



Tales of Lugarion

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The fall of Lugarion

Randomwolfguy

Ah, so you guys are those fresh adventurers interested in fame and riches, right? Well, I know all about this here place, so buckle up and let me fill you in. You know those stories who take themselves too seriously? The ones that go "This mighty kingdom was once prosperous, until a vile darkness descended on it"? Well, let's bring some levity into it, shall we?

Let's see, the kingdom of Lugarion once shone brightly over the valley. The times were prosperous and the people placated. How times have changed, because whoops, a Wolf-Beast has decided to make his home in the mountain. It would be a shaaaaame if he were to improve the dull lives of the townspeople by turning them into fantastic beasts who weren't shackled by dull things like a feudal system and loyalty to a king they've never even seen. Or clothes, can't be indecent if everyone else around you isn't either!

Of course, our good king ('fair that he is'), didn't even want to think about dealing with these 'miscreants'. So when a Wolf-Beast took residence in a cave at the foot of the valley, he ignored him! That would be the best decision he would ever make in his life.

Now, kings have a veeeery busy schedule. You know, by reaping the benefits of being born into the right family. And hey, if things got out of hand, his army would back him up! Right?Right?

(Ladies and gentlemen, here we learn that he was very wrong)

While the king was busy ignoring his problems, the wolf was turning the local wildlife into much more interesting shapes. Wolves standing on their hindlegs. Cattle becoming burly minotaurs. Birds growing into mighty gryphons. And a lot more was probably going on inside that mountain.

But it didn't just stop there. While the 'beasts' menagerie grew, the Wolf-Beast grew bolder aaaand hornier. He's quite packing, not gonna lie. Slowly but surely, hoodlum sightings became rarer, petty thieves disappeared without a trace, while the mountain rumbled with sheer delight from turned humanoids doing whatever they wanted, as long as they were loyal to the Wolf-Beast.

People praised the king for his policies, surely it was his vision that led to the prosperity of the kingdom! But wouldn't it be hilarious if it was actually the 'monsters' turning problematic people into much more fun shapes who were the cause? And that they've built their own kingdom into the mountain? Hypothetically speaking of course. Praise the king and all that.

If you do this kind of thing, people notice that there are a lot of monsters around. So folks became more and more scared to go outside of the city walls. I don't know about you, but it seems that they have locked themselves in to make themselves an easy target. Was it on purpose? Eh, who knows.

So, the Wolf-Beast just couldn't let such an opportunity slide, you know. He gathered up his pals, and knocked on the city gates. Uh, I mean, knocked them down and raided the village. The king and his loyal men were quickly dragged off to the Wolf-Beast's home. What happened to him? Who knows, he's probably a slime, a kobold, or something else that befits his deeds. And I can bet some fine gold that his loyal subjects turned the tables on him.

Now, if you are turning so many people into much better forms, you might as well take their stuff with you, otherwise it's just going to rot in a vacant kingdom where no one is using them. Now that would be a giant shame.

So... Because the town and castle was only filled with the remaining people, the surrounding kingdoms had to act. And that's where you guys come in! I don't know why you all are here, but I do know you are interested in the Wolf-Beast's domain. There's riches, a kingdom to avenge aaaaaand a Wolf-Beast who may or may not transform you into his playtoy.

You are a brave lot, to be honest, I haven't seen anyone come out of there alive. I don't know if that's because they died, wanted to stay there, or aren't themselves anymore. But hey, I'm just your average guild quest giver, not the type who goes into a dungeon, risking life and limb for whatever you want to accomplish.

The Apothecary

MacDaRacc

You stared at your ale, the fine drink bubbling and foaming, before pressing your lips against the glass and taking a sip. The constant chatter around the room only encouraged you to leave a gold piece on the table before heading out; you needed time to process everything. Not only given a quest to slay the dragon ravaging the local kingdom of the Lugarion, but the mercs with you through thick and thin also abandoned you, their last words echoing through your head before leaving the tavern:

"There's no way we can kill a dragon!"

"We might as well throw ourselves into the sea!"

"I prefer my life over any wealth!"

"Of course, slaying a dragon will be difficult, but that's why we prepare for the worst and defend our homes in a crisis like these... right?" You mutter to yourself as you step outside the tavern, the chill of dusk biting through your scarred skin. You needed to devise a plan and needed to do it fast.

Surely other mercs can help me... No, no one in their right mind will help...

Sneaking up on the dragon... How am I supposed to do that? They would smell me approaching before I even step foot on the mountain.

Perhaps the apothecary has something in store? They tend to have unique potions to help in even the most complex cases. That's why they are still around... right?

Your mind fixates on searching on the remedy through whatever tonic they have in store. You approach the sign rattling against the biting winds. The door creaks open to your touch, the lit candles gently blowing from the outside breeze.

"Hello, is the shop still open?" you ask out loud, hoping for a response. "One moment!! Finishing up a little project back here, then I will be right with you!" You hear someone yell in the backrooms. You shrug and sit in a chair by the candlelight as you hear all sorts of glass clinking in the background. Hopefully, this isn't a choice you'll come to regret.

The glass shatters, followed by curses and even more clinking, continued for what felt like an hour before they finally appeared at the counter, smoke slightly yet notably emerging from the backroom. "Apologies for the delay, chap! Now, what can I help you with?" You rise from your seat and approach the counter. "Greetings. I have been

tasked with slaying the dragon, but my allies have abandoned the quest, leaving only me. I am hoping that you have something to aid in my qu-

"A DRAGON SLAYING QUEST? Goodness me, that is quite a daunting task for a lonesome one such as you!" They paused momentarily, the crusted skin from their hand rubbing from all the alchemical reagents staining and hardening their once soft texture, rubbing their chin. "Hmm... you know, I think I have just the potion for you, my good sir! I've heard the best way to slay them is with a good stab to the head. Not from underneath, but from above! And with that in mind, you'll need to bolster your physique even more. Give you the proper agility... the strength to plunge that sword... the-" they continued before walking off into the backroom to grab whatever it was, their voice slowly becoming muffled in the background. You only stared, words taken away from your mouth. There IS a potion to help me with my quest?!

Your moment of thought is quickly interrupted by the apothecary emerging from the backroom, the potion fizzing viciously.

