It was a cool evening in autumn, the sun had just started to set below the mountains that framed the countryside that was mostly windswept plains and wild forest.  The only thing that was around the area that was man-made was a small logging village that was set deep into the forest, one that only had one road in and out due to the difficult terrain.  While the road hadn't seen much use over the years there was one van that drove along it, the tires bouncing slightly in the divots that had been made from rain and neglect more than use.  Inside the van were four members of team that were going up to the village for more then just some scenic sight-seeing, as the driver carefully made his way up the others in the car checked their weapons and looked over their intel briefings once again as best they could on the bumpy road.

"Jesus Mac!' the arctic wolf in the front passenger seat said as he had to grab his equipment that rested precariously on his lap after a particularly large bump.  "Can you try and not hit every pothole on this road?"

"This road is more pothole then road Connor," Mac replied, the snake man clutching onto the shaking wheel as he continued to weave back and forth to avoid the dips in the road outlined by their lights.  "Maybe if you had actually managed to get a guide from that other village to help us out we could have found a different path, but instead this is the one that's marked on the map and this is the one we get to travel.  Just keep calibrating your radio equipment, god only knows that the signal here is going to be worse then in the town we came from."

"Hey, Connor tried his best," the vixen in the back said as she reach forward and patted the arctic wolf on the shoulder.  "It did seem that the last town was incredibly uncooperative too, I know that trust in outsiders isn't exactly a thing but when we said that we had to go up to this village they practically fainted.  What do you think that could be?"

"Sounded like some sort of superstition," the last member of their team said, cheetah holding onto his rifle as they went over another rather large pothole.

"Well superstition or not we're not going to let some ghost story keep us from extracting the VIP that is reportedly in there," the driver said gruffly.  "That's the mission; we sneak in, find him, and then get the hell out of there with as little engagement as possible.  If there are locals there we have to consider all them as potentially suspicious, did we get a report from the recon team yet or are they still dark?"

Connor just looked up and shook his head, showing the screen that had nothing but a flat line on it.  There was a noise from the back at that and this time it was the cheetah that put a hand out in comfort on the fox's shoulder.  "I'm sure he's fine Marion," the cheetah reassured.  "It's just like Connor said, the signals up here are garbage."

"Thanks Snow," Marion replied with a small nod as she checked her med kit, which she had already done several times during the journey.  The others knew why she was so distraught as her boyfriend was one of the team that had gone up there in order to try and scout the location before losing comm signal, which was one of the reasons why they were being sent up there as well.  "Hopefully this first mission of yours isn't too exciting and we got all worked up for nothing."

Snow just nodded his head in response and another large pothole caused them all to practically bounce up to the ceiling before falling back down.  Mac grumbled and the van suddenly skidded to a stop, turning to the side from the breaking as he announced that there was no way they would be able to drive up any further without risking their means of quick exit.  From what their GPS said they were just a few minutes outside of the village as marked on it, though it was hard to tell considering that it was mostly forest, and as their leader put the van near the side of the road facing the opposite direction they all got their gear packed away and ready to go.  By the time the van was put in a position where anyone coming up the road would find it hard to see they had their weapons ready and quickly filed out of the vehicle.

As soon as their boots hit the ground they heard a large splat, Snow having to grab onto the door to prevent himself from slipping as they quickly got their bearings in the dark woods.  "I think the potholes might not have been the thing that stopped us for long," Marion commented as she pulled up her boot from the thick mud it was caught in.  "Did it rain here recently?"

"I haven't checked the weather forecast recently but from what I saw in the mission brief there wasn't," Connor replied.  "Why?"

Marion just looked down at her shoes once more, then shook her head and motioned them forward.  "It's nothing," Marion replied.  "Just something one of the locals said that we could actually translate, but it's part of the superstition."

"Well everyone needs to check their footing the rest of the way into the village," Mac said as he started to walk forward.  "Anyone falls and breaks their neck because of the mud is going to lose their pay for two weeks."  The rest gave a small chuckle at that and followed the snake man further up the path.  As per their training they kept the chatter to a minimum so that anyone potentially ambushing them wouldn't hear them coming, though the fact they had to trek through the muddy terrain would have been signal enough to anyone keen-eared enough to hear them coming up the hill.

Fortunately they didn't encounter anyone as they got to what they believed to be the logging village, though as they crested the hill and got to see more of it they were all surprised at what they found.  Aside from the usual houses and a few small business there were two rather large buildings that they could see; one was a large structure that they guessed was a saw mill while the other was an estate that had caught most of them off-guard.  While the village itself was rather rustic the mansion they were looking at was huge and almost off-putting, though from the darkness and distance they couldn't tell if it was built in the same time period or it was a more recent addition to this place.  They shared the sentiment that they couldn't understand who would want to build a place up near a village that no one lives in, but as they made their way down into the empty streets they heard signs of life that came from the mansion itself.

Mac motioned for them all to regroup in one of the empty stables that was attached to one of the buildings, everyone hunkering down behind the low walls so that they couldn't be seen.  "Alright, looks like this town is more occupied then we thought," Mac said.  "Connor, put up a drone and use the thermographics to try to get a body count of people that are over near the mansion.  Check out the sawmill too, our target could be held in either place."

