Back Alley Takeover

As night fell on the city the streets were quite quiet, which would normally be unusual for such a place except that most didn’t dare to set foot in the alleys between the various buildings. In a matter of weeks there had been several disappearances; people that were coming from storefronts or their workplace or bars suddenly up and vanished without a trace, save for some clothing that might have been left behind. After the first few the news picked it up and while the police were investigating there were no solid leads on what was happening. Some believed that there was a human trafficking ring that was trying to set up shop while other thought that it was aliens that were abducting people, but whatever the rumor there was enough fear that most didn’t even leave their rooms at night.

For Flair though his choice to be out on the streets was not one that he had made himself. While he had been heading home from work his car had broken down and with the threat that was out there he couldn’t find anyone that would give him a ride share. His apartment was only a few blocks away and he had managed to get his car to the side of the road before it died completely, but at the moment the coyote weighed the choices of staying in his car all night hoping whatever was out there didn’t come to it or risk the fifteen-minute walk home.

His car was by no means comfortable however and after thirty minutes of trying to see if he could potentially fall asleep he found the combination of paranoia and the streetlights overhead were enough to make it impossible. He would either have to stay up all night, something he was lax to do since he had work tomorrow, or make a run for it. It was just a few blocks… and as long as he kept to the main streets he should be fine. From what he had heard most of the abductions took place in the alley anyway and if he kept to the well-lit streets he figured he would be fine.

As he cautiously got out of his car and made his way down the road Flair resisted the urge to run. It felt strange being the only one out even though it was later in the night and the entire city felt almost abandoned. Whatever was causing this to happen had sure put everyone in a panic, himself included as he felt his nerves on edge. Just keep to the street, he kept reminding himself as he turned another corner to get to his building…

…only to find himself quickly stopped by a set of bright orange cones. Road construction… in his fearful state he had forgotten that he had been taking the long way around in his car because the main road between him and his building was being worked on. His usual route would tack on an extra twenty minutes and some of it was near a park, or he could risk the nearby alleys to get him back to his place in five. He could practically see his building in the distance and with heart racing the coyote decided to take a risk and head down the nearby alley.

The small road was surprisingly clean; Flair guessed that there weren’t many people out loitering and dirtying up the place as he swiftly walked down the back way. Though there were a few lights there were a number of areas that had dark shadows, and from one of them a figure stepped out that caused the coyote to stop and gasp. The man was a jackal that looked like he was dressed from head to toe in black rubber that had some sort of golden design on it. As the creature smirked at him the first instinct the coyote had was to run, but instead he found his feet frozen to the ground as the creature stared at him.

“Not too wise, going out this late at night,” the creature said, causing Flair to swallow hard. “Haven’t you heard there are monsters about?”

For a few moments there was only the buzz of the lights that were behind the two of them as the coyote struggled to think of what to say. “Please… my building is right over there,” Flair said as he pointed in the direction of his apartment. “I won’t tell anyone you’re out here, just let me go and I’ll give you whatever you want.”

“Whatever I want?” the rubber creature responded, the evil grin spreading on his muzzle causing Flair to swallow hard. “Alright then, give me your clothes.”

“My… clothes?” Flair asked.

“Yes,” the jackal replied while motioning with his fingers. “Give me your clothes and I’ll let you pass.”

This was not quite what Flair was expecting, and it was hard to look into those golden eyes of this creature without having to look away. “So… I give you my clothes, and that’s it?” Flair asked, the rubber jackal nodding. “What about my stuff?”

“You can keep all that,” the jackal replied. “But if you want to get past me then strip. Now.”

The last word sounded more like a command and while he wasn’t sure if this was even going to work he found his trembling fingers taking off his jacket after emptying his pockets. At least no one was around to see him do this, Flair thought to himself as his pants came next, and when the jackal continued to prompt him his shirt and finally his underwear. The coyote found himself shivering as his grey and tan fur was exposed, the red of his hands rubbing over his arms as he stood there completely naked. After he had tossed them over and picked up his things he expected the creature to just laugh at him, but instead the jackal took a step aside and gestured for him to go.

