

Quinn's Ruin

Blightbark, Hidden Outpost

Quinn grimaced as he walked out of the Briefing Room. The newly graduated Scout was just told that he would be surveying Desolation Row for his third mission, something he found egregious.

The wolf walked to the end of the room and waited for the other Scouts to clear out to their bikes. A panther wearing a slightly more ornate uniform would be the last one to walk out of the room.

Quinn began walking towards the cat, badly attempting to soften his face, "Captain Polus."

"Fletcher?" He responded, unmoving.

Quinn cleared his throat and put on a proud face. "As I was saying before the briefing time ran out, I feel like my position is in error."

The Captain just burst out laughing. "Bahaha! Still on that Fletcher?"

The wolf frowned. "Sir, with all due respect, I didn't graduate in the top 3 of my class and earn MVP of my prior two missions to have my third mission be to survey an empty wasteland like Deso Row! I should at least be with Hickon's team investigating Lovest Ruins."

Polus shook his head. "Look rookie, you do got talent, but the higher ups need someone to do the sump work."

Quinn scoffed. "Huh!? Heh. But why me Sir!? This is a complete waste of my-"

Polus placed his paw over the rookie's mouth and glared at him. "Fletcher, this isn't negotiable. You took this career, you're going to have to do sump work at some point. Everyone here has. Suck. It. Up." He

removed his hand and wiped any saliva he may have gotten on him on a napkin.

Quinn gritted his teeth but couldn't fight the panther's words.

After a few seconds he changed his whole demeanor and yelled at his Scout team. "Alright Scouts! To you your posts! Let's make sure nothing curse crosses this point!"

"YES SIR!" Everyone began mounting on their bikes, forcing Quinn to hesitantly walk to his own.

He sighed quietly before mounting himself on his bike. He would feel a reassuring tap on the shoulder by a nearby Scout from his prior graduation class.

"Bah! I wouldn't worry Quinn. From what I've heard from the older Scouts, it's basically just giving you a free day!"

Quinn narrowed his eyes at the rabbit. "I highly doubt spending 6 to 10 hours in a rocky wasteland is a "free day" Austin..."

Austin just gave him a smile. "Maybe if ya change your outlook on things instead of focusing on being "Head of the Class" you'll learn to enjoy things~!"

The wolf kept his deadpanned expression and began revving up his engine. Captain Palus would speak up before anymore small talk could happen.

"REV UP! COMMS ONLY! LINE 9 IS FOR EMERGENCIES ONLY! GOT IT!?"

"YES SIR!"

One by one each Scout would peel out of their garage and drive to their respective posts, all except Quinn...

Grr... What a trash mission... He briefly tightened his grip before sighing. Austin would playfully hop on his Line, "**kerk** Hey lazybones!"

Unless you wanna annoy Captain more, I suggest you peel out now. See ya after work~! *kerk*

Quinn shook his head before loosening his grip. “Heh. I hate you Austin...” He then put on his goggles, grabbed his handles, and peeled out to his post...

Desolation Row, Potential Skaven Site

Quinn turned off his bike and removed his goggles. He immediately scrunched his nose at the smell of the place. *Ughh... Deso Row... What a boring and disgusting place...*

The wolf hopped off his bike and found a nearby rock. He would use it to draw a sigil in the ground surrounding his bike. After muttering an incantation, the sigil would begin glowing, locking his bike to the ground and disabling it. He now couldn't leave, but no one could steal his bike at least. He began walking away from the bike and deeper into the ruins in the area...

Quinn followed his orders perfectly. Over the course of about 2 hours at this point, he had already marked off 3 of the 7 places of interest.

Well, interest was a terrible word to describe this. Quinn knew what all of this shit was: Busywork.

Desolation Row has already been cleaned out thoroughly searched for skaven. The results? 0 sightings through hundreds of scouting missions. He still couldn't understand why the government still required anyone to visit this place nor why Captain Palus ordered him to take this.

He just sighed in frustration. *It's over Quinn. Just get this shit done so you can get to the real mission next outing...*

As he kept walking through the ruins to the 4th check point, he couldn't help but zone out, completely missing the sudden shifting of pebbles.

Quinn's eyes would widen as a magic symbol would form under him. "What the?" His instincts would take over as he tried jumping out of it before the effect would complete. However, his legs wouldn't move.