"Drink this, and without a doubt, you should be able to slay the dragon as long as you play your cards correctly!"

You stare at the brew, reluctance showing for a second before nodding and handing the apothecary ten gold pieces for the potion. They grin at the sight of a successful business. "You may want to drink now before your journey! Bolstering potions like these take a loooooong time to take effect!"

You shrug, grabbing the bottle and chugging the... the FOUL liquid, almost spitting out the contents but managing to swallow it, tears forming from your eyes. "Sorry about the taste. Should have advised that the ingredients make the taste a bit... potent," you hear before standing back up, gripping your stomach that is now consuming and digesting the potion. "T-thank you... I shall be on my way now." you stutter before hearing, "Best of luck on slaying the dragon!!!"

After sitting on a nearby bench to regain composure, you stand up and continue your walk toward the mountain where the dragon resides. Not long after rising from your seat, your stomach immediately begins to writhe in pain. It no longer feels cold; you're even sweating from the intensity. You collapse onto the ground, your whole body searing in pain. W-what did they g-give me??! You can't risk gaining unwanted attention, so you withhold all your screams from the excruciating pain.

With minutes feeling like hours, you think the writhing begins to cease. You gather enough bearings to crawl to a nearby bench and lay on the wooden seat. Why does this bench have to be so uncomfortable to my back? You groan to yourself. It feels as if there are two bulges your back is always resting on- *SHRRRRRRIPPP* You cannot even mutter a response, let alone a single emotion aside from shock. Your back feels more exposed to the elements; instead of feeling the source of the tear, you are greeted by two large appendages sourced directly from your back. A moment of panic fills you as you limp towards the nearby lamppost, seeing your shadow with a pair of massive wings.

There isn't enough time to express an emotion before your chaps stretch and tear. You feel something expanding as the fabric starts giving way. You drop to your knees, whimpering as you hear a faint *tearrrrr* until your chaps RRRRIP open, revealing another appendage: a tail.

This HAS to be a nightmare; this can't be real, you say out loud. Horrified, you brush your hand on the tail, your heart rate spiking when you feel scales responding to your touch. But not just any scales: your scales. And more importantly, your tail. You try to stand up, but your legs feel unable, not from the tail immobilizing you, but from your legs.

Searing pain surges throughout your feet, making the boots feel beyond uncomfortable. You try to take them off to mitigate the pain but to no success. They're swelling larger than usual and cannot be taken out. The boots swell... expand... and show protruding four points where the toes are located. You bury your mouth into your sleeve and scream as the swelling becomes unbearable, clenching your teeth... or your fangs? You brush your tongue against razor-sharp teeth, more than fit to easily tear apart any prey.

Your tongue feels clumped in your mouth, extending out of your mouth as an abnormally long appendage with a forked tip. The pain, it's becoming too m-

TEARRRR

CRRRRRK

What was expected as a scream turned into a roar of a beast. You gasp and put both of your changing hands to mask your mouth, the tongue brushing against both scaly, clawed hands. There is no shame, no embarrassment, only... arousal? It felt... so good using your tongue on your limbs. You look down at your fee- paws that have destroyed your boots, and a new desire grows in your scrambling mind. Clean. Lick.

With a questionable growl, you raise a paw to your face, your long tongue extending and wrapping around your claws. Taste good. Clean more. Polish. Yes... it feels right. It feels natural. With one last lash of the tongue across the scaly sole, you place your paw down and raise the other paw to do the same cleaning technique. You huff into your damp paw as your mouth and nose push outwards, extending a nice, elongated muzzle.

You give your paw one last lick before standing up, sniffing the air with your heightened senses. You smell... meat... prey... another dragon nearby... Another dragon... in MY territory... You rumble a growl, your eyes blinking into clearer vision, and life feels simpler after each blink. Soon enough, you emit a RRRROARRR heard throughout the nearby village, flapping your wings. There cannot be another dragon. This is MY LAND! I OWN ALL WITHIN. MINE!

The Apothecary walks outside to where the commotion occurred. Rags of clothing, reeking of saliva, and the pack you left behind were all that remained next to the bench. He grabs all the scrapped clothing and places it into the bag, picking it up and grunting as the pack swings to his back. "Sounded like an intense change... but that's in the past. I'm sure you'll succeed in that quest and enjoy that 'small' side effect. Dragon slaying does make quite the profit, after all," he chuckled to himself, walking back to the shop and grinning as one last pair of roars was heard from the distance through the remainder of the silent night.

Reshaping

RiggedReded

Splech... Clang!

You grip your Iron blade with ferocious tenacity as you face the beast before you. It's unlike any other you've faced or slain rather. Its buff Wolf-Beast-like shape bears much resemblance to the various foes and the main threat that's consumed the Kingdom of Lugarion but ... at the same time, the creature appears entirely amorphous... Each step it takes, leaving trails of rubbery goo. Each swipe and attack spreads more of itself against the walls and ceiling of the very tunnel you're fighting in. Gooping with each splat and squeak.

You've been tasked with scouring these tunnels for survivors by the neighboring kingdoms in hopes to glean a weakness in this ever looming foe of Lugarion, but the longer you scour... the less optimistic you become. It's been days now since you've seen the light of day defeating foes and rescuing civilians in these tunnels, and with each passing encounter, the enemies fought appear to only become stronger and stronger... Swing- Splglat!

As you cut another glob of goo in half hurled right at you, you take a step back huffing with exhaustion... You can't keep pressing on like this... You can feel your past battles slowly catching up to you. As the fight starts to grow dire, your eyes start to dart left and right looking for a way out. Maybe you can escape to live another day. But in that split second of decision making, your foe lunges. Before you even have time to react, the Gooley Wolf-Beast takes full advantage of the situation, launching an assault of tendrils with a single hand, pushing and slamming you against the wall, knocking the breath out of you.

As the tendrils retract, you land on your feet, though immediately, your legs giving way causing you to fall on the ground groaning from the direct strike... *So this is the end...* You think to yourself, trying with every ounce of energy left to get up but to no avail. *This is how I go out...*

The creature looms closer, practically hovering over your defeated body. The stench of rubber and latex becoming ever so unavoidably apparent from how close he's become. Closing your eyes, you start to fear the worst...

