Chapter 7:

Azrael took one last drag of her cigarette before she put it out, letting out the smoke in one long prolonged breath. As she looked at the cloud that clung to the cold air it caused a small smirk to form on her face before she crushed the empty pack and tossed both it and the snuffed-out butt into the trash. It was her last break before the end of the night and with the bar she worked at winding down she expected that there wouldn’t be much hassle left to do aside from escort the drunks out and close up the place for the night. Even so it would be nearly three in the morning and the chill in the air was getting worse, which meant she was in for a cold walk home even with her thick leather jacket and the fur underneath it.

The night ended up being exactly what she imagined and aside from stepping in to end a scuffle between two belligerent barflies the doors were closed and she was on her way. As she walked down the streets the usual surge of traffic from those driving home had ended and it left her going down an empty street. Normally at this point she would have another smoke to wind down the night but after using her last one on her break she didn’t have any more until she got more. Fortunately even as late in the night as it was it was a situation that was easily rectified as she walked up to the twenty-four hour corner store and got inside.

As soon as the warmth of the shop hit her the saber hybrid felt the ice crystals that had accumulated in her long neon green hair cause it to fall around her face, prompting Azrael to brush the wet strands out of her face as she walked inside. “Looks cold outside,” the python behind the counter said as he idly flipped to the next page of the magazine he was reading. “I don’t know how you manage to make the trek home in that weather.”

“Your sunny disposition I suppose Mac,” Azreal replied as she went to the hot food shelves to see if there was something she could munch on, though there usually wasn’t much out for her to pick from. As long as she had worked at her current place she had stopped in to get whatever she needed after her usual late shift, and as long as she’s been doing that Mac has been behind the counter. It was hard to think of coming in and finding anyone else behind the counter and the two had gotten to the point where they had friendly banter as she grabbed a burrito and a drink before she went to the counter. “Want to throw two packs in there?”

“I would if I could Azrael,” Mac replied as he gestured to the empty case behind him.

“You can’t be serious,” Azrael said with a slight growl as she leaned against the counter and put her hand against her head. “This is the third time this month you guys are out!”

“Hey, don’t blame me,” Mac said with a shrug. “You’ve met Jerome before, the guy couldn’t tie his shoelaces if he didn’t have those hooves, yet they put him in charge of doing our inventory. I suppose there are some perks to being the boy toy of the owner.”

Azrael sighed as she knew exactly what the python was talking about; about a month ago she had met the stallion and self-proclaimed stud sashaying about while looking blanking at shelves trying to figure out what to order. It had been one of the rare times she was up and around and the sun was out and though Jerome was a nice guy he didn’t seem to have two brain-cells to rub together to keep warm. The owner probably put him to work since he was sick of supporting his equine boyfriend, but from the looks of it he wasn’t working out as she continued to stare at the empty cigarette stand. “C’mon, you got to have something in reserve back there,” Azreal asked.

“You’d be the fourth person to ask me that,” Mac said with a chuckle. “And no, we don’t.”

Azrael slumped over onto the counter and Mac merely moved his magazine back so he could continue to read. “Great, now what am I going to do?” Azrael stated. “I just smoked my last one at the bar and don’t have any packs at home.”

“You could try breathing actual air for once,” Mac replied, grinning sheepishly as the hybrid glowered up at him before leaning in. “Look, how desperate are you? Because I may be able to help you out… but it’s not going to be your brand.”

Azrael looked up with her eyes shining with hope as she practically pulled herself over the counter in order to stare straight at him. “Hey, I’ll take whatever you got,” Azrael said as she grinned up at him with her saber teeth. “Even though crappy menthols that you seem to enjoy.”

“Hey, don’t be hating of my preference,” Mac said with a chuckle as he reached down behind the counter and pulling something out of a box. “But no, I’ve never even heard of these cigarettes before, I found them when looking around our storeroom trying to find if we had any regular packs left. In all honesty I was just going to throw them out since I didn’t feel right selling a brand I didn’t know, but since you’re in dire need I can give them to you for free.”

“You are an angel,” Azrael replied as she looked at the pack of cigarettes that had been slid to her. They didn’t even have a name, instead there was a picture of a wolf howling at the full moon that went around the entire pack. “Well that’s something, they don’t even have a warning label, just how old are these things?”

“If you don’t want them I can always just toss them for you,” Mac stated, the python reaching out before Azrael snatched them up. “That’s what I thought. Anyway here’s your receipt for the rest of your stuff, have a good rest of your night and try not to freeze to death.”

Azrael wished him a good night as well and grabbed up her items, eating the burrito so it wouldn’t get cold on the way home. From the corner store it was only a few more blocks from her home and by the time she got there she had finished her impromptu meal. Normally at this point she would just crash on her bed but with tomorrow being Monday she didn’t have work, which meant she could enjoy the night a little more. After taking a bit of time to warm up in her apartment Azrael went out onto her balcony and took the new pack of cigarettes with her, opening it up as she sat down in her chair.

While sometimes she would sit out long enough to watch the sun rise it was too cold for that, instead she would probably have one last smoke before heading in. When she popped the pack open and took one out she was slightly surprised to find that they were jet black and it caused her to sniff it to see if it was a clove cigarette or something. Though it did have a bit of a smell of spices it otherwise smelt normal to her, and she knew that if it wasn’t good she could just toss them out like Mac was going to and maybe head to another convenience store tomorrow. Azrael took out her lighter and flicked it open, taking the flame to the end and lighting it up before putting the cigarette in her mouth.

