

"Are you sure about this?" Max asked as he watched Vikris drawing runes on the floor of his basement, "I mean it's a nice warhammer but couldn't we pick something more our size?"

Looking over at his blue scaled, white horned kobold friend Vikris grinned, "That's the whole point," Vik patted the haft of the huge war hammer, "If this enchantment is going to work we need to cast it on something bigger than us."

Stepping back Max rubbed his scaled chin then opened his satchel and took out a bundle of herbs, "That thing is taller than us, how did you even get it down here?"

Taking the herbs Vik smiled, his red scales reflecting the candle light, "I cheated and had someone carry it down here for me, now stop worrying."

Max moved back and watched Vikris crumbling the herbs into a brazier, it was one of the alchemist kobolds own mixes, designed to help with ritual magic, concentration and of course make the air smell pleasant.

"So run this idea past me again?" the blue kobold asked, "Just so I get what we're aiming for again?"

Stepping back the red kobold grinned, showing off all his teeth before pulling off his necklace, folding the black metal back into the shape of a short wand. The ruby in the clasp separated and floated gently over the end and Vik used it like a baton to ignite all the candles.

"It's simple," Vik extolled, the red kobold warming to the subject as he bounced from foot to foot, "The enchantment is designed to make the weapon adjust to fit its user,"

"So this stupidly big hammer would shrink to fit my size and weight?"

"Exactly, we can make a killing with an enchantment like this, now stand back and let me cast."

"Ok," Max frowned, "But are you sure you have all this worked out?"

"Yes," Vikris raised his wand and started gesturing with it, the ruby on the end glowed and the brazier fire built, soft green smoke drifting out to caress the runes surrounding the circles, "I spent weeks working on this."

"But, this is a binding right? On the weapon... why did you ask for amaranth and thyme mixed with rosewater?"

Vikris looked across at Max, his amber eyes widening in alarm, his wand hand stilling, "I didn't, I asked for amaranth and timed rosewater, like the good stuff you make with the chrono-dust."

"Oh..." Max turned his head back toward the ritual circle, "Because... that stuff is called Chrono-Rose and... that isn't what I gave you."

"Well fuck..." Vikris raised his wand and tried to cancel the spell but it was too late. The green smoke had encircled the runic circle and was starting to splutter and flare with runaway magic, "I can't stop it, Max..."

Whatever Vikris had been about to say Max didn't hear it, there was just a flash of sparkly light, the world suddenly tasted of cinnamon and sugar and he had a lung full of green smoke. His head was ringing and Max lifted his left hand and waved it back and forth before his eyes, trying to clear the smoke.

Opening his eyes groggily Max looked down to see what was tickling his scales. It was his shorts, or the remains of them, the magic was eating or dissolving the leather and from his bare chest it had eaten his shirt and vest already.

Rolling his shoulders he tried to lift his right arm but it was stuck to something. Struggling into a sitting position Max felt whatever he was stuck to lift with him and as the smoke cleared he realised it was Vikris! The magical explosion had blown them both back against the wall of the basement and as the smoke lifted he could see that his right arm was merging, sinking slowly but surely into Vikris' left arm. His fellow kobold was as naked as him, the tattered remnants of his clothing dissolving to reveal red and maroon scales and their arms stuck together.

Max's blue scales were merging seamlessly to Vik's, skin, scales, bones and muscles sliding together. It made his skin crawl at the way it was merging, he could feel it happening and as he struggled to pull away his shoulder was pulled in against Vik's.

"Vik! Vik wake up!" struggling to pull his body free Max reached over and grabbed one of Vik's horns and tugged on his head, "Wake up!"

Vikris started, letting out a snort before blinking to clear his eyes, "Max... what happened?"

"We're merging into one, stop it!"

