

They had been toiling for years now, building the Great Pharaoh's pyramid. The priests and bureaucrats and engineers organised them all in work groups. Flattening land, preparing the building blocks, and locking them all together to form the mighty tomb. It was to be the greatest work of their people ever. Made from peculiar black stone; as hard as diamond yet strangely fluid, like the rubber tree sap used in gum and bookbinding yet dark, shiny and gloriously slick.



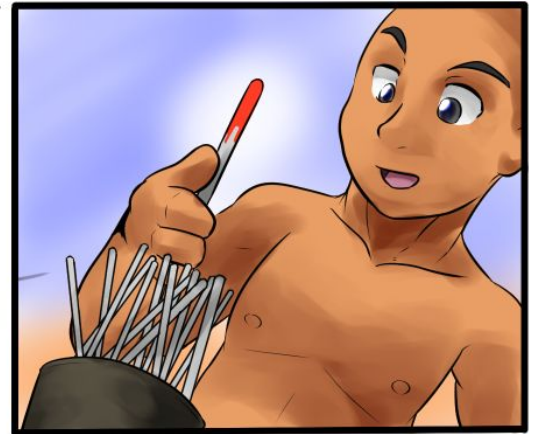
Thom had never seen such material before he was assigned to work on one of the crews lifting the blocks up the great earthen ramps and slotting them into space. The brick works where the great blocks were forged was a mystery. The teams who toiled away inside over vats of liquid darkness were all acolytes of the temple. Each block that slid outside was perfectly symmetrical on all sides, and felt slick against their hands as they maneuvered it into place.

Now though, word had arrived. The Great Pharaoh was dead, he had passed away in the night. His son, the new Pharaoh, had ordered him to be entombed within his mighty pyramid. They had been working triple shifts since the news arrived, scrambling to complete the mighty monument of black rubberized stone. The inner chambers of the pyramid were all finished now - it was just the top of the tower and the capstone that were still to be completed.

So Thom was surprised when the priests of Anubis, god of the Dead, stopped work and had everyone gather round. They placed a large tub full of reeds on top of one of the blocks and informed everyone that as tribute to all the hard work and dedication put into building the pyramid, someone from the work crew was to be selected to help keep the Pharaoh safe.

Thom was excited and very nervous as he joined the line of his teammates, the scorching desert sun beating down on their bare torsos and shoulders as everyone shuffled forwards and picked up one of the reeds. No one on the work crew wore more than a simple loincloth and maybe a head wrap. They were a sharp distinction from the robed and hooded priests, whose robes were so fine they made Thom feel very shabby and dusty just being in their presence. But he was proud to have this chance. It was a great honour to be allowed to try, even though he knew the gods favour would not fall upon him.

Reaching the stone block and the pot of reeds, Thom bowed to the priests and pulled one of the reeds at random. He froze as he saw the red tip, then broke into a shy smile as all his mates cheered, those closest slapping him on the back. They fell silent as the priests all bowed to him and moved to surround him, and started to lead him away toward the pyramid. The sound of the overseers calling everyone back to work was the last Thom heard of his work mates, as the priests guided him to a stop near their tents.



"The great god of the dead, jackal headed Anubis, calls to you, child of the Nile," one of the priests said, offering Thom a clay dish full of clear liquid. "Drink now, in honour of the life you led, and know that your family shall forever be honoured for your new calling."



Bowing, Thom accepted the drink and under the boiling new day sun drank it all. The liquid was cool and strangely thick. It coated his tongue and made his throat burn and then the world spun, his vision grew blurry, and he felt himself fall to the floor as his knees gave way. Everything grew dark and with a soft sigh Thom passed out, plunging into unconsciousness.

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Light intruded on his befuddled mind, a glare that made him squeeze his eyes shut again as his head throbbed. His throat was dry, his head felt stuffed with cotton, and the air assaulting his nose had a strange tang to it. It smelled like the building blocks, the sharp scent of rubber just stronger than before, and as Thom opened his eyes he realised why. He was inside the pyramid, deep down in the main burial chamber. He had seen it when it was being built.

