too closely, he really didn't enjoy the idea of sharing any space with poisonous bugs.

Nearby the sound of something large pushing its way through the foliage caused Kris to go silent, eyes wary as his hand drifted towards his sword in preparation of a monster attack. There was a pause in the creature's large gait as it apparently was distracted by something, but soon enough it passed allowing Kris to relax and slump in relief. The forest was dangerous, he'd heard it from several other adventurers, hence the reason that very few of them chose to take any adventures that required them to come this way. Kris himself was still only a bronze rank adventurer, a sword that was still fairly new and unused, and no real armor to speak of. His father had been a noble adventurer, heck there were several pieces of art about Kris' home village that depicted him in gleaming armor along with a beautiful sword and shield.

One of his father's first adventures had been to the Sucrase forest, he'd slain a basilisk within its depths and had returned with a chest full to the brim with gold. It had been that treasure that had allowed him the honor of marrying Kris' mother, or at least, that was what his mother had said. His father had disappeared after going into dragon men territory, to this day he and his mother were uncertain where he'd gone, but before he'd vanished there had been plenty of time for his father to develop a storied life of adventures. So it was Kris' job to continue on the family heritage of heroism, to be a proper knight one day, and perhaps earn himself the renown that his father had.

A howl in the distance caused Kris to wince and blush, sighing as he shook his head, shaking away his momentary distraction. Pulling out a piece of parchment from his bag, he glanced down at it to look at the familiar request he'd taken on. [i]Adventurer wanted: find an ancient relic lost within the Sucrase woods, the item is believed to have been taken by one of the tribes of the forest.[/i] When Kris had inquired as to what tribes there were in the forest, the elder adventurers told him that there were many different sorts. Snake men resided in the eastern woods, werewolves resided in the south, several bands of orcs resided in the west, and finally there were the gnolls of the north. Kris had been assured that the gnolls of the north were by far the least violent, and that if the relic were in that area of the Sucrase woods, it would be the easiest to obtain.

So here he was, in the northern section of the woods, on the lookout for either gnolls or the relics of the woods. Kris had rehearsed talking to the gnolls several times, occasionally propositioning a squirrel for the return of a holy relic. This obviously returned no real conversation back, but it had built up some of his confidence. That being said, Kris had never actually seen a gnoll in reality, he'd only heard stories of the hyena faced creatures, large muscled nomadic people who could be violent if they so desired. The parchment bore a likeness of the relic, a stone carving of a tree sitting within a star, apparently some religious symbol that had been lost to time. "Hope it's actually here, I don't know if I want to deal with werewolves," he muttered, thinking about the infectious bite of the creatures.

Glancing towards the dark bramble that loomed overhead, Kris could tell that it would soon be dark if he didn't start preparing a fire for the night. Clambering to his feet, the adventurer started to gather twigs and branches in an attempt to find some good kindling for the fire. His stomach growled as he got about the work, alerting him to how long it had been since he'd eaten. All in all, he was finding this adventure to be a rather miserable affair, but he knew that once he'd found the relic he would gain a sizable reward in return. Not only that, but people would likely be impressed by his gumption to brave the forest.

Setting up a campsite for the night, Kris' eyes continually traced across the treeline, expecting to see some kind of monster at any moment. He'd been fairly fortunate as of yet to not have run into anything too dangerous, so far the scariest thing he'd seen were a pair of chromatic snakes. Special serpents that always moved in pairs, they used their scintillating colors to entrance people who drew too close to them. Some people were said to be able to beat their entrancing powers, those with a lot of mental fortitude, but it was best to avoid that situation in the first place.

First Kris built up a small fire, trying to avoid making too much smoke or light to avoid any unnecessary confrontation with the local monsters. Next he set up his tent, struggling a little to get it all set up while also keeping a vigilant eye, but it worked out well enough. Finally he reached into his bag to start pulling out some cured meats, he only looked down for a moment, long enough to ascertain his supplies. When the man looked up though, there was a newcomer who hadn't been there before, and hadn't made a noise. A log had been laid on its side by the fire to allow the newcomer to sit, and Kris' heart stopped as he recognized what sat there.