Vikris shook his head, eyes dazed and clearly not with it, uncomprehendingly tugging at his left arm and shoulder as the two kobold's sides started to press together. Giving up on Vik for now Max looked around and spotting Vik's wand on the floor nearby tried to stretch out and pick it up. The ruby on the end flared as Max's hands touched the metallic shaft. He felt it scan him and Vikris, the protections built to protect it from other people using it flickered back and forth between Max and Vikris and clearly flipped out as they were registering as one. With a flash of intense ruby light the whole thing shot across the room crashed the support of one of Max's store shelves causing a cascade of shattering pots and jars, alchemical ingredients going everywhere. The wand itself then vanished with a crack of displaced air.

"Oh just great, thanks!" Max shouted after it then yelped as Vikris suddenly pulled against their sticky, melding, fluid bodies.

"Max, what is happening!"

The explosion and crash of collapsing shelves had shocked Vik out of his daze. It was too little too late however, it hurt to try and pull apart and their legs were starting to push together. Max tried to speak but his throat was sliding into Vikris' and he had to tilt his head to try and keep their muzzle's apart. It didn't help that their stomachs were churning, merging, flowing into one another and Max burped as a new feeling lurched up his body.

With a sudden surge the blue and red kobolds found themselves growing, a sudden burst of mass and height that made their shoulders slide up the brick wall they were propped against.

"What's happening!" Vikris shouted, struggling to pull himself away from Max's head, their horns had touched and were grating against each other, refusing to merge and for the moment keeping their heads apart. Nothing else was protected however and Max felt Vik's shoulders sliding into each other, joining their torsos together from the neck down as one solid, swiftly growing kobold body.

Red and Blue scales mixed across their new body in a crazed pattern and as he looked down he saw that their outer legs had assumed the natural position for legs in comparison to their hips. Their inner legs however had merged into one and some peculiar slithering, organic feeling changes where happening down there.



"Now what..." Max demanded but Vikris didn't answer he was busy muttering a spell, fingers on his right arm weaving back and forth. He'd nearly finished when the sudden pressure building beneath their central leg hit them both. Max yipped in alarm, gasping and reaching down and lifted their middle leg. The shocking sensation of Max's clawed paw on their joint appendage threw Vik's concentration and his spell fizzled as the thickening, swelling orb of flesh split into two and hung down.

Muzzle hanging open, slack and drooling Max could only sit there and whine as their joined legs changed. It was shrinking, the foot melding away until only a rounded stump remained and as it shrunk they swelled and other changes wracked their body. Max really couldn't focus on what was going on with their legs however he was too distracted by their groin.

Gently stroking the thickly throbbing length of flesh that emerged seamlessly from their crotch he groaned as the tip slit open and slick clear pre-cum oozed forth. Vikris meanwhile was fondling their new ball sac, his red muzzle hanging as he ran his hand back and forth over the smooth flesh that now contained a physically distinct set of nuts.

"External genitalia is so weird..." Vikris breathed but didn't stop rolling them back and forth in his hand. Max nodded in agreement, his... their left hand stroking down their new length to tease the bulbous knot around the base.



"It's so sensitive... Vik... what's happening to us?"

"We need to undo this before it goes any further, let me just
aaaaahhaaaaahh!"

Max didn't have to ask why Vik was shouting, his head was tilted back and the blue kobold was crying out in unison. Writhing back and forth against the floor they bucked and wiggled, scratching their scaled body against the rough stone floor.

"It itches," Max cried out, squirming back and forth, clawed hands pawing and scratching at their scales as the itching grew worse. Scales started to scatter off their bodies as thick tawny brown fur started to push out of their skin. Max was vaguely aware that their bodies were growing, twisting and transforming further but all he cared about was the itching.

Rubbing their shoulders against the rough wall he sighed in relief as their neck scales flaked off in huge chunks, allowing their thickening necks to spread, merge and grow a thick coating of fur. It felt so good, a relief from the unbearable itch as Max lifted his arm and worried at the scales around the back of his head. They flaked off and fur spread and with a gasp he realised the fur was spreading across his head rapidly as his muzzle twisted.

