Taking Over Command

Kevin wasn’t where he was; the white-furred wolf could just get the sense that he was moving even though his body was still. When he blearily opened his eyes he found himself staring at some sort of fleshy wall that pulsated like the beating of a heart. The feeling of his arms being restrained to his sides caused the last of the sleep that had been clouding his mind to evaporate and be replaced with panic. How did he get here, what was going on, questions were racing through his mind as he suddenly felt his entire being get jostled about.

As he began to struggle against his restraints to try and figure out how to leave the flesh that hovered above him retracted, revealing what looked to be the inside of some sort of ship. As the lupine glanced around he could see other pods that were just like the one he was in and some sort of glowing pool in the center of it all. There was no way to tell if he was the only one in this thing or if there were others, but as he saw movement from the shadows he let out a gasp of shock. At first the wolf’s mind told him that it couldn’t be, that there was no way the creature he saw slowly moving towards the pool in the center was even real. But as the light that radiated from the center illuminated the figure there was no mistaking what it was…

…a mind flayer.

“It’s awake,” Kevin heard, though it was no voice that spoke it nor mouth that made the sounds. “Good, that means that we can begin.” When the wolf could hear the creature speaking directly into his mind in only renewed his struggles, but whatever they contained his legs and arms in was like a vice. “Foolish creature, you really think you can escape from my ship?”

Ship… that would explain the movement, especially since mind flayers typically took to air instead of sea when it came to modes of transportation. If that was true though that made his situation even more dire as he heard tales of what happened to those that were abducted. “Let me go!” Kevin shouted, not bothering to heed the voice in his mind. “If you don’t I swear I’ll…”

Suddenly a rush of psionic energy flooded his mind, and as it did it became hard to even think as he slumped back into his pod. “There is no need for that,” the mind flayer said as it picked up something from the pool and began to walk towards him. “You have been chosen to evolve the grand design, you should feel honored. Soon you will see exactly what we mean…”

With the mental pressure still squeezing against his mind Kevin found himself unable to move as the mind flayer came up to his pod. As the mouth tentacles of the creature slithered over his head they suddenly turned it to the side, keeping him locked into place as whatever was in the hand of the mind flayer was brought up towards his face. Though it was hard to see his eyes widened as noticed the squirming tadpole, though as the tiny tendrils slithered about it he found it looked different than had been described to him. But he knew that despite what it looked like the results of such a parasite was the same, but though it renewed his struggle the tentacles wrapped around him were exceptionally strong as the slimy creature was dropped into his ear.

Almost the second it touched the area Kevin let out a shout as several of the tendrils immediately slid inside, anchoring itself somehow before pulling through his fur into the hole. The second the head of it squished into him all he could hear was a buzzing sound and a pressure from the insertion. The mental weight was lifted off of his head as he could feel it start to slide inside and once it started to wiggle in the tentacles of the creature retracted from his head. As soon as he was freed once more Kevin tried to shake it off of him but after a few seconds he just grimaced as it continued to push inside him until he felt a popping sensation.

Though he couldn’t see it Kevin could still feel the tendrils wiggle against his stretched out ear before those disappeared into him too. He was infected… he had something inside him that would turn him into one of those… those things. Even though he knew he couldn’t he swore that there was the sensation of something swimming around inside of his skull as the parasitic creature made its way inside of his brain. The worst part was after the initial insertion the feeling of the tadpole squirming around inside of his brain felt sickening pleasant.

With the pod remaining open Kevin watched as the one that infected him started to walk away only for his head to shoot up at a strange noise. As the wolf looked up as well he couldn’t tell what was going on, but quickly he found his comprehension of the sound was actually some sort of communication of the other mind flayers in the ship. That’s not good, Kevin thought to himself, if he was already understanding them then they may have quickened the time until he was taken over. But as he listened in he heard some things that made him even more concerned than having a parasite in his head, especially as the ship shuddered even more violently than before.

Hull breach in primary engine…

Losing altitude…

Crash imminent?!

As Kevin could feel the sensation of the ship plummeting downward he saw the mind flayer that had infected him try to get to the pod, only for him to briefly float in the air before suddenly being tossed out of sight. There was a loud, almost painful screeching noise as the wolf could do nothing but watch as the side of the ship he was looking at was torn completely off, revealing the cliffside that had done it. A few seconds later there was a massive jolt that was enough to wrench the wolf out of his pod as the pool tipped forward and exploded with the parasitic tadpoles spilling around him. There was a few more lurches but eventually the ship settled down, Kevin watching the creatures flopping around him slowly grow still as he staggered to his feet.

What the hell happened… as Kevin got up he could feel the chill of the air outside starting to pour in through the massive breach in the hull he moved towards it as a means of easy escape. As he looked to his left he could see the mind flayer that had infected him lying there lifelessly. Though he could guess that the broken body was no longer alive he felt an assurance inside of him, not sensing anything from it. In fact he couldn’t sense anything at all in the ship… the entire thing was dead, including all the crew and everything else aboard it.

The only thing that managed to live through the crash was him… him and the thing that was in his head.