This was… surreal, but if getting home safe meant having to streak the last few blocks he didn’t care. If a police officer stopped him it would be even better since he could point out where he had essentially been mugged. Flair could feel his heart pounding in his chest as he kept his keys and wallet clutched in his hand while he slowly stepped forward. The fact he had to pass by the creature was bad enough but the way it leered at his naked form made it even worse as he walked forward.

Though he tried not to show it he was practically trembling as this creature continued to stand aside until eventually he was on the other side of him. He made it… and he found the breath that he had been holding start to burn in his chest before he let it out. Whatever was going on he didn’t want to be a part of it and if all it took to get home was a change of clothing it was well worth it. Just as he was about to walk away though he heard the jackal clear his throat that caused the coyote to freeze again.

“Your clothes were just the toll to get past me,” the jackal said after Flair had slowly turned to face the rubbery entity once more. “Now if you want me to not chase you down this alley like the prey you are then you have to give me something else.” As the coyote looked down at his hands he saw that they were trembling slightly as he offered up his keys, wallet, and phone he had taken and held them out, which caused the other man to chuckle and shake his head. “Oh no, I will not be needing any of that, there is something else of yours that I crave…”

“I want your body.”

Flair nearly dropped his stuff as his eyes widened in both shock and horror. This… couldn’t be real, was it? Was this guy really responsible for the other disappearances? When he found himself shaking his head and taking a step back the jackal once more let out a dark chuckle before stepping forward, the shine of his body starting to look a bit more muted and rippled.

“You really only have two choices little coyote,” the jackal said, though his words were slightly distorted as strings of rubber were forming between his lips as his tongue stretched out unnaturally and licked them up. “Either you can accept my offer and give me that body of yours, which I assure you is the right choice considering all the fun we can have together, or you can try and run… which means I get to hunt you down. I don’t mind either way…”

Flair felt his throat immediately dry up and his muscles tense. Give his body… did he mean what he thought he meant? Or was it something more sinister in nature? The fact that people had been disappearing practically thrummed in his mind and as the jackal got closer the coyote did the only thing he could think of at that moment…

…he ran.

Despite not having shoes on he found himself practically sprinting to get to the other side of the alley. If he could just make it to the street he could find someone to flag down, or maybe deter this creature. As he looked behind him though the creature had fallen to all fours and was gaining on him quickly, too quickly to make it to where he wanted to go. As he looked frantically for somewhere to try and get inside to hide the only thing he saw was a stairwell that went up somewhere.

But before he could even make it he found himself getting knocked to the ground as the creature pounced upon him. As he was brought down to his stomach even in his terrified state he could tell there was something wrong with the jackal, more so than just having rubber covering his body. When the chest of the man pressed against his back he began to feel something dripping through the dark brown fur of his back as he heard a growl above him. He could hear a growl above him and it caused him to continue to squirm, which only drew out a chuckle from the other creature.

“Looks like we’re doing this the fun way,” the jackal said as he leaned in, practically cackling in Flair’s ear as that muzzle leaned in. “You know, if you had submitted then perhaps I would have shared with you… but now you’re all mine.”

Flair found himself swallowing hard, though the words that this rubber creature said weren’t making any real sense. They could have shared? Shared what? But as he tried to pull himself out and found his brown-furred hands pressed down against the street by those shiny black jackal ones he had a feeling he was about to find out. With the other creature still on top of him he tried to shift his legs to maybe pull himself out of this, only as he began to feel something press up against his rear that his feet felt heavy.

When he looked back Flair let out a gasp as he saw that the jackal’s feet weren’t just pressing down against his own… they were completely enveloping them! The rubber of the creature had been slowly oozing over his limbs and as the creature began to press down against him even more it was getting hard for them to even move. The markings were even starting to shift from the jackal’s form to his own leg… but as he looked down at the limbs with his jaw dropped the creature had already pushed something into it. Flair grunted but it was muffled as what he imagined was the other man’s rubber tongue had managed to slip past his lips, though as his eyes focused back on the head of the jackal there wasn’t just one shiny tentacle that had emerged from it.