Instead, you're caught off guard as the creature motions with a single hand causing rubbery tendrils to emerge from loose goop on the ground. The goo starts to group together underneath you, wrapping around you tightly yet somehow still snug, dare even say... comfortable... lifting you face to face. Wolf-Beast grins, at the sight of you. His gooley luster drips and reforms with each passing moment.

Unable to tear your own eyes away, you stare at the creature who felled you in combat. His confident demeanor is ever so apparent, with not even a scratch or wound on him... it's as if you barely stood a chance against him.

Breaking the silence, the wolf beast chuckles: "You put up quite the fight adventurer. Far better than the others who've reached this point heh. Very impressive you've made it here all on your own." The creature lifts your chin with a single claw as it takes a closer look at you. Being so close, you can't seem to tear your eyes away from him. That latex scent only making you lock eyes with it more as you let out an uncontrollable huff. You just want to keep staring... keep gazing into the gooey creature before you in all his might.

"Y-you...you talk?" You sputter out, blushing unknowingly, seeing the Wolf-Beasts's massive gooey biceps pulse and drip, his body letting out light squeaks with each subtle movement. You start to notice that the tendrils around you have been slowly taking off your armor... bits and pieces melting or dropping onto the ground, eaten up by the ever growing puddles of goo beneath you. Not that you can do anything about that of course, trapped as you are.

"Hehe..I do..." The Wolf-Beast chuckles as more tendrils snake up around you, slowly doffing more and more pieces of your clothing, leaving you practically nude against their caress. "And soon enough... you won't~"

You start to feel more and more of those tendrils glide and caress against your fur... ever so cold to the touch, yet...it warms up nicely after a moment...feeling ever so snug... as if you just want to be coat-

NO!

That's one of the creature's tricks! You won't give in just like that. Maybe there's an escape. There has to be an escape- *Sqrrreeaaak~*

Hnnngggph-

You let out a moan as you feel one of the tendrils wrap around your crotch giving it a loooooong stroke. You start to notice that the rubbery appendages have started to layer themselves against your body... wrapping around more and more... squeezing... melting... sticking to you with each grind...

"W-What- are you- AAMMpphhgg" You exhale as you feel your rear penetrated, a phallic object squeezed deep within your backside, filling it completely, as a wave of euphoria erupts from your within, your cock throbbing as it gets sealed in a tightly packed shiny nudge, the tendrils upon your body also having completely merged together becoming a thick rubbery toy drone suit.

SqrrrrkkkCreeaaaak~

“Gffff...What’re you doing to me? Hffff...” You gasp out letting a moan escape, instinctively humping the air, already needing to cum, that tight rubbery bliss hugging each part of your body, squeezing lovingly, pulsing throughout, leaving none to thought as you continue to be suspended by further tendrils.

“After putting up such a fight... I think it’d be befitting that you receive ample rewards for such a display~” The creature grins, cupping your nudge, and giving it a squeeze
Crrrreaaaak

You blush, buckle and hump into his paw, your body shuddering with a rising need, letting out a whimper of submission. It’s so much, it’s too much... you can’t focus... not like this... each struggle in your confines, your body squeaks and creaks to the bends of the suit accordingly, creases forming with each strain, rubbing against yourself jolting further sensations across your body.

“We both know just how much you want this~” The creature mocks as the thick rubber-infused air permeates its way through to your words and thoughts. Each second that passes feels longer and longer.

Each throb and squeeze, grueling minutes of pure bliss...

You start to feel the suit tighten and shift once more... a hood forming around you as a mass of rubber groups up right in front of your head forming a perfectly shaped front end of a hood. Its invitation, with its side tendrils inching closer, grasping at the air in front of you, waiting to complete you. The tip of the large phallic rubber gag brushing against your lips getting closer as you see the inside of the mask... As completely featureless, and blank as the outside.

“N-No- You wouldn’t-” You say weakly

before *Sqrrrrrk-SNAP!*

“MMMPHGG!!”

Your soft cries are cut short and silenced, as the hood forces itself forward, taking advantage of the open maw, sliding itself right, the hood now complete, melding itself perfectly with the rest of your body. Not a single zipper... seam... or tear... But that’s the least of your concerns. The large rubber cock thrusts deep into your maw, a bulge forming at your throat as your vision becomes reduced to darkness. Your senses are suffocated by rubber, yet you can still breathe... only barely. Only able to huff through your nose, taking in that intoxicating rubbery air scent with each breathe

“Mmmpphh-MMMMNPFGHH!!” You let out another muffled moan as the sensations of the suit start to increase. Your nudge starts to buzz and throb in your captor’s paw. Everything is on fire, everything feels too good. You don’t even know where to begin, where to end with the attacks upon your body... Can you even call them attacks?

You squirm once more, not in retaliation, but in need. Lost lost in a perpetual void of euphoric bliss, huffing that rubber-scent, your mind losing itself bit by bit to the constant squeaks and creaks

Sqrreaaakkcrrrrk

“Mmmpphhhk~” You let out yet another audible muffled moan as you continue to squirm and hump, feeling that rise... that need to cum over anything else.

But it never arrives... that need always growing... your desperation ever so increasing.

Sqrrrrk CRRRRRRK- “MMMPHHGGGPHH”

To the amusement of your captor... you continue to thrust and hump, reaching an impossible goal.

“And now the finishing touches~” The Wolf-Beast says as he lets go of your nudge, that squeezing sensation however still lingering with each pulse, if not having become stronger further fueling your squirms of bliss.

You start to hear thoughts enter your mind... suggestions... orders... rules...

Toy obeys its master
Toy serves its master
Toy gets used by its master
Toy spreads for its master
Toy is an obedient toy.
Toy is a good toy,

A mantra...

At first, the lines start rather small, barely audible... but soon enough, you find yourself repeating it over and over. Your suit rewarding your body with further euphoric pulses for each successful set.

CrrreaaakkkSQRREAAAK~

“MMmmMMpHHGgg...MmmmmMMPH...mmmmphhh” You let out once more, becoming use to that cock gag jammed deep in your maw with each passing minute, each whimper weaker than the last as you give yourself in to your master, mantra by mantra.. You want to serve... you NEED to serve. You need to obey...