Tusks grew to fill his new hyenid muzzle, ears where sprouting, thick, round, fuzzy and a massive crest of thicker fur was pushing up along the top of his head and down his spine. With a sickening clack his horns fell, taking Vikris' twisted red horns with them. Without any obstruction keeping them apart the two kobolds transforming heads squished together. Flesh and fur oozed together, their brains met and the world exploded in a sensory overload.

Struggling to their feet he shrugged their shoulders and roared, a deep, guttural snarl as the merging finished, leaving them as one body. Thickly furred, bestial feet and hands with heavily muscled legs, arms shoulders and a pack of abs like they'd never had before. Their new body had a long tail coated in shaggy auburn fur and a mixture of auburn and tawny fur coating the rest of them.

The strangest thing was their thoughts, with only one brain they were mixed together. New instincts and neural structures were trying to adapt to this change. Max couldn't even think by himself, his thoughts and memories were mixed with Vikris'. Panting heavily, tongue hanging out his nose flared, filling with the scent of gnoll which confused him even more.

"Why... Viax naked?" he grumbled, words stumbling over unfamiliar tusks and fangs, "Hmm feels good... naked..."

He rumbled, his hand closing around his rock hard, knotted cock as it bobbed before him. Holding, stroking his shaft with his right hand his left

played with his balls, before stroking down his taint to probe his rump with one thick, clawed finger.



"Yeah... good..." closing his eyes the gnoll stroked harder, smearing pre across the top of his cock. He needed more, the weird thoughts at the back of his mind where shrieking, yapping, squabbling he didn't want to listen, he wanted to cum.

Slurping over his left index hand Viax used the moist digits to probe his arse, slipping his index finger into his tight arse. It felt good and with a deep, happy growl the gnoll pawed himself off faster.

The yapping, panicked sounding thoughts at the back of his mind where fading, smoothing out into one train of thought, his. He was a gnoll, a warrior, his strong body designed for fighting and playing. Yes he had to be a gnoll, he had the body of one and a thick knot that felt great as he squeezed it. There had been some yipping thoughts about magic and spells but they were fading, he had magic but it was all directed inwards as was proper.

Regeneration, strength, supernatural stealth, all good traits for a gnoll. Groaning, tongue hanging out Viax growled and arched his back against the wall. Bracing himself, hefty toes curling he barked and started to cum. Thick jets of sticky seed splashed over the floor and he let his head lol back, drooling at the sheer pleasure that came with spilling his load.