Flair began to struggle even more as the alien creature continued to melt around him, feeling the hand that had pressed against his own morph and mold around it. He could feel that rubber cock starting to already slide almost effortlessly into his own tailhole while the tentacle in his maw explored every inch of his mouth. The others had stroked down his chin and were holding up his head to give the one in his maw an angle straight down into his throat, but as he felt two smaller ones slide up even further over his face he could feel them slithering through the fur of his cheeks. There was something happening outside of his vision but the only thing he could do was let out muffled grunts and groans as the tentacle tongue worked its way past his lips and down into his throat.

But the ones on the side of his face weren’t the only rubber tendrils that were being formed. As he could feel the body of the creature melting down his own sides he could feel the rubber stretch out towards his cock, which despite the situation was completely erect thanks to the one that was pumping into him. Flair hadn’t even realized that he had been hilted until something else was happening to him down there, this time happening to his own maleness as the tendril pressed up against the tip. At first he thought that it was going to coil around or encase his member but his eyes shot open as he began to feel the tip push into the slit and start to wiggle around inside.

With it being made of living rubber the tendril managed to slip inside of him and bulge out he flesh of his cock that caused his entire body to shudder. That’s it… give into the pleasure… the words came to the wolf’s mind unbidden and they were in the voice of the one on top of him. As he managed to get a hold of himself he looked up and could see the jackal smiling at him, but with the number of rubber tentacles that had emerged from his mouth there was no way he could have said that. Yet as he heard the chuckle of the creature above it was clear as day, which was when he felt his ears twitch and realized that when he had started to get sounded by the tentacle in his cock that the other two had taken advantage of his distraction.

Flair attempted to shake his head to rid himself of the tendrils but that just seemed to cause them to slip in deeper, feeling the bizarre sensation of them wiggling in his skull as they throbbed in his ear canal. “There, now isn’t that a better way to communicate?” The creature said as another inch of rubber tentacle pushed into every orifice that Flair had, causing him to whine as he found his completely engulfed fingers starting to move of their own accord. “Our name is Abrax.”

No… no, his name is Flair, but as soon as the wolf thought of that he saw the base of one of the tentacles that was pushed into his ear swell with something inside of it. The bulge traveled downwards quickly until it was pushed inside of his head, which the pleasure along caused his body to shudder as the word he had just thought became blotted out from his memory. “Oh no, the only name you’re getting is vessel or host… or perhaps slave,” the voice of the jackal said. “I told you that if you didn’t submit that there would be consequences, so enjoy being my nice, blank puppet for the foreseeable future.”

As more of the jackal started to sink down around the wolf the truth of what was happening to him was finally revealed; this creature was going to take his body and there was nothing that he could do about it. A chuckle came from above and the jackal that called himself Abrax seemed to agree with that sentiment. The rubber creature was practically melted over him and as the rubber tendrils in his ears, mouth, and cock continued to push more of the corruptive substance into his maw the pleasure in his body was spiking. His partially covered limbs flailed about but as his eyes rolled back into his head Flair felt his body starting to move more purposefully… and no longer under his control.

Mine… that was the feeling that resonated throughout the wolf’s body as the rubber began to coat over his chest. Most of his fur was completely assimilated by this point as the limbs of the jackal continued to envelop his own. Both his hands were shiny and black and tipped with those purple claws as the cock pumping into him seemed to slide so impossibly deep that he was unable to sense where it was anymore. The jackal’s body had continued to deform above him but one thing remained, the head of the creature continuing to stare down at him with an evil grin on its tentacle-stretched muzzle as he kept pumping them into his head.

Finally the top of Abrax’s head began to press against his own and as it happened Flair began to feel a surreal sensation of being pushed aside in his own body. The corruption that had been pumped into his skull in the form of that shiny rubber goo had already prepared his mind just like the tentacles were doing to his body. Thick strands of the substance were leaking out of his nostrils, mouth, ears, and even dripping down his eye as his rolled up eyes were completely coated. As he had promised the jackal would not be sharing nicely with his new host, not when he had done something so silly as trying to avoid the gift that he was about to be given.

