

## Prompts: A Game

"I am not sure about this" Ben spoke timidly, cheeks blushes as a girl next to him opens a dusty large red box, covered in archaic runes burned on in pitch black.

"Don't tell me you believed the man Ben? This looks like fun! It'll be fine." She smiles in his direction removing the cover, a plume of dust escapes the edges as fresh air reaches the inside for the first time in hundreds of years.

Coughing Jane wafts the dust from her vicinity reaching inside with the other to take the instruction booklet.

"Says here we need to. Okay!" She shouts reaching back into the box, removing a wooden box, symbols carved into the sides placing it down between the two.

"Speak the words. Imorty, alafar... Qulep?" Jane speaks confused. The sigils on the box glow brightly as a smell of sulphur fills the air. Pitch black smoke fumes from the sigils as they glow brighter and brighter. The dark fumes suddenly changed direction as if a breeze was blowing them. Before Ben could react he was engulfed by the smoke. Coughing and wheezing he fell silent. The fumes concealing him before they dissipated, leaving only empty space where Ben just was.

"B-Ben!?" Jane yelled out looking around the room with worry, the magic trick he had just pulled concerning her. "I know you are in here! Don't mess with me like this! That was creepy" Jane is greeted with only silence and the sound of her heavy breathing.

The silence is suddenly broken by clunks and the sounds of unlocking. The wooden box splits down the center, the two sides lifting up and over opening like a wardrobe. Inside, empty contents begin to form a scene. Stone slab walls form around the edges of the inside, draped occasionally with long tapestries made out of dark red wool, symbols just like the ones on the box scorned onto them. The far left wall is different, littered with three sets of metal cuffs and bindings. The middle pair occupied by a

young man. Aged around 20. Black short hair, blue eyes darting around the room. Stark naked, leaving his flabby chest and stomach exposed. His limp cock dangling along with his balls as the bindings keep him suspended in the air.

"Ben!?" Jane cries out trying to reach inside. "Ouch!" She yells as her hand collides with an invisible force at the opening. Reeling from the pain of smashing her hand against it she yells once more.

"What the heck was that!" Jane grips her hand massaging it to try and relieve some of the pain. Her eyes drawn to the mini naked Sam tied up against the wall inside.

Sam's mouth opens but no sound comes out. He mimics the movement of speech yet not even a whisper escapes. A pool of mist starts to coat the floor as Sam struggles against his bindings. Mind racing about how he had managed to get into this situation when just mere moments ago he was in Jane's comfortable warm room, now in a dark dusty dungeon. The mist gathers in the center of the room flowing upwards. A shadowy figure forms in the mist. The figure is slowly revealed as the mist dissipates.

The legs of the figure is first to be unveiled, two slender clearly feminine legs covered in blood red coloured fur. Her feet large canine paws tipped with 6-inch black claws covered in the same blood red fur. More of her lower body is revealed, two thick thighs and wide hip leading to a taut heart shaped ass, all once again covered in that blood red fur, just above her ass was a body length long canine tail, coated in that not familiar red fur, wafting from side to side. Her crotch is completely exposed, a labia coated in the fur on top of a mound, matted around it with moist juice leaking constantly from it. The mist no longer obscuring her torso reveals a toned hourglass figure leading up to two enormous E cup breasts. The underside of the breasts supported by what looked like scales propping her breasts up, keeping them in place by restricting the jiggling of the flesh (But not preventing it) from her massive cleavage. Her arms are toned, a layer of fat over the top of the muscle helping to give them a softer more feminine appearance. The odd black scale scattered over her arms, leading ultimately to two clawed hands tipped with fingers and thumbs, nails two inch long claws.

The last of the fog goes away uncovering the Woman's head. A muzzle

sticks out of her face, a canine one to be more exact, coated in the blood red fur from before, her eyes glow red, no sign of pupils or an iris just bright red. Two long canine ears poke out between long ass length coal black hair.

She smirks in Sam's direction who is constantly struggling against his binds, mouth opening as he tries to speak. She sets off in Sam's direction, her movements long and exaggerated, making sure with each step to shake her ass, jiggle her breasts, swing her tail from side to side and slide her claws along the ground deliberately. Reaching Sam she touches his head much to Sam's refusal, trying to move his head away from the strange beast before him. Her clawed hand glows for a moment as she lets out a loud sensual moan, noise coming from the box and able to be heard by Jane as she watches on in confusion.

Glow fading from the Hellbeasts hand she cycles through the memories she had just copied. Pulling out important facts, the way people speak and his deepest desires a wide grin forms on her muzzle before she speaks. "Geez Jane. I can't believe you would trap your friends soul like that. Rather heartless don't you think?" She spoke in a thick gravelly voice turning to face upwards looking Jane in the eyes or more rather the eye due to the size difference. Her voice skirting the line between a growl and a sensual feminine voice. Sam meanwhile looked at the roof of the dungeon confused, all he saw was a tiled roof, well crafted roof tiles covering the entirety of the ceiling.

"What!?" Jane yelled as the Hellhound looked straight at her, almost falling backwards in shock.

"What? Well you spoke the incantation. Released me after thousands of years. Thank you for that by the way. It was getting dreadfully boring. Only me and the twenty souls I had managed to, shall we say. Acquire" The Hellhound cackles running a clawed finger down Sam's chest, creating a red mark on his chest shaped like a upside down T. Red fur sprouting along the path it took.

