

Myne's Mine

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Sharp angles of early morning light struck right into the valley, dappling across the uneven roof lines of the city and glittering in the beads of dew that clung to the old white pavement that ran up to the steep slopes at the far end. For years the street had ended in untamed nature, but now something else had taken root. At the end of the old road was a new structure. It seemed to many like some technological beast had been unearthed with bronze colored ribs and smoky quartz glass flesh. It stood nearly four stories tall, and yet that was only the tip of the Mynellian Mining corporation's latest venture.

Buses came and went from the site at all times of day and night - there was no sun underground to dictate hours after all. Felix had opted to hop off at the previous stop and walk up to give himself a better view. Standing at five foot eleven, his short buzzed dark brown hair already had a dusty shade to it. He had a strong jaw and two simple gold rings glinted from each ear. At twenty eight years old, he knew statistically he was heading toward the end of his prime but he hoped that his wisdom would make up for it.

As Felix approached the entrance to the mine, he realized he wasn't the only one there. There were a pair of Orcs in their early twenties, their green hued skin darkened by more stubble than Felix could grow in a day. There was an oddly grizzled elf with a dour expression, his arms covered with scars that Felix couldn't quite place.

It wasn't exactly surprising that there would be other candidates for this position. The ad didn't ask for much experience and there weren't a lot of low-entry jobs these days, and certainly not in non-tech fields. The mine opening had caused some discontentment among the city, with concerns about pollution and noise occupying public opinion for a while, but it had quickly died down, and no one could deny that it had brought a boost in the local economy.

The little group didn't have to wait long before another bus arrived, driven by an older Orc. Around twenty people stepped down, a few chatting, most still fighting the night's sleep, all of them heading toward the buildings around the mine's entrance. Suddenly, a voice erupted from the bus.

"Hey kid, this is the last stop and I'm not turning around for you, get out!" The driver barked. A shadow quickly moved behind the vehicle's side windows and out stumbled a human man, quickly muttering apologies. He stopped next to the Orcs and only now seemed to realize that he was making a scene. His mop of curly black hair was unkempt, betraying the signs of someone sleeping against a window. At six foot two, with a short soul patch, a pair of square glasses and an oversized hoodie, he definitely looked out of place. Usually he was a night owl, a habit he'd picked up in college before dropping out, but he'd tried his best to force himself into a morning schedule; to little avail. His body craved two things right now, either a massive cup of coffee, or just to curl up in a warm spot and sleep. Still, he cleared his throat.

"Hi, I'm, um, I'm Matthew. Is this the spot for the miner position?" He asked the group. Felix couldn't help but smile a little. He loved people watching, especially if those people were masculine. There was something about this Matthew that he just wanted to climb and curl up against. Putting himself forward out of line he gave a generous head nod.

"You're in the right place." Felix said companionably.

"The right place... is inside!" A booming voice came from further up, or rather, down. Standing over a foot shorter than Matthew was a Dwarf wearing the orange and brown jumpsuit of a Myne Miner, though the entire chest of the uniform was covered by the man's bushy, braided blond beard. His nose was a little rounder than the humans in line but he seemed young... in fact, maybe even younger than Felix and Matthew. He waved his clipboard, gesturing with a rather strong muscled arm toward the door that had opened. "Inside, everyone... Have your ID ready," the Foreman said.

"Do we need our resumé's out?" The elf asked, eliciting a laugh from most of those in line as the Foreman sized up the crowd.

"We'll figure out pretty quick if mine work is right for you. I don't need any extra paperwork, just the application," The Foreman said. The line started moving and Felix stepped out of line so a few people could pass before he fell into step with the curly haired late arrival.

"Is that your first mining job?" Matthew whispered to his neighbor. "I was surprised by some of the details they asked in the application, like our blood type and ancestry. I have some elven blood on my mom's side but I don't see how that's relevant... Right?"

"Yeah, first mining job," he agreed, "I guess maybe they have to know for health reasons." Felix shrugged. He couldn't stop smiling as he looked at Matthew so instead he took in the surroundings. They moved through the impressive smoked quartz glass doors into the mine itself. Everything seemed forged out of perfectly fit metal or perfectly cast glass, at least on the surface. The line was led up to a sturdy looking elevator with thick safety rails around the side. Somewhere far below they could feel the scraping and scratching, the world itself being carved into.

Felix's chocolate brown eyes considered the application, filling out details. There didn't seem to be much room for any extensive notes so he turned it in and wandered toward the open space near the elevator. As he waited, the Orc twins couldn't stop bashing their chests together in some sort of toughness game that Felix couldn't figure out. As he waited for Matthew to finish, he wandered over to a vending machine that was serving hot canned coffee, something Felix had never seen before in his life. As he considered how being canned might affect the taste, he saw a familiar hand depositing several quarters. The machine rumbled, clattered and deposited the canned beverage.

"Oh perfect, I needed that", Matthew piped in, placing a hand on Felix's shoulder as he leaned down to retrieve his purchase. "Want some? My treat, for our first day." He smiled at his new work colleague.

"Oh yeah, I want some." Felix replied, unable to help himself. Matthew purchased a second and pulled out another can, handing it to his new friend.

"I'd heard this was a thing in fancy companies now, didn't expect Myne's Mine to have this stuff already, and for employees too!" He chuckled, cracking his can open before blowing on the lid. The sound of conversation changed pitch and Matthew looked up, seeing people moving toward the elevator. "Come on, I think they've processed almost everyone."