Eventually the hips of the wolf stopped thrusting forward as the rubber enveloped them, the tentacle that had been sounding Flair’s cock the entire cock this entire time melting and spreading over the appendage. As the sensitive flesh was coated with the shiny substance that turned a bright purple the last of the creature melted down, its body disappearing into the mass that was beneath it. Flair could feel the influence of this strange entity all over him, feeling like the jackal was forming a suit around him while also having it infiltrate the entirety of his form. The corruption was growing more potent by the second and soon there was only one shiny creature that stood there in the alley.

Even with the head of the jackal melting around his face he could feel that grin still on Abrax’s muzzle, though his attempts to fight off the invading creature were becoming more futile by the second. “You really must learn to relax more,” Abrax taunted, Flair feeling his own jaws moving as the tentacles that were slithering and coiling around his mouth manipulated them like he was a puppet. “Yes… that’s a good way to think about it, you’re my little puppet now…”

No… this couldn’t be how this ends, but with the creature still pleasuring their body… it was getting harder to even think of his form as his own. By this point there were very few lupine features left as the last of his shoulders and thighs were being covered. He was practically quivering but it wasn’t from the intensely blissful sensation anymore, it was from the fact that he was losing more control by the second. It was so hard to fight it, Flair realized as his eyes and ears were completely coated while his body shifted about within its rubbery confines.

Once more Flair felt their hips starting to move again, but this time it was thrusting down as he realized that one of his hands had gone down towards his groin. He hadn’t even felt it move but as his head tilted down the wolf could see and feel those fingers grasped around the throbbing synthetic flesh and stroking it. Even though it was completely covered and looked like the jackal cock that had been thrusting into him before he could still feel the tentacle inside it, along with the sensation of being plowed into despite feeling the rubber practically suction around his rear. As the shiny globes of his butt pushed up in the air Flair found what little hold he had on his form slipping, as though he was dangling off the side of a cliff with the jackal slowly prying up his fingers with each stroke of their shared cock.

The body of the rubbery creature shuddered and Abrax let out a loud groan of pleasure; not only because he had just hit his climax along with the wolf inside him but because the orgasm had completely knocked Flair loose. The grip the wolf had on his body had finally faltered completely and that allowed the invading creature to finally get a hold of everything as his body rocked back and forth. Even with the wolf feeling like there was still something inside his shaft he could also feel jet after jet of liquid rubber pour out of his new cock as the shiny body trembled. Eventually the pleasurable feelings subsided and as Flair tried to do or say something he found that their body was no longer theirs, especially as he felt it get lifted up and heard a chuckle that came from his muzzle.

“You’re still not quite caught up to the present, are you?” Abrax said as the wolf mentally trembled at feeling those shiny, slick hands rub down the lithe, toned rubber chest that had gained the markings of the jackal. “This isn’t your body anymore, not when a disrespectful host like you decides to deny their gift. You should be glad that I’m allowing you to even let you see through your eyes and feel the delicious sensations that comes from being me.”

Though Flair still was wondering if this was some sort of bad dream he knew in his mind that it wasn’t. He found himself experiencing first-hand the fates of the people that had been disappearing, their forms snatched by these creatures as Abrax continued to examine himself. Even though it still felt like he was wearing a jackal suit there were no lupine features on his body at all, not even his tail looked right as the rubber one wagged behind it. There was nothing left… and anyone that would look at it wouldn’t see Flair, they would just see the one that owned his body.

“That’s a better way of looking at it,” Abrax said with a chuckle as he rubbed down his form like he was smoothing out a rubber suit, delighting in feeling the helpless wolf continue to groan. “Perhaps if you’re a good little host I may reconsider giving you some part of your body yet, though I’m sure by that time you will be so nice and subservient to me that you’ll be just like the rest… a nice little host enslaved by a creature far more powerful than you. Already it probably feels pretty good knowing that you are part of something greater, even if none of that directly relates to you.”

Though the jackal was extremely condescending when it came to those words Flair found them sinking into his psyche regardless. With his mind completely taken over as well as his body there was little in the way of defense that the wolf could do in order to stop the corruption from sinking in. Everything that Abrax did was so… sensual, powerful, enticing… and even with him having lost his body he could sense that this was just the beginning of what this jackal could take from him. He could even see the faint purple and gold spirals that faintly dominated his entire view, though it didn’t seem to bother the jackal at all as he went over to the pile of effects of Flair and picked them up.