Not bad, Azrael thought to herself as she leaned back in the chair after taking a drag. It was a much more mellow flavor than she had expected and the burn in her lungs was actually rather pleasant. She held the smoke in for a few seconds before exhaling, and as it bellowed out into the air she was surprised to find that it was as black as the cigarette. It made her wonder what was in these things to do that but she found herself taking another puff before shrugging it off and blowing the smoke out of her nostrils.

Within a few minutes she had managed to burn it all the way down and Azrael felt her body tingling from more than just the cold as a smile crossed her muzzle. The exhaustion she had felt from her shift had left her and even the chill in her bones had abated, more so than when she was in her apartment as she looked at the moon that was still rather high in the sky. As she took the last inch or so of the cigarette and put it in the ashtray she felt really good, and more than just energized as she saw a bulge growing in her pants. An interesting reaction, Azrael thought to herself as she unzipped her pants and saw her sheath beginning to fill out.

Since her building faced the harbor and her balcony was higher up it was unlikely that there would be any prying eyes as she let her cock slide out. Despite the frigid air it continued to swell and harden until she had a throbbing erection. She brought her feet up and pressed them against the railing, the yellow claws taping against the metal as she found her lusts rising in a rather unusual manner. Normally when she was done with work the last thing on her mind was pleasuring herself and more often involved flopping down on the bed, but as she began to breathe harder she found one of her hands going up and massaging her sensitive breasts while the other slowly wrapped around her sizable shaft.

Even though she tried to stay quiet Azrael couldn’t help but let out a soft sigh as her body quivered with pleasure, her breath coming out in large clouds in the night air as her hand went down from her breast to her wet pussy. As her hand dug into her shorts that were being pushed down her thighs she noticed that as she breathed out it wasn’t the normal frozen vapor that came with being out on a cold night, instead it was black smoke just like what she had gotten from smoking that cigarette. The smell and taste continued to linger on her senses for far longer too and as she continued to pleasure herself it was only growing stronger until it was enough for her to stop what she was doing and investigate further.

As Azrael tried to get up from her seat though she found that she had somehow become wedged in between the two armrests that it had. While it wasn’t exactly a big chair she had never had this problem before, but even when she tried to use the railing her feet were braced against for leverage she found herself unable to get out. When she looked down to try and see what happened it looked like her waist and thighs had expanded and were practically digging into her black fur, causing her to gasp slightly when she saw her midsection jiggle slightly before growing even more. It also looked like her cock had somehow grown bigger as well and without realizing it she had continued to stroke the sensitive flesh even as she wiggled to get out of her seat.

Azrael’s eyes widened slightly as she saw wisps of the black smoke come up into her vision even when she was no longer breathing out, the black vaporous tendrils curling around her saber teeth as she finally managed to get out of the chair. When she did she almost flung herself over the railing as her body felt lighter than before while the tingling grew stronger in her. Her body was definitely changing, the hybrid gathered as she set her feet down on the concrete and they were even bigger than before, and though her mind was beginning to get clouded just like her breath she kept herself composed enough to know that she needed to do something about it. She stumbled over towards the sliding glass door and attempted to open it, but gasped in shock when her elongated fingers swirled right around the door.

“What the hell is this…” Azrael growled as she made several more attempts, only to watch her hands swirl around it each time and then reform back to her transformed digits. “What’s going on… why do I feel… so strange…” The changing creature felt a surge of pleasure radiate from her groin and fell to her knees as the fur there started to shift around as though being moved by an unseen wind. When she tried to get up from her stance she felt her muscles suddenly bulge and it caused her to remain there while she groaned from the pleasure that came from her thickening legs and lower body.

Even though she couldn’t get inside Azrael could see her reflection in the glass window of her door, her eyes widening to reveal her black sclera had started to seep into her irises. Black smoke was constantly coming from her mouth and nostrils like there was a smoldering fire inside of her and even though her chest was swelling it wasn’t from breathing anymore as she found herself no longer needing too. Her already sizable breasts also began to deflate into her body and as she grabbed them it was like pressing her fingers against a furry balloon while her sides and chest inflated with new muscle. When she pressed against her shrinking boobs it caused a surge of pleasure that caused her to exhale deeply which caused her entire body to become wreathed in the same smoke that clung to her fur and seemed to seep into it.

Another surge of growth in her legs caused Azrael to fall backwards onto her balcony, though as her back hit the concrete it was like she had fallen into bed as her hips began to buck upwards. Her cock had become an electric green and had become big enough to make horses jealous, the tip pressed against her new washboard abs as she let out another groan. The entire time her mind continued to grow foggier and she wondered if the cigarette she had smoked had some sort of hallucinogen in it, though it was getting harder to even think about anything more than her more base desires as she began to feel alterations happening to her face. While she retained most of her features such as her horns, ears, and saber teeth her muzzle grew out longer and she felt the other teeth within grow sharp even as they turned as green as her hair and member had.

With her transformation increasing in intensity it caused her to inhale sharply from pleasure, especially as she found herself wrapping her hand around her new cock and beginning to pump on it. Even though she couldn’t see it her pussy lips merged together and as her breasts became firm pectorals she realized she had become a male instead of her usual herm self… but none of that mattered as her new chest filled with air. At this point it was unlikely she had lungs anymore as the hair on her head grew even thicker as well as her fur, though it looked more like smoke as the green stripes and chest began to glow just like the rest of the neon green on her new body, but as she continued to breathe in it felt exactly like she was smoking. A strange but familiar sense of euphoria came over her as the remaining thoughts and feelings that hadn’t been corrupted seemed to coalesce into that breath, draining from her head as her eyes turned pitch black before she finally breathed out and released a cloud of smoke into the air.