For once he was glad that he had been restrained in a pod as he carefully picked his way past the wreckage and out into the open. As he got out he gasped at the scar carved into the earth and the trail of wreckage that led up to his part of the ship. When he looked the other direction he could see that the rest of it had continued on a short ways before smashing into the side of the mountain they had crashed into. Looking at the destruction the wolf was happy he was alive and away from his captors, but there was another feeling he couldn’t quite fathom.

It was a feeling of loss, and of being alone. Those on the ship were going to teach him… no, Kevin corrected as he gritted his teeth, they were going to teach and guide the mind flayer he was supposed to become. The one that had infected him was going to be the master of him, but with him dead just like the others there was no one to take the lead. It was a disconcerting process and as Kevin tried to think about what he was going to do about it he found his first priority was to find a place to get out of the elements and find help. With the parasite wiggling around in his brain it was only a matter of time before he would transform, which would mean his death and the birth of a new mind flayer.

That meant leaving the relative shelter of the ship and heading down into the woods. Though he was somewhat high up he didn’t see any sign of civilization, though with how high the hills were there could be a town just around the corner and he wouldn’t know it. Too bad he didn’t have a map… though as he thought about it he suddenly found himself reeling backwards as information flooded into his mind. It was from the ship, somehow he had managed to access it and get the navigation specs that it was taking as it flew over.

As he tried to focus in more on it Kevin found the connection suddenly severed, followed by seeing an explosion come up from the ship he had just escaped from. Seemed that it wanted him to try and survive, or at least the thing that inside of him. Despite where it had come from he did find that the information was exceptionally useful. The ship had pinged a tiny settlement that it was probably going to raid if whatever had happened to cause it to crash hadn’t.

That was a good enough start for him, though it was unlikely that they would have someone proficient enough to get rid of the thing inside of him. Just the fact that he was able to get the map from mind flayer technology meant that it was starting to alter his brain as he made his way down the hill. As he scratched the back of his neck in frustration he could feel bumps in his flesh underneath the fur that caused him to pull his fingers away. Was he… starting to transform? He had never heard of the process starting this early, but then again they had mentioned about him being some sort of test or something like that.

But without the master mind flayer that would have guided his parasite there was nothing that Kevin could do except keep moving forward. There was a lot of ground to follow and the weather up in these ranges was unpredictable at the best of times. The longer he walked the more he also felt a throbbing in his head, which only made him more concerned about what was inside of him. He had to get it out… had to get this thing out of him before it had a chance to change him irrevocably.

But just as he got to the other side of the hill and lost sight of the wreckage he suddenly heard a growling come from behind him. When Kevin spun around he saw a bear that had somehow gotten up behind him, likely due to his distraction with the thing in his head. The noise went from a growl to a roar and as it looked ready to attack the wolf morph knew he had nothing to defend himself from a wild animal such as this. The only thing he could think of doing was shouting at it to go away, but as he closed his eyes he felt something tingle in his head and suddenly felt a pulse of energy radiate from his head.

When his eyes snapped open again he saw the bear had fallen backwards, looking at Kevin in fear as it shuffled off back into the woods. As he watched the bear run he knew that somehow he had just used psionics, a magic of the mind that was unlike anything else. It was the power of the mind flayers, and as he brought his fingers up to his temples he found that the tremors in his mind had ceased. Had the parasite just protected him from being eaten?

Yes… it made sense, given how he was the host. He was just surprised that he was able to access them since he was just recently made into a thrall. As he thought back to the crash and the feeling of not having a master he wondered if perhaps the loss was causing something to happen to it. In some cases extreme stress could cause creatures to mutate, but if the end process was already something horrific then what would be in store for him if things were starting to go wrong?

As he continued walking however a perverse curiosity began to invade Kevin’s thoughts. What if his decoupling from the ship and the one that was supposed to bind him had created something unexpected? The more he walked the more he wondered just how much he was supposed to be worried, especially with how fast things seemed to be happening. It had only been an hour or so according to his estimation but if psionic powers were manifesting it was only a matter of time before he began to manifest physical changes, or was it supposed to be the other way around?

The more Kevin thought about it the more it gave him a headache, but as he shook his head he heard the sound of rocks falling around him that snapped his head up. His eyes glowed with a bright blue as he looked around for the cause of the noise that had gotten his attention. When nothing jumped out at him the wolf took stock around his surroundings and was shocked to find that several stones were levitating around his feet. He hadn’t even been thinking about such a thing, yet as he reached out his fingers and directed one towards a tree he flung it with such force that it caused the entire trunk to snap.

That was… amazing, Kevin thought to himself as he watched the tree slowly crack and fall over. He had never known mind flayers were so powerful before, but as reached out to grab another one with his mind he felt the flesh of his arm ripple. It was enough that he grabbed his arm and as his face bulged and swelled around his eyes he groaned as his fingers spasmed and twitch. He could see something happening to the tips and as the parasite slithered in his brain he found himself letting out a surprising cry of pleasure while claws burst out of the fur.

Kevin continued to grit his teeth in shock as both hands spasm and popped as the fingers lengthened, fur falling off of them to reveal fleshy purple digits underneath. He could also feel something slithering down the back of his neck and his spine as white hot pleasure was pumped through his system. Somewhere in the recesses of his mind he had been told that the process of transforming into a mind flayer was not only jarring but horrifically painful… yet this was not the case. Not only did he not feel pain but when he looked at the rest of his body he found that he hadn’t yet sprouted tentacles nor did his skull feel any different.