"Shit! N-No fucking way!" He tried shifting his weight but found his whole body soon struggling to move. *F-Fuck! Petrification!?*

The wolf couldn't do anything else, his body wouldn't let him. Everything felt stiff and heavy. He would soon hear the sound of skittering. He growled at the noise. "Grrr... Who goes there!? I'm a member of Blightbark's Scouting Regiment! Release me from these binds or I'll have you purged of your magic!"

Quinn glared daggers as a small silhouette would reveal themselves from the shadows.

The wolf's eyes would immediately widen in fear and surprise as a black furred rat sparsely wrapped in clothes. Normally, such a sight wouldn't be bad, places like Desolation Row invite the ragged and undesirables.

The magic user being a rat also wouldn't be bad. Rats and Skaven were vastly different. Rats were normal and sociable like every other race. Skaven were merely the corrupted origins rats had come from. It has been long enough since the split for many to tell the difference in modern times.

The skaven would slowly walk forwards, causing Quinn to wince at the noticeable smell emanating off of them. The skaven simply smiled at the act. "Ahh~ Your nose hate-hates my musk no?"

Quinn glared daggers at the corrupted rodent. "Dumb skaven... Unhand me once!"

The rat just continued smiling and looking over him. "Hmm~ You are newer Scout-thing. You will do nicely..."

Quinn's eyes widened in slight terror before he began struggling against the spell's binds. Like hell he would be used as a toy for such a

lowly creature! “Grr! Release this stupid spell! You cannot beat me by yourself you cursed rat!”

The skaven snickered. “Hehe~ You clearly don’t see-think about your current predicament. You have never fought against Skaven before Scout-thing.”

“I certainly have! That’s how I know you can’t fight me! There’s no one here besides you.”

The skaven got incredibly close to Quinn’s face. “And how could you be so sure-sure? You trespass on glorious skaven territory. I could have ally-friends anywhere.”

Quinn couldn’t help but wince again at the rat’s foul smell coming from its mouth.

“Oh? Is there something wrong with my smell-stench? Didn’t you say you’ve dealt with skaven before?”

The wolf whimpered slightly as the skaven’s hand rub his face. “Nngh~ I-I have!”

“Then I guess you haven’t met a Sorcerer.”

Quinn frowned. “N-Nonsense! Skaven can’t use magic...”

The skaven laughed, his bad breath assaulting the wolf’s nose. “BAHAHA! And yet, here you are Scout-thing. Stuck-held in small freeze spell?”

Quinn’s eyes widened. *A freeze spell!? No way! But-*

The skaven went back to feeling the wolf’s body. “You’re so naïve Scout-thing. So toned and perfect...”

Quinn couldn’t figure out why he started blushing at the statement.

“My name is Krarr Lagoon. Skaven Sorceror of Clan Herott. You will be my spell-slave.”

Quinn immediately tried fighting against the spell again. Now knowing what the spell is, he found it much easier to break. All he had to do was activate one of his counterspells and-...

As soon as he felt free, the wolf felt a prick on his neck. He immediately knew what it was. "Warp injection!?"

Krarr gave him a smug smile. "How else will you become perfect like me?"

Quinn managed to gather his strength and shove the skaven away. He looked down at his paws, watching the corruption flow through them. His fur began shifting and his senses started dulling. He tripped on something as his panic was setting in.

"Ahh! N-No. No! P-Please!" He frantically scraped at his fur and his clothes. What were his incantations? Which purge did he need to use!? He fumbled his belt off of his body to check, only to have it yanked away.

"HAHAHA! Scout-thing really is new scout-thing! You really have no-not any idea what you're doing huh~? All bark-bark. All taunts. No bite! You are coward! BAHABA!"

Quinn badly tried to growl but it fizzled into a whimper. A warmth began spreading through his body. His paws became bare and more rat-like, his feet would follow suit. His tail began to tingle as it elongated and became hairless. His muzzle grew longer, and he felt his front teeth become sharper.

In just a few seconds, Quinn felt alien in his clothes. He felt hot. He needed to take them off! *B-But... I-I'm a-*

"Ahh~ Don't cease-stop Pet!"

Quinn's eyes widened in fear as Krarr pinned him to the ground. The skaven brought his face closer to the wolf, getting a whimper out of him.

"Aww. Scared? Don't worry~ Krarr will be good Master-owner."