Sitting tall, a staff set off to the side, was a gnoll. He was surprising to see as he had a white fur pelt, one that easily should've caught the adventurer's attention. He had a few black splotches to show that he was indeed a hyena, but he was almost a beacon amongst the dark shadows of the forest. A cape was clasped on onto the gnoll's neck by a small paw shaped metal pin, its silver polished and dazzling to see. "Who are you?!" Kris snapped, dropping his bag and fumbling some pieces of his food to reach for his weapon.

"Peace," the gnoll said, his voice deep and husky, the word was not loud but it carried a sense of command that caused Kris' hand to pause before he pulled the sword out. The gnoll looked towards Kris, his dark green eyes were highlighted by the sparks of the fire. "I am not here to cause any sort of trouble to you, adventurer, I merely noticed your fire in passing. I have been traveling for three nights without much rest, and a warm fire was certainly enticing."

Kris slowly relaxed, remembering how he'd been informed that gnolls normally did not attack, and as far as he could see this gnoll did not carry any weapons. Still, a gnoll's claws could be dangerous, so Kris took a place on the opposite side of the fire, rolling a log over himself to sit upon. "I think it would've been polite to ask for permission," he said warily, sitting down slowly, careful to make sure that his sword was still free should he need it.

The gnoll smiled, revealing his sharp fanged mouth, but the smile still carried some warmth... though it still acted as a reminder of the danger of beastmen. "I apologize, I suppose it would be rude amongst your kind to take a seat at a fire without permission. We gnolls often take our place at the fire without need for bidding, often it is a welcome place open to all. As repayment, let me first offer you my name. I am Luthric, shaman of the Talon Rock Clan. To soothe the social blunder I have made, allow me to offer you food."

The gnoll reached to his side and pulled a pouch off, tossing it across the fire with a quick movement, so fast that Kris almost fumbled the pouch. When he managed to pull the drawstring open though, the human's nose was struck with the amazing scent of smoked

meats. “Oh... t... thank you,” Kris managed, his mouth salivating at the delectable scent. He’d had food for travel, but the rations he’d brought along weren’t anything near as delicious as the meat he now held. “My name is Kris Tindall, thank you for the food. I apologize for the outburst, it has been a bit of a tense journey in these woods.”

“Aye, these woods are not meant for humans, there are many dangerous creatures which roam here. What brings you here, Kris the adventurer?” the gnoll asked, his eyes focused on Kris as he chewed on some meat he’d pulled from another pouch. Now that Kris wasn’t on edge, he took a moment to really take in the gnoll’s appearance. He had a pair of metal hoops hanging from his right ear, giving it a slightly lopsided look. Several necklaces hung on his chest, one of which had several talons hanging upon it. The others were a multitude of colored gems, each of them with a different symbol carved into their surface.

Apparently gnolls weren’t ones to be too bashful either, for aside from the accessories that the gnoll wore, he only wore the cape and a loincloth to hide his nether regions. Otherwise his chest was bare to the world, several scars lining his muscled chest, a pair of dark nipples standing out in the bright white fur. Though Luthric claimed that he was a shaman, his physique wouldn’t be out of place as that of a veteran warrior. “I uh...” Kris said, suddenly blushing as he realized he’d been staring without speaking for several moments.

Luthric smiled, as if he were amused by the human’s attention and inability to speak. “I’m here to search for a holy relic,” Kris said finally, drawing the parchment from his bag, unraveling it to show the gnoll the image upon it. “We’ve heard that one of the tribes of the forest has taken it, do you know anything about it?”

The gnoll stroked his chin, gazing at the parchment for a few seconds before shaking his head. “I’m sorry to say that I haven’t, though perhaps another of my tribe might know something of it. I have been away from my tribe for several days now as part of my job as shaman, so I am not aware of the newest things going on amongst them. If you would like, in the morning, I can guide you to them,” Luthric said, smiling at Kris with a disarming pleasantness.

“That would be awfully generous of you,” Kris said, smiling back, though he still couldn’t shake the feeling of wariness about the gnoll. He’d never been around too many beastmen for too long, something about their monstrous nature put him on edge. There were beastmen adventurers, he’d seen them in the adventuring guild hall, but even so he couldn’t quite shake the feeling of unease. “Shall we meet up here again in the morning then?” he asked, trying to put his own concern at ease.

“Would it not be more simple for me to stay the night?” Luthric inquired, cocking his head ever slightly, very canine in appearance. “There have been many monsters on the prowl in this area as of late, I would hate for you to come to harm because I left you alone.”