The arctic wolf nodded and unzipped his bag, pulling out a box that contained a small drone and controller that he activated.  Everyone watched the screen that was connected to it as he flew the drone out of the stable and over towards the mansion, which with the normal camera on they could see there was some sort of party or festival that was happening in the courtyard of it.  Both Snow and Marion remarked on how that was strange that a village so isolated had quite the population in it, but Mac motioned for them to be quiet as Connor announced he was switching to thermographics.  As the screen suddenly shifted from a normal picture to a blue hue they found that there were a number of heat signatures but none of them were big enough to be humanoid.

Both Snow and Marion could see Mac frowning in frustration as the drone switched over to the sawmill and found the same thing with the thermographic visor, except when they switched it back to the camera they didn't see anyone milling about on that part of the land.  "Damn worthless piece of junk," Mac grumbled as Connor called back the drone.  "Alright, so we do know that there are people at the mansion, let's go search the sawmill first and see if we can find our VIP there.  If we don't then we're going to have to find some way to breach the perimeter of the estate and search it without riling up the locals."

"Think we'll have time to grab a piece of cake?" Connor joke, Mac smacking upside the back of his head as they all stood up.  With their drone malfunctioning the only head count they got were from the actual images that it took and it looked like there were several dozen people that were in attendance at whatever party was there.  It was strange as Snow thought about it; they could hardly make their way up to this place without their car breaking down and from the sound of it the locals didn't get within a hundred yards of this place, so where did all the people come from and how do they sustain themselves?

Once the drone was packed up the group moved out of the stables and made their way towards the saw mill.  With the only paved road going towards the mansion they quickly found themselves back in the mud trudging their way through to the building.  When they got to it the last of the sun had already set and though it gave away their position they switched on their flashlights in order to proceed.  As soon as they got through the forest and into the perimeter they noticed something strange that was waiting for them, their guns initially getting raised in the air as they thought they saw someone looking at them before the light revealed what it actually was.

It was a statue, or at least something like that as they found instead of wood or stone it was made out of mud.  After the initial heart attack they all had at thinking someone was coming at them the four continued towards it, though Marion and Snow lingered back in order to look at the artwork.  It was some sort of tiger man and as they examined it more closely they found it was incredibly detailed for being made out of mud or clay.  As they shined their lights further down both let out a giggle despite themselves when they saw that the artist was a stickler for being anatomically correct before they flashed it away and went to catch up with the others.

The tiger wasn't the only statue that was in the area and as they continued to head towards the sawmill building they could feel their nerves rising as it was hard to tell if there was anyone among them, at least for all but one person as Connor leaned down and picked something up.  "Hey rookie," Connor whispered, causing Snow to look over in his direction.  "Think fast!"

Before Snow could say or do anything his face was suddenly splattered with a small blob of dirt that had been formed into a phallic shape, Marion ducking out of the way as the cheetah sputtered and wiped it off his face as best he could.  "Connor, you dick!" Snow said back angrily.

"Actually that's what I threw at you," Connor shot back while sticking out his tongue.  "Seems you were used to taking one in the face."

"Can you be serious for like six seconds?" Marion said as she pulled out a wipe and handed it to Snow.  "We're in the middle of mission."

As Connor chuckled both heard a hiss that came from their leader, all of them immediately going quiet again before he motioned for them to keep going.  Though it wasn't a very large clod of dirt it had gotten in Snow's mouth and over his eyes, which he had to brush carefully off while still spitting.  It was not the first time that their communications officer had done something childish in the middle of a mission and he always said it was to break the tension so that they weren't so high-strung.  At the moment though he just remained silent as they reached the large double doors and found that they were unlocked.

Together Mac and Connor slowly slid them open and the other two flashed their lights inside while scouting ahead.  Just like the outside it was completely silent, the two making their way around pallets of wood that had started to rot and deteriorate to get into the building proper.  On a cursory glance they could tell that while it was clear from the cobwebs and rust that this machinery hadn't been used in ages that there was still power going to it, seeing the flashing lights of the control board as the other two came up behind them to clear the sides.  Once they had ensured the main area was clear of anyone they began to check the side rooms with Snow opening one of the metal doors that looked suspicious only to find an incinerator on the other side for dealing with bark and such.

The others came back with minimal success but as Mac asked Marion over the radio what her status report was all of them suddenly bolted upright upon hearing her screaming.  The three readied their weapons and quickly converged on the source of the noise, the vixen standing a few feet in what appeared to be a storage room with a hand on her muzzle in shock.  At first they thought she had just gotten startled by another of the mud statues that had been in there but as Connor brought up his light to the face of it Snow recognized that falcon's face as well.

"It can't be..." Snow gasped, prompting both Mac and Connor to look at him.

"Can't be what?"  Mac asked.

"That's Marion's boyfriend, from recon team," As Snow went and looked at the other three that were in the room he saw two more that looked familiar as well.  "It can't be... I think that they're all from recon team.  What in the hell happened to them?"