It must have been from channeling the power into his fingertips, Kevin thought to himself. Though it was against his better judgement he tried the rock trick once more and this time launched three of them at once. As his eyes widened at the power he wielded, revealing the black tendrils that had crept into the sclera, he knew that he should be afraid. Instead he was actually impressed as he found himself chuckling. While his hands transforming was something that caused him slight panic the power that he wielded not only saved his life but also gave him something to do as he continued to try out more with the rocks. He found that with enough effort he could control the power level of his psionic abilities… though he reminded himself quickly that these weren’t his, they belonged to the parasite whose tendrils were weaving their way through his mind.

As he got closer to the settlement, his mind surer than ever in the directions, he stopped when he came across a small cabin. It had been hidden from the ship’s scanners by the thick trees overhead and as he stepped into the clearing he could see that there was someone working outside. Given their relaxed nature he could tell that they probably hadn’t seen the mind flayer ship crash just a few miles away, though given how big these trees were it could have done so a hundred feet from his house and he not seen it. What he did see was the wolf approaching, which as Kevin was about to wave him down he remembered his transformed fingers and quickly hid them in his armpits while feigning cold.

“Where in the world did you come from?” the man, who was also a wolf with grey fur with white on the slightly exposed chest, asked as he came up to Kevin. When Kevin realized he didn’t really have a story for why he was out here he happened to notice out of the corner of his eye that the muscular man had his axe at the ready. “Only thing prowling around here are mad cultists and greedy bandits, which one are you?”

“No no, you don’t understand…” Kevin said, looking into the red eyes of the wolf as he suddenly felt a strange sensation of connection between the two. “I… was part of a hunting party up near the Green Ridge Pass when this ship crashed, I was told to find someone to help while they went to investigate it.”

Though Kevin tried to maintain his composure it was hard when he could feel tendrils burrowing into his mind, feeling something happening inside of him as he hoped that the man would at least believe him enough to let him go. To his surprise the look of suspicious concern disappeared from his face and a smile crossed his muzzle as a slight jolt of psionic force could be felt between them. “Why didn’t you say you were hunting the pass?” the wolf said with a sigh of relief. “This ship of yours sounds mighty concerning, why don’t we go ahead and get inside so you could warm up?”

Kevin couldn’t help but breathe a sigh of relief that he had bene holding in ever since he had told the lie. It seemed like the Green Ridge Pass was an actual thing despite him making it up, or did he? Had he somehow read the wolf’s mind, or did the parasite plant that false information into his brain. He could sense something happening up there and he had to hiss through his teeth as it felt like his skull had swollen slightly.

As he heard a squishing noise he realized it was, his body still transforming as the parasite continued the process. He couldn’t wait around here too long if he wanted any chance of trying to stay himself while he followed the wolf inside. As the other man introduced himself as Uriex however a new thought was starting to bud in his growing mind. If he had this man then he wouldn’t be alone, he could finally have someone else. Someone to carry on and foster, to be… just like he was…

To control…

Be the master of…

Kevin’s entire body shuddered as his own mind tried to shut out the line of thinking when he realized what was happening. He nearly fell against the doorframe as he gripped onto his head, the wolf turning back and looking at him in concern. “It’s… alright,” Kevin said, his eyes glowing as he looked up at the wolf. “I hit my head trying to get here, but it’s fine.”

“You hit your head…” Uriex repeated, standing straight for a few seconds before he blinked his eyes and looked back at the wolf. “Did you want something for your injury? I know you said it’s fine but a concussion is not something you want to mess around with.”

Kevin just shook his head and asked if he had a place where he could get out of his wet clothing. While his outfit was actually dry he could feel something else happening to him that he needed to investigate, but he wasn’t about to strip down in front of some stranger and especially if he was still changing. As the wolf went into his kitchen area he pointed to a door that was on the left and was told that was his bedroom. He thanked his host and made his way over, holding onto his stomach as he could hear something gurgling inside.

The second he was inside Kevin pulled off his tunic and undershirt, revealing his athletic frame and the white fur of his chest. Once he was finally rid of the troublesome clothing he was finally able to see his stomach, which looked slightly distended. When he put his clawed hands to it he let out a gasp as he could feel something inside, a faint but distinctive sing of life that hadn’t been there before. With the fur starting to fall off from his stomach he saw that he still had his musculature there, but with his abs being exposed he could see slight bumps that seemed to press up underneath his fingertips.

Tadpoles… somehow whatever they had infested his brain with also altered his physiology to create more of them. Kevin had never heard of anything like that before and as he continued to rub against them a surge of pleasure greeted his mind. They were rewarding him for being a good host, and as he let out a sigh from the psionic energy in his mind he could see something else that was growing. He wasn’t sure how long he had been stretching out his pants but when he pulled them down he saw that not only was his cock completely erect but it had grown bigger.

That was not what he expected, though as he saw that the flesh of the tip had turned from pink to purple Kevin suddenly found images starting to flood into his mind. They were just pieces, fragments mostly, but as it felt like he was listening to something underwater he realized that these were the memories of the tadpole before it had infested him. Though it didn’t understand what was being said the fact that mind flayers spoke telepathically using psionics had imprinted the words onto it. Something about… the new evolution, and the fact that they were creating something in order to increase their ability to breed.