Patting his sword, Kris gave the gnoll a confident smile. “I appreciate the offer, but I do have a way of defending myself. No offense meant but... I’m a little wary of beastmen, I’ve heard stories.” He attempted to soften the words as best as he could, but he wanted to be very clear to the gnoll that he wasn’t fully comfortable around one of his kind. Perhaps not the best philosophy to have with someone who was offering to guide him to their tribe, but the adventurer didn’t want to give Luthric any kind of misunderstanding.

The gnoll was silent for a moment, turning his gaze towards the fire, his expression thoughtful. “Very well, I understand that sentiment, Kris. We gnolls can come across as a brutal people, one that strikes fear into the hearts of those who do not understand the forest as we do.” Kris slowly nodded, relaxing a slight bit as Luthric continued to gaze upon the fire. The gnoll’s gaze soon turned to meet his own, those beautiful green eyes somehow standing out over the bright light of the fire. “I understand your concern, human, but please might I implore you to reconsider?”

While the human’s eyes were focused on the gnolls, Kris didn’t notice that Luthric had taken one of the stones about his neck into one clenched paw. The stone within started to glow a warm orange color, the same hue as the stone itself, the warmth pulsing through the shaman’s body. Luthric’s eyes’ hue took on an orange shade, though that could easily be explained away by the light of the fire. Kris’ mouth went a little slack as he stared into the gnoll’s eyes, his mind suddenly feeling oddly numb, his thoughts becoming hazy as the hyena man’s eyes seemingly bore into his own. “I... I uh...” Kris found everything hard to focus on, he leaned forward towards the warmth of the flames, unable to break from the shaman’s gaze.

“I will keep you safe tonight,” Luthric said, his tone appealing, his eyes never shifting from Kris’ own despite the human’s eyes starting to ache from the prolonged time. “You needn’t be so fearful of me, I mean you no harm, Kris.”

That seemed to make sense to Kris, his earlier prejudices slipping away for the moment, his mind filled with images of the gnoll standing over him protectively from some invisible threat. “Okay...” he said, the word slipping from his mouth felt as sluggish as his mind, “I guess if it’s for one night... that’s alright.”

“Wonderful, that’s very good, Kris.” Luthric’s words stroked Kris’ ego, filling the human with such a pleasant sensation that he accidentally moaned in pleasure at the platitude. The

shaman released the stone, his eyes fading back to their regular hue as he leaned back on the log, smiling with pleasure. “Now that that’s settled, why don’t we eat for the night, Kris?”

Blinking several times, his mind becoming a bit clearer once more, Kris started to nod as he rubbed at his sore eyes. “Yeah, let’s do that. Thanks for volunteering to help keep me safe, Luthric,” the adventurer said, unaware of his own mind being twisted. He barely remembered even declining in the first time, just smiling to himself as he adjusted his stiffened manhood absently.

Luthric purred with pleasure as he sat by the fire with the human, occasionally eying the human’s smaller body, a small frown of displeasure forming there. Gnolls appreciated strength, and though he himself was a shaman, Luthric was almost as large as the warriors of his tribe. He’d always found humans to be rather small for his taste, weak, even the largest of them barely appealed to his tastes. That was fine though, the gnoll had different plans for this human, his quest was a boring quest for some token of the humans’ faith. The god of the gnolls though, he was a being worthy of praise, one of blood, battle, passion and sex. Even just thinking of him caused the gnoll’s sheathe to clench up in excitement, a pant of arousal drawn from him. A human all alone in the forest was a target for the gnolls, barely any humans were aware of the gnolls’ magical abilities, and the blessing that allowed them to spread the gift of fur and fang.

Digging his claws into the log, Luthric shuddered with a rush of arousal before calming himself, he needed to allow the human some time to relax. It wouldn’t do for Kris to get frightened and pull that sword, no, the gnoll needed to separate the human from his only defense. Sitting this close to the fire, the gnoll’s body grew warm and his natural musk grew in intensity, at one point causing Kris to cough mid-conversation. “I’m sorry, you just... have quite a powerful scent,” the human chuckled, feeling a little embarrassed at being so rude.

“We gnolls are proud of our scent,” Luthric said, preening a bit as he pressed his powerful nostrils into the crook of his armpit to take a deep whiff, letting out a long moan of satisfaction a moment later. “When we gnolls meet each other, it is polite to inhale one another’s scent to understand one another better.”