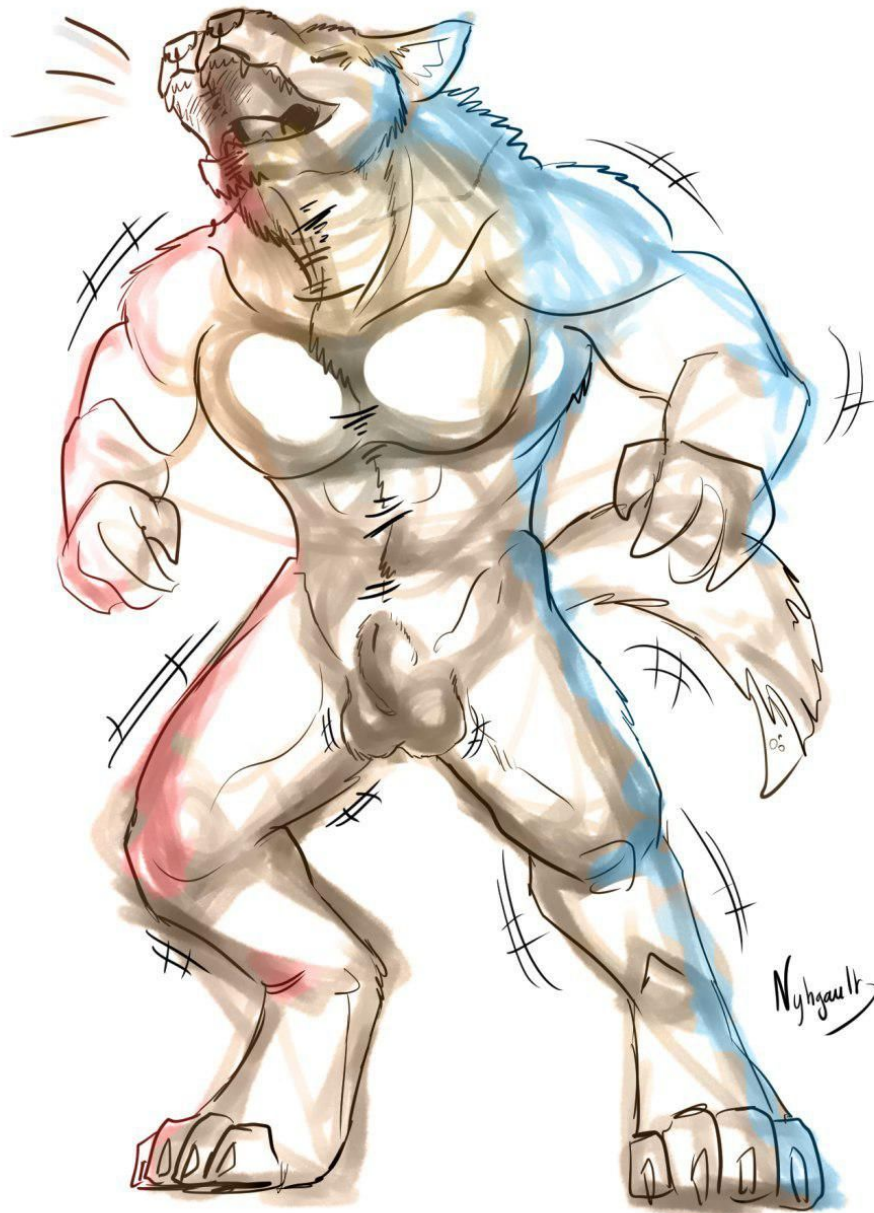
As his orgasm trailed off his head drooped, chin resting on his heaving chest. He felt good, his thoughts were clearing, the air was heavy with his scent and just under it the lingering, fear laden scent of kobolds! Head snapping up, wide awake Viax looked around the room and snorted, the kobolds where nowhere to be seen.

He could remember them though, "Stupid lizards use magic on Viax... gonna find and eat them," looking around the gnoll couldn't see any trace of his clothes but his hammer was still there. Growling he stood up and hit his head on a low hanging beam. Snarling he ducked his head and scuttled across the room. His furred feet scuffed the unintelligible chalk marks forming a circle on the floor as the gnolls hand closed around the handle of his hammer.

Straightening up again he hit his head again and roared slamming his hammer into the offending beam. Wood snapped and with a savage snarl Viax hit it again, the beam split and with a resounding crash glass smashed, floorboards broke and furniture twisted beyond recognition as the shop front above fell into the basement. As the dust settled Viax closed his jaw with a snap, for some reason he'd surprised himself with his own strength.

Standing amidst the rubble he picked a few large splinters out of his mane then shouldered his hammer, "Stupid kobolds, teach them to steal my hammer and clothes! Why Viax made naked, stupid wizard lizards."

Climbing out of the rubble he hunted around the cottage, kicking a door out of the way he found a bedsheet to use as a toga. A bit more hunting around and he found a bag to stuff food and some unbroken bottles in. By the time he'd done that he could hear raised voices from outside, concerned voices coming to investigate the noise.



"Stupid town," Viax growled as he clambered out onto the riverbank behind the cottage. Several humans recoiled when they saw him so he roared at them before wading into the river and making good his escape. He'd have to find someone to rob for proper clothes and find some fellow gnolls to hunt with. The stupid kobold magic was wearing off and as Viax marched away from the town, hammer resting on his shoulder he started

to feel alive and invigorated. He was a big, strong gnoll, a warrior, a hunter with no cares, life was his to enjoy now so enjoy it he would.