To breed… mind flayers only reproduced through infecting people with the parasite, but as he got another snippet of conversation it mentioned something about a hybrid. Was that what they were trying to create? If that was the case then he must have been the first as he blinked his eyes a few times and realized he was looking at the ceiling. Somewhere during the memory spike he must have fallen backwards onto the floor, and as he slowly got to his feet he heard the door open and Uriex say something as he walked inside only to stop dead in his tracks.

While not completely transformed the sight of the mutated wolf on his floor was enough to cause Uriex’s jaw to drop, but just as he looked about ready to attack him Kevin brought up his hand. “Stop,” Kevin said forcefully, feeling the thing in his mind growing as he used its power. “You’ve seen me like this before.”

For a few seconds it looked like perhaps even he wasn’t strong enough to fabricate such a lie, but to his surprise Uriex visibly relaxed once more. “Yes, I’ve seen you like this before,” Uriex said with a laugh. “Of course, that’s why you’re in my bed, right?”

An unexpected turn, but one that he could guess was the mind filling in the gaps left by his psionic tampering. Kevin had already defused the situation, but there was something inside him telling it to push further. This one was in his clutches and it would be so easy to infest him, to give him the same powers that were ensnaring his mind. He could have another hybrid like him and with him doing the infecting he would be the one in control. There was no master… so he would have to be one, and this would be the first of his thralls as he felt the parasites within stirring.

“You told me you wanted me to come in here and disrobe,” Kevin said as he could feel the tendrils pushing down his spine once more, but he wasn’t concerned about it at the moment as he stared at Uriex with increasingly blackened eyes. “You found out about me and wanted nothing more than to suck my cock. Isn’t that right?”

This time Kevin could feel the psionic power worming its way into the mind of the other wolf, and as it worked into his thoughts he couldn’t help but feel so satisfied by it. Even though he knew he shouldn’t be doing this the power that had been given to him was too tempting not to be used, too intoxicating not to be utilized as he let out a slight groan. His head had swelled once more as his ears twitched, though his main focus was still on the wolf as he pushed the limits of his powers. To his intense satisfaction Uriex repeated what he had just said, that he knew what he was and wanted to suck his cock.

As Uriex dropped down to his knees Kevin realized the ruse he had created was about to be played out right in front of him, and though his mental powers of persuasion were proven and he could put out any scenario he hesitated. There was something building up inside of him, a force that had started to grow ever since he used his powers. At first he thought it was the parasite that was in his brain but as he saw the enthralled muscular wolf start to lick against his shaft it was something else.

It was desire, a burning need to dominate and control others. Had it been something that the mind flayers instilled in him, or something that was merely bubbling to the surface now that he had the power to act on it? At the moment though the only thing he could think of was watching this wolf between his legs began to stroke and nuzzle against his cock while sending waves of pleasure through his body. Kevin let out a gasp as he brought his mutated hands against the back of the wolf’s head to encourage him, no longer needing to care about hiding himself to this creature he had enthralled.

It was a good thing too as the wolf suddenly felt something happening to his head. With the intense use of his psionic power his eyes glowed with a bright blue as the black tendrils completely enveloped his sclera. His body trembled with more than just pleasure as his muscles grew slightly thicker, more fur being loss on his chest and biceps. He was transforming again… and this was the most powerful one of them all as he could feel those tendrils slithering all the way down his spine and into his tail. As his lupine paws bulged and swelled before a set of dark purple toes pushed out Kevin knew deep in his mind that he had hit the point of no return.

But even as his body quivered and he let out a loud gurgle Kevin could sense that this would not be the transformation into the mind flayer like the others. As Uriex began to bob his head up and down on the throbbing cock in front of him he was unaware of the new creature being born above him, Kevin leaning forward and pressing the snout of the lupine against his crotch. Though he had a fair amount of the illithid’s purple flesh there were still plenty of white fur on his form. As he happened to catch a glimpse of himself in the mirror he saw his head had swelled out of the back but he retained his ears and other lupine features. The swelling and pulsating of his skull just showed him the power that he was gaining, the parasite’s tendrils pushing throughout his entire form as the final changes again.

As Kevin thrusted his hips forward into the muzzle of the other wolf it felt like his mouth was filling with more than just the slime that was leaking out of it. The wolf’s head thrashed back and forth as he felt the flesh push out, his jaws stretching as a set of four purple tentacles emerged out from his lips and merged with his muzzle. With that final push Kevin felt… renewed, like this was the form that had been waiting inside of him this entire time. Thoughts of curing himself or removing the parasite were no longer inside his mind, and in fact was replaced with something else as he saw another pair of tentacles emerge from his shins and forearms.

The parasites breeding within him needed new hosts and he needed thralls, Kevin’s corrupted mind instructed him. This one would be a perfect start to add to his collection as he leaned down with inhuman flexibility. At this point the wolf was so enthralled that he didn’t even notice that the one he had invited into his home had changed into a monster, or that the mouth tentacles of the creature were sliding down towards his head. The only thing he could focus on was giving pleasure to the one in front of him, his hands grabbing against the partially furred thighs as he finally looked up and could only see the glowing blue eyes of the one that he was sucking off.