"It has to be a trick or a hallucination of some sort," Mac said.  "Some sort of illusion.  Either way finding out what happened to recon team is not important, we need to find the VIP and get the hell out of here."

Though the others nodded and started to look around the area Snow continued to see Marion stand in front of the statue of his boyfriend.  He wanted to tell her that it was probably just some sort of prank or illusion like Mac had said, but before he could think of what to say he saw something out of the corner of his eye the caused him to spin his head around.  It looked like movement... and not from something just falling down as he brought up his weapon again.  As he ran out and hopped up on the giant conveyor belt he shined the light down and saw that it was another statue that had not been there before.

...and then it moved its head up to look at him.

"Uh, Mac..." Snow said as he brought up his weapon, aiming down his sight as he saw that this statue was not the only one that was suddenly alive.

"I think I have something about the VIP here," Mac replied as he looked over various papers.  "What is it Snow?"

"We have a problem!"  As Snow saw the muddy statue it suddenly lunged at him, which prompted him to fire on it.  The sound of gunfire not only drew in the other two members of his team but also the muddy creatures that had had quickly started to make their way inside.  "It's a trap!"

"Everyone get out of here now!" Mac shouted as he and Connor begin to fire down on the statues as well, cutting them down while they were swarming his position.  As Snow took a second to reload he noticed that some of the ones he had already put quite a few holes into were reforming themselves, and with that being the case it made escape all the more imperative.  The fact that these creatures are all made of mud turned into an afterthought as they all started moving towards the back door of the sawmill, though as Snow reached the end of the sawmill he gasped and realized that he had not seen Marion.

When he looked back over at the storage area he could still see far enough inside that Marion was still there, mud on the front of her chest and hands as though she had been hugging the falcon that was behind her.  She had been drawn to them by the gunfire but wasn't sure what was going on, just that the other three were firing at something that she couldn't see due to the saw table.  Snow turned to try and yell at her to get away from the mud creatures but as the cheetah was about to do so he saw that the entire recon team had started to move onto her.  The mud falcon grabbed her by the arm and as she was spun around she let out a gasp of shock at seeing her boyfriend staring straight at her, his face moving like he was merely covered in mud.

But that illusion was quickly dispelled as his beak drooped and hung open wide while what would have been a tongue lashed about in the air like a tentacle.  Snow brought up his weapon to try and save her as she let out a scream and tried to run but the fox was in the way of his shot, instead all he cold do was watch as the struggling fox suddenly got the muddy tongue shoved into her muzzle and coating over it.  He could see her swallowing it down or it pushing into her throat as another member of the muddy recon team came over and used what looked like claws to start shredding off her uniform.

Snow was about to hop down and try to fight his way over to her but heard Mac shout to get back with then, and though he wanted to try and save their medic he could already see something strange happening to the fox.  As she was lifted up in the air her eyes started to roll back as two tentacles of mud came from the falcon and pushed themselves into her ears.  It was becoming increasingly clear what had happened to the recon team as the fox's struggling quickly ceased, once more being held by her boyfriend as a hyena that had been their leader came up behind her.  There was no way that the cheetah would save her even if she wanted to as she was quickly mobbed and as Snow concerned himself with his own exit he couldn't help but watch as the thick cock of the falcon was pushed up into her exposed pussy.

Getting stretched open like that seemed to snap Marion to her senses, but even as she managed to tear her head away and dislodged the mud pushing into her it was already too late.  Before she could attempt to get out of the falcon's grasp the hyena had grabbed around her waist, causing all three of them to fall backwards with the falcon on top.  This didn't stop him from pushing his hips forward as the mud hyena could be seen pushing up into her tailhole while she tried to grasp around and get herself out.  With the two muddy entities on her the red fur of her body was becoming quickly coated with a similar substance and as she was penetrated from behind her stomach was slowly swelling and jiggling.

Just as Snow reached the end of the saw mill another from the recon team flopped on top of the group, his cock already fully erect as his hips aimed right for her already mud-caked mouth.  She had a glut of the silky substance dripping out of her nose and ears as the two bodies were reshaping and forming around her body and as the third joined in by stretching her mouth with his cock the fox disappeared out of site.  Snow could still occasionally see the fox moving around and saw her muddied arm reach up, but it quickly was enveloped by the growing gangbang of the muddy recon team, the sounds of their wet bodies sliding and making suctioning noises as they became more indistinct from one another.

Mac shouted at Snow and snapped him out of watching the recon team mob their medic and as he looked back over he saw that while Mac and Connor were able to get out through the second floor he was being quickly surrounded.  He only had one clip left and was quickly running out of that, but with them swarming the area there was no way to get to the other exit.  It seemed his last chance to escape was gone... except he noticed that there was one area that they weren't around yet.  With every bullet he had he cleared a path to the incinerator room and rolled in, then closed the door behind him and locked it.

But Snow turned around and found himself in a situation that wasn't much better.  There was no other way out and unless he wanted to try and go up the incinerator chute he would need to find another way out.  When he went over to the incinerator control panel and saw that it was still lit and ready to go as well as a few different pressure gauges.  Though he wasn't a mechanical engineer he was fairly certain that the pipes next to the huge machine were steam pipes, the saw mill using the burning of the excess wood for power, and if he could just overload them it would potentially blow a hole through the wall.  It could also kill him, Snow realized, but that was a risk he had to take as he began to make adjustments.