Toy obeys its master
Toy serves its master
Toy gets used
by its master
Toy spreads for
its master Toy is
an obedient toy.
Toy is a good
toy

SqueakSqrrrk~

You shudder again, your nudge throbbing and buzzing in reward as you finish yet another set...
You start to feel the Wolf-Beast carry your squirming body along, deeper into the cave. Each step, you feel your master's resolve press further against your mind... what you were no longer mattered. An adventurer to many no longer... none of that mattered anymore... just your master... and the mantra...

Toy obeys its master
Toy serves its master
Toy gets used by its master
Toy spreads for its master
Toy is an obedient toy.
Toy is a good toy

Seconds pass... minutes... hours... How long has it been now? you've lost track at this point... but you don't care. You're right where you're supposed to be.

Kobolstering

Renyard2001

To most, gold stripping was a dirty job, one for the thugs and low lives, involving delving into dungeons and overrun villages and looting every bit of treasure to turn a profit. Most of the time, the rewards were meagre and barely enough to live on. For Corrin, however, he made it like a king. The rogue had no qualms about diving into some ancient tomb or deadly dungeon, looting the surprising gold-laden urns, and flipping a large profit. It was easy. He had no party members to split the riches with, and no guild fees to pay.

Lugarion of course, was a whole different story.

Corrin heard about the fall of the kingdom through various innkeepers and adventurers who ventured into the valley, returning with grand tales on beast men and an ever-growing army of bestial fiends. Hah! What a load of crap! The rogue knew of werewolves and no way they could overrun a fortified city. It had to be bandits! More likely, a rival kingdom!

Still, the thought of a ruined kingdom caused a draconic grin to grow. All that gold for the taking. Oh yes! There's no way he could miss an opportunity like this! Unfortunately, once he saw the state of the city...

"W-was that a werewolf?" A half-foot spat out.

"Yep," Corrin replied, his face screwing up as he downed a viscous health potion. "Damn, that tasted like shit."

"Was he...it. Was it-"

"Yes, they were fucking!" Corrin interrupted, dropping the now-empty vial on the ground. "Honestly, it looked like that palladin of yours wanted to be fucked by them. Turned into them."

The half-foot blushed at the memory of his party member throwing himself at the great beasts, discarding his blade, and declaring his love for the great beasts. How loving his moans were...

"Seriously?" the rogue pinched the bridge of his nose. "Look, if you want to join in the monster fucking, go ahead. Just leave me out of it."

With that, Corrin took down the street. He didn't need deadweight trailing behind him. He also didn't need to hear the additional moans joining in the sounds of rutting in the nearby bakery.

Right, the rogue was on a mission. Judging by the surprising amount of monsters and how intact the buildings are, it told Corrin three things.

One: Somehow a wizard, or a dark god, or something else overtook the kingdom. Corrin was wrong about the tales being exaggerated.

Two: An unprecedented attack meant the barons didn't have time to flee, leaving their wealth ready to be plucked from the tree of opportunity.

Three: People weren't killed. Plenty of shredded clothes and spots of blood, but there weren't any bodies. This didn't sit well in Corrin's gut. "Right, right." The rogue murmured to himself, his eyes darting at the empty homes and stores around him. "No need to be scared." He just had to pretend it was a ghost town. Not like he'll be jumped and taken by the Dragonborn. "Find the biggest estate. Break in. Sweep it clean. Easy enough."

Turns out that finding an estate was the easy part. Corrin stared at the immaculate stonework and slate roof of the manor. Compared to the surrounding buildings, it stuck out akin to a bard in a farmhouse. All ugly, flaunting wealth like a badge. Ripe for the picking. Getting in was even easier.

The door was unlocked.

Every instinct told Corrin this would be a trap, but he felt this was the right building to delve into. He wouldn't be long. The door creaked open, and everything looked normal. Abandoned? Yes, but it looked like the previous owner went on retreat. Okay. This would be simple.

Corrin had to be methodical, starting with the bedroom upstairs where most of the wealth would be. Mainly, jewels and gems that were aplenty. Fine threads were difficult to shift, so they were left behind. From there, the rogue went through every room, picking them clean. The study was interesting, not because of the gold that was just lying in the safe, but because of the torn robes that were a heap on the ground. They looked like something bulged and ripped out of them. What could cause this?

The clattering of metal ripped the thought out of Corrin's mind.

"Fuck!" instinctually, Corrin drew his dagger. He had to leave. Now.

Blade in one hand, a sack of coin in the other, the rogue crept down the stairs towards the exit. He didn't need to investigate the noise. Just get out. He's got his haul, enough to holiday for months on end. There was no need to question what that noise was.

There was a pot scuttling in front of the stairs.

"What?" Corrin lowered his dagger. Fuck. Looked like a cat or something got trapped during the chaos. He reached for the pot and –

"Yipp!"

A kobold! Not dangerous at all! Corrin sheathed his dagger and chuckled to himself. These little critters only lived to serve larger dragons, mainly cleaning and pampering.

"Hey lil guy, you hurry along. I'm going to go."

The kobold tilted his head, orange scales glowing in the darkened corridor. The small draconian was staring at Corrin. No, at the sack of riches.

"Want more gold?" The kobold asked, in an accent the rogue couldn't place.

"You...you can speak?"

"Yip!"

Corrin was taken aback. He knew kobolds were intelligent, but speech wasn't something he'd heard of. Still, it looked like the little critter was grateful and wanted to reward him. Hmm. It felt greedy, but why not?

The kobold waved a scaled paw, beckoning Corrin through the kitchen and down into the wine cellar. At least, Corrin thought it was. A rich baron like this would probably have a wine store. A very dark one. Biting his lip, the rogue lit a nearby oil lantern, bathing the stone stairs in a dull orange.

"So, where did you come from?"

"The cave," the kobold hissed.

Corrin rolled his eyes. "I mean, you don't exactly see a lot of your kind in the city."

The kobold swayed his tail low, clattering into a wine bottle, ringing out and making both cringe.

"I'm building a hoard."

Corrin quirked an eyebrow, before inspecting the wine bottles. "A gold hoard? You're looking for a dragon?"

"Yip!"