As Matthew and Felix joined the others, the Dwarvish Foreman gathered those that had been lingering behind. Matthew took in his physique, mostly the muscles that seemed stacked on muscles and the long, intricate beard. His eyes betrayed a bit of envy and wonder. Due to his elvish heritage, men in his family had always been tall with rather fair features. Working out had never produced any meaningful result, so he had been resigned to his fate. Still, it was hard not

to be envious. A large meaty hand slammed against the big red button. The elevator let out a warning klaxon and began its journey. Guard grates folded out to protect those in the lobby from the pit as the platform headed down.

The descent into the mine was like entering another world. Stone columns bigger than skyscrapers stretched down from ground level into a massive cavernous space. From the edges of those walls, tunnels fanned out in every direction. Strange purple-gray stone shimmered with more luminescence than the mine lights cast as they were chipped away at. While the mine represented a diversity of workers, there seemed to be a vast majority that came from the Dwarven community. That was to be expected, although Felix knew he'd probably have to watch himself to make sure his curiosity and affection for looking at manly men didn't get him into trouble.

"Your barracks will be on level 13, subsection D. Food and drink will be provided, including alcohol when off duty. If you want more than what we serve, you're welcome to use your paycheck. That's what it is for after all." The Foreman explained before continuing on to describe various safety techniques and regulations.

The group was quiet, in a mix of awe at the size of the installation, and apprehension at the idea of working all day underground. Even the Orc brothers seemed impressed by the descent, although they still nodded enthusiastically at the mention of free alcohol. They kept going lower and lower, passing through many floors. The stones changed colors and textures, some floors were brighter than others. How many employees lived down there? Probably hundreds, at least, Matthew pondered. No wonder they didn't need any resumé, they probably hired anyone willing to work.

Level by level they dropped. At first it seemed like they were slowing down but the wind currents whipping through the Orc twins' mohawks remained the same. It became apparent that each floor was becoming larger than the previous. Murmurs and whispers could be heard among the group as they wondered about the size of the place, the stability of the tunnels, or even how deep they were. Despite his gruff attitude, the Foreman couldn't help but smile a little at their amazement, his Dwarven pride filling his chest. Gasps broke out as the elevator did come to a somewhat abrupt stop. The rails slid open and scraped a little across a rocky surface.

Felix stepped out of the elevator, feeling dense stone beneath his feet. There were safety ropes strung around the edges of the central pit but the walkway around the outer side of the pit was broad and easily passable. Amber colored lanterns had been affixed to the walls at regular intervals, creating an even glow in the central space. Felix turned and looked back at Matthew. He took in the young man's wonder, his curly bed head and the strip of dark hair he wore down his chin. He'd have to learn what Matthew liked besides coffee to work up the courage to ask him on a date.

"This way, this way." The Foreman said, waving his hairy arm, gesturing to one of the broader tunnels leading out of the central chasm. The group wandered along the path, some looking at the other miners. There was a soft humming sound coming from glowing vents full of a blue ivy looking plant that was producing fresh oxygen in rapid fashion. They had nearly made it to 13D when Felix's brown eyes widened a bit in surprise.

"All the workers are men?" he asked with a little too much excitement in his voice. The Foreman let out a grunt, hitting yet another big button with his fist.

"There are women workers, just not too many apply, and none on this level." The Foreman said, looking Felix up and down before grinning, "But I don't think you have a problem with that, do ya tunnel rat?" he asked. Felix shrugged.

"I've always enjoyed the company of men..." he admitted. The Foreman let out a grunt at that and wandered into the barracks. Unlike the meandering, curving tunnels of the mine, the barracks were angular. There were several side rooms and shelves cut into the walls in trapezoids and slanted rectangles. There was a small kitchen area and several barrels stacked in a wooden holder. There was a rolling cart for dirty clothes and a rolling cart for clean ones.

"Pair off, pick bunks, get settled. There will be a short orientation at four followed by dinner. You can explore the rest of this tunnel for the refreshers and gym. Do not step out into the mine itself prior to orientation. Is that understood?" The Foreman asked, sticking out his gut and running a hand down his long braided blond beard.

"Yes chief!" The Orc twins said in unison. The Foreman opened his mouth to correct them before he thought better of it and he left the room. Chatter began to fill the barracks as people started to explore the place, picking bunks and forming pairs as a result. The beds seemed comfortable enough at first glance, but Matthew thought they had probably been designed by dwarves. They were quite low and a bit short in length. He'd likely have to sleep curled up, with his size. Aside from that, the accommodations really were rather nice and clean. In fact, he wondered if they had just opened these barracks just for them.

Next to the sleeping area was the recreation room, complete with darts, a pool table with adjusting height, and a brand new entertainment system. There even was a fireplace next to a pair of couches with iridescent orange crystals radiating heat instead of open flames. Clearly they had spared no expense for their miners, everything to make them at ease while living underground.

Something bumped into Matthew as he looked around. It was one of the Orc twins, pushing him aside with a barely mumbled apology, rushing to claim one of the bunks for himself and his brother. The human looked around: the spots were going fast. Thankfully his eyes landed on his only "friend" so far, the attractive man with the golden earrings, standing by himself. Matthew made a beeline for him: "Hey, want to pair up?" He smiled, offering him his hand. "I barely ever snore!"

"I'd love that." Felix said, moving into the room farthest from the door. He looked at the beds again before glancing over at Matthew, "Are you a top or a bottom?" he asked with the flirtatious smile on his lips.

"Usually top, but I'll bottom just for you," Matthew chuckled. "Nah, take whichever you want, I don't mind," he added with a wink. Felix nearly purred at that response.

"A shame that the bunks aren't bigger, we could take turns on both." Felix smirked.