There was no more need for hand holding or experimentation for Kevin, not with the information flooding into his mind as he bonded completely with the parasite in his mind. Thoughts of warning people of this incursion or at least playing the hero dripped out of his thoughts like the goo on his tentacles as one of them pushed into the ear of the wolf. With these powers he could do anything he wanted, Kevin realized, and while he might not be able to step foot inside a city he could easily take over places like the nearby settlement. Things began to lift up in the room as the new mind flayer hybrid felt a parasite moving up inside of him, then slide down into the tentacle that was slithering about against the wolf’s ear.

With the goo dripping into it Uriex couldn’t hear or feel anything that was happening on that side of his head, his eyes practically rolled back in pure pleasure that was being fed to him. Kevin was reminded of the forceful mental energy that had been used on his mind in the ship and had tweaked it, noticing that the wolf was completely erect and there was a big grin on his cock-stretched muzzle. Good… Kevin thought as he stroked the head of the wolf, soon this one would be the second in his growing army as he felt the parasite push out of the tip of his tentacle. For a few brief moments he could see it wiggling around before it pushed inside, causing the eyes of the wolf to snap open.

“Just relax,” Kevin said as he watched the wolf’s muscles tense up, only to relax again at the command of the one enthralling him. “Rise, Uriex, let me reward you for everything you’ve done. Feel the power of our kind coursing through you as the parasite within makes you into something better.”

Though Kevin hadn’t even been thinking about those words as he relayed them mentally into the newly infested creature they felt… so right. Even at that moment he could feel the resistance to the pleasure and power that was being fed into him slowly dissolving away in Uriex, especially as tendrils could be seen throbbing that was visible even with his thick fur. At being commanded to rise it was Kevin that sank down to his knees this time and put his tentacle-lined muzzle up against the bulge in the wolf’s pants. Even though Uriex was already his he wanted to make sure that he felt the intense pleasure of being a thrall and would relate it to his new body, which as he pulled down Uriex’s pants he saw was already starting to change.

With his new anatomy there was no need for Kevin to hesitate as he aligned the hole of his mouth against the growing member. His face tentacles slithered around the thighs and between the legs of the creature while he waited for the transformation to continued, breaking down the walls that the wolf had to becoming one of them. He could already see his muscles twitching and spasming while falling under the control of the parasite within and his new master. There would be a direct link between them as he pushed the throbbing cock deep inside him, sliding it all the way in on the first thrust and causing Uriex’s entire back to arch.

As his head was thrown back Kevin heard a gurgling sound and saw the wolf’s face tentacles already starting to push out of his maw, merging with the flesh of his lips and jaw while they draped down past his chest. The hands that were twitching and spasming at his sides pushed out into clawed, slender fingers while a set of tentacles emerged from his forearms. Yes, Kevin thought as he continued to use pleasure to push his new pet, embrace the changes that the parasite was giving you. Soon he had to used his hands as well as his tentacles to keep Uriex still while pleasuring him, sliding up and down his goo-slickened shaft with ease while using several to push into his tailhole.

Almost immediately Kevin could feel the inner walls of Uriex clamp down on the penetrating appendages as his transformation literally reached a head. Kevin felt the wolf orgasm for the last time as such as his skull pushed out, swelling and growing just like the one beneath him as his eyes began to glow with an unnatural red hue. When they both reached their orgasm the windows shattered around them and the furniture that had been slowly lifting up suddenly was tossed about from the two psionic creatures. Kevin kept himself latched onto the groin of his new thrall as he reveled in the sensations, almost becoming overwhelmed by them as the two parasites in their minds synced up to the point where he could see out of Uriex’s eyes.

Once the implantation and transformation had been successful Kevin pulled back, looking at his newest creation as well as his own body. While the fur coloration of Uriex stayed the same the panting creature was even more muscular than before with pulsating purple flesh on parts of his body. As his tail whipped around he saw that there were several tentacles within the fur of the appendage that stretched out over the corrupted tip. When Kevin looked back he found that his own tail had undergone a similar treatment without realizing it as well as their spines bulging out with the tendrils of their parasites wrapped around it.

“Thank you Master,” Uriex spoke mentally, their minds linked to the point that it was merely a thought that had gotten transmitted.

“You are quite welcome thrall,” Kevin replied before looking around. “We have only just come into being and already we are a force to be reckoned with, but if we wish to stay that way then we’re going to need more. How far away is the settlement that I had seen when I flew over here?”

Both Kevin and Uriex closed their eyes as the master shared the image of his map to the thrall, who immediately opened them again and nodded. The settlement that Kevin had been moving towards was a small fishing village that was set up to take advantage of the rich streams that were fed from the mountain lakes. While it would be incredibly easy to take over the entire thing the corrupted mind of the mind flayer master realized that it would also be limiting in other factors. The mind flayer wolf wanted more… no, he needed more thralls, more hybrids in order to finally have the power that he craved.