Gasping, Thom tried to sit up, but he couldn't move. He was lying prone and quite naked on a golden table. Standing in a line to either side were the priests. He tried to speak, to demand to know what they were doing, but the words would not come. His body had been cleansed, his limbs shorn clear of any body hair, then laid out flat with his arms and legs spread gently. Silently and with great reverence the priests began to wrap his body in strange black bandages.

They were stretchy, slick and smooth, made from some form of rubber that clung to his skin tightly as they were wound around his limbs. It wasn't just his legs and arms they bound, one priest deftly wrapped his sac and his cock, cool fingers coaxing his cock to stand proud and ready before binding it tightly with a layer of latex bandage.

It felt so strange. His cock was hard, his body tingled with desire and need. He wanted this, needed this, but also craved release, the bliss of ejaculation, but it was denied. His body was being bound and all he could do was lie there in silence and enjoy it. As the priests started to bind his stomach something weird started to happen. The bandages began to flow like liquid, a thick oozing substance made of black and gold rubber. It felt amazing, especially as one of the priests started to rub this strange liquid over his head. Thom managed a quiet moan of pleasure, drool trickling from his open mouth as he was covered. Bandages were layered across his chest and shoulders, squishing down tightly atop the flowing liquid. His head was covered in the thick slime, bandages on top compressing it, blinding him. As the last patch of bare skin was shrouded in rubber bandages he felt a large mass of thick, slimy rubbery liquid pushed atop his head, mixing, mingling, oozing over his bandages.



He was now both mummified in those rubber bandages and trapped in the slick, oozing slime. From the neck down his body was tightly bound, trapped in the sleek, clinging latex. Now his head was buried beneath the slime, and it seemed to absorb or melt through the bandages covering his head, and cling to his skin directly! Was this to be his fate... to lie here, mummified beside the Pharaoh and die, a companion to serve him in the afterlife... but no... more was happening. He could hear the priests chanting, crying out to Anubis, and then the oozing gunk atop his head came to life!



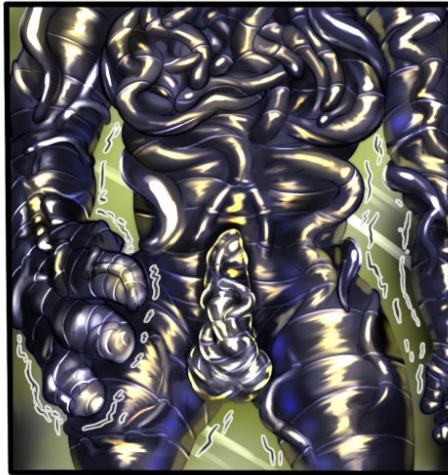
The bandages felt good against his skin. His cock pulsed with need, pleasure wracked his body, traveling up and down his spine, causing his limbs to twitch and shift with each moment of change. His head was also being assaulted; the liquid rubber clinging to his body was pulling on his face, dragging his cheeks forward, blending his nose and lips into the thick rubber clinging to him. He was changing! He could feel his skull reshaping itself, pushing forwards into an unnatural elongated shape.

He was still blind however, his only sense was touch, and he could feel the liquid oozing down around his neck, burying into the bandages covering his shoulders and starting to work the strange magic over him! The chanting had stopped... Thom vaguely heard footsteps, the priests were leaving him... leaving him here to change!





Movement returned as his strange bandages contracted, and Thom struggled against their hold, moaning into the thick oozing liquid bubbling and oozing against his head and shoulders. It felt good and yet at the same time so very wrong. The bandages were twitching, shifting, tugging and squeezing his body. They were alive now, he could feel them sliding down his arms, slithering across his chest, thick undulating tendrils that still clung to his skin!