"Bro! Have you checked out the showers, they're just like at home!" One of the Orc twins said, coming back in. His brother moved over to clap him on the shoulder.

"That's fucking tight, bro!" The other said excitedly. Felix tilted his head a little.

"Don't Orcs shower in public?" Felix murmured. Matthew nodded.

"That's what I heard, yeah. Back in college, I had an Orc roommate and he'd never close the bathroom door. Not that it mattered, given that he had no problem hanging in our room wearing just his underwear," he blushed at the memory. "So I guess the showers are communal? Makes sense, they had to cut corners somewhere..." Matthew slung his backpack

off his shoulders and started to unpack onto one of the shelves. "By the way, did you notice that we have different races in this group but not a single dwarf? You think that's on purpose?" Matthew suggested in a low, almost conspiratorial voice.

"I would say maybe it's because the accommodations would be aimed at us all being taller but the beds hint otherwise." Felix said. A knock interrupted them as the elf leaned in from the doorway.

"Foreman's back, everyone has to be ready in ten." he said, already moving to deliver the message to the other rooms. Felix flashed Matthew a smile before he flopped onto the bottom bunk, putting his arms behind his head. He had neglected to bring anything to unpack since he hadn't been certain he'd even get the job, but it seemed like he was right where he needed to be.

The Foreman's office was far from the sort of place that Felix or Matthew would have expected in the human or elvish cities. The table and chairs were low for obvious reasons, but one wall was loaded down with hammers, chisels, drolls, axes and other dwarvish tools. They were crafted out of unusual metals and woods in colors that neither had seen before and each was lovingly wrapped with leather strapping to offer some cushion to already gloved hands. The Foreman had been talking for several minutes already about safety protocols, the dos and don'ts, how shifts broke down and the like. Each of them had been given pamphlets in a variety of languages going over the rules.

One more form had been handed out, a limited indemnity form. The scarred elf had read through, assuring everyone that it did not give away their rights to anything regarding death or dismemberment. If anything the healthcare seemed quite robust and respectable. The elf had been confused about one part but had passed it off as boilerplate nonsense. Felix had barely paid attention, merely being happy to be near Matthew and that their initial flirtations had gone so well. He sipped on another can of coffee, looking at his partner taking everything in. For practical reasons, roommates would be required to share the same shift and assignments. Matthew gently elbowed his partner at this news, while the Orc twins loudly high-fived each other.

"The buddy system is an unbreakable trust. In this mine you need someone else with you at all times. Injury, cave in, unexpected gasses... You never know when you might need some help." The Foreman said dutifully, "And that goes for absolutely everyone here, even myself. By the end of the day I'll decide who's the most capable and pick one of y'all to be my personal assistant."

"Does it come with a raise?" The elf asked, his voice betraying clear interest.

"Not really, but you'll get to share my room," the Foreman grinned. "It's voluntary of course, won't force anyone to break up their pairing if they're too attached to their partner." The dwarf nodded pointedly toward the twins. Felix couldn't help but grin some more, rather pleased with how everything seemed to be falling into place. Pens were passed around the room to sign the forms, and the meeting soon ended.

Leaving the Foreman's office full of relics, the group was led to the actual storehouse manned by a pair of tattooed older dwarves. They moved like well oiled machines, dolling out

the requisition kits to the new miners. Each man was given basic equipment, a robust leather tool belt bearing Myne's Mine logo on the buckle, a pair of crossed pickaxes; a crystal-powered flashlight; a canteen; a pair of tough work boots and a sturdy metallic hardhat carved with dwarven runes. The elf accepted his gear, followed by the twins. Matthew hesitated as the objects were heaped into his arms.

"Shouldn't we get full working outfits?" Matthew asked the dwarves, "Like work pants, or high visibility gear?" They looked at each other and shrugged before one of them answered.

"We have that down here, but it's all dwarf sized. Just use your own clothes for now, we'll order something for tall folks eventually." they responded. Felix patted Mathew on the shoulder.

"And I guess we know what our first paycheck will be buying in the meantime." he smirked with a sad, sardonic smile. It was hard work and there wasn't any job that had everything. Still, he couldn't fault Matthew for speaking up. Soon enough they'd know what they were truly in for.

There was always uncertainty in any new job, though Felix was doing his best to work through the awkwardness. The boots fit him like a glove, the hat fit alright on his dusty brown hair, but the earbuds were a little beyond what he had expected. At first Felix had sworn he had gone deaf until he realized that he could hear the Orc twins singing some working song a tunnel away. Brushing his finger over the enchanted items filtered who he could hear until it settled on Matthew. With the buddy system in check, Felix had tried some of the motions shown in the work videos in the Foreman's office. The trick was to find a rhythm that wouldn't slowly rattle his bones apart.

After a few strikes of the pickaxe, Felix started to get to work. The lack of regulation uniforms meant there was a portion from his elbows to his shoulders that was visible, allowing Matthew to see his partner's biceps and triceps glistening a bit. The dwarvish light came in shades of yellow and orange, but the rock they sought almost had a purple glow of its own. The contrasting hues made Felix look like something out of a comic book. It accentuated his handsome jaw, his broad shoulders, his undulating muscles. His eyes were determined and soon his hard work began to pay off.

The mineral they sought was nicknamed dreamstone. The first few strikes might not leave any visible mark, but when the pickaxe hit perfectly it cleaved the rock into hunks that were roughly the size of a baseball and had geometric fractures, leaving hexagonal and octagonal sides. Felix kept going even as glowing purple dust collected on his cheekbones. He grinned a bit, feeling rather accomplished to have picked it up so quickly.