Makes sense, Corrin mused, uncorking the wine and taking a swig. The liquid was bitter, making him spit it out. That was a mistake. He remembered that kobolds were

sociable, usually in large groups with a dragon in charge. As an alpha. So, seeing a draconian looking for a new leader wasn't too odd.

The two stopped at a safe that was tucked away in a corner. The once secured door was hanging off the edges; claw marks entrenched deep into the iron. The small kobold clamoured to all fours, rummaging in the safe with his tail staking in the air. Metal scraped against metal, and the critter came out with a silver necklace in his maw.

Silence fell between them as Corrin gingerly took the necklace and studied it. The thick silver chain was heavy with a skull made of that shining silver. It was an animal of some sort, a horse maybe? No. A dragon!

"Wear it!"

The rouge's eye twitched. It felt like a trap, like some horrible curse was going to be inflicted on him. Besides, it was so gaudy! But there was something in the kobold's eye that gave him pause. Anticipation? Hunger? Was this a test of some kind? All Corrin knew was he wasn't leaving without wearing it.

Fine.

Corrin made sure to make a big show of putting it on. He couldn't help but admit the kobold looked a bit cute, shuffling his small paws in joy.

"It's amazing! Thank you!" Corrin said through a strained smile. "It's very generous of you. Uh. Good luck accumulating your hoard for your...your..."

Something was...wrong...

The room spun, spun, spun, and Corrin felt his stomach churn. Focusing on anything was impossible. When he managed to, his vision split and swam around. What was happening? He needed to sit down. Corrin slid down the wall, letting out a shaky breath. He was okay.

Right?

The kobold padded up to Corrin, patting a cold paw on the rogue's shoulder. It was unspoken, kind even, but it made Corrin realise how uncomfortably warm it was. Was he ill? Infected? Were his humours unbalanced? Some thought bubbled up about this sudden illness coming on when he wore the amulet, but that couldn't be it. Right? No, the kobold was just grateful for helping him. Besides, it's too hot to think.

"Sorry, I'm...I'm needing to cool down," Corrin slowly stated, as his chest tightened, causing more heat to seep out. He pulled on his tunic, slowly peeling it off. Part of him should've cared that he was stripping in front of a kobold, but he didn't. He could've sworn the kobold was grinning at the site.

"It's okay Sssir," The small draconian hissed out before grabbing onto Corrin's left boot and tugging it off. "Let's get you out of there."

That should be a massive red flag. Something Corrin should be concerned about, but it felt nice having the little kobold help him strip. By the time Corrin's tunic was off, the kobold made short work of the boots and was tugging on the rogue's belt. The cool basement air was refreshing, and it seemed that the little monster wasn't afraid of the sight of bare skin. He was still too warm.

"Fuck it," Corrin shooed the kobold's paws away, unbuckling the belt and pulling his pants down, leaving him alone in his underwear. Ah, so much better. The rogue watched the kobold fold his clothes up in a neat pile, nearly losing his balance as he did so.

"Is this what you treat your dragon like?" Corrin asked, rubbing his cheeks. They felt rougher than usual.

"Sort of," The kobold replied, sitting next to the rogue, cool scales brushing against skin. "I miss caring for her. Pampering her. Taking her stress away so she can be a good alpha."

Corrin nods. It sounded nice. "That's all? You fed her, cleaned up and made sure she didn't have to worry?"

"Well, we also made sure to satisfy her needs too." The kobold hissed out. "If desired, I can treat you like you're an alpha until you feel better. Satisfy your needs~."

The rogue didn't say anything as the kobold rubbed a paw on his chest. It was cool, soothing the skin that felt rougher, scale-like. He was offered sex by a kobold. Oh gods! He should have said no, but the little critter felt so nice. And he deserved some pampering like a dragon.

It was impossible to hide how excited that thought made him, his underwear tenting as fantasies played out in his mind. Teased by paws as they cleaned, worshipped and pleased him. All while he's feeding his pleasure to the kobolds. Letting them take him.

Corrin let a guttural whine out as he felt the kobold take his cock out, wrapping his snake-like tongue around it. Fuck! Some part of him knew it was wrong, but it was so warm. Tight! The kobold sucked the rogue off, and Corrin couldn't help but relax.

The rogue placed a hand between the kobold's horns, bucking his hips. Pleasure fed into the sloppy-yet-rhythmic thrusts. Corrin didn't care about the taboo of it. He needed this! It was impossible to tell how long this went on for. Grunts filled the air as the man was claimed by his lust. Each thrust killed whatever resistance Corrin had built up. Breaking them down. He was helpless to the kobold.

The man whined as the kobold pulled out, grinning.

"Aw, does Sire want to finish?" He taunted, a mischievous grin in his slitted eye.
"You're looking like such a cute dragon for me to please."

"W-what?" Corrin's eyes focused, staring down the kobold between his legs. Blue. His skin – no, his scales were blue! He felt his neck, blunt fingernails sharpening into claws. He wasn't in pain, but he felt himself change. Hot tingling surrounded the man's mouth and he could feel the bone shift. Pushing out. Teeth elongating to fill out the new maw.

He tried to speak but it was difficult to form the words.

"Shhh." The kobold hushed out. "Magic only reveals what's inside. Some part of you loves the idea of having a dragon's hoard to surround you. Having kobolds pamper and serve all your whims."

Corrin let a whine out, his hips uselessly bucking in front of the kobold's face. He could feel a lump growing out the base of his back, elongating, stretching and tapering into a thick draconic tail.

"You know you want this~"

"I-I want this," Corrin stammered out.

"You want to be a big dragon that wants to be pampered."

"I want to be a d-dragon," Corrin repeated. His cock ached with need. He was so desperate! "I want to be pampered."

The kobold grabbed the rock-hard cock in his paw, pumping as he was told the hard truths.

"You don't want to worry about anything. Kobolds take care of you."

He repeats.

"You love pleasing your underlings, letting them pleasure you."

Corrin parrots it back, whining as he bucks his hips.

"I want to cum!" Corrin growls out, his hips slapping against the small paws. "I want to be your dragon!"

The kobold grinned and gave his dragon his reward. His jerking sped up and within a moment, Corrin seized up, his hips throwing forward as his seed squirted out his pointed cock. Roars filled the basement, punctuating the transformation.