With that in mind they would need to find a way to get to a town that would better utilize their newfound talents. Searching through the mind of Uriex he found that there was someone that essentially was the courier for the entire settlement, the large cart hauling down the fish and bringing up supplies. It would be perfect for their transportation needs, but with the way they looked there was likely no way the driver would give them a ride considering how they looked. But as Kevin and Uriex used their psionic powers to float through the air towards the settlement that wasn’t how they worked anymore anyway, not when they could just take what they wanted…

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Night had fallen on the small fishing community, which was only about two dozen people that had already finished their work for the night. Since it was so small there wasn’t anything like a local tavern, which meant when Flaming stayed the night he often just resided in his own cart with a pint of mead and the latest book he had purchased. It was so much more enjoyable in the nearby town that he often planned his trips so he could make it back in one day, but a small storm had slowed him down and the villagers still had his fish in the snows that surrounded the area. They would keep for the night, especially with how cold it usually got, and operating a cart as large as his during the night was dangerous during the best of times.

As the last remaining sounds of the village died away a peaceful calm held the land, punctuated only by those nocturnal animals that dared to go out in the cold. The wolf decided it was time for him to turn in as well and put the book away as well as the mead. Just as he was about to turn out the light though the silence was suddenly shattered by the sound of someone crying out for help. It caused him to bolt upright and as he looked out the window of his cart he was shocked to see someone being attacked by a rather large bear.

Without even thinking about it Flaming grabbed onto a small bag of powder and his lantern before dashing out into the snows. While it would likely anger his neighbors he had a remedy that helped when he was on the trail to deal with wild animals. The white-furred wolf was heading straight towards him and as he passed by Flaming shouted for him to head to his cart while stopping and opening his lantern. With the bear fast approaching he put the wick to the flame in order to light it, but as he stood back up to toss it he found that the animal was gone.

For a second Flaming thought that perhaps it had seen the spark of the wick and shifted his position, but as the wolf quickly licked his fingertips and put out the smokepowder bomb he found himself alone. His breath hung in frozen clouds as he continued to keep watch until the cold began to creep past his bedtime attire and seep into his bones. Even his tan and grey patterned fur wasn’t enough to keep the chill out as he just shrugged his shoulders and went back to his cart to see if the other wolf was alright. As he got back into his cart he was greeted with a rather peculiar sight as the other man had taken to getting naked in his cart and something about him looked… very unusual.

“Thank you so much for helping me,” Kevin said, an evil smirk on his face that was hidden by the psionic glamour he had settled on the other wolf’s mind. “I thought that this might be a fitting way to reward someone as brave as you. Why don’t you come over here and have a seat after you take off those wet clothes?”

Though the cart was rather large there wasn’t a lot of wiggle room, especially with someone inside. Nevertheless Flaming found himself taking off his clothes as the strange creature had asked, though he wasn’t quite sure why. The more he looked at the white-furred wolf the more there was something in his mind that was trying to tell him that this was wrong, that the situation he was in was extremely dangerous. But at the same time seeing that rather handsome, muscular creature sitting there with his half-hard cock laying in his lap made it hard to think rationally.

Kevin’s grin grew wider as he saw the taut musculature and firm physique of the cart driver. He would do just fine, especially with how well he was taking to the psionic tendrils in his mind. It had taken quite some time to wiggle them in, far more than he had to do with Uriex since they were keeping hidden, but once he could feel himself enter into the mind of the other man he set his plan into motion. The disguise of his body wouldn’t hold for much longer but he wouldn’t need it, especially not with Flaming slowly lowering his naked body against his lap.

It didn’t take much coaxing to get the cart driver into an amorous mood, Kevin rubbing up and down the chest of the wolf while his back pressed against his own. With him facing towards the door the mind flayer master gave up on the disguise as his rubbery purple fingers rubbed up and down the firm pectorals of the other man. Though Flaming usually didn’t fraternize in his own cart he found his desires growing more intense by the second, to the point where he needed that cock pressing up against his inner thighs inside of him. He could feel fingers pressing onto his shoulders as the tip of it was guided up between his furry cheeks, causing him to moan out as it quickly started to press against his pucker.

But wait… if the wolf’s hands were clutching against his chest, which they were, then what was touching his shoulders? As Kevin could feel the question enter into Flaming’s mind he had to give him credit for figuring it out, though by that point it was already far too late for him. The second he had gotten himself into the clutches of the psionic creature. All it took was a small blast of psychic pleasure and soon the wolf had forgotten what he was thinking about, his focus directed back to the thick maleness that was starting to push up inside of him.

As his own member quickly stiffened the door to the cart opened once more. Even in his intensely pleasured state Flaming panicked at potentially having a villager see him in such a compromising position. But as the large creature walked inside he immediately knew it wasn’t one of them, but he did have an idea of what he had fallen into as the other mind flayer wolf hybrid looked at him with glowing red eyes. He let out a gasp and tried to wiggle out of the grasp of the one behind him, only to have his footing slip and gravity impale his tailhole further on that thick cock.

Flaming’s eyes went wide as he felt another penetration happen as Kevin leaned in, the tentacles that had slithered up his neck slowly pushing into his ears. With his powers growing he found other abilities manifesting as well, one of which was feeling the ear holes of the wolf stretching out while he pushed in. As goo leaked from the openings he found himself gaining direct access to their brains, but unlike traditional mind flayers that would use the opportunity to consume them he was able to corrupt them instead. The wolf began to gasp and moan as his entire body convulsed, glowing purple goo dripping from his mouth and nostrils as Uriex came up to the two of them.