As her balcony became filled with black smoke Azrael suddenly felt liberated; not only from the pesky thoughts that had been clouding her mind with thoughts of decency but also from her physical form. The creature that laid on the balcony was no longer a jackal-dragon hybrid, she was a powerful wolf-dragon smoke creature. A deeper growl than anything she could have mustered before escaped from her more powerful muzzle as she stroked the thick cock between her legs as fast as she could, her hands literally becoming a blur as they slid along the frictionless surface. As her arms flexed she could see that despite being made of smoke they were thick and muscular and despite their apparent incorporeality she could feel the strength in them as they pleasured her.

But as the transformation subsided the lust that came with it ebbed enough for Azrael to stop what she was doing, even if she thought that she looked very erotic while pleasuring herself. As she sprang to her feet she saw the glowing green and inky black, as well as very male, smoke wolf looking back at her in the reflection of the glass door. Thick arms and legs, sculpted chest, monstrous visage, huge cock… she found herself practically pushing up against the glass as though to feel the reflection in the mirror as her arousal quickly began to return. It was more than just a need for sex, as she reached down and was able to solidify her hand enough to open the door she found an unusual and intense desire to dominate and possess someone with her new body.

Azrael found herself practically at the door before she stopped herself, holding back even as lewd thoughts of swirling around and taking control of someone else’s body caused her cock to throb. Even though she was so horny she couldn’t go out like this… but the desire to hunt was growing stronger and as she found herself flexing her body she once more began to go towards the door to leave. Possess, breed, convert… they were all things that were running through her mind and causing her thickly clawed fingers to move towards the door once more. But just as she was about to lose it completely and succumb to the beast that she had become she instead went back to her bedroom in order to look at herself in the mirror to distract herself with her own admittedly handsome form.

As Azrael moved around her apartment she saw that she was still exhaling the black smoke like she was constantly puffing on a cigarette, and though she normally didn’t do so indoors she knew if she went out to that balcony again she would probably hop off of it. Despite not needing too she found herself inhaling and exhaling deeply with the sensation being much more pleasurable than her usual habit. It was intoxicating to say the least and as she got to her bedroom the ceiling already had a haze that clung to it. She had also managed to set off her smoke alarm but one angry swipe with her bigger clawed hands and she was able to easily smash it before finally making it to her mirror.

Once more the reflection of the smoke wolf looked back at her and as she saw her longer tail wag in the air behind her it was as if she was watching fog roll in from the water. As she moved and examined her body she could see that it was similar for everywhere and as she ran her hands down her muscular chest her fur shifted like they were tendrils of smoke as well, though it still seemed to have the same texture as long as she didn’t move her fingers too fast. As she got to the pectorals she pressed her hands against them and though they looked fabulous on her it made her wonder what her new look would be like with her breasts. Suddenly Azrael’s muzzle opened in a gasp of pleasure as she felt the smoke her body had become shifted inside of her and start to fill out underneath her palms, causing her to shiver as her chest grew out until she had a pair of tits that were bigger than her old ones.

“Not bad,” Azrael said as a smile crossed her muzzle, licking her neon green tongue along her longer teeth as she swelled them out even more until they were almost comical, then retracted them back until they fit her new athletic physique. “If I can get back these, then I bet I can find away to keep myself occupied.”

Azrael quickly moved to her bed and practically floated down on top of it despite her bigger body, letting out a deep moan as she made another alteration. Her clawed hands gripped the sheets as she laid on her back while she reformed her pussy, letting out a gasp as her body easily shifted around in order to do it. She also stretched her cock out even bigger and with the new composition of her form it made it easy for her to do what her corrupted mind had came up with. Once she had gotten her feminine sex completely back she took her cock and bent it around so that it would slide between her own legs. What would have normally been nearly an impossible action for her old body became easy as her entire body shivered from feeling the head press between her nether lips, causing her to lick her chops in pure lust as she willed more length into her shaft to penetrate herself further.

It only took one hand for Azrael to keep feeding the growing shaft into herself, using the other one to grope her own body. Smoke continued to curl from her lips as she still felt the need to go out, to find others, and even with a cock buried inside of her it wasn’t the same as finding another to stick it in. It was still enough to keep her occupied as the smoky wolf-dragon began to hump up into the air even though her cock was in a different direction, the desire to go deeper and stretch herself out further fueling her lusts. Eventually she got on all fours and once more grabbed onto her own tool, thrusting it into herself as she leaned forward while the feel of her bigger breasts brushing against the bedsheets made her groan loudly.

As Azrael continued to rut she suddenly heard a loud knock at the door that caused her to stop. She didn’t think she was being loud, if anything while her voice had gotten deeper it was also quieter as well, but that was at the back of her mind as she stopped what she was doing. There was prey on the other side of the door, her tongue once more licking her sharp teeth as she got up and began to stalk towards it. She moved silently, like she was gliding over the floor instead of stepping on it with her massive cock still deep inside her own pussy as she moved to answer it. Once Azrael had gotten to the door she opened it, one hand still on her breast in order to entice whomever decided to interrupt her.

“Hey, we’re noticing smoke… coming… up…” the armadillo man said before his eyes widened at the sight of the naked wolf-dragon standing there in front of him. Ambient’s face twisted up into a lewd grin as she could see him get ensnared almost instantly, aided by her smoke coming up from the vents and already starting to increase his arousal. As she began to lean towards him though she stopped and the grin turned to a frown as she sniffed the air around the stunned creature.