A cold shudder crept over Corrin's new scales, relaxing into a heap on the floor. He panted, his tongue feeling awkward in his new maw. Too big. It would take some use getting used to. The dragon tried to push himself up, but the kobold kept a paw on his azure-scaled chest. The message was clear: stay. Corrin couldn't complain. All the fight left him, and he relaxed back down next to the soured wine.

It was comfy here. Warm. He didn't have to worry about anything, his little helper could do the work for him and all he had to do was relax under the kobold's touch. Be a big alpha to be pampered, and let the kobolds take charge...

Lair of the beast

Randomwolfguy

Hurried footsteps sounded through the dank and dark tunnels of the Wolf-Beast's lair. A group of adventurers make a mad dash for a turn in the twisting halls, desperate to shake their pursuers. They were wildly different species, and the classes did not mash well together either. With two druids, an artificer, a bard, and a warlock, they were incredibly susceptible to attacks from monsters holing up under the mountain. But despite all odds, they pressed on to slay the Wolf-Beast and avenge their fallen comrades.

They shared heavy breathing and exchanged cautious looks, but nothing happened. Bing, the red-spectacled black binturong warlock, spoke up first. With every breath he took, he slid lower on the staff he used for support "Did we..." *Huff* "Did we lose them?"

"I... *HUFFFF* I think so. I don't hear any footsteps." A cyan and yellow bipedal dragon named Code answered. He wore light leather armor, which would quickly break away when he would take his much larger quadrupedal wild shape.

"I don't get why you guys are so out of breath. We didn't run that far." A green and yellow dog with a red bowtie remarked. His chipper attitude contrasted the state of the other three.

"Easy for you to say. I'm trained to learn the inner machinations of the mind!" Bing snapped back. "Now running... That's the absolute last resort."

"I don't mind getting all sweaty, but doesn't the atmosphere feel kind of different here?" With relative ease, the innuendo escaped Mazviertel's lips. His lithe cream-colored body with Sylveon tendrils would make him look like a runner, but his mixed Zoroark heritage made him bulkier than it would otherwise.

The others looked up from taking a breath. Before them, the hall did look different. This passageway seemed to be carved with extra care, depicting various lewd acts. All of the images included an enormous wolf... The Wolf-Beast, no doubt.

Ace, the artificer among them, a brown otter in cyan clothes, immediately sped off to the door, which blocked their way. Pouring over the craftsmanship of the red door with golden details. Pushing and pulling didn't make it budge, and words didn't seem to make it move either, but that made him all the more curious, swiftly pulling out multiple tools from his satchel.

"This is either the entrance to the main hall, or..." The Sylvoark's tendrils sensually swayed along his body, matching his thoughts.

"Or?" CornDog, the druid dog, inquired.

"The main bed chamber <3" He couldn't help but wag his little tail in all the excitement. His mind ran wild with all the things that the Wolf-Beast would do to his subjects.

"Heh, leave it to the bard to make it all about love and sex," Bing observed. "I wonder how kinky the motherfucker is." His glasses couldn't contain the glint in his eyes.

"I'll take that compliment," Mazviertel replied with a confident smirk. CornDog ducked away in response. They were getting a bit too much up in his face. Code snickered in turn, the atmosphere being juuuust right for him.

Ace was undisturbed, however. The otter continued going over the heavy-set iron door, prodding it for any weaknesses he could exploit. Measuring creaks and cracks, mentally going over the ways on how to force it open.

Code got bored watching him pull out a weird measuring tape and sticking it to the door. "Weird-ass otters," he muttered to himself. Code turned to the other two: "So guys, what are we going to do? Anyone want to set up? I don't think it's a good idea to run in and yell-"

A loud BANG reverberated through the hall before the dragon could continue. The ensuing shockwave knocked the three off their feet. In the rubble stood a single artificer, with a fist raised in victory: "I blew a charge into your backdoor! What are you going to do about that?!"

"I wanted to say 'Here's your spanking, jackass' but that works too!"

The tunnel rumbled as some rocks bounced off of CornDog's head. "Uh, guys, I don't think this tunnel is stable anymore..."

Ace scoffed: "Please, have some faith in me." The otter knocked on the wall to emphasize his point. "See? Everything is still holding up!" In defiance of his statement, a crack loudly formed, making its way to the ceiling, and made the rumbling roar up again.

The otter froze, but Mazviertel's voice dispelled his daze: "Run!"

"Again? I'll summon a succubus to torture you until the end of time once we get out of this, Ace!"

The group's feet felt lighter than before as their lungs burned in their chest. Ace made it out first, followed by CornDog who got knocked down and helped up by Mazviertel, who told him to watch his back. But poor Bing couldn't keep up. The others yelled words of encouragement as he forced his feet one after another to hurry him out of the hall. He dove through the door, just in time to dodge a boulder coming down. The hallway thundered as the passageway collapsed behind him. The party was now trapped.

With the adrenaline slowly leaving their systems, they finally had the time to drink the atmosphere in, and the first thing that hit them was a pungent musk. Mazviertel quickly covered his nose, while Bing called him an amateur. A voice from the chamber cut their bickering short.

"Ugh, I thought I heard some commotion. Did you guys really have to break down the door?"

"Oh, whose handsome voice is that?" Maz wondered.

Up on a throne he sat, the Wolf-Beast. Larger than any tale could describe him, stretching his legs leisurely, while his ears brushed the ceiling. All over him, wolves were clambering over each other to reach his dick. They could handle at least three adventurers each, but they paled in comparison to the beast they were so eager to please.

"I guess a punishment is in order..." With a wave of his paw, the enormous wolf dismissed his servants. They slunk into the shadows, ready to strike at a moment's notice.

"You don't have to worry about that after we're done with you!"

"Interesting, because I'm not going to lift a finger," the beast replied with a smirk.

"And why are you telling us?" Code asked

"Because you'll be the first."

Betrayal flashed across Maz' face "Wait, it isn't going to be me first? Come on, I'm pining for your attention!"

"Look, it isn't as fun if people don't fight back. But don't worry, your turn will come."