Behind him, Matthew was staring; all day he'd thought of Felix as a friendly guy, but now, with the two of them paired and sweating together in physical exercise... It was the first time he actually paused and looked at him. And in this iridescent light, he cut quite the striking figure, evoking memories of searching the web for pictures of blue collar guys. As something stirred below his toolbelt, Felix cracked another stone and the noise of it took him out of his reverie. Right, he couldn't let his partner do all the work after all. Matthew took a swing out of his canteen to satisfy his oddly dry throat and went back at it, striking his own rock with his pickaxe. Soon enough, he found his rhythm again, and it began to feel like a well-practiced routine. The

pair barely exchanged a word while digging, the sounds of their pickaxes hitting stones answering each other's.

Carving dreamstone off these tunnels filled him with pride and accomplishment; he had applied to this job because no one would take him anywhere, and here he was, surviving, no, actually thriving on his first day! He had always been more of a cerebral and nerdy kind of guy, but using his body like that felt good, and almost refreshingly simple. There were no distracting thoughts, no urge to check his online notifications or count the remaining hours until the end of the shift. Despite the lack of sunlight, the dust and the intense effort, it was almost zen-like. Eventually their enchanted earpieces crackled on as a familiar voice overrode the filter.

"Good job everyone, that'll be enough for your first day." The Foreman broadcasted to the whole team. "Don't need y'all to shatter yourselves to pieces going too hard too fast, eh? Bring back what you found and we'll meet up for dinner!"

"Yes sir!" Matthew answered. He wasn't sure the dwarf could hear him, but judging by the other similar responses coming from the adjacent tunnels, he wasn't the only one thinking so. A sigh of relief escaped him as his muscles finally relaxed, and he wiped the sweat off his brow, mixed in with some purple dust. Despite the helmet, the shiny dirt had found its way in his hair, and judging by his collar, under most of his clothes too. He rolled his shoulders with a groan, feeling his back oddly tight for some reason; he'd need to watch for his posture tomorrow.

"Hey Felix, tell me when you're done, I'll need your help pushing the cart back to the entrance," he called, pouring his collected ore into the vehicle. Truth be told, he was almost tempted to try and push it all on his own, but he really wanted to do this with his buddy. Felix smiled warmly, pulling the cloth down from over his nose and mouth. The purple dust had clung to his forehead and cheeks and absolutely saturated his clothing. He dumped in a few buckets before sticking them to the side of the cart and went back for a few stray pieces.

"Purple is a good color on you." Felix grinned.

"Yeah? Maybe I'll dye my hair that way then," Matthew laughed. They cleaned up their area a bit more and, on the count of three, started pushing. The cart was built with the same craftsmanship that the rest of the mine was, meaning that the cart took less effort to get moving and once it was rolling it seemed to require little effort to keep it going. Before long they were swerving onto the main line with the other workers and heading towards the receiving bay. As they moved, Felix arched an eyebrow. The dust had clung to the Orc twins' natural stubble, making it look almost twice as thick as it had during orientation. Between that and the light, it was as if they were practically sporting beards already. Good thing he liked men with beards.

After bringing the day's load back to the elevator, the team finally headed back to the barracks, eager to relax. The men were in high spirits and jokes flew easily, with guys from other pairs finally introducing themselves to Felix and Matthew. One of the Orc twins was already going around the barracks, asking who'd be interested in a little friendly weightlifting competition among the crew, while the other had already challenged two guys to a future game of beer pong. Meanwhile, the scarred elf was making rounds, asking if anyone had cuts, blisters or

other minor injuries they needed taken care of. It was hard to believe everyone had only been hired this morning.

Matthew has dragged his feet back to their room and slumped on his bed, only bothering to take off his mining gear (minus the heavy steel toe safety shoes) before climbing in the top bunk. In the distance he could hear showers getting turned on, and he figured he should probably wash up... But he was just exhausted for the moment, he'd go later. Out of curiosity, he took a quick sniff of his armpits, and immediately pulled back at how strong the stench was. He hadn't had a workout like that in years.

As Matthew sat there, though, a pernicious thought began to take root. It almost felt like a bit of perverted pride to reek with such masculinity. Glancing at the door to make sure no one was looking, he rubbed two purple dust-covered fingers in his pit and brought it back to his face, just to enjoy the smell a bit longer. It was so bad it was good, so manly that it sent shivers through his body to his nipples and groin. There was a rush of energy that fought off the fatigue from working so hard... and then it was gone.

A small thump came as Felix entered the room and dropped his gear in the corner before pushing it under the bunk with his foot. He peeled off his shirt and revealed dusty, sweaty pectorals and abdominal muscles. He blinked a few times, running a hand over his short shorn hair. Licking his lips, he glanced down at himself and then up at Matthew, realizing neither of them had bothered to shower. That probably wasn't the smartest move given what could happen in a mine, but he also knew this was day one. They could develop good habits later. Stretching his shoulders a bit and yawning, Felix flashed Matthew yet another smile.

"You did great out there today," he complimented.

"C'mon, we both did," Matthew fistbumped him from above his bed. "I didn't know you were packing under that shirt," he smirked, openly staring at his friend's chest. "A few more days like that and I bet you could arm wrestle one of the twins," he teased. With a groan he finally got up and climbed down his bed to get to Felix's eye level. "Oh, sorry if I stink by the way, I clearly didn't put enough deodorant this morning," Matthew added, although with a tone that sounded more pleased than apologetic. Felix sniffed the air a few times and opened his mouth to make a joke, but something about the scent seemed to soothe and ensnare his senses. He closed his mouth and licked his lips a little.