As a parasite was deposited into his skull all Flaming could even think about was the overwhelming pleasure that was being fed to him. Even as he could feel tendrils slithering through his body while the muscular mind flayer wolf thrall pressed his cock against his lips that was the only thing he could think of. The one behind him… that was his master, and as his eyes grew half-lidded the whites slowly subsumed to black. By the time Uriex had slid the head of his maleness into the wolf’s dripping maw he could already feel something more than just a tongue lick against it.

With Flaming’s rear pressing against the groin of Kevin there was nothing that he could do but squirm as he was taken over quickly. The transformation process being fed by two mind flayer hybrids had sped up the process considerably as the new parasite fed on their psionic energies. With Uriex pushing down into the throat of the wolf between them Kevin had to hold his head as his mouth tentacles practically burst out of his maw, pushing out over the groin of the wolf while his feet and hands swelled with new growth. The changes were much faster with this one, Kevin realized, and he was going to have to figure out if they could potentially slow the process down if they wanted to infiltrate more.

But for the moment they were more focused on this wolf as Uriex continued to thrust into the mouth hole that Flaming’s muzzle had become. With two thralls under him Kevin could feel his powers expanding further, slowly thrusting up his hips to milk even more pleasure out of this enthralled creature while he succumbed to the parasite inside his brain. It didn’t take long, considering how fast the transformation had taken the mental side didn’t need much more to catch up. As the two wolves looked at their master with glowing eyes he commanded them both to enjoy themselves, they had a lot of work to do and they would be setting out in the morning as their tentacles became entwined with one another…

A day later a cart arrived into the small town that sat on the river. Despite being in the middle of nowhere the waters that flowed through the area brought in fresh trade and plenty of people looking to do business away from the eyes of the capital and those that ruled it. With no real presence of the crown in the area the protection of such illicit dealings was protected by the local guild of thieves that had taken up residence. For a small cut of the profits they made sure everyone got along and also to protect the town from any and all outside threats.

That was why when a cart came in with no rider it immediately caught the attention of the cloaked figure at the gate it came in on. Though the markings were familiar to the one spying it the fact that the wolf that acted as the courier wasn’t driving it immediately raised red flags. The glowing green eyes underneath the hood watched it as it passed through the streets without any trouble, then followed it to its destination. It didn’t take long before it arrived at a small alley that was a few streets away from the gate it had gone through, and once it had stopped the member of the guild pulled down his hood and revealed the head of the draconic Sabrewolf underneath.

Keeping an eye and ear out for anything the agent carefully made his way from above, hopping across the rooftops before finally using his rope to rappel down the side of the building it was parked near to get a closer look. Aside from not having a driver he didn’t see the usual crates of fish that were stacked on top, which meant either the village was having bad luck or something else was going on. Pulling out his hand crossbow he loaded a bolt tipped with tranquilizer before heading down the rest of the way and landing on the ground. As he did he suddenly felt an oppressive force in his mind, causing the rogue to almost drop the crossbow as he braced against the wall for support.

“Ah, a member of the thieves guild,” a voice inside said, one that the hybrid didn’t recognize as he shook off the psionic influence. “Come to collect your gold? Or is there something else you wish to speak about, Serathin?”

A chill went down the spine of the thief as he heard the one inside call out his name. There was a strange feeling that he couldn’t quite shake off about all this, but his curiosity got the better of him as he slowly approached the door of the cart. “If you’re from around here you know that we take any potential threats to the town very seriously,” Serathin stated. “And if you’re not from around here then you know now, so what’s your intention here?”

“I’m just here for… recruitment,” the voice called out. “Looking to put down roots too, if this town is worthy enough for it. Why don’t you put that crossbow down and we can have ourselves a little chat?”

As the voice continued to talk he took advantage and made his way around the opposite side of the cart, only to suddenly be overwhelmed with a wave of psychic pressure that nearly brought him to his feet. Psionics… there wasn’t much out there that used the power of the mind, and those that did generally shouldn’t be trifled with. “What… are you…” Serathin said as he staggered backwards, getting away from the source of the power before the next blast finally caused him to fall backwards.

With the crossbow dropped to the side and the draconic Sabrewolf dragging himself back the doors to the cart finally opened. Serathin gasped in shock as he saw the creature that walked out, his hazy vision tracking the tentacles that hung from its mouth and the elongated head. Mind flayers… though they looked a bit different in this case. Despite that he knew he had to warn someone that they were being invaded, to tell the guild of the threat that was being posed against them as he managed to get to his feet and stagger away…

…only to hit a solid wall of muscle that had gotten into position behind him. When Serathin looked up he saw a grey and white furred mind flayer wolf standing there with his tentacles hiding a smirk on his face. As the hybrid took a step back Kevin came up from behind and locked his muscular arms, which with the thief already being weakened by multiple psionic blasts wasn’t too hard to do. As a last ditch effort Serathin attempted to shout, only for two of the mouth tentacles of Uriex to stuff themselves into his mouth and cause him to gag and gurgle while the other coiled around and squeezed his muzzle shut.