Ten minutes later Flair found themselves in their apartment once more, though how they got there was a mystery for him other than Abrax had used his keys. With it being as late as it was there was no way that anyone was out and would see them come in as he went straight the computer and started to type on it. The password screen came up but it didn’t even phase the jackal as he went in to things like his banking accounts and such. All Flair could do was watch in shock as Abrax continued to take from him, transferring everything from his accounts to one that the jackal had typed in himself.

“I already told you silly,” Abrax said as he leaned back in the chair once everything was processing. “Everything of yours is mine, and after giving a few days for everything you’ll disappear just like everyone else. Don’t worry though, being mine is not such a bad alternative.”

As though to prove his point Abrax began to stroke up and down his cock while putting his feet up on the edge of the desk. The jackal was slow and methodical with his stroking as his other hand went up to stroke one of his nipples while they watched his accounts drain. Though they could have done this on the bed his new master wanted to show his host just how much control he had, how much power and dominance that this alien creature had on the body that he owned. He made sure that thick purple spire was right there in his range of vision as something began to prod up against his tailhole.

The tongue that had been licking his new lips began to stretch out and Flair could feel the rubber mutating on his form. It was still hard to tell whether he had been transformed into a jackal or if Abrax merely used his body to cling too, and perhaps that was his intention in order to keep him in the state he was in. Though the wolf within wasn’t sure if getting used to not being in control was such a good thing there was a certain level of pleasure that came with it. Perhaps it was good that the jackal had captured him, that being a host to such a powerful, horny creature was actually a boon as he could feel the tentacle that the tail had become began to push inside of him…

Abrax’s smile widened as he could sense his host already starting to succumb to his conditioning. This one had taken a bit in order to get into the proper place, including having to chase him down that alley, but now that he was completely taken over Flair was quickly becoming like clay in his paws. With his own tentacle stimulating his tailhole it wouldn’t be long before he would have any errant thoughts out of his new host, taking him over so completely that he won’t even remember that he had a previous life. They were already off to a good start as even the shock of having his accounts drained no longer seemed to matter to Flair as his attention was taken by their stretched out tailhole.

The toes of the jackal curled as he stoked up his lustful desires, only to pause when he heard a knock at the door. The noise had momentarily knocked Flair out of his trance and for a brief moment he hoped that it was someone that had noticed Abrax essentially breaking into his apartment. The rubber creature didn’t seem too perturbed about it though and even kept stroking their erection as he went to the door. When they got there Flair was once more surprised to see a mirror image of Abrax standing there on the other side.

“We sensed that you had entered into this place,” the other Abrax said. “My host lives just a few floors above and thought I would welcome you to the neighborhood.”

Another Abrax… it wasn’t just creature’s like the jackal that were taking over people, it was the same version of him! Given the fact that there were already a dozen people that had disappeared over this time it meant that if this was true then there would be more than just the two that stood there. “Yes, I sensed you myself but wanted to make sure that I finished with my tasks,” the Flair Abrax said.

“We see… and also it sounds like your host was a little less than amicable than mine was,” the other Abrax said as he walked into the apartment. “From the way you’re talking you aren’t sharing.”

“And you are,” Flair’s Abrax said, the wolf feeling the grin on his muzzle growing bigger. “Which means that I’m the top jackal here. Why don’t you go ahead and bend over so that we can show our new hosts how creatures like us reproduce?”

The other rubber creature was more than happy to oblige and even before he had said anything Flair could sense that there was something going on with his body. It was almost instinctive, seeing an image of some other humanoid get attacked by something that wrapped around his face. That meant that the one who he had met with in the alley, the one that had taken his body, had also originally been someone before whatever creature they were about to create had assimilated them. And they were quickly about to make another as the other Abrax laid back against the counter and allowed the one inhabiting Flair to spread open his shiny legs and push into his tailhole.

As the tentacles of the two began to manifest Flair knew that soon he was going to be responsible for another back alley takeover…