Snow breathed a sigh of relief when he was able to start up the machine, though the noise rattling through the saw mill would no doubt attract more of those creatures as he manipulated the gauges further and began to feel the heat radiate from the machine.  From what he had seen when they came in there was no way this was some sort of elaborate ambush, even Marion had commented that they were just statues and she was their medic.  The thought of the fox brought up the memory of her being plowed into by her former boyfriend and it just caused him to shudder at the thought of them completely encasing here.  Would she eventually be killed, or more likely become one of them just like the recon team had?

The idea of becoming one of those muddy creatures gave him a shiver that had caught him off-guard, but just as he was about to overload the pipes he heard a crash and saw the door burst open.  Several of the former statues had quickly started to move towards him and Snow had to hop over the control panel as the tiger he had seen earlier attempted to grapple him.  Though the levels on the incinerator were becoming increasingly dangerous the mud monsters were quickly pinning him in and there was nowhere else to go.  Eventually he was backed up to the machine itself and as he bumped against the handle of the door that separated him from the fires inside he had an idea.

Using the butt of his gun he hit the handle of the incinerator door and quickly jumped back, the pressure that had been building up releasing from the inside releasing so violently that it nearly caused the cheetah to get hit by the door.  Those closest to the flames immediately recoiled and froze in place while the others that were about to bare down on him became increasingly sluggish in their movements.  Snow had to shield his eyes from the heat of the initial flash but as he looked out in the room he saw that those closest had completely dried out, their bodies crumbling slightly as those that were further back quickly began to undergo the same reaction.

"That's... interesting," Snow said to himself as he got to his feet, looking at the creatures that were still heading towards him despite the flames having dried out their companions.  The door out was still not viable and he had just given up his chance of using the pipes to blow out the wall, but as he pressed against the metal he heard four knocks come from the other side.  That was Mac, and as he responded with three knocks in kind he knew what was about to happen and made sure to find something to get behind.

About twenty seconds later a section of the wall was blown out, the boom causing the old metal panels to reverberate as cool air rushed in from the outside.  "Let's go rookie!" Mac said as Connor stood there behind him.  Snow didn't have to be told twice and together the three ran as quickly as they could into the nearby woods and away from the saw mill.

Once they had gotten far enough away that they didn't believe they were followed Mac had Connor and Snow take up lookout positions while they took a chance to catch their breath.  "What in the hell was all that?"  Snow said as he took several breathes to try and steady his nerves.  "What happened to those people?  To recon team?  To Marion?"

"Whatever it is I guarentee is beyond our pay grade," Mac replied as he pulled out several papers from his jacket.  "I managed to get these before those creatures came in, says that the VIP was invited to come up to this mansion to discuss some sort of revitalization project or something in this region.  Now the location is where he had gotten taken but from what I can see they are using the festival as a means of covering up the fact that they have them."

"You're still thinking about the mission at a time like this?" Connor replied in shock.  "I'm ready to radio us a chopper and get the hell out of here!  We just lost Marion to those mud creatures, do you really think we stand a chance if there are more of them at that mansion?  For all we know this entire town is infected with whatever did that too them."

"That is the job we signed up for," Mac reminded them.  "Now we might be dealing with something that we've never seen before, but if that's the case and we don't try to complete the mission now then we probably lose the VIP.  At the very least we need to go and see if there is still a chance he's alive and not one of these things, and if he is then we have to exfil him before making plans to escape."

"But our bullets don't do anything to them," Connor argued back.  "And I don't know about you, but I only have two magazines left."

As the two argued back and forth about the efficiency of their attack plan Snow eventually spoke up, the normally rather shy cheetah catching them both by surprise from the interjection.  "It seems these mud creatures are vulnerable to heat," Snow explained.  "At least from what I saw, it may not kill them entirely but if we set up something then maybe we can get a bunch of them caught in a fire then they'll at least be slowed down."

"Vulnerable to heat, huh," Mac said as he tapped his chin.  "Perhaps we can use that."

"Well shoot, I forgot my flamethrower in my other pants," Connor said with a smirk.

"Well if they're vulnerable to fire then perhaps they're scared of it," Mac said as he checked his ammo before looking back towards the village.  "Here's what we're going to do, Snow and I are going to the village and set a few fires as a distraction, then go in hot and grab the VIP once we've checked to make sure that he's not one of those creatures and then burn down the mansion behind us if we have to.  Meanwhile I want you to get a signal and call base, tell them we are going to need a chopper fully loaded and ready to go in case we drag these guys with us."

"Aw man, no fighting mud creatures for me?" Connor said as he grinned at Snow, who just frowned in response.  "I suppose that's a sacrifice I'm willing to make, I'll find a signal if I have to climb every mountain in this area."