The human looked disgruntled, leaning a little further away from the gnoll, the fire somehow unable to stop his powerful odor. “Well... I suppose that’s nice enough, though that isn’t quite how we do it,” he laughed uncomfortably, Kris had removed his cloak by this point, though he still wore his sword at his side along with his day’s clothes.

“Of course, there is no shame in different ways,” Luthric said, reaching up to stroke one of his other stones. This one was imbued with the magic of relaxation, he allowed the magic to entangle with the musk that filled the air, causing Kris’ eyes to glow a light blue color as he found himself relaxing further despite his own slight tension. “We should soon bed down for the night, the moon is high in the sky, and we should rise early in the morning to meet with the members of the tribe.”

A small smile danced across Kris’ face, unconsciously drawing in a mix of the musk and the magic that resided in it. “Yeah... I guess that’s a good idea,” he said, letting out a yawn as he stood up, slipping his shirt off without giving it much thought, part of the magic at work. “Would you like help with setting up your sleeping space for the night?” he asked, skin glistening slightly from the heat of the fire.

Shaking his head, the gnoll stayed in his spot on the log, waving the human towards his own tent. “Do not fret about me, I shall stay up a little longer. Please, relieve yourself of the days stresses, I will keep us protected with some magics to keep any monsters away.”

The human smiled and nodded, without too much thought he pulled his sword off of his belt, laying it down in a pile with his shirt, and though he was relaxed he didn’t take his pants off out in the open. “Alright then, have a good night’s rest, Luthric. I shall see you in the morning.”

Without another word, Kris went off towards his tent, leaving the gnoll to his own devices out by the dying fire. Once Kris had stepped into his tent and after a moment of rustling as he laid down to rest, Luthric stood to start his own errands before he really got to work. He took the human’s supplies and tossed them into the fire, the sword on the other hand he tossed out far into the woods, smirking as the human’s weapon was gone. Then he got to work constructing magical sigils at the outside perimeter of the campsite, deafening any sounds that might leave and enter the campsite, while also constructing a magical shield to keep any monsters out.

It took the gnoll a few minutes to complete his work, until he finally threw some soil onto the fire to kill it entirely. In the darkness, Luthric’s green eyes could see as clearly as if the light were there, though in shades of gray and white. He walked towards the human’s tent, noting that it was a little small, but he didn’t mind. Kneeling down, he slunk inside, seeing the human laying there, his blanket askew as he snored slightly. Luthric brushed his loincloth aside to reveal his sheathe, his cock starting to peek out as arousing thoughts filled his mind, thoughts of fulfilling his god’s desires, and of course the deed to be done.

Pre glimmered at the top of his canine shaft, dribbling down the side of his red cock, allowing for the shaman to run his finger up the side and collect the liquid there. With a delicate claw, Luthric started to trace it across the human's bare chest, smiling to himself as Kris barely moved, unaware of the start of the perverse ritual. A warmth filled both the gnoll and human as the spell started to bind them together in the ritual, Luthric's own panting growing a bit heavier as he was growing harder by the moment.

Kris only started to awaken as the last of the sigil was drawn upon his skin, the creamy cum starting to darken into a blackened ink, not unlike the ink of a tattoo. "W... what's happening?" Kris mumbled, blinking away sleep, his skin burning hot all over. "Who's there?" he asked, starting to sit up, only to be stopped by the outstretched paw of Luthric.

"Calm yourself, adventurer, it is only me," the gnoll said, but that didn't manage to calm down the growing panic of the human.

"Why are you in my tent? Better yet, what's happening? My skin feels weird, I feel so warm!" The human was starting to panic as the sigil upon his chest started to glow a pulsing green color, not unlike the green of Luthric's eyes.

Brushing a hand over Kris' bared nipples, Luthric grinned as he could almost see the swelling musculature that the human would yet notice. "Calm yourself," he repeated, watching as Kris' mouth opened wide in a silent moan as his nipples were now areas of intense pleasure. "The ritual has started, our god Blartiac has blessed me to perform his holy rite of transformation. You are to be claimed in his great clawed embrace."