"That is the aroma of a true man... The smell of a good workout. I think it smells like pride, my friend." Felix said, unable to take his eyes off Matthew. That dusty, curly mop of hair and that chin strip of facial hair made Matthew's silhouette unique among all the men in the mine.

"Never heard that one before," Matthew raised an intrigued eyebrow. "You're right, I should feel proud of it!" And with one swift move he took off his shirt, tossing it in the corner. He always had insecurities about his body, of his inability to gain muscles and weight. But somehow, today felt like a new start. He was going to become the man of his dreams.

"And, uh, if you want something to compare it to... you could lay here with me?" Felix offered, grinning a little despite the blush crossing his faintly blushing cheeks.

"Why not," he smiled cockily, "Your bunk seems very comfortable right now." he winked, before sitting down, spreading more purple dust on Felix's sheets. Felix smiled, finding it hard to play coy. He reached up, tangling his fingers in that mess of curls he'd wanted to feel all day. He pulled Matthew down atop him, feeling their skin brush and press like the teeth of a zipper. As

he felt the weight of the other man coming down atop him, he craned his head up to close the distance between them until their lips met.

After an entire day of mining and chipping away with brute force, Felix was gentle and tender. He let his lips brush against Matthew's softly, coaxing him to participate, daring him to open wider. Keeping one hand on the back of his partner's head, he used the other to gently rub and massage Matthew's sore shoulder. He felt the other man's warmth, realizing only then that his elf blood must have made him run a little cooler than he was used to. It was oddly exhilarating.

Felix's hand brushing through his hair was sending shivers down Matthew's spine, and soft breathy groans of contentment escaped his throat. Parting his lips, he reciprocated the kiss, taking in his friend's taste and scent. Having left the door ajar, they could both fully hear the laughter and ruckus of the barracks, but Matthew couldn't care less. His senses were entirely focused on the man under him, his fingers gently stroking his right cheek. Their tongues danced and interlocked for a moment, before Matthew finally pulled away, licking his lips with satisfaction.

"I'm glad you picked me," he whispered in Felix's ear, and started going downwards, planting soft kisses down to his neck. Felix growled at the kisses on his neck, reaching down to unzip Matthew's pants and then his own, groping and rubbing before rummaging around to free them from their fabric prisons.

"How could I pick anyone else?" Felix asked, leaning up to kiss and suck and nibble on Matthew's neck. Before long their stiffening rods were rubbing and grinding against one another as their bodies were. Felix's hand slipped up and down Matthew's back, caressing and appreciating the well worked muscles he found there. Matthew bit his lip at the sensations before sitting up, straddling Felix's waist.

"You sure about that? I've seen you eye the Foreman," he teased. "And honestly, I don't blame you for it", Matthew winked. He then reached an arm behind his back, making a show of huffing his own musky armpit. "Fuck, can't wait to smell like that every day", he growled, before wrapping his hand on both of their dicks, stroking them together. Felix arched his back, groaning and not caring if anyone overheard them. He gyrated and moved, feeling their cocks ache and throb together, but something about Matthew's display stuck with him.

In a move both sudden and premeditated, Felix leaned up and buried his face in Matthew's armpit. He opened his lips and began to lick and slurp. The taste was sharp and acrid, a potent mix of sweat and musk, but Felix didn't care. This was his partner, his man. He got that scent all over his face and in his mouth before he growled. Grabbing Matthew, he threw him down onto the mattress and rolled atop him, straddling him just enough to finish opening his pants up all the way before tugging them down, getting more access. There wasn't anything that was going to keep them from each other now.

Panting in anticipation, Matthew let Felix undress him completely, while tweaking his own nipples to heighten the pleasure. His lover was already sexy enough, but the mind wandered, and Matthew started picturing him in a couple months from now. How muscled would they get, how musky, how... how much more masculine could they become? He began to grind his hips against Felix's, in an almost needy manner, taunting him to make the next move. Nibbles became bites, caresses became gropes and soon they were a tangle of heat and desire.

In the midst of their love making, none of them noticed the Foreman peeking through the door, lured in by their loud display. The dwarf was smirking, groping his rising boner through his pants. The change was going smoothly, he thought. He remembered going through that same process, before gaining this body. Even the newly anointed Foreman's assistant was too distracted, coming up behind the Foreman to rub his shoulders, leaning down to kiss his cheek. A wispy, soft blond mustache that had not been there that morning now adorned the elf's upper lip and his hands were rougher, more calloused, the fingers thicker as they moved to caress his boss's meaty ass. Whatever was happening was happening to them all.

The sound of water hitting stone echoed through the communal bathroom. The air was hazy with steam. Normally it would have been a recipe for danger but the stone under foot had a good grit and traction to it. Felix had wandered in the next morning out of habit. He felt a little modest about wandering in the nude, but what gave him pause wasn't the idea of anyone seeing him. Oddly enough, his hesitation came from the fact that if he showered he might wash off Matthew's scent from his body. Felix looked down at himself, still a little perplexed. Maybe it was the lighting, maybe it was the dust, but his body didn't quite look like he remembered.

Part of it was the hair... The modest dusting he'd had the last few years seemed a fair amount thicker. His pit hair was longer, his chest hair was thicker and his bush seemed like a wild and untamed forest - but it wasn't just the hair. How could one day of work account for his biceps and triceps being thicker? His pecs weren't just firmer, they were fuller and his nipples were larger and darker. He wasn't sure if his dick was bigger, but it certainly seemed closer than it did before. This had to be some form of body dysmorphia from living someplace new, being separated from what he knew.