After a bit more of planning the logistics the two broke off from Connor, leaving their communications officer to get them a way out as they trudged back to the village underneath the light of the moon that had rose up overhead.  As Snow felt his boots sinking into the mud as they got closer he once more thought back to what had happened to Marion.  It was one thing to be converted, he thought, but then to be taken in that matter was something else entirely.  He couldn't get the mental image of those men on top of her and while he was disgusted by that he couldn't help but also think that the scene was just a little kinky as they made their way through the woods...

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It took nearly an hour to make their way from where they had run to get back to the village, especially avoiding both the estate and the saw mill.  When they got there the houses were still completely silent and there was no one around mud or otherwise.  Before they got started with their plan though Mac took the drone that he had taken from Connor and gave one last look to see if they could find the heat signature that was the VIP.  As Snow watched on the screen there was a part of him that hoped there would be nothing and that Mac might call the mission early, but as he pushed the drone's signal to the limit a smile curled on his serpentine snout as he saw a blob of orange that stood out amongst the rest of the area.

That had to be him, and as soon as they were sure that it was a viable heat sign through the computer they recalled the drone and started to get to work.  The fire they were about to set up had to be big enough to attract the attention of those in attendance of the festival to come back, which means more then just a hay fire would be needed to draw them back.  Fortunately there was far more than that and after Mac had siphoned the gas out of one of the cars that was half-buried in the mud he had created a few molotovs from empty bottles in the area.  He handed one to Snow and after picking out their targets threw them in the buildings, hearing the sound of the glass shattering and almost immediately flames shooting up inside.

They did that to four in total before immediately running around to the side of the forest in order to make their approach to the mansion.  For a few minutes they could still hear the sounds of whatever festivities were going on but as the clouds of smoke began to rise up and had the backdrop of the growing flames underneath the two could hear the sounds of panic coming from the courtyard area.  By the time the building was in sight they could see movement and with a pair of binoculars Snow watched as a whole bunch of people began to flood out of the mansion and head back towards the village.  Strangely none of them were like the mud creatures they had encountered at the saw mill... was it possible that what they experienced was some sort of illusion, or localized phenomenon?

Either way there wasn't any time to really think about it as Mac told him to move before practically launching himself up the hill they had been hiding behind.  Even with the mansion mostly emptied out to deal with the fires in the village the two were careful to try and avoid any guards, but either because of the commotion or due to their involvement in the saw mill the ones they saw were on high alert.  They managed to get inside the courtyard but as they headed up towards the location that Mac had seen on the drone they were spotted by a jaguar in a suit that pointed at them.  Mac responded with a quick shot to the head, but even with the silenced weapon it ran out enough to catch the attention of several others.

Mac shouted for Snow to move and as the cheetah followed behind he couldn't help but glance at the dead guard as they were passing by.  Except... Snow noticed that instead of the usual red that would come from a shot like that he saw that it was an almost ashen grey dribbling down his nose.  It was mud, and as Mac took down another guard heading towards them they could see the splatter from the impacts being similar to the first one.  These guys were all creatures that were somehow disguised, but that just made their need for a flash assault even more as they quickly made their way up the stairs to the top floor of the mansion.

Finally after blitzing through the various rooms they reached a large ballroom that was on top of the mansion, the light of the moon streaming down on the polished marble floor as they burst through the door.  Snow was completely out of ammo by this point and Mac was down to his sidearm as they had to fend off against the guards, which had started to shed their disguise and chase them with more blob-like forms and their clothes melting off of them.  Several had almost managed to extend out their arms and get Snow but Mac had been quick to get them away and make sure that none of them touched the two.  While they weren't sure how this condition was spread they didn't want to find out, especially if it was something infectious that could spread past the village as they made their way across the ballroom with their footsteps echoing on the floor.

When they got to the rather large horse man that they were supposed to extract they found him tied up to a leather chair next to a huge fireplace, the ropes around him pressing against his muscular form as they approached.  It didn't appear that he was otherwise harmed fortunately as Mac tossed Snow his pistol while pulling out his knife with his free hand.  "Don't worry sir, we're here to rescue you," Mac explained as the bull's head that had been hanging down suddenly perked up at the two being next to him.  "Can you run?"

"I think I could," the VIP replied as he shook his head.  "Thank you for coming to save me, they're doing some sort of ritual and I don't know what would happen if you had been any later."

"It's no problem," Mac said, though Snow could hear the slight irritation in his voice as he cut through the ropes.  They had already lost Marion and there was no guarantee that they were going to get out of this themselves, especially as he could hear people starting to gather outside the main ballroom area.  It sounded like far more then the guards that they had encountered earlier though and made him wonder if the villagers had already come back, though it was getting hard to concentrate on his thoughts with the whispers that were growing in the ballroom.

When the last rope snapped the large bull man stood up and brushed himself off, though as he began to walk towards the middle of the ballroom Mac quickly went up to him and told him that they would probably have to take a window out.  Before Snow could even think about reaching for his grappling hook and rope though all the doors suddenly swung open and over a dozen people in cloaks made their way out to surrounded them.  "Damn, looks like we're going to have to get our hands dirty after all," Mac said as he took a step between them and the VIP, though with the group forming a circle it was hard to defend from all sides.  "Snow, get ready and clear the path to the closest door."