"I won't let you get to them, I called dibs!" His last words boomed through the room as the resolve of his party was bolstered. The motivation was dubious, but the results were there.

Corn and Ace were quick to act. The dog druid conjured up a wall of corn to block the beast's line of sight, while the artificer set up a contraption, ready to intercept the beast if it made any move. Meanwhile, Bing began chanting, preparing for the worst.

Code let himself drop to all fours, digging through his psyche to pull out his much larger and more powerful bestial side. Leather armor snapped, sinew stretched, and bones cracked. Popping resounded in the dragon's growing ears. The musk blanketing the room filled his lungs, making the dick below him engorge with a growing need. The growing power made him groan and roar as his form grew larger and larger.

The Wolf-Beast listened to the transformation with glee, as the draconic roars slowly turned to barks and howls. His fellow adventurers were stunned as silver fur pushed out the brilliant cyan scales cladding his growing body. With each passing second, his physique bulked, making him look more and more out of place between the unchanged adventurers. Any reason left him and an eagerness to join his master grew.

"Come, little pup. You don't need to mingle with them. You can serve under me now." The new wolf couldn't resist the call of his master. The silver werewolf shot a clear path through the corn towards the Wolf-Beast, diving for his throbbing orange tool to please his master.

Bemused, the Wolf-Beast pushed him further in. "Yessss, go ahead, Silver. Get a taste of your reward."

"What did you do to him?!" CornDog demanded.

The Wolf-Beast's eyes shined: "Oh, I let him discover a proper wild shape. One befitting my halls. You can join him if you want to. I can tell that you are eager to do so."

The atmosphere was getting at CornDog, but he still found the comment odd. He didn't feel terribly aroused. Ace up front didn't seem to budge an inch. Looking off to his side, Bing was resuming his chanting, his pace seemingly more frantic, but nothing off in particular.

It was when he looked on over to his other side he noticed that something was amiss. Mazviertel was nowhere to be found. He looked back to his friends, but before he could turn around, something with a distinct point jabbed into his backside.

"You know, I always found you the cutest out of the bunch, but you should really watch your back. Let's have some fun before you squirm under that big brute's paw." Mazviertel grabbed CornDog from behind, but without as much of a thought, the remaining druid conjured a sharp maize stalk in between them, creating distance between the Sylveroark and the druid.

"Cut it out, Mazviertel! This is not like you!"

"What? This is how I've always been. I've been thinking about nothing but having sex with the nearest stud, and I already got blue balled by the big guy over there, so let me have this."

The dog backed away from the crazed bard, but once more, something else bumped into him first. Rising far above him, the Wolf-Beast had made its move. The beast greeted him with a grin which exposed his rows of sharp teeth. With anticipation glowing in his eyes, mouth lolled open. It was over for CornDog

But before the beast could make his move, he was violently yanked down. His mouth kept firmly shut by thick tentacles emerging from a dark pentagram.

"Get away from there Corn! I don't know how long I can hold him there!" a strained Bing shouted.

"But what about Mazviertel?" CornDog yelled.

"For the love of! Ugh, fine! I'll at least *try* to fight him off if you promise me a good fuck afterwards." Only to mutter something off to the side: "It will be a good fuck either way."

The beast was thrashing against the tentacles, trying for a way to get out of the bind. Its silent struggle did not seem to arouse its servants, though. Even the newly indoctrinated Silver was obediently waiting for a command from the sidelines. The remaining adventurers took stock of the odd situation, knowing that the Wolf-Beast could strike at any moment.

"What do we do now?" CornDog inquired.

"Punish him." Mazviertel offered, already in the process of loosening his pants. He quickly pulled them up when his teammates let out a groan.

"Just prepare something big, really big," Bing huffed. "That cost me nearly all of my reserves. It will take a while before I can cast something of such caliber again."

Heavy breathing, which slowly devolved into heavier panting, filled the room. With each passing second, the rhythmic sounds became louder and louder, with the three remaining stragglers preparing themselves for the worst. At the apex of the breathing, creaks and cracks resounded against the walls. Someone, or something slowly crawled on all fours, it was slightly below average height, but with each crunch of bones it seemed to carry itself taller. The sleek silhouette slowly turning more ragged.

The three were prepared for the worst, but they couldn't pinpoint the source. The bound Wolf-Beast laughed at the confusion, as he knew full well what was going on. But who was he to deny their surprise?

Wherever the thing's head was, seemed to be more angular, all sleekness in its form long gone. Ragged breathing circled the three, with each of them nervously keeping their guard up. Still trying to track its position, understanding what they were hearing, with the noise getting louder and louder. The thing looked even larger up close

The raspy breathing turned to growling as two yellow orbs slowly circled in. With each passing moment, it looked wider, stronger, more ferocious. But it had patience, the prowling beast made a game out of its approach. With cyan scraps still clinging to its form, the trio now had to contend with another one of their friends joining the Wolf-Beast's side.

"Ace! Not you too!"

Unlike the others, this one was eager to get some action, as his rod was bobbing in between his legs, trailing cum in a tighter and tighter circle around the three. Relishing in the fear he struck in the hearts of the three.. Space was running out between the group.

"Hey don't step on my toes! Do you want to break my spell?!"

"You're footsyng me!" Mazviertel protested.

"Very funny! I can't move my leg!" Bing answered.

"I think my tail is intertwining with you guys. This is getting all kinds of messy."

"Can't exactly focus on that now, CornDog!"

With a mighty tug, CornDog tried to separate from his bickering companions, but all that happened was him being snapped back with the others. He had to think up a plan, but there was this weird chanting in his head that he couldn't block out. A specific droning that he had heard somewhere before...

"Could you please not think so loud, you dog!"

"That's how I always think!"

"It's distracting right the fuck now! It's like you want to put your dick in one of those werewolves and sing a song of stamina to extend the night into the next day."

"Wait, you guys are thinking what I'm thinking?"

"We don't have time for wordplay right now, bard!"

Ace chuckled at himself. The three bickerers were just too fun to taunt. He didn't even need to make an actual approach. Their defenses were already unraveling before his very eyes. He could just lazily circle them, slowly squeezing them into a tiny circle while reveling in his new form, eager to explore his own body after he would add even more canines to the already sizable pack.