…this was not her type of prey.

Instead Azrael blew a cloud of black smoke in his face and watched his face grow even more slack. “There is no problem,” Azrael whispered into his ear as he breathed in the smoke. “If you see anything else you will ignore it, and tell anyone that asks that there is no problem. Now leave me be.”

The armadillo man merely nodded and began to walk back down the hall towards the stairwell as she closed the door and made her way back towards the bedroom. Even though she had stopped herself with him the raw instinct to blow more than smoke in his face caused her to quiver, but not in fear or anxiety. There was power there along with the hunger, one that had it been someone else she would have used right there to slake her lusts. For the moment however she was fine with playing with herself as she walked back into the bedroom and spread her legs once more while resuming her self-penetration.

Azrael wasn’t sure how long she had pleasured herself but when she opened her eyes again she looked down and saw her normal breasts on her chest and that her cock had retracted back into its sheath. She groaned and sat up on her bed as she could continue to smell the lingering aroma of the cigarette that had caused her rather wild night. When she looked up she half expected to see her ceiling coated with black only to see that it was the same pale white as always. Given the clouds of smoke that she had exhaled that entire night it was surprising to her that everything was like she had spent the night out on the balcony, which she went out on to find the knocked over chair and pack of cigarettes.

“What the…” Azreal said as she picked up the pack and found that while it was still open there wasn’t a cigarette missing even with the butt of the one she had tried still in her ashtray. “Where did Mac get these cigarettes?” As she held them in her hands she suddenly had the temptation to have one, whether it was a call from her desire to smoke or something else that was affecting her mind she started to pull one out before she stopped herself. These little things are even more addicting then what they’re supposed to look like, Azreal thought to herself as she put it back and closed the entire pack.

As Azreal got out of the chill of the mid-afternoon air she wondered what to do next, trying to find something to occupy her mind other than trying out another cigarette that had already caused her bizarre transformation last night. Just thinking about that form she had gave her a shiver of pleasure down her spine and almost made her reach for the pack in her pocket once more. She thought instead of going to another market to get her usual brand before she figured that if she went to the corner store she had gotten the cursed pack from the day shift manager might know where they came from. The hybrid quickly grabbed her coat and left the apartment, the pack of cigarettes and her lighter still in her pocket as she made her way towards the place she had gotten them from.

When Azrael got to the area she found that Mac had already left, which made sense given that it was nearly three in the afternoon and his shift ended in the morning. While she didn’t know the boar that sat behind the counter as well she felt comfortable asking if the manager was there to ask him a question. The quiet man just pointed towards the back and muttered that the horse was in charge today. Even before she saw the chestnut brown horse standing there staring at the display racks with a dumbfounded look on his face she knew that it was Jerome, sighing deeply before she went over towards him.

“Hey Jerome,” Azrael said as she approached the horse, who immediately turned to look at her instead of the clipboard he was holding. “How is reorders going?”

“Not too bad,” Jerome replied with a grin on his face. “Boss man says that I’m getting better at it, might be employee of the month if I can help out more.”

Only because you’re sleeping with him, Azrael thought to herself before she pulled out the pack of cigarettes and showed them to him. “I was actually wondering if you knew about these,” Azrael asked. “I got them from here yesterday and I was hoping that you could tell me a little more about where you got them.”

Jerome looked at the pack in confusion before glancing down at his clipboard. “Uhhh… I think I remember something about those,” the horse said, Azrael silently prompting him to go further as he scratched his head. “If it’s about restocking I know that we’re a little behind on that but I didn’t expect them to be such a popular item, thought I was saving the store money cutting down our order. If that’s a brand you want me to order I would have to ask Eli about doing so.”

“No… nevermind,” Azrael said as she put her hand to her head, trying not to show her displeasure in the incompetence of the horse that had gotten her into this place to begin with. “Could you make sure you restock them though? I would personally appreciate it.”

Jerome just gave Azrael a big grin and a thumbs-up, then went back to trying to figure out how many snack cakes they had on the shelf and what needed to be reordered. Not surprisingly the equine’s favorite treat wasn’t out of stock, the hybrid thought angrily to herself as she went out through the back of the corner store and into the parking lot. Knowing that she was probably going to have to wait a week until the store owner finally decided to do the ordering himself and actually stock what she wanted frustrated her enough that she took one of the cigarettes out of the pack that she was holding and brought it to her lips, lighting up like she normally did. It wasn’t until she took her first drag and saw that the one she was holding was pitch black did she realize her error, her eyes widening as she found herself drawing in the transformative smoke that had changed her so drastically the night before.

It caused Azrael to hold her breath, which only kept it inside her longer before she realized what she was doing and quickly exhaled. When she did a much larger cloud then what there should have been came out from her mouth and nostrils, and even as she took a second more wisps curled out into the air from her maw even though she was completely out of breath. Even though she knew that turning into some sort of smoke wolf in a parking lot in the middle of the day wasn’t a good idea she looked at the still smoldering tip and wanted more. She could feel herself starting to let go as the power and desire rushed back into her body, reminding her of what she had experienced last night and that she had turned almost completely into a monster…

…and it was with that thought that she brought the cigarette back up to her mouth and took another long drag. Her eyes nearly fluttered back from the intense euphoria of giving in to the temptations, feeling her body start to pleasurably grow and morph right there. Fortunately there was no one in the parking lot, it was rarely used since it was mostly just for deliveries and the doors to the shop were locked, and had no sight lines to the streets, though none of that really mattered as she reached down and began to undo her pants. Just like the night before the chill of the air dissipated while she kept the cigarette in her mouth, breathing in his corruptive smoke as she managed to even pull off her shirt with it still between her lips.