He was changing, his limbs bulking up, his feet and hands spreading, growing, thickening up as he squirmed and twisted against what was happening to him. They reached his cock and it pulsed, and his balls were squeezed as the bandages tightened. He gasped in shock as the tendrils reached his feet, and they started to change in earnest! His fingers were growing fat, his toes swelling and as he moaned, he felt claws sliding out of the end of each finger! He was so much bigger than before as the bandages and the slimy, squeezing ooze was adding bulk to his body, causing him to grow and swell! Wriggling in their grip, Thom moaned as he felt two large protrusions start to push up atop his misshapen head, and something slick and thick pushed out of the base of his spine, just above his curved rubber wrapped arse!

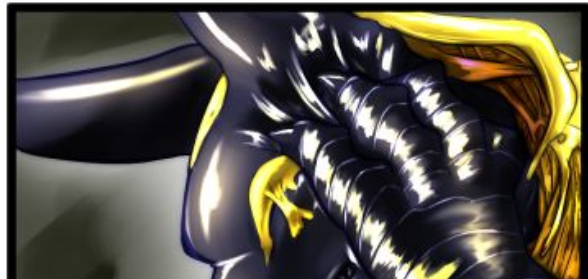
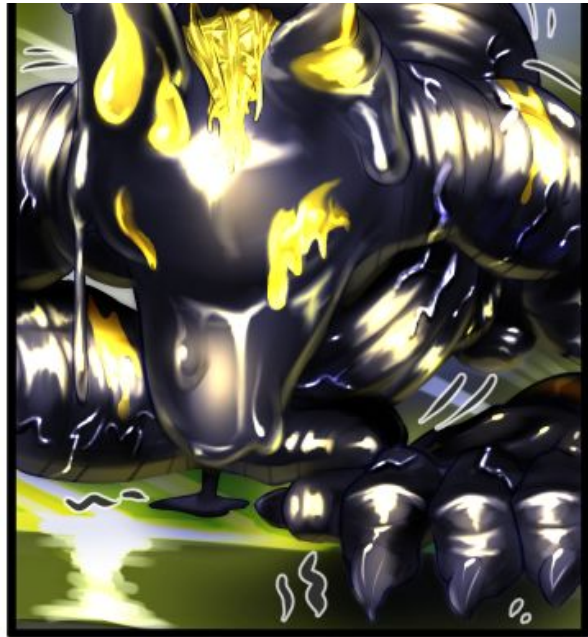


Barking in shock, Thom rolled off the golden bed and landed with a thump on the ground. He felt different... liquid rubber was dripping off his body, oozing along his back, but it no longer felt like it was constraining him, like there was a layer of rubber between his skin and the floor.

No, it was his skin, he could feel the ground beneath his hands. Stone pressed against his legs, his tail twitching in the air above his rump. As he lifted up he started to blink open his eyes, he could see his muzzle, feel his ears, still liquid, still changing but... his.

Slowly staggering to his feet, Thom clawed at his chest, pawed at the slippery, slimy, gooey material clinging to his body. His hands still felt constrained, his feet and legs bound in tight bandages, and yet they flexed and moved with his muscles. Moaning softly, clutching his head in confusion, Thom pawed at his chest, grabbed a handful of the slimy rubber coating him and pulled it, trying in futile effort to pull it off.

It tugged away, freely and without qualm, a mass of slimy, gooey rubber that squished between his clawed paw fingers - but it did not come off! In fact it made the bandages that were his body contract, tug and pull, and with a yelp he felt the bandages around his cock melt into his flesh entirely! Moaning and yelping in pleasure, Thom felt his cock spasm, and pre jet from the tip. As he looked down he saw it was no longer wrapped in bandages, but smooth and sleek and banded black and gold latex... yes this rubber, this body, it was latex... and it felt... good!