Though Snow heard the command he found his vision starting to swim and his fingers starting to shake, all the while feeling something throbbing in his head as he brought up one hand to cradle his forehead.  "I think you'll find that none of us will be leaving until the ritual is complete," The bull said as his voice suddenly took on a more sinister tone, Mac's eyes widening in shock and spinning around only to have a tentacle of mud coil around his arm and shake the knife loose from his hand.  "I'm afraid your squad mate there has already been compromised, and once I have you then we can finally move forward in our plans."

"What the hell?!" Mac shouted as he tried to pull away, only to have the other arm of the bull mutate and morph into another tentacle and wrap around his other arm in the same manner as the first.  "We saw you on the thermographic!  How in the hell did you pull that off?"

There was a break in the chanting and as the snake continued to struggle against the creature binding him both he and Snow heard a familiar chuckling that caused them to gasp.  "I guess you could say that they knew things were heating up," Connor said as he walked into the circle of cultists, rivulets of muddy drool already dripping down from between his teeth.  "Once they knew of the plan it was just a matter of me altering the drone and our leader sitting by the fire to mimic a heat signature that was believable."

Snow couldn't believe his eyes at what he was seeing, watching as the arctic wolf slowly stripped off his clothing and revealed shiny patches a bright what that the cheetah guessed was his muddy form manifesting itself.  They had been together the entire time, how in the hell did Connor get turned during this mission.  The lupine traitor seemed to sense that he was thinking that and slowly walked over to him, which caused the cheetah to take a step back.  Even though he didn't want anything to do with him it was hard to resist his approach, stumbling slightly as his vision swam briefly while he remembered what the VIP said.

"I can sense that you're confused, and I'm sure there are plenty of questions rattling around in those heads of yours," Connor said with a laugh as he turned away from Snow and went towards Mac, the snake starting to pant in exertion as the bull somehow was growing even bigger while his thick hide was becoming wet and slick.  "In truth our glorious leader here had been turned during his first trip to this location to scout it out, but was then let go so that he could gather others like me to help him.  Once the plan was in place I got us sent out here specifically so he could capture you, though we had to go through the recon team first."

Mac let out a hiss but Snow could see his resistance was starting to falter, especially as the bigger man began to rub up behind him.  Though it was hard to see from where he stood the increasingly muddy bull was starting to melt slightly, his legs slowly merging together while keeping the snake's upper body completely bound and restrained.  "Why... me?" Mac asked between panting, his eyes becoming unfocused as the bull's partially drooping snout pressed against his ear hole.  "Why target our team?"

"Because you have information that is vital to the next part of the plan," the bull whispered into the ear of the snake, though Snow could hear it too as he saw Mac tremble.

"I'd never give... you anything..." Mac huffed, though as it turned into a groan Snow could see that the mud cock of the bovine was rather prehensile and had already pulled down his pants enough to expose his tailhole and was already starting to push between those tight cheeks.  "Ohhh... fuck..."

"Oh, but you will," the leader replied with a chuckle.  "Soon everything of yours will be ours, now just relax and let it happen."  After saying that the lips of the bovine pushed against Mac's scales and for the briefest of moments Snow could see the thick, dripping, gooey tongue of the alien creature slip into the snake's ear.  Mac's eyes shot open and the last of his struggles quickly ceased as droplets of mud dripped down the side of his face while his body was being pushed against the still ripped physique of the man behind him.

Snow could only watch in pure shock as the hips of the bull began to press up against the snake's with a wet splat while his cock continued to snake inside the one in front of him.  The cultists that were around them merely continued to chant as the huffing and hissing soon turned to groans of pleasure, the snake's maleness pushing against his pants causing them to bulge out as more of the bull's head pressed against the side of his face.  With the creature being so gooey it was like his head was forming around the one whose tongue had fully penetrated into his skull, the snake's jaw hanging down while his eyes quickly began to roll back into his head.  Whatever was happening to him was faster then what Snow saw with Marion, especially as the mud began to drip from his nostrils and mouth while his stomach stretched out with each thrust.

Though Mac was a big man and well muscled his scaly abs were starting to become lost from the mud flowing into him, more tendrils of the gooey substance starting to drip over his shoulders and spread along his sides while he was rutted in full view of everyone.  With the chanting it was like watching some profane ritual as the lower body of the bull, which was no more than a thick trunk of mud, began to pull the legs of the snake inside of him.  Even with his body sinking into the one behind him the cock of the bull was still thrusting into him, his belly growing thick and swollen while his head continued to get engulfed.  Snow's eyes widened as the mud that leaked from his leader's nostrils, mouth, and eyes began to coalesce, layering thickly over his serpentine snout to become something more bovine in nature while the leader's head continued to engulf the back of his head.

The chanting grew louder and when Snow finally mustered up enough resolve to try and save Mac he felt a hand grab onto his arm, spinning around to see that Connor had moved over to him and grabbed his arm.  Though he managed to get away from him that time it was hard for the cheetah to do so and as he did he noticed that his fur was matted down with streaks of white mud on it.  When he looked back he gasped at seeing that the wolf's clothing had been shed from his body and that his form was shifting about like it was made of liquid.  In essence it actually was, Snow wagered, and as the muddy wolf continued to approach him there was a large gurgle that had caused him to turn back to Mac and the cult leader.