"No... no, stop this, I didn't... oh my god..." Kris' words were cut off by an intense swelling of pleasure, his cock growing rock hard as he unconsciously humped up against the loincloth he was wearing, his eyes growing wide as he felt something reach into him. The power of the gnollish god was pulling into him through the sigil drawn upon him, the intense smell of musk and sex filling his nostrils as his nose started to darken, the canine senses of the gnoll strengthening the odor of the gnoll.

Leaning down over the human, Luthric drew his tongue up the side of the human's still bare flesh, fur being left behind, the fur as black as night in comparison to his bright white of snow. "Our god has chosen to make you into a great hunter, one who can blend into the shadows even in the brightest of days." He knew this to be true, the magic burning in his veins as much as it did in Kris. They would be bound together through this magic, Luthric had long desired a mate, and his god had given him a great blessing tonight.

Kris weakly attempted to push up against the gnoll as he felt his tongue dragging over his skin, leaving an odd tingling sensation in its wake as fur sprouted wherever he licked. “I didn’t want this, I didn’t... oh... OH...” His eyes rolled back in a spasm of delight, the gnoll’s licking was growing more and more intense, his pleasure swelling in response. His nipples were tingling, his muscles swelling, his mind being blotted out by the power of the god that overwatched this ritual. His mind was filled with images of gnolls about a fire, dancing, feasting, frothing. The scent of sex was growing heavier as his own balls were swelling, his cock starting to change in shape, becoming more canid.

Memories of the quest were becoming more and more irrelevant, humanity being brushed aside by the passionate frenzy and blaze of a gnoll’s fire. “Yes, bigger, harder,” Luthric growled, his paws exploring the growing musculature of his transforming mate. His heart was beating in time with Kris’, the tent was flooding with the twin scents of their blazing bodies, the human’s own sweat and musk becoming more and more potent, rising to resemble that of the gnoll he was changing into. The human’s black canine nose was soon joined by the growing muzzle of a gnoll, his teeth sharpening and mashing together a few times out of reflex to try out his new canine features.

“It hurts... it feels... so good...” the changing gnoll growled, the pain blending into pleasure with the snapping and popping of his morphing body. His chest swelled with power, back fur blossoming across his pale flesh, his stomach flattening out any human fat before swelling into a powerful six pack. His fingers clenched and grasped as black claws sprouted from the tips of his fingers, his grasp wrapping around the arms of the gnoll over him. He clenched tight, his grasp growing stronger by the second, his body desiring the touch of another male.

Luthric was a little surprised at the sheer grip strength of the changing man, but he then smiled as he leaned down to kiss the new muzzle before him. Kris let out a surprised grunt, but then instinct took over and he started to sloppily kiss back, his longer tongue intertwining with the more practiced tongue of the shaman. The plain brown of the human’s eyes shifted into a more beautiful amber color, in tandem with the new ability to see in dark as Luthric could, the white of the gnoll’s fur burnt bright in his gaze as he pulled the shaman down closer to grind his body up against the other male’s. His senses and desires were flooded with such desire and need, his cock was raging hard, his balls had grown and slipped in close into his new sheathe’s shape, his erection was painfully hard.

“Not yet,” Luthric gasped, pulling back before he could get drawn too far in, “you’re not done yet,” he moaned. The transforming gnoll let out an unintelligible bestial growl, his mind flooded with the gnollish god’s influence causing him to be far more beast than man. Human memories were fast fading under the powerful grip of their god, but Luthric still had his own wits about him, even though his own manhood was distracting him. He slipped out of the vice like grip with some effort, moving down to trace his claws through the gnoll’s pitch black fur, tracing out small spots where white spots started to form. The new gnoll’s fur would be like that of the night sky itself, black with white splotches that would resemble the stars in the sky.

The cracks and pops of the gnoll’s feet could be heard, claws easily rippling through the human’s weak blanket, his massive thighs drawing Luthric’s gaze towards his very enticing manhood. Still, Luthric continued his ministrations, tracing out the gnoll’s new spots, stroking over each part of the new gnoll’s body, and even turning him over despite the transforming man’s growls of protest. This was to allow his new tail to grow in without undue pain, the gnoll whining as the new appendage sprouted, a powerful tail that whipped the shaman in his face.