Letting go of the goo, pulling away from his chest, Thom roared in pleasure. His cock pulsed with need, and he leant back against the golden table he had been mummified on and shuddered. His body hadn't finished changing; his knees bent oddly, his feet were long and he was forced to stand on tiptoes to balance. His ankles were strange... but oh gods he was so buff, his shiny black body was layers of muscles. He had bulk he had never thought possible, and as he stared at his needy, pulsating cock, he gasped. Clothing was forming out of his body. He felt the headdress fall regally about his shoulders, stuck to his head, a part of him. Hanging down around his waist was a belt of golden latex cloth, covering his thighs. A flap hung down across his pulsating, thick, needy cock, but his arse was beautifully bare.



Barking loudly and shaking his head, Thom staggered, rocked backwards and roared... no howled! He howled loudly and eagerly as at last his cock pulsed, his balls squeezed and he fired a jet of thick, slimy black latex cum straight into the air!

It went on and on as his shaft pulsed, his seed spurted into the air, and finally with a happy, low, breathy moan Thom sank to his knees, panting happily.

For several moments he knelt there, basking in the afterglow and delight his orgasm had been, but slowly his mind came back down from where it had gone and he lifted one hand to look at his body.

He was a monster. His head felt smooth and sleek, his cock too, and yet the rest of his body was still like bandages. He could see where they overlapped, feel them shift and stretch as he moved. He was still changing... the latex, the rubber was claiming his body, and as he knelt there he felt a whisper, a voice murmuring in his mind.



"Welcome, Apuat. This Pyramid is your realm, your duty is to guard the Pharaoh's remains... welcome, my loyal servant, fear not... soon, soon your change shall be complete, Apuat."

Shaking his head, Thom growled and lifted his paws. They were still bound in bandages, though as he picked at them he could not separate them. He shook his head and looked around, and growled again, then stopped at how animalistic that sounded.

“My name is Thom! I ... I did not agree to this! I am not your slave!”

The voice returned, soothing and warm. *“You are not a slave, you are Apuat, guardian of the dead; what you were is no more. You have drunk of the river, you have circumvented fate, you are now Apuat, Guardian of the Dead, a jackal in the service of myself - Anubis.”*

“NO!” Thom screamed, and ran from the chamber. He fled along a corridor, through the mighty chamber full of the Pharaoh's treasures, and out into the gallery that would lead to the surface. He had to get outside, had to escape, show the others what had been done to him! They could turn him back, they would make him human again, they had too! He didn't want to be a rubber dog!

“Relax, good dog, you are becoming mine... the struggle is over.”

Apuat... no, Thom moaned and shook his head, staggering out of the treasure hall into the pyramids grand gallery. It was in his head, he was starting to think differently, the voice was whispering through his thoughts - he had to get outside! Up ahead he saw it, the start of the stairs that led up and out... he could see light, the large plug stone was sliding into place! He could make it through, another few seconds and he would be free!

THUMP!

Apuat... slammed into a barrier and the air shimmered with light, a glowing wall of force that stopped him from climbing the stairs. The air sparkled and shone as his rubbery paws slid over the surface of the barrier.

“No! No let me out!” he begged, growling and thumping at the barrier. “I am Thom, I am a builder, not a dog! I am not a dog!”

He saw his arm then, there was little trace of the bandages left. He was all smooth black and golden latex, he was becoming rubber by the second. His loincloth hung straight over his ample sheath, his headdress swayed against his neck. The change was nearly finished! He had to get out, had to get help!

"You are nearly ready Apuat, soon your place shall be secured... you shall guard the Pharaoh, guard this tomb so none may enter. Any who do dare enter, you shall claim in my name."