Snow's eyes widened in shock as Mac's head was completely pulled back, his eyes wide and his muzzle stretched open as a muddy tentacle had slipped all the way into his muzzle and clearly pushed down into his throat.  Most of his head was already coated by the bull that was behind him and the arms of the VIP had completely coiled around his muscular arms and were starting to reform over them.  As they were flowing over him the mud had also enveloped his legs up to the knee and at some point either dissolved away or pulled off his clothing to reveal the swollen stomach and erect cock of the snake.  His distended stomach had practically pushed down the throbbing member as his distended belly jiggled and throbbed out with what Snow assumed was the bull's dick deep inside of him.

But it was hard for Snow to see what was happening as the hips of the mud creature had crept over the snake's, tendrils of the goo spreading like wildfire over his muscular body.  Mac had stopped struggling at this point and the chanting had reached its peak as everyone watched the last of the bovine's muzzle form right in front of the snake like it was a mask.  In the last second Snow could see the a look of realization and shock on his face before it was completely engulfed.  The stomach and chest of the snake was the only thing that was left of him that was still exposed as it continued to wiggle about, but as the mud sucked into his maw and his lips began to move it was quickly sinking into him as well.

"Bothers, sister, we have the information that we need now in order to continue with our plans," the cult leader said as the others stopped chanting and stayed silent while he spoke.  "Now for his reward of our loyal wolf he is allowed to take his prize, and as he does so we will celebrate the infection of those that we've already taken and those we will take.  With the completion of this ritual our mud will spread across this land!"

There was a cheer that came from the others and as Snow turned towards several of them he let out a gasp as they pulled down their hoods and revealed the faceless muddy heads that were underneath it.  It was like looking at a mannequin head and as it took him by surprise he suddenly felt a pair of hands clasp onto his shoulders.  "It's time for you to join us," Connor whispered into Snow's ear, punctuating it with a lick of his muddy tongue that had left a trail of the goo along his fur.  "Embrace your new role, free the corruption that has been seeping into you all this time."

With the added mud that was in his ear Snow found himself unable to take another step, instead allowing his shirt to be taken off while seeing the last of their leader disappearing into the bull.  The VIP had laid down on his back and was stroking himself while still having the scaly, distended belly of Mac poking out, though as he merged their cocks together and began to thrust his hips up the spurts of muddy cum quickly began to coat what remained.  The leader was in esctasy at finally capturing his prey and the others had started to stroke themselves at seeing their master assimilate another into the mud that they had all become infected with.  Even though Snow had attempted to deny it he knew that he was in the same boat, especially as his pants were being pulled down he had wiped his noise and found that mud had streaked his fur.

But it wasn't just the mud that had concerned him; as he found he was no longer able to breathe out of his nostrils Snow brought his fingers up to his nose and found that it wasn't there anymore, his eyes widening as he found just a smooth patch of goo that was slowly dripping down his muzzle.  As his hand continued to press against it he found his entire face felt droopy and it caused him enough concern to snap himself out of his daze and remember his desire to escape.  Before he could take a few steps though his legs gave out from underneath him and as he caught himself with his hands he felt his limbs ripple as though there was something underneath his fur then flesh and bone.  With how long ago he had been infected by Connor, the event bubbling up in his mind like the mud dripping from his mouth, then he was completely lost already.

There was a chuckle that came from behind him and before Snow could say anything he felt the weight of the equally naked wolf on his own body.  "You can feel it, can't you," Connor said as Snow shuddered from the pleasure of their infested bodies touching.  "Embrace the mud, you'll be connected to all of us, completely free..." The last words that he spoke sounded wet and when he ended in a gurgle Snow managed to turn his head around and see why.  The cheetah let out a slight gasp at seeing the features of the wolf starting to become less defined, his flopping muzzle suddenly being pushed and stretched open by several muddy tentacles that caused it to push all the way back.  It was a sight that should have terrified the cheetah, but the more he watched the more he found that Connor was somehow right, that he was... beautiful.

The mud was beautiful...

The mud was everything...

The mud was... him...

Snow's head suddenly lurched forward and his neck stretched unnaturally long as he could feel what was left of his resistances crumbling away with the gooey embrace of the wolf on top of him.  His cock had already managed to slither itself underneath his tail and with the cheetah on all fours it didn't take much for the man on top of him to start to push the rather large gooey member inside of him.  Even with the slight squish that it had it would have been more then his capacity, yet as the mud wolf pushed his hips forward and slid his body on top of him the feline panted heavily as the ring of muscle gave with ease.  Not only that but it felt like his insides were able to squeeze around it, suctioning against it with every thrust like... like his insides were made of mud.