Sam still squirming looked on at the Hellhound with fear in his eyes and heart. But the touch from the beast sent his body in convulsions of

pleasure emanating from the fur growing on his chest. The fur from the "T" she had drawn on his chest glowed brightly for a moment. Flooding the room full of a bright red light. The Hellhound covered her eyes for a moment before removing them to stare at her new prize.

"Ah Sam. You look so good in red fur. I can't wait to see the end result." She speaks with a teasing tone, her hand rubbing the sigil of fur on his chest with glee waiting for the changes to begin.

She did not have to wait long before the fur on Sam's chest spreads out to the rest of his body. As it passes over his skin it softens the flesh underneath, replacing muscle with fat, slimming his torso down towards a more feminine curvy figure all the while sending shivers of pleasure throughout his body.

The Hellhound admired her work as the changes propagated over his body. Jane however was not as quiet.

"What are you doing to him!?" She shouted into the box, once again trying to put her hand inside.

"I'm collecting my prize. You offered it to start the game after all. Did you not read the rules? Silly Girl" The Hellhound cackles focusing her attention back at Sam as the fur covered his crotch. The pleasure from his changes causing his cock to harden. Moving a claw to his hardening member she pushes against it, the cock putting up little resistance, quickly sliding into his body. Fur reaching the area around his cock just as she manages to push the tip up to his skin. With a slurp, his cock sinks into his body, the area where his cock once was replaced now with an opening that went inwards rather than outwards. The Hellhound's claw now digging around in his rapidly forming vagina, taking care to tease and please the sensitive insides as they formed to show him some of the perks she offered Sam. Sam's mouth opened in moans of pleasure yet still no noise escaped. The pleasure coming from her new slit caused Sam to squirm against her restraints. Her gender forcibly changed before her, experiencing a sensation she could not have even imagined just a few moments ago, Her hips widened to compensate for her newfound labia leaving an ample gap between her thighs for easy access to it. Ass growing large and bubbly as the fur spread over it.

Jane could only watch in terror as the changes consumed Sam's body. It was as if she was dreaming but she knew she was awake for whatever that mattered. The fur having now consumed Sam's entire lower body it spread out over his thighs. A nub pushed out just above her round bubbly ass at the base of her spine. It grew in length quickly, growing bushy with fur lengthening at an astonishing rate, it soon hit the ground with the tip before Sam swung it around in his mind addled state of lust and pleasure.

To match Sam's new hips her thighs grew large and plump just like the Hellhound before her, Knees bending as the fur consumed them in preparation for her feet to shift into canine paws, Her toes twisting into claws only reaching a few inches of size compared to the one standing before her.

Continuing to dig her claw deeper into her new pet the Hellhound matron spoke with glee, her words oozing with contempt and dominance. "Good Girl. You will make a fine addition to my Harem. They have been desperate to have new blood, and I suppose the bottom bitch will be glad to get a promotion" The matron finishes the speech with one long thrust of her claw as deep as it can go into Sam who lets out a loud moan of pleasure in response. Sam's voice now not even remotely similar to what it was before. Her new voice was soft and feminine, tinting with a French tone.

"Oh yes. I saw your love for what was it. French maids? Quite the fetish my dear. I can see the appeal." She chuckles thrusting her finger in once again. Sam moans this time sounding more like a howl than a moan.

The changes were still underway, Focusing their attention on his chest the area around his nipples pushed out slowly under all the red fur. She could feel a filling sensation come alongside a sensitive feeling on her chest. Her chest continued to push outwards expanding slowly but steadily out into a pair of breasts. Ballooning outwards they past B, C, D and even DD cup before reaching the same size as the matron before her. Fur around the underside of the breasts collecting together to form a padding of fur helping to keep them steady and stable most of the time. Nipples poked out from the front as they grew harder and longer forming female nipples capable of leaking milk.

The last changes came soon after. Arms covered in fur smoothed and lose their muscle, weak dainty arms now replacing his rather strong masculine arms. Her hand softened, nails grew into claws mirroring her feet's changes. The last unaffected part, her head, was quickly consumed by the fuzz. Face moving forwards as it formed a long canine muzzle. Nose smelling every inch of her "Matron" especially noted was the smell of her matrons slit, leaking sexual fluid sending Sam's body into overdrive. Eyes shifted into canine eyes, the external changes were subtle, her iris changed colour to red being the only noticeable change. But to Sam her sight improved dramatically, able to see every inch of the room in great detail. Able to see every strand of fur on her matrons body. Lastly her hair grew down to her shoulders before her ears moved up Sam's body, shifting into a tip and resting at the top of her head as two new canine ears, twitching with each sound.

Jane sat flabbergasted by what had happened to Sam, she was just about to speak before the Matron beat her to it.

"Leave us now Girl. The game is afoot after all and I have a new bitch to break in. You have two days to return with a replacement soul otherwise I will take yours. In return you will get power beyond mortal comprehension. Fail and well. Sam and I will love a new plaything." With a cackle the box slams shut, almost taking one of Jane's fingers with it. She looked around her room and then to the spot Sam was sitting just a few minutes ago.

"What the heck do I do now"