"Morning..." One of the Orc twins muttered as he passed, followed soon after by his other. Felix looked up with a smile to see plump green ass cheeks wandering by, even more excited by the fact that they had matching but mirrored dragon tattoos on their butts... but when he looked up at their faces, Felix's jaw dropped. What had been stubble the day before was far more now. They each had full, black mustaches and dense, thick, bushy black beards that hugged their rugged jawbones and came down almost two inches. They were ruggedly handsome, but the rapid nature of the growth seemed almost shocking.

Matthew was already there, massaging a company-brand shampoo into his curled mop. The heat was doing wonders for his sore muscles, he had woken up feeling almost cramped, like his muscles weren't extending properly. It was probably due to the smaller bunk size, he figured, and maybe last night's love making. Thinking about it sent some twitches to his cock and he gave it a couple soapy rubs, unashamed of who could see him; they were all guys after all, weren't they? But after a moment he stopped and looked down. Was his dick swollen? He could swear it felt thicker than before, or maybe his hand had calluses? It certainly didn't hurt, and his manhood still rose from a very dense bush, with his balls hanging proudly below. He'd need to look closer in a mirror, he hadn't checked himself since they'd arrived down there.

A yelp came from his right. "Fuck off bro!" It was the Orc, who had just been towel spanked by his twin. They laughed and lightly punched each other, before one of them just grabbed the other and kissed him in front of everyone. It wasn't tender, it was aggressive. Their

lips wrestled, their chins dragged and rubbed which caused their beards to tangle and mesh. They were a writhing mass of green flesh. Felix's jaw dropped, especially realizing that they each had matching piercings along the shaft of their cocks... and then his brow furrowed as he realized they didn't seem as tall as they had on the first day. A klaxon sounded somewhere out in the hallway, an alert that the shift change was approaching in ten minutes. Felix grunted a little.

"I shouldn't have slept in, no time to shower..." he murmured to Matthew, "But you're looking good." he commented, smiling to his lover. Matthew kissed him on the cheek, before grabbing his towel to dry himself.

"Thanks. Don't worry, I'll be as dirty as you by the end of the shift, the guys won't know the difference." He licked his lips and stroked his partner's cheek. "Hm, your fuzz is growing fast, you must shave regularly. I didn't notice that last night." Meanwhile, on his own face, the soul patch had grown into a small goatee, and sideburns were faintly drawn around his jaw line. Felix stared at Matthew for a moment, feeling as if something was off about everything... and yet the more he thought about it, the more everything seemed perfect. Why would he question how happy he was? The concern melted away, replaced by a smile.

They quickly headed back to their room to prepare. It weirdly took Matthew more effort to climb back up on the top bunk, where he had left his helmet. Dressing up also annoyed him. He could have sworn the clothes he'd brought from home fitted him perfectly fine before, but now, most of his shirts felt oddly tight around the chest and arms, and while he had to roll up his pants to avoid stepping on them, at least the safety boots were quite comfortable.

"Last call you lazy bums!" The Foreman yelled from the hallway, "Anyone late will be stuck with cleanup duty tonight!" A general assent of grumbles was followed soon after by the group of hairy men wandering out into the hall and following the Foreman to their duties. Even though most had just finished showering, the air smelled of dust and sweat and manhood. The miners brushed shoulders with one another, exchanging lewd looks of appreciation at one another. Given how happy they were, it was a wonder the mine ever had to hire new workers.

Moments had become minutes and minutes had become hours. Felix and Matthew filled their cart four times over by lunch, finding it far easier than before. Their ear buds had been retuned again and one of the channels offered Dwarvish Rock with percussive drums and deep bass vocals that resonated through Felix's skull and spine. He worked his pickaxes fast and hard, though they'd both taken off their shirts as they made it deeper down their own personal tunnel. Something about the shimmering purple-gray rock made him feel overly warm and sweaty, not that he minded. It was almost like hot yoga.

Matthew continued his work nearby, though an almost electric tingling had started to suffuse his face. His chin throbbed as small but dense black hairs prickled out of his skin. The soul patch had filled in nicely and the hair on his chin was descending centimeter by centimeter as he worked. The sideburns that had descended that night dropped all the way to his jawbone and were now creeping forward. Every hair that pushed out sent waves of pleasure deep into the miner's mind, not to mention his groin.

Soon he had to take off the cloth covering his mouth to finally scratch that itch, and it felt exquisite, like touching velvet. Every stroke seemed to encourage the growth, likely due to the purple dust he was spreading through it. Matthew dropped his packaxe to the side, as some instinct pushed him to do the same with his chest, openly caressing his pecs and abdomen. The music in his earbuds felt oddly perfect for that; even though he couldn't really understand the lyrics, it awoke feelings of rebellion, of manliness, and even lust. His hips started thrusting the air on their own as they grew thicker, stronger, better suited to accommodate the stocky body he was developing.

Like a rock slide that began with a single pebble toppling, the changes began to accelerate dramatically. As new stubble began to fill in the space between Matthew's goatee and sideburns, his spine began to throb. It felt thicker and denser, especially as the space between his vertebrae began to condense and compact. His ribs pressed in tighter and his thighs began to radiate the same sort of ache they had when he had been growing in his teenage years, but now they were shrinking.

Inch by inch, Matthew was growing shorter, but all that mass had to go somewhere. His pectorals bloated outward, his firm abdominal muscles began to distend and swell over a small muscle gut. His dusty black curly hair only grew thicker and fuller and larger, radiating out from his head like a dark halo. He felt the tickle of a thick black mustache creeping down over his upper lip and he felt the soft breeze rippling through facial hair long enough to dangle down below his face. His body was buzzing and throbbing and all that pooled down to his dick, now painfully tented against his pants as it grew fatter and longer and fuller, jutting out like one of the massive rock columns that held up the roof of the mine.

It was all too much, and the waves of change rippling through his body sent him to his knees. Matthew quickly fumbled to open his pants and began to furiously stroke his shaft, taking in its new weight and the heft of the balls, like a pair of small geodes. His other hand went down the back of his pants, exploring his new, meatier ass. Layers of muscles grew down there, giving him cheeks and legs perfect for working long shifts in cramped spaces, covered in a forest of dense hair.

As Matthew explored his ass, his blunt, broad finger brushed against a rubbery, swollen ring of flesh buried deep in those hairy valleys. It awoke a new primal hunger that only cemented the changes. His body was betraying him, he was just a pure hirsute beast of a man, but he felt no fear, he was at home in these tunnels, deep underground. Yet Matthew did feel confused, and after long minutes, he figured out why : he couldn't achieve release on his own! He needed someone else! With great difficulty, he managed to pull his hand away from his behind and got back on his feet, kicking his useless oversized jeans off his legs. The dwarven beast looked around, and sniffed the air. Easily, he caught a very familiar, and very appealing scent, and rushed toward him, already licking his lips.

Because of the music pumping into his ears, Felix didn't know anything was happening until something short, dense and heavy knocked into him. Felix fell onto the ground, coughing from the sudden impact and the dust. As he shook his head to clear his vision, he turned to see an image both familiar and unfamiliar... He recognized the curly hair - after all, how could he not - but everything was out of proportion. Matthew was too short, too wide, his hair too big, his face too hairy... and growing harrier by the second! His boyish good looks were now hidden behind a mane of rapidly expanding black hairs that descended like creeping vines. His skin glistened

with sweat beneath a coating of hair and a treasure trail of dark hair connected his thick bush to his broadening diamond of chest hair... but most impressive of all was the wobbling club of dwarf cock jutting out from his powerful hips.

"Matthew!" Felix gaped, looking at the panting, Dwarvish male before him. He didn't answer beyond grunts, and he flipped Felix on his back, tearing up with his pants with surprising strength. Revealing the young man's sizable cock, Matthew grinned behind his massive beard and quickly fell to his knees, swallowing Felix's dick like a starving man. He slobbered over the shaft, sucking on it forcefully, and had no issue taking it down to the hilt, happily taking deep whiffs of his mate's scent along the way. The saliva was oddly slick, almost goeey like some sort of Dwarvish lubricant.

Breath caught in Felix's throat as panic seized him, but clearly Matthew didn't want to hurt him, and he wasn't sure if he should stop him, or even if he could. Every suction sent shivers down his spine, and pretty soon moans escaped his throat. Watching Matthew's beard grow longer and longer was hypnotic and enticing, as was hearing the wet and lewd slurping, but still parts of Felix's mind wanted answers.

"What... happened to you?" He asked between groaning. It was to no avail. His back arched and his toes curled in pleasure. Matthew was like a vacuum, no, a massager? Whatever he was doing, he was so talented. Felix couldn't help but tangle one hand in those thick curls, watching that beard rimmed mouth go up and down on his cock... a cock now coated in dwarf saliva so thick it looked like he'd come across a slime monster. Felix's eyes rolled into the back of his head and he didn't resist in the slightest. This was his life now, and this was his horny dwarvish partner.

He saw Matthew shiver as he stroked his curls, and heard a deep, guttural groan from his lover. The reaction was enough to make Felix want to stroke his hand through that beard over and over again. The hirsute man finally released Felix's shaft and looked up to him, yet still his nose deep in his partner's pubes. His eyes were clouded by lust and hunger, but beyond that, there was a truly longing and loving look. Matthew needed him, he needed him at his side. It felt like a question, and Felix just... nodded.

It was all that Matthew needed, and he scampered up Felix to straddle his hips and grab his face for a hairy, slobbery kiss, smothering his cheek in dusty sweaty beard curls, his tongue aggressively parting Felix's lips, forcing him to swallow that dwarvish saliva. It had an almost metallic taste, but was far from unpleasant, and Felix's tongue eagerly danced with Matthew. His face felt electric, each nerve in sparkling bliss as this morning's fuzz finally blossomed, light brown hair growing down his chin and mingling with Matthew's beard. It seemed to come down from his scalp, chestnut locks now falling on his brow and giving him a mane.

Felix seemed to drink down his partner's unusual drool as the dust of the mine clung to their sweaty, hairy skin. Felix pulled Matthew closer, letting their bodies bump and grind, feeling his own cock bloating and fattening. It felt like some sort of fleshy lightning rod ready to conduct a great energy. Matthew eventually broke the kiss, a long trend of slick saliva still connecting their lips, and with an eager twinkle in his eye, spat in one hand. He squatted, and began to openly lube his back hole, parting those hairy cheeks in a lewd display. And with breathed anticipation, Felix watched Matthew slowly sit down on his dick.

The moan that left Felix's mouth began to drop in pitch, becoming deeper with every centimeter that Matthew took. The miner's passage was rubbery, grippy, strong and powerful but

also quite slick and smooth. As Matthew descended, Felix couldn't help but to indulge the heat and the rut bubbling up inside of him. He grabbed onto Matthew's hips and he started to thrust up and down, bucking off the ground, not caring about what the impact might do to his tailbone. In fact, it seemed his body was already trying to accommodate their new circumstances.

Matthew felt soft, muffled pops and snaps radiating through Felix's body and conducting up through the cock now impaling his ass. As he watched, Felix's spine began to contract as well, his ribs becoming more compact just as Matthew's had. His rugged face continued to soften and darken as those warm brown hairs pushed out into longer and longer waves that contrasted the bushy, dense beard that Matthew had gained. The hands roaming Matthew's body changed as well, becoming shorter and broader, more boxy in shape.

The shimmering stone behind them only seemed to grow brighter as they fucked before this carved monument. Every time Felix lifted Matthew's heavy body with his cock and hips, Felix's own body compacted and shrank - at least in height. Every inch he lost vertically seemed to add on to his muscles, his cock, his balls or his foot size. His boots had groaned and protested before the sounds of popped stitching and tearing leather announced the entrance of his pudgy toes and broad heels into the mine itself.

Once more, Felix grabbed Matthew's head and they embraced. Mustache met mustache, beard met beard, tongue greeted tongue. They made out sloppily, wetly, messily... and it couldn't have felt better. It was as if a lifetime of hesitation and regret had merely been sweat out, leaving only the pure refined masculinity that came with their new dwarvish bodies. Their earbuds had popped out their ears, and behind their deep grunts and moans, they could faintly hear similar sounds echoing up the tunnel. The dreamstone crystals were shining brighter, even actually humming, welcoming new children of the earth into their midst.

Finally, with a powerful hip thrust, Matthew howled in bliss, throwing back his head as ropes of cum sprouted from his thick tool and onto their chest hair and beard, adding this liquid to their mess. Felix followed soon after, burying his face into his lover's musky pits as he came, holding close while filling him up with the thick, gooey, earthy seed that belonged to true Dwarf miners. That barely slowed them down though, as they only kissed with more passion, their loins soon rising up again for a new rut.

Back at this desk, the Foreman kept browsing through his team's channels on his earbuds; every single one sounded the same. Brutish and sloppy coupling, grunts of confusion mixed with deep, manly groans. He remembered when it happened to him, years ago, when he had shed his elven traits and been granted this handsome dwarf body. There was no buddy system at that time, they hadn't really explored the possibilities of the dreamstone, so back then he had rushed to base and it had taken no less than four dwarven men to quell his rut. Clearly, their new system was an improvement.

He leaned back in his chair, a hand tugging on his nipple piercing, while the other was stroking the head of his assistant, currently dutifully sucking him off. The scarred dwarf was on his knees, his now barely pointed ears covered in a mess of long red hair, nursing on his boss' dick while riding a dreamstone-carved dildo - the perks of being the Foreman's favorite. Suddenly, he felt the Foreman tensing, and with almost practiced skill he swallowed the

incoming gooey seed. The boss sighed with relief, and reached in his desk to light up a cigar. He couldn't wait for the end of the day, to finally see everyone's changes. But until then, he had his own needy partner to satisfy, and the sounds of his rutting team to keep the good work going.

[Three Months Later]

A fog clung to the foothills as the gentle patter of rain kissed the mossy slopes. The white cement leading up to the mine was darkened by days of precipitation, but the Mynellian Mine was perfectly sealed and glistened with its smoky quartz windows and its bronzium supports. It was rare for there to be much activity on the surface aside from the hiring events, but the doors into the mine hissed and there was an exchange of the warm, earthy air inside and the cool peaty humidity from outside.

Motion came as a pair of figures stepped out into the drizzle. Felix blinked his eyelashes at the rain before looking up at it, almost perplexed. The drops had to fall that much further now that Felix was barely over five feet tall. His long brown hair was now braided into a thick ponytail that hung half way down his back, but his immense brown beard flowed like a hairy waterfall that didn't crest or peak until it brushed the underside of his belt. He wore the orange and brown uniform of a miner, but like his other Dwarf brothers it had been custom tailored to give a larger pouch to his impressive manhood.

"Something wrong, honey?" The dwarf next to him asked. Matthew reached and grabbed his lover's meaty hand, a thick thumb gently caressing its back. Dressed in the same uniform, with a thick muscle gut jutting from the orange vest, the formerly lanky student had decided to dye his curly hair, adding neon purple to his tips and doing the same to his beard. A piercing now adorned his tongue, and a couple more had been added under his clothes. Nowadays, it took him a while to tame that mop of hair, and he routinely switched hairstyles. Today, to match his partner, he had tied it in a man bun, with silver-adorned beads holding the front bangs back. He had wanted to braid his beard, but with today's rain, it was especially curly and hard to tame.

"No, everything's perfect." Felix replied, his voice deep but his smile as bright as before.

"C'mon, we're gonna miss the bus if we stay behind." Matthew said. Around them, the rest of the team passed the pair, and began to head down for the company vehicle in the parking lot. Two identical dwarves looked behind and waved at Matthew, who waved back at the twins. These two stood out from the rest with their impressive mohawks, but also from their now darker green skin and the tusks that still protruded from their lips. During a foursome last week, they had promised Matthew and Felix that they'd come visit during the break. They were one of the few new dwarves who had declined getting their own apartments at the Myne Community Lodgings, offered by the company at very reasonable prices. Apparently they already had their own place in the city, but they had promised to move with the group as soon as their current lease would end.

The dwarves loaded onto the bus and took their seats, sitting closer than they had to so they could rub shoulder to shoulder and their hands could drift from lap to lap. The bus headed out, taking the side roads to the employee lodging. The tires hissed on the wet cement, traveling into a city full of a diverse range of fantastical species, though all who ventured too close to the

dreamstone mines would know what it was to be a child of the earth. The rain continued to fall, picking up in intensity as it pelted the slopes outside the mine, wearing down the rock one molecule at a time. Nature was a miner in its own way.