This was it, Snow's corrupted mind thought as he could feel the tendrils that had been obfuscated in his own body, he could feel the intense pleasure radiating through his form as he was welcomed into this parasitic hivemind.  He had been the back-up for Connor; if something happened where Mac wouldn't take the bait and go inside the house the wolf would have taken control of him and laid an ambush, but things had gone according to plan and they had fallen right into their trap.  But Snow didn't even care anymore, as he felt the head of the snow leopard press against his own he found himself welcoming the embrace of those that had were just like what he was becoming.  When he felt the gooey tentacles slither across his neck he opened his mouth and let them in, two pushing down into his already distorted maw while several smaller ones slid into his ear holes to pour more of the parasitic substance into his skull.

The other cultists, including their leader, watched as the last of the team that had been sent into their trap was converted.  The stomach of the leopard began to grow distended as Connor was pumping much more than just his cock inside of him, his fur gurgling and rippling as the parasite within continued its conversion.  With each thrust down more of the white mud of the wolf's legs melted around the cheetah's, causing them to flow into one amoprhus set of limbs that were starting to melt together into a puddle.  Even with his head being pulled back by the tentacles and the mud swelling out his throat he could feel himself and Connor merging together, especially as the wolf's head on top of him could be felt melting around his skull like it was vanilla ice cream.

But this wasn't the same merging that the leader did with Mac, there was no need for one to dominate the other and even though Connor was on top the two were equal when it came to their roles, especially now that Connor had fulfilled his mission.  As the mud continued to flow into the ears of the cheetah the thought that he would be possessed or engulfed by the wolf were being washed away by both the pure pleasure and also from his head drooping back down again.  Though he couldn't see it the wolf had almost completely melted around him, only his ears sticking up and coating the rounded ones that belonged to the cheetah that were completely plugged up.  When Snow had a small spark of recollection of what was going on he tried to say something only to realize the tentacles had merged with his mouth and throat and that his head was getting harder to hold up with every second.

By this point the humping hips of the wolf had completely disappeared into Snow's, though both could still feel the intense pleasure that came from their coupling while their tails merged with the mostly liquid legs.  As the puddle spread out underneath them it flowed over the cheetah's hands and suddenly they sank in like it had eaten the floor out from underneath him.  Though the weight of the wolf had lifted from him becoming mostly a pile of mud it had completely seeped into his body and had caused his already distended stomach to finally join with the rest of them.  The others that were in the room began to melt as well and as Snow found himself struggling slightly at feeling his body become mud there was no sound that came out of his completely sealed head, his faceless visage looking around despite the fact that he couldn't see.

The only thing that was left to do was to merge with the rest of his and Connor's body, the cheetah pattern of his fur disappearing for the most part save for the black spots that floated about as his back completely became enveloped by it.  With more of the sublime euphoria filling Snow's mind and the lack of senses all he could think about was joining, merging, melding together and becoming one with the mud.  Even though he couldn't see anymore he could sense the presence of another and his featureless head looked up to find that the leader of the cult was right over them.  By this point his arms had given out and his chest was becoming subsumed in the puddle, which just left his head that was above the surface like someone swimming to keep their head above water.

Suddenly Snow felt something splat against the top of his forehead and realized that their master was about to give them a great gift, something that filled his infested head with joy as he could feel it pushing down into his deformed skull.  Much like with the tentacles in his ears it gave easily and suddenly all of his consciousness, as well as Connor's began to flow upwards as the master slowly thrust his huge maleness into their gooey mass that rose up.  As their muddy bodies slapped together the white mud briefly took on several forms that flowed like quicksilver from one identity to the next, taking on the body of the wolf briefly before becoming a mud cheetah, then both heads popping out at the same time as the entirety of their mud was being pulled into the cock that was merging with them.  More muscle packed onto the mud bull as the completely melted acolytes joined in this merging, finishing the ritual that gave the parasite more power then it had imagined while also having the information he needed.

The bull let out a bellow but as his hips thrust up the engorged member looked like it was cumming in reverse.  The master held onto the heft of his shaft and huffed loudly despite not needing to breathe as the forms of the cheetah and the wolf could be briefly seen outlining the pure white mud cock he had gained before being absorbed into his body just like he had done with Mac.  This was a position of honor for the creatures, to have such a powerful rod be created for them while the others merely soaked up from his hooves in order to give him strength.  There were more squishing and sliding sounds that were coming outside and those that had already been converted were enjoying their own infestation, the bull able to sense as dozens of bodies thrust and pounded and flowed into one another until it looked more like the rippling waves of silt instead of the people that they used to be.

Once the ritual had been complete the bull stood alone in the ballroom, his body flowing about himself as he extended his arms into tentacles that caressed and coiled over every inch of his new body.  This was the form that would lead them into completely turning this world into one big mud ball, but before he could do that he needed to make sure that his people were safe.  There was one way for sure to do that and as he walked over to the next room where the communication equipment was stored the bright grey mud of his body shifted to green before adopting a scale texture, the substance sculpting itself based on what was imprinted on it.

By the time he got to the radio the bull was replaced by a snake, though in reality it was all still the parasite as he got on the radio and put in the access code.    "Hello, dispatch, this is Mac here," the parasite said as he heard the other line pick up once he had gotten through all the security clearances that the former leader had in his head.  "We managed to secure the VIP but there's something going on with this village that has caused us a lot of concern, I think we're going to need to send a few teams over here in order to figure out what's going on with this place..."