Despite his own attempts to keep himself on task, Luthric dug his nostrils into the newly furred cheeks of the gnollish ass, taking a whiff of the growing musk. “Yesss...” he growled, his heart pounding heart, his green eyes dilating at the powerful scent of new gnoll. He briefly placed his cock between those cheeks, grinding there, so close to claiming the new virgin ass... but he resisted, his god’s influence still pouring through him, there would be time. He traced the spots upon the gnoll’s back, and finally turned him back around, huffing powerfully as he stared into the new amber eyes of his new convert.

“Our god... has chosen you to become the newest in his pack, tonight I as one of his shamans have been given the honor to grant you your first victory. Claim me, gnoll of the Rock Talon clan, make me into your mate. My scent will be yours forever more in the name of the great god Blartiac, claim me, and claim your new name.” With that, the shaman leaned over, revealing his waiting ass for the other gnoll to claim. His cock was pounding hard, the blood was hot and loud in his ears, and he felt the other gnoll falling over himself to get at that ass.

First the new gnoll plunged his nostrils into his asshole, licking at his rear, lubing it up for what was to come next. The new gnoll’s mind was completely that of a beastman in rut, his god’s influence heavy and hot in his veins, his shaft was rigid, his nipples tingled and burned for the touch of his mate. He yanked the other gnoll’s tail upright out of the way, and he started to pound away with the power and ferocity of a dog in heat. He heard the yelp of pleasure from Luthric, but that didn’t matter to him at that moment, his senses were screaming for him to

claim this ass. So he did, he pounded away, his cock slipping in and out, his cock so hot and hard, he could feel the knot starting to form.

Luthric groaned and writhed under the powerful grip of the other gnoll, so complete was the male's transformation that he had grown stronger than the shaman. His muscles rippled and flexed, no scars there yet, but one day he too would have a scared hide as the shaman did. The gnollish shaman himself was lost in the pleasure as his new mate was, the scent of musk had perfumed the air, and their god's influence had blotted out any sanity that might reside in their heads. Soon the only sounds leaving the tent were the yips and whines of hyenas in rut, their bodies burning hot with the pleasure of the night's engagement.

As the two fucked and rolled about, soon the larger gnoll's knot was stuck in his partner's ass, his panting loud in Luthric's ears, and he came inside of the shaman. Luthric whined and moaned as his insides were splattered with hot seed, his own cock blowing its load over the remains of the human clothing that had been scattered on the ground. They spasmed and nipped at one another, eyes glazed over with lust as they stayed engaged like this for several hours. Though they had cum, it didn't stop there, the power of Blartiac had them cumming again and again, though Luthric was stuck upon his mate's knot.

It wasn't until the sun was rising that Luthric was finally able to pull himself off of the other male's shaft, his ass was raw and dripping with the other gnoll's spunk. The new gnoll blinked a few times, sentience returning to his eyes as the sunlight peeked into the tent. "What... what has... our god... named you?" Luthric panted, his eyes still dilated from the pleasure and the rush of their engagement.

Stretching out, the new gnoll was a massive beast, his fur pitch black save for the speckling of white patches on his new pelt. His orange eyes were intelligent as they stared into Luthric's own eyes, a spark running down the gnoll's back as he recognized his mate in spirit as well as in body. "He has named me Tor, Tor of the Talon Rock clan, mate to Luthric," he growled. His voice was deep, rumbling, it sent shivers up Luthric's body as he imagined kissing the other hyena's mouth again. Standing up proved to be a problem for Tor for a moment as he got tangled up in the human sized tent, but with his claws he easily tore through it, allowing for him to tower over Luthric.

The new gnoll was almost two feet taller than his mate, his black fur seeming to soak in the sunlight as he looked upon the world with his new eyes. He was completely nude, like his partner, their loincloths stripped away in their romp, though Tor's would not fit him any

longer. "Shall we go to the tribe, my mate? It would be good to be introduced to the pack's leader," Tor said, recognizing the new structure of his life, implanted there by the ritual.

Luthric stood, his legs a little shaky from the powerful sex, but with the help of his staff he managed to stand up at his own full height as well. "Yes, we shall go there. The tribe shall celebrate your new place as a hunter, and then I might enjoy myself as well," he said, eying his partner's ass hungrily.

Tor growled in pleasure, holding up his arm to breathe in his own powerful musk, moaning as his sheathe twitched eagerly once more. "Yes, I think you deserve a reward as well, my love." The two gnolls soon departed the campsite, neither looking back as they walked side by side, tails wagging in tandem.