“B-But... Quinn no want to be spell-slave... Q-Quinn is Scout-thing.” He winced as he felt his maw conform and accept his new speech.

Krarr would look down at Quinn’s crotch and chuckled. “Hehe~ Your crotch think-thinks otherwise.”

Quinn blushed harder as the smell of the skaven. His breath no longer smelled foul. Instead, he smelled... dominant. He mumbled a curse under his breath as his cock continued to tent in his clothes.

Krarr deftly used his feet to remove the wolf’s pants, revealing the knotted cock underneath. “Hmm... Nice-nice! Good size Pet!”

Quinn couldn’t stop himself from smiling. “Th-thank you...”

The skaven didn’t respond, choosing to instead rub his feet on to the sensitive organ.

“Fff~ Mmmph~” A moan would escape him as Krarr’s surprisingly soft pads brought him closer to the edge.

“You like-like Pet?”

Quinn blushed and nodded his head. He now looked more rat than wolf now and whatever his mast- *Wait... no... K-Krarr... The more I obey... The more I transform. I-I need to resist...*

“Heh. Cum for me Pet.”

Quinn couldn’t hold himself back, the skaven felt so good. He humped into the paw as his cum sprayed onto him. “AAH~! F-Fuck!”

As soon as he did, the heat came back. He rushed to remove the rest of his uniform, revealing everything the skaven would want.

Krarr smiled brought him close. “**Good boy~...**”

Quinn whimpered as his nose was overwhelmed with the skaven’s amazing breath. His musk only seemed to strengthen, making Quinn’s mind even more clouded. “Hahhh hah~”

“Now then Pet-Slave, what are you?”

Quinn felt confused. He looked down at himself, nearly all of his wolf features were gone. He was a rat now... And it felt good...

“I-I’m Quinn...”

Krarr gave him a malicious frown, his tone becoming warped.
“***Wrong!***”

“Eep!” Quinn’s eyes widened as he felt the skaven turn him over and pin him down harder.

“***You still fight-resist! Krarr will break you.***”

Quinn looked back in slight desperation. “W-wait! I-I... AHH!”

Quinn gasped as he felt fingers invade his ass. He was quickly reduced to whimpers and moans as Krarr added more fingers to the invasion.

The rat blushed at the feeling. Another orgasm was stirring up within him just from the touch. *F-Fuck! He’s so rough!*

“Good-Good enough!”

That was all Quinn heard before all of the skaven’s lovely fingers would leave his insides and be replaced with something much bigger. He instinctively began grinding against it.

It took a lot of willpower for him to stop himself. When he did, he could hear Krarr displeased growl.

“Grr, Krarr didn’t say stop Slave!”

Quinn gulped but managed to hold himself back. “Q-Quinn is not spell-slave. Quinn is... Scout-thing.” It felt strange to him. He wasn’t even sure if that was right anymore. The more he tried to think, the less he could remember. Why was he even here?

“You will be say-speaking that after this!”

Without any warning, the skaven's cock pierced deep into Quinn.
“AHH~!” *Nnngh~! N-No Skaven can be this big! H-How!?*

The rat didn't get to think about it as Krarr rutted his large cock deeper into him. He could only moan as his insides were stretched to fit the large invader. He felt the skaven's breath and musk assault his snout. His tongue would loll out of his mouth as he drank in the dominant male's scent.

“Mmmh~ Hahh. M-More...”

“***More what?***”

“M... More please Master...” Quinn gulped heavily at saying that. He felt the corruption feed him further. His own cock was changing from its knotted glory to a more tapered one. *I'm... I'm not a wolf...* The magical feeling crept through him, inching him closer to another orgasm. No. His ***final*** orgasm...

“If you want-need to cum Pet, tell me what you are! Who are you!?”

Quinn blushed at the harshness in his voice. He had denied it for too long. He wasn't a stupid Scout-thing. He was something more. Something greater. He was what all living things should be: He was a slave to a Skaven. “Q-Quinn is skaven-pet... He lives to s-serve-worship Skavens. His Master is a Skaven...”

His master thrusts became harsher and more pronounced. “***And who is your Master?***”

Quinn couldn't take it anymore. “KRARR! QUINN'S MASTER IS KRARR! QUINN IS KRARR'S SPELL-SLAVE!” Tears streamed from the skaven's eyes as the last of his resistance withered away. He was nothing. He was an empty shell who needed to be ordered and used. He needed to be experimented on with magic like this! I didn't want it... ***He needed it...***

Krarr produced an evil laugh. “Good boy~ Now cum for your Master-Owner...”