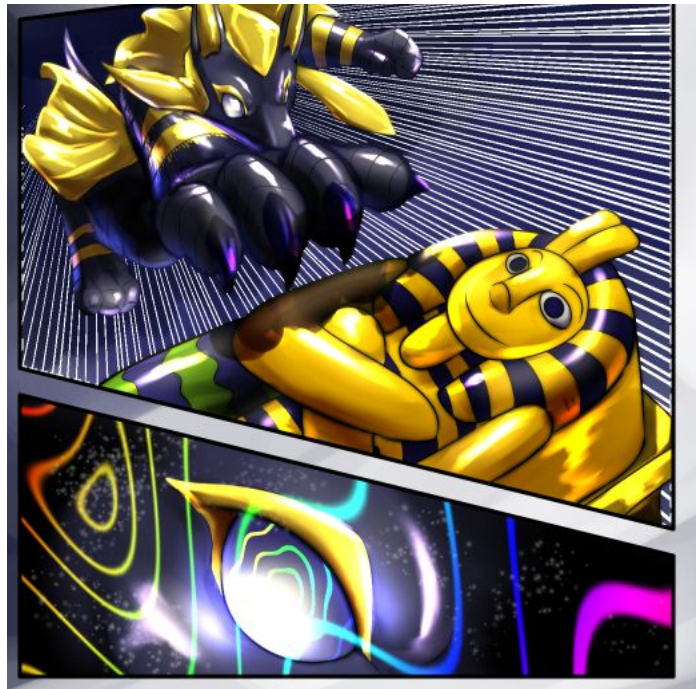
"The Pharaoh..." turning around, Apuat - Thom ran back through the gallery. He had to destroy the Pharaoh! If there was no body to defend, no Great King to worship and protect, then the god would turn him back and let him go!

"Heel Apuat," the voice whispered. "Heel and be good, your new life begins..."

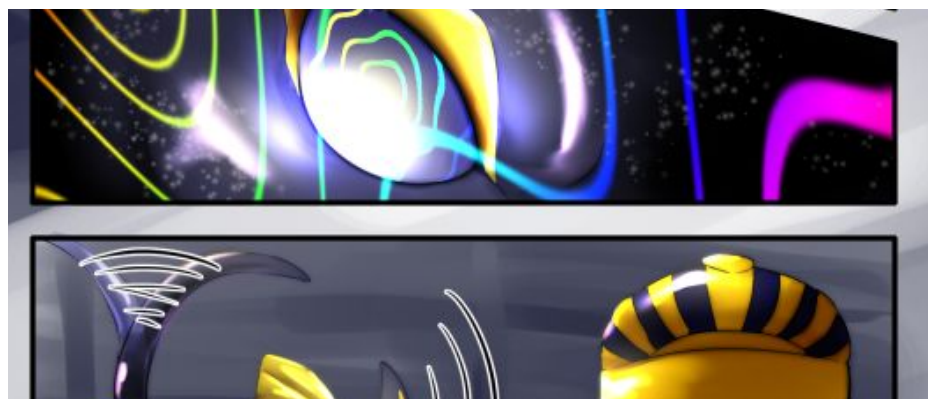
The thoughts, the need to obey slithered through his mind... the God's will was growing stronger, louder... he didn't have long left! Leaping up the steps into the burial chamber, the rubbery jackal beast leapt for the sarcophagus, claws outstretched. He would destroy them and be free!

"No," the voiced echoed, "Bad Dog... OBEY!"

Light filled the room. Apuat fell out of the air, his desperate lunge dying as strange lights and a myriad of lines rippled across his rubbery body. He felt his eyes glow, his mind lurched, as he landed on all fours. For one last second he was Thom, mason, gang-worker and then that life was no more... he was Apuat, Guardian of the tomb.



Looking up Apuat frowned as he found himself kneeling before the Pharaoh's tomb. A warm smile spread across his muzzle and his tail started to wag back and forth, whipping back and forth eagerly as he lay before the King's tomb. , Bowing down low, Apuat worshipped the memory of the King and venerated his resting place.



He may be dead and gone, but he was the King and he was the reason for Apuat's blessed life! Chosen by the god Anubis to guard the pyramid, to keep it safe and secure from all who may

plunder it. He did not need food or drink; his duty was clear and he was focused. The pyramid was his to patrol, and the tombs, the treasure, none would get past him to plunder it; any who dared invade this sacred place would be dealt with in a way appropriate to his power and his gods will!