A few moments later the green eyes of the creature went wide as Kevin slithered his tentacles into the skull of the draconic Sabrewolf, causing his body to spasm from the thick insertion into his ear holes. With the power that he had gained it didn’t take much, and as Uriex continued to slide his tentacles inside of the trapped male purple goo began to run down his chin and out his nostrils. Within a few minutes they had properly infested this creature, the large ears making it easy to manipulate him as they saw the leather around his groin tent. Perhaps they could have a bit of fun later but for the moment Kevin had a plan as he continued to root around in the mind of the creature, one of the tendrils pushing out and stretching the nostril of the thief while he got what he needed.

With the tentacles pushing deeper and deeper into his maw he couldn’t even see straight, much less think of a way out of this situation. Mind flayers in the town… as his eyes grew half-lidded from the amount of bizarre pleasure and psychic influence he couldn’t even grasp the concept. Somewhere deep inside he could feel something squirming about, potentially the tentacle that was about to eat his brain. At least his body would hopefully serve as some sort of warning…

Suddenly Serathin let out a gasp as he found himself panting heavily, looking around the alley that he stood in. What the hell… as the hybrid spun around there was nothing there, not even… as he blinked his eyes a few times he couldn’t even remember why he had come down there. All he knew was that his head was throbbing and he was outside of his post. When he looked at the sun setting he realized that it was time for his shift to end anyway, a smile coming to his face as he made his way back down the alley towards the safe house.

The headquarters of the thieves guild was a closely guarded secret, guarded by all manner of traps and pitfalls for anyone not properly initiated. It was situated at the bottom of an old mill that had a huge basement for keeping grain dry and out of the elements. For those that protected the city, with the occasional commission, it was their home away from home. As Serathin slid through the secret passage and undid the lock with his key he opened the metal door and popped out the other side.

“Hey Serathin,” the cobra on the other side said, the hooded figure looking up as the draconic Sabrewolf gave him a nod. “How was the east gate?”

“Boring as usual,” Serathin replied, though s he got close he felt a twinge in his head that caused him to flinch. As he shook his head he saw the snake man look at him in concern. “Just feeling off I guess, anyone else back yet Rocco?”

“You’re the first,” Rocco replied, looking down at the cards he had been playing with before the shadow of the other creature suddenly loomed over him. When he looked up he saw the hybrid standing over him with a strange smile on his face, his head twitching slightly as though he had an itch. “Uh, you alright there?”

“Strip,” Serathin replied, a pulse of psionic energy cascading out of him and into the cobra. Rocco immediately dropped the cards he had bene holding and with a slackened expression on his face began to do so, pulling off his cloak and then his garb while the draconic Sabrewolf did the same until they were completely naked. “Turn around and bend over, thrall.”

While Rocco knew something was wrong here he couldn’t find the willpower to resist as what looked like veins began to pulsate in Serathin’s head and neck. As the cobra turned and put his hands on the table he let out a gasp as he could feel the erection of the hybrid pressing against him. Serathin’s hand grabbed the back of his neck while the other pressed the tip of his cock in, purple goo dripping from his mouth as he continued to send waves of pleasurable psionic resonance into his prey. Rocco could feel something pushing against the scales of his neck and thigh but as the thickening cock of the hybrid began to spread him open someone else came through the secret entrance.

Kevin smirked as he saw his latest thrall dominating another, putting the extra parasites that he had infested him with to good use. He watched as the hybrid had gotten half of his shaft inside his fellow thief before his body convulsed, purple goo splatting as Serathin’s transformation began to manifest. While it hadn’t gone nearly as far as he would have liked, desiring for the psionic time bomb he had created going off when more of the guild was there, he was fine with taking out the quartermaster. The eyes of the draconic Sabrewolf glowed even more intensely than before as his sclera turned black, gripping onto the cobra beneath him as his body convulsed forward while tentacles emerged from his stretched maw.

The cobra underneath him cried out as his partner mutated into a mind flayer right on top of him, only to have a pair of tentacles shoved into his ear holes while two more slid into his mouth as they grew out of the other man. With his cock still being thrusted into the tailhole below Kevin left the two to do their business, which with the psionic charge in the room from the quivering hybrid he could already see the mind flayer flesh forming on both of them. With Uriex and Flaming at his side the three made their way further in once they had grown satiated with their two newest hybrids practically braking the table with their thrusts.

They would be quite the sight for those that would be coming back from patrol, Kevin thought to himself as he made his way deeper in. With the information he had absorbed from the draconic Sabrewolf he was able to make his way past the other traps that kept anyone from getting too far in. They could already sense the presence of the guild leaders within, and within a matter of minutes the two that they found were impaled on the cocks of the two mind flayer wolf thralls, panting and moaning with tentacles throbbing while inside their ears. Kevin just watched as he felt his psionic power growing, which between getting them and the ones that were just coming back from rounds he would have the major protective entity of this city under his control.

While he had no idea what the actual reason the mind flayers made him was Kevin was ready to chart his own course, taking over where the weak ones that had made him left off. He went past the two being bounced on the cocks of those infesting them and sat down in the chair that the guild leader fancied as he wrapped a finger around one of his mouth tentacles. Yes… once he had locked down this place he could take as many thralls as he pleased, experimenting on them until he could potentially find a means to make the parasites stay hidden longer. Once he had solved that it was just a matter of time before he infested every merchant that passed through here.

And then, as he heard the squelching of the tentacles forming out of the two guild leaders, it would be on to the capital with his army…

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