CornDog tried to pull himself away from the others, but the more he tried, the more he got pulled in. Lewd and arcane thoughts were chipping away at his defenses while he was slowly dragged towards the other two. Looking back, he finally understood the gravity of the situation. He was conjoined with Mazviertel and Bing. This only made him thrash more, adding his confusion to the other two's, who weren't aware of their situation yet. Still bickering over them "talking" to each other too loudly.

The canine grew more desperate about the situation. He tugged, he pushed, he pulled, but there was nothing he could do. A small voice in his head, piercing through the chaos of all the others. It told him to give in, to accept the situation and breathe in the sweet, sweet smell. Give in to the enticing aroma clinging to his nostrils. The enticing perfume inviting him to inhale deep and-

"You know, little dog, you should watch your front."

The gaping maw of the Wolf-Beast was blanketing him with sweet fog, and the voice grew louder. CornDog didn't even try to resist. His limbs dropped and the other voices in his head lined up with a single thought.

The smell was heavenly.

The Wolf-Beast chuckled to itself as the three bodies pulled themselves together. He never thought that this would happen, but who was he to not make use of a situation unfolding before him?

CornDog huffed as more and more lewd thoughts poured into him. The perfumed voice was practically shouting at him now, telling him to give in, let that sweet breath blanket him and usher in the sheer bliss of just letting go. But there was an undercurrent that still tried to fight back. Even as his canines crept out of his maw, ready to rend flesh, even as his claws jutted out, eager to hold prey, even as his fur grew shaggier, matching his warping disposition, he was not ready to give in.

The Wolf-Beast recognized this and chuckled to himself. It was always fun to see someone strong-willed trying to put up a fight. And he was eager to play a little with his quarry.

"Aww, is the doggy getting overwhelmed?" the Wolf-Beast teased.

"I... Can't let you win," CornDog replied defiantly.

"But we can both win, you know."

"Nnnnhg, dog, what's going on?" an addled Bing asked.

"I... What is he doing up there? All I can think of is... Fuck!"

"Is it already time for the fucking?"

"Quiet..." CornDog whispered.

"Are you-"

"Quiet runts!"

The other two whimpered at the sudden outburst of the usually soft-spoken dog.

"*Huff* And what are you... *Nggh* Laughing at?"

"I think you're getting hot under the collar. But you're just masking it under your bravado." The Wolf-Beast chuckled.

"What did you just say yo me you bi- RRRRrrraaaahhhh!!"

But before he could finish, a jolt, or three shot through CornDog's shared system, something brushed up against his most sensitive parts. He looked down and realized what it was. Hot, red, and throbbing with all abandon, his dick was fully erect, and the Wolf-Beast had it in his paw. All three of them. His trio of dicks.

CornDog tried to get away, but all his thrashing did was stimulate his-selves even more, and with all the huffing in his ears from the other two, it was no use fighting it. He was a beast caged by his own lust, too addled to understand that the canine in front of him was the source of his agony.

It was a lovely sight for the Wolf-Beast to behold. The trio's heads were now pulled up next to each other, Bing on the left, Mazviertel to the right and CornDog, the defiant one smack dab in the middle. While the middle still put up a fight, the ones to the side were panting, utterly lost in lust. And with every exhale from the two, the head in the middle faltered.

One could still make out the individuals making the cerberus up, but that was soon to change, as their shared body rumbled with loud creaks and cracks announcing their reconfiguring stature. Their frame bulked as more and more muscle mass piled on to the beast, leaving black fur in its wake. Power poured into them, stealing away their rational thinking, making them more and more into a beast.

With that, the left head struck, stealing away the mana reserves from the other heads to conjure tentacles from the other plane to do his bidding. It was so much easier now, with just a mere thought, he could pull them over the threshold. The other two heads knew what was going on, but they were utterly powerless and unwilling to stop it.

The tendrils coiled around their growing legs, accentuating their growth as they made their way towards the shared crotch, pushing out the paw that was grasping the trio of spires as they sought out the tips of the new hellbeast's rod.

"Fuck, rut,, graaaawr!" the left head announced as the tendrils plunged in.

The right head, meanwhile, was whispering sweet things in their mind. An anthem for the lewd acts to come, how they would ravage each and every hole they would come across. That they'd vie for being the one on top. That they'd cry for the dominant spot.

If the middle could've put up any resistance any more, this would be its breaking point. With the whispering assaulting his mind, and the tentacles attacking his flesh, and the delicious growth, wrecking their minds. Even the most pious person would've succumbed within the wink of an eye. But the former dog was long gone, because for all his bluster, he had a darker side that he seldom showed, and with all the goings on, it came to the surface.

"Fuck! Rut! Dominate! Mine! Mine!" The berserk beast was dead set on leaving his mark. Utterly consumed by lust and the much more powerful body. His ragged breathing accentuated by the throbbing of the beast's cock and flexing of his muscles. It all came to a head as all three heads howled in unison and painted the floor in alabaster white as he came. For minutes on end, the cerberus howled in bliss.

No one dared to make a sound as the cerberus stilled. Nobody tried to approach the newly created beast. Except for one.

"Well, aren't you a big boy?" The Wolf-Beast said. Ruffling a large paw in his chest hair, the large Wolf-Beast only got a growl from the middle head in response, but the ones off to the side were in bliss.

"Grrrr, let me..."

The towering wolf stepped in, brushing his fresh cock against the trio of spent rods.

"Let you what? Go?"

A brush. And a twitch from the cerberus.

"Free?"

A sharp inhale from the middle, and uncontrolled panting from off to his sides.

"Release?"

The trio of dicks below stiffened to full at that, with the middle head now giving the Wolf-Beast a look. For all his resistance, he was nothing more than a servant who would give him some fun.

The Wolf-Beast released the cerberus, who let out a whine of longing in response. "Well then. Considering that we've got some new recruits...." The Wolf-Beast sauntered back to his throne and lounged in the grand seat. "I think it's time for every one of you to get a treat."

The room quickly filled with growls and yaps. Pattering and scratching of nails in anticipation. Yips and howls from every beast filled the halls as they signaled the true master under the mountains of Lugarion.

"Go on then." The Wolf-Beast started, and grinned.

"SERVE"