It was just in time as her chest had already began to barrel out, the green fur starting to glow as her muscles expanded and enveloped her breasts once more. It seemed that male smoke wolf was the default form, Azrael mused as a grin spread over her muzzle while watching her cock quickly slide out of her sheath and continue to grow, but at the moment she didn’t mind that as she began to stroke it. With the smoke filling her inside and out the instincts that she had felt before came back with a vengeance, especially with being out in the open as she rubbed against her disappearing tit with one hand while stroking her new cock with the other. As her musculature grew though she found herself giving into the intoxicating power, feeling it well up inside her and give her such pleasure that she would have practically fallen on the pavement if it wasn’t for the brick against her back.

As her tail grew out and her limbs grew longer one of those new thoughts cropped up in her corrupted mind that caused her to smile so wide it exposed her glowing green teeth. Though her thoughts were focused on hunting and finding others Azrael was still in the driver’s seat, the hybrid feeling his dominance kick into high gear as he took his clothes and used his lupine foot to kick them towards some bushes to hide them. A gust of wind blew through her and as she watched her form trail towards the edge of the alley she knew she couldn’t go out that way; even without her erect cock jutting out from her groin a smoke werewolf-dragon would probably set off alarms. The shop door was also locked but as she eyed up a vent that was above it she knew that such things would no longer be a problem for her…

Back in the shop Jerome sighed as he looked at his clipboard once again, then started to go upstairs to the second level of the building where he lived with his boyfriend and boss. Even though he had attempted to make another try at getting all the numbers right on the stock like the shark had asked him to all he got were completely different numbers than what was on the inventory sheet. The entire time he could feel the boar’s eyes staring at him while he did it too and could almost feel like the older man was judging him for having a position above him. As he started to head towards the office where Alister would be doing the financials for the shop though he felt a chill go down his body and saw something that looked like smoke in the kitchen.

The equine’s first thought was that he had left the stove on again and was going to add another problem that he had to explain, but when he walked inside nothing seemed amiss. Jerome looked at the stove in confusion before he put his clipboard down on the table and went to the refrigerator to get him and his boyfriend something to drink to try and soften the shark up, but as he looked at the bottles of soda they had he was unaware that another creature was forming right behind him. When he finally found what he was looking for there were wisps of smoke that started to waft around him and as he sniffed the air some of them were pulled into his nostrils. The smell was not that of burned food, but exotic like spices mixed with tobacco as the smoke werewolf-dragon continued to reform behind him. Azrael kept her body fluid as she stood behind him with her hands on his hips while stretching her neck so that her head was staring directly at his.

Azrael let out a chuckle that caused an even bigger cloud to form in front of the horse’s face, and as Jerome breathed more of it in his face went from surprise to relaxation. “That’s it, just breathe me in,” Azrael said as she could see any anxiety or fear from some strange creature being in his apartment melt away from Jerome’s face. “It feels good, doesn’t it? To let the smoke just drift into your thoughts and cloud your need to think.”

“Yes…” Jerome replied as a dopey grin began to spread over his face. Whether it was because she was less in a hurry with the horse or he was simply dimmer than the armadillo in her apartment building she found the effects of her hypnotic visage and voice were much stronger on him. Or perhaps he was just used to be controlled, or even enjoyed it as she glanced down at his pants and saw them starting to tent in the front.

“Good, now why don’t we make you more comfortable?” Azrael asked as she swirled around him, reveling in the sensations of her incorporeal form as her smoky fur swirled around the nodding horse. “Go ahead and get naked for me, those clothes much be so confining for you. Show off that body of yours… you know you want too.”

At that moment Jerome had been wearing a pair of jeans and a shirt, but as his horniness grew the horse immediately felt the need to shed them as he fumbled with the button on his stretched denim before pulling them down. Azrael let out another chuckle as she saw that the horse was wearing a thong underneath with the pouch of the front straining with the rather girthy cock that it was holding inside of it. When he moved to take that off as well Azrael stopped him and told him to leave it on, since the part she wanted was exposed anyway as her fingers caressed his pert tailhole. His butt quivered slightly at the touch and when she slid in a bit deeper it caused him to let out a small moan before she wrapped her fingers around his muzzle.

“Shhh, no need to let your boyfriend know what’s going on quite yet,” Azrael whispered in his ear as Jerome gripped the sides of the refrigerator. “We’ll visit him soon enough, for now though I’m going to enjoy making you my vessel. That’s all you are after all, a mere toy for me to play with, and I’m really looking forward to it.”

When Azrael released the muzzle of the horse it caused him to gasp, which was what the smoke creature wanted as her hand curled around and shoved itself into his maw. Jerome suddenly found his mouth and throat full of the ethereal darkness that strangely similar to someone shoving a cock in his maw, which was quickly combined with the werewolf-dragon doing so with her real maleness in his rear end. The refrigerator shook slightly as the smoke creature began to lose her form as she pushed herself in both ways, her hips and thighs thrusting forward to bury more of herself into him before they were reduced to a swirling cloud that continued to push. All the enthralled equine could do was stand there and let out a muffled groan as his throat and stomach were pushed out by the creature entering into him as his body quivered from the pleasure that was coming from it.

Within a minute it was like Azrael had never been there as Jerome took a step back from the refrigerator and held his head. Even though the smoke had cleared briefly form his mind he could still hear her words echoing in his skull like she was still whispering them. Eventually he stumbled back into the table and when he did he happened to look down at himself, his jaw dropping when his normal washboard abs looked like he had eaten an entire buffet as his cock remained completely erect underneath it. As he put his hands against it though it was rapidly deflating and caused another surge of pleasure to go through his body as his already muscular physique began to bulk up even more, though as he watched his pectorals grow plumper his eyes widened in surprise when the head of a jackal pushed out his hide briefly.

It wasn’t long before the hypnotic voice of the one inside Jerome grew stronger and as it did his panic and confusion once more turned to lust, especially as smoke began to leak from his mouth and nose while his hand drifted towards his cock. As it stretched out a hand could be seen pushing out his bicep and forearm as the smoke creature took control, completely blocking off the horse from using it as she claimed it for her own. The rest of his body was quickly following suit and the bulky creature made for a rather comfortable vessel, Azrael mused as she slid her ethereal legs down and felt the hooves of the equine as though they were his own. As she began to stroke the sensitive flesh of the huge shaft she finally decided to pull the thong off his body, which caused the back of the horse to arch slightly.

By this point Jerome was putty in her paws, but that wasn’t enough for the smoke creature as she moved to fill one final spot. With him already hypnotized it was easy for her to sneak into his thoughts, the horse gasping in pleasure as the vaguely wolf-dragon shaped head pushed up into his throat and inside his skull. While she could have just as easily filled him like she did initially there was something exhilarating about having the vessel feel her presence taking him over physically as well as mentally, dominating his mind just like she had done with his body as she felt the horse twitching from the last of his control being taken away from him. The horse’s muzzle and head briefly became distorted as Azrael slid inside his mind and for a few seconds she allowed her smokey tongue to play with his before settling completely inside.

Jerome continued to quiver as he held onto the sturdy table, his hand no longer stroking him as his eyes closed as his mind was pushed into the passenger’s seat. It took a few seconds to regain some semblance of composure as more wisps of black smoke began to emanate from the horse as his lips curled up into a smirk. When the equine’s eyes opened again they were a smoky black that swirled around as he got to his feet and began to flex his body. Azrael continued to relish the feeling of being inside the horny stallion as she could feel his thoughts, including the intense lust from having no control over his actions as she decided to walk her new body to the destination that Jerome had been intending to go to in the first place… after making a quick stop

Alister sat at his desk going through his balance sheets, unaware of what was happening to his boyfriend on the other side of the door as he let out a sigh. What he did know was that the horse was costing him money with every mistake that he made and that trying to get fit him into a management job was proving futile. The stag sighed and leaned back as he realized he would have to probably fire him, which made him wonder how their personal relationship was going to go. While Jerome was a nice guy and a fun lover he often got his feelings hurt easily and that was something that he didn’t want to do.

The deer was so preoccupied with his own thoughts that he didn’t realize the office door had opened and someone slipped inside. It wasn’t until it closed did he look up and saw that Jerome was standing there smiling at him. “Ah, great, I was just about-“ Alister stopped mid-sentence when he realized the stallion was wearing the rubber chest harness, cuffs, collar, and thong that he had gotten him last Christmas. “About to… um… whoa…”

The horse smirked as he walked over towards the desk, watching the deer’s eyes continue to stare down at the throbbing bulge that was stretching the confines of the shiny material keeping it in. Azrael smiled as he saw Alister practically drooling as his eyes remained fixated on the stallion’s crotch, which was exactly what she wanted him to do. As she had put everything on the equine’s body she saw that the eyes of the horse had turned completely black and there was nothing she could do to alter it. That was fine though, she had already had plans before and all this meant was she needed to make sure that Alister’s attention was focused completely elsewhere.

What had surprised Azrael upon taking over Jerome’s mind was that while it had appeared to everyone in public that Alister was the dominant one in the relationship that wasn’t actually true, but only in one significant aspect. Once she moved the horse’s body over towards the deer she knew exactly what to do to drive him wild, grabbing him by the antlers and pushing his muzzle against the rubber-covered bulge. A shared thrill of pleasure went through the equine’s body as Alister lost the gruff, assertive demeanor that he usually carried and slowly wrapped his fingers around the back of Jerome’s thick thighs. While Azrael enjoyed the attention being given to his new cock she had other plans; one she had the stallion’s thick shaft buried deep within the other male she would use that to transfer herself to him, the smoke wolf-dragon wanting to possess both men so she could have them to herself.

Just as Azrael was about to lower her hand and slide the throbbing maleness out of its rubber sheath she felt her hips buck forward when the other man suddenly took the head of Jerome’s shaft into his mouth. It was a slight shock that the deer was so eager, but as she looked down and watched Alister bob his head deeper and harder to fill his cervine muzzle she noticed that the rubber was still around the horse cock. In fact the way every detail shined as it slid in and out made it look less like was wearing a rubber thong and more like his cock had just become rubber itself, but as the pleasure began to intensify Azrael found it wasn’t the only thing that was happening down there.

Alister let out a gurgle as the stallion’s cock slid down his throat, and as the shaft stretched out his neck Azrael realized that the shaft stretching out the deer’s muzzle lost its firmness. The rubber coating Jerome’s groin had started to spread and as the smoke creature felt his essence transferring to the other male he could sense that the possession was having an effect on his original host. It wasn’t just his cock, which was stretching even longer and penetrating deeper into the other man, as she continued to possess the body of the stallion she had started to notice that the insides of the equine had started to shift about but just attributed it to her incorporeal state. With the pleasure being fed into Jerome’s body however the smoke hybrid could see that it was more than that, especially as she saw that the fingers gripping the antlers had started to turn a shiny black and merge together.

Even with the lust that was growing between the two Azrael still had enough sense to know that she was affecting her vessel as the strong arms that gripped the other male began to droop slightly. With every thrust of that growing cock inside the deer more of the horse’s body began to warp and deform, though the only thing that came from it was a sensation of pure pleasure that made it even harder to concentrate. Whatever was happening to Jerome seemed to be influenced by the rubber that was worn as the straps that were once tight against the muscular body of the equine began to melt into the fur that was becoming increasingly black and shiny by the second. In the back of Azrael’s mind she knew that she should probably stop, but her instincts were fully in control and the pleasure that came from it was not only shared by Jerome but Alister as well as she could see his erection straining through his pants.

Azrael directed Jerome to do what came naturally and the horse pulled out of the deer with a loud, wet pop, though it was briefly restrained when something thick and rubbery wrapped around their member. To the smoke creature’s surprise the partially possessed cervine had managed to coil his mutated tongue completely around the shaft of the other creature, which as it squeezed down the mass shifted slightly to make the other parts bigger. It was as if the horsecock had completely been transformed into a gooey version of itself, something mimicked by the other male as the transformation progressed. Though Azrael was concerned about what was happening to the two they seemed to be enjoying themselves fully as he directed the possessed equine to flip the buck over.

Already Azrael could feel her influence spreading to that of the deer as a loud gurgle escaped from his lips while Jerome began to push his growing goo cock against those furred globes. When the horse grabbed onto the antlers she could feel that they were starting to lose their solid nature, turning to tentacles as they were converted to rubber just like the rest of his body. The stomach of the stag was pushed upwards by the thickening rod of the creature before Jerome finally lost the ability to completely stand and fell forward. The chests of the two men immediately merged together and Azrael could feel both their minds as powerfully as she had felt Jerome’s as despite the two turning into a puddle of goo the horse continued to try and thrust forward.

Their forms never completely lost their shape though and as Azreal honed her power she managed to bring the merged creature back into some state of being once more. The first thing the emerged from the formless goo was a thick stallion cock, which was accompanied by a pair of hands in order to pump it as it grew to nearly two feet in length. Fortunately another pair of muscular arms grew out to hold up the merged creature as the rubber molded into a physique that would put most bodybuilders to shame, something that was being spurred along not only by the lusts of the two creatures that the smoke werecreature inhabited but her own desires as well. A loud moan permeated the office as an equine muzzle formed from the blob that had been where the two creature’s heads had melted into one another, but as their shared body continued to emerge a pair of antlers formed as well.

Eventually a hybrid of equine and cervine sat on the edge of the desk humping up into the air, both Jerome and Alister overwhelmed by the shared sensations of their new body. Azrael decided that the two boys needed some time alone in their mental state and slowly pulled herself out of the rubber creature, emerging as a plume of smoke before once more reconstituting her male smoky werewolf-dragon body right in front of them. “It seems that you two are closer than ever before,” Azreal growled, enjoying how her deep, dominant voice sounded and how it made her new thrall shiver in delight. “I could separate you into two rubber drones, but I think I want to play with this body some more.”

“Yes master,” the drone replied, spreading his legs so that she had access to his rubberized hole.

“Mmmm, I like the sound of that,” Azreal replied as she licked her lips, feeling a different hunger as she took her cock and began to push it into the hole of the combined male. She could still sense that she had some control of their body both mentally and physically and proved it when she took their tail and morphed it into a rubber tentacle that slid up and pushed into her tailhole while she did the same to them. She let out a growl of pleasure as she pumped her hips forward, claiming these two as her own with her cock while her new thrall just groaned and writhed on the desk while stroking themselves off.

After she had her way with them Azreal separated the two into rubber creatures, but instead of turning them back to a rubber stag and stallion she decided to totally dominate their form and made them into sleek, shiny werewolf-dragons like her instead. It didn’t take long before she had two almost identical rubber clones of herself, though not as well-muscled and more lupine than her body, and had accentuated both their bodies with cuffs, collars, harnesses, and a leash that she held as they used their synthetic muzzles and tongues to lick against her throbbing shaft. As she sat there however she could start to feel her own body starting to revert back, and though the two that she had possessed and enthralled did the same she could feel that they were still under her control even if it was diminished. Already Azrael was itching to change again, but as she thought about she had an idea about growing her pack as she looked at the two with a grin…

A few hours later Mac arrived at the shop in order to work his normal night shift, only to find that as he attempted to open the back door to get inside the door was locked. “What on earth…” Mac said as he flipped out his phone and tried to call Alister, only to find that it went straight to voice mail. “Did Jerome forget to open the place or something?”

“Actually I can answer that question for you,” a familiar voice called out as Mac turned to see Azrael emerge from the shadow of the nearby alley with a grin on her face. “I was here when Alister and Jerome both left for the night and decided to give you the day off while they restocked a few things, since I knew you were about to get here I said I would stick around and tell you. Since you got the night off I thought that maybe you and I could go out and tear up the town.”

“Oh, I’m guessing that you got the night off too?” Mac asked, Azrael responding with a mere nod of her head as she took out a black cigarette and lit it. “That actually sounds nice, though we may have to go somewhere else in order for me to pick up a pack of my own if Jerome hasn’t restocked my brand yet.”

“Nonsense,” Azrael said as her grin grew, blowing a plume of smoke into the face of the python and watching as his eyelids almost immediately began to droop. “Why don’t you go ahead and take one of mine? I could use someone else to go out on the prowl with and these will really help you cut loose.”

Before Mac could reply he suddenly found one of the paper tubes pushed past his lips, though it was hard for the snake to think as he watched the hybrid bring up her lighter to the tip. He could swear as he saw the end flare up with the fire that Azrael’s face was changing, her muzzle growing and teeth pushing past her lips, but as he took his first breath in his eyes widened from a completely new sensation that was overtaking him. Azrael took a step back as the light trance that she had used was replaced with the sensation of the smoke overwhelming his senses while filling his lungs. While she could have easily made the python into another rubbery creature like the two that were still upstairs she wanted another smokewolf to join her on the prowl, which is exactly what she was going to get as black smoke seemed to curl up from the python’s head until his scales disappeared into a pair of lupine ears while a predatory grin formed on his lengthening snout…

Meanwhile those in the gallery watched as the pedestal next to Tarien was suddenly filled with smoke for a brief second before it coalesced into the wispy black werewolf-dragon they had just seen rampaging through town. “Well that was certainly a fun experience,” Renzyl commented as the three judges wrote stuff down on their tablets. “Let’s see what our panel has to say about our newest creation.”

“I suppose I can go first,” Raven said as he perked up after dropping his pen. “I have to say I was expecting a pure werewolf from you and was glad that you incorporated more of Azrael’s form into it. Also I’m glad that you used the smoke into the final form instead of just relying on the fact that you are the lord of canines.”

“I also thought the possession aspects of the transformation were nice too,” Vira spoke up after Raven had finished. “Using the smoke as a means more of infiltration and sort of playing that the beast was taking over in that regard, not to mention that the dominance of the smoke werewolf was balanced by the drones that she created when she did possess that guy. Overall a really nice theme and great use of the cigarette delivery system.”

“Yeah, the cigarette and initial transformation were probably the best,” Serathin commented. “I did also enjoy the drones that were created and the melting that happened since the power was too much for them, though the star of the show is clearly Azrael in this aspect. I also wanted to point out that there was great mental conflict in the changes as well and it wasn’t the straightforward power takeover in either aspect, so high marks for that as well.”

Tarien just gave a nod to the three judges and then looked at the other brothers, who scoffed and rolled their eyes while Renzyl stepped over to the next platform. “Alright then, we only have five entries left to go,” the rubber dragon said as he looked at those that are remaining. “Who’s next?”

“I believe that would be me,” Athear said with a smug grin as he slithered over to the platform. “And though Tarien made an interesting feature with gooifying his drones I think that the judges are going to like where I go with it…”

Chapter 8 – Athear

The rain continued to pour down in sheets as people on the busy city streets attempted to hustle to some sort of shelter; the storm that had caught the citizens by surprise had no intention of letting up and the only options for those that were trapped outside were to find a place to hunker down or be drenched while they walked to their destination. For Nizzbit he had decided to do the former as the newspaper he used in order to try and shield himself from the rain quickly deteriorated. Unfortunately he was in a section of the city that he walked through but never normally visited for the purposes of their shops, and with it being later in the night it was hard to tell what was still open and what had closed down for the night.

Fortunately he had decided to take a gamble on a place with a lit-up neon sign and found the door to be open, going inside just as he began to feel the rain permeate through his coat and to his striped fur. There was a trash bin that was nearby that he used to deposit the destroyed paper and after trying to shake off as much of the water as possible he looked around to see where he had ended up. To his surprise he found himself standing in the entranceway of rather posh surroundings; on one side of the room was a bar that was made of lit up glass that reflected of the smoky glass that made up the countertop while the other looked like a lounge area that was made up completely of thick pillows that were arranged in a circle. What really stood out to the tiger however was the walls that had bright, almost neon goo that shifted from one place to another in a fluid, constantly shifting pattern that was almost hypnotic in nature as he stepped further inside.

As he looked around it didn’t look like anyone was there, and as he checked his watch he found that it was still rather early in the night despite the pitch darkness that was outside that the street lamps were failing to banish. What was strange though was there was no one at the bar, which with the door being open he thought that there would be someone to look over the place. “Hello?” Nizzbit called out as he continued to look around until he stopped when the lights flickered slightly while a crack of thunder could be heard outside. “Sorry if I came in while you were closed, the door was open and it’s raining cats and dogs outside so I just needed to seek shelter.”

“You picked as good a place as any,” a voice suddenly replied, which prompted the tiger to look around for the source of it until he saw that there was a serpentine creature that was suddenly behind the bar. It caused Nizzbit to do a double take since he hadn’t seen anyone there previously as he got closer to the smiling man. “Is there something that I can get you or are you just here to keep me company until the rains stop?”

While Nizzbit hadn’t been intending on getting anything he felt it would be rude for him to just stand around without any sort of reciprocity as he hopped up on one of the barstools. “Honestly I’m not sure what to get,” the tiger admitted as he looked at the bottles behind the naga only to see that they weren’t labeled. “Do you have some sort of cocktail list or something?”

“We do,” the naga said with a grin as he leaned forward and cradled his chin with his arm that rested against the top of the bar, the colors reflecting on his white scales as his forked tongue flicked out past his lips. “Although I’d like to think that I’m a pretty good judge of character, so if you trust me I would like to make you something that I think would suit you very well. And if you don’t like it you won’t have to pay for it.”

“Well that sounds like a deal too good to pass up,” Nizzbit replied, which caused the naga