With one final thrust, Quinn’s body gave in. He shuddered and let his pathetic orgasm waste onto the ground. In the same time, he felt his Master’s lovely cum flow into his insides. He flexed over his Master’s cock making sure none of it would spill.

The two skaven would stay connected for a while. Quinn didn’t know his master could cum so much! It made him so happy to be so filled. He looked down to see a sizeable bulge in his stomach, making him even happier.

Krarr would reach into his coat and pull out a collar. The light jingling of the item caused Quinn to perk up.

“C-Collar?”

“Yes-yes Pet-Slave~. “Quinn” is not Skaven name.”

His pet would nod. “Th-Then what does Master-Owner want to name me?”

“...Malikk... Yes-yes! You will be Malikk.”

Malikk’s eyes lit up at his new name. “Malikk! My name is Malikk! Th-thank you Master!”

“Heh! Now then...” Krarr would heave himself away from his pet, getting a moan out of his pet.

Malikk blushed and whimpered as he felt his master’s cock leave him. Krarr’s precious cum began seeping out of his ass, something the skaven sorcerer was quick to fix.

Krarr would smile as his pet began moaning from the size of his plug. A satisfying *PLOP* sound would be heard once the full butt plug was inserted.

Malikk's eyes would become half-lidded at the feeling. "Mmmph~ S-So full..."

The sorcerer chuckled and turned his Pet around to face him.

Immediately, Malikk noticed his master's cock was still coated in his cum. He wasted no time in beginning to lick the organ clean. As soon as his tongue touched the cock his Master's musky scent flooded his nose.

Krarr smiled at the sight before fitting the collar around his Pet. He would whisper a spell and cause an aura to appear around the collar and Malikk's plug. An "M" would etch itself onto the two objects, binding them to his Pet.

"Now. You are forever my spell-slave."

Malikk moaned in response as he continued his Master.

"Hehehe~ slut..." Krarr would then bring his hand to his pet's ear and pull out the communicator that was inside. He couldn't help but chuckle at the object. He still couldn't understand why those Scout-things were so adamant about using these things. He looked over to where his staff was placed. It was still generating a subtle jamming signal that silenced Scout-thing communicators. "... I will never know-understand why..."

Malikk would stop his cleaning to look up curiously at his Master. "Is there something wrong-wrong Master?"

"No. Are you done-finished with cleaning your Master?"

"Yes-yes! Master's cock is all clean-clean!"

Krarr gave the skaven-pet a smile "Good! Time for us to go home."

Malikk's eyes lit up with joy. "Yes-yes! Please take Malikk home! Malikk wants go-go home to see other Skaven!"

Krarr would walk over to grab his staff gesture to his pet to follow him. Malikk would feel his collar glow and inject magic through his body.

His cock would immediately become erect as the spell stimulated his ass and body. “Hnngh~”

“Hahaha!~ You like the spell spell-slave?”

“Y-Yes...”

“Then come-follow. There’s more Sorcerer Skaven who want to experiment-test you.”

Malikk shivered at the dissipating feeling before happily following his Master...

Blightbark, Hidden Outpost

About 2 days later...

To this day, it’s unknown what the fate of Quinn Fletcher was. Austin filled with both worry and confusion.

“This just isn’t like him sir! It was just sump work! He should have been able to finish it safely!”

Captain Polus merely shook his head. “I’m just as confused as you Mears. He was upstanding and top 3 of his class. I just wanted him to not push himself so hard...”

The meeting would be interrupted by two Scouts walking into the meeting late. Polus would be mad at them but now wasn’t the time. “So... did you two find him?”

One of the Scouts, an otter, would say, “No sir... But we did find his bike and uniform. However... We also found... Wyrystone...”

The whole meeting room would grow quiet as Polus pondered for a while. After a few seconds, he would look all of his present Scouts in the eyes and say, “So... it would appear that our former Scout Quinn Fletcher

chose corruption over purity... Instead of protecting and pledging himself to Blightbark, he choose to Ruin himself... Well then... good riddance... We never needed him anyways..."

The otter would speak again. "So, what's next sir?"

"Report Fletcher's Ruin to the government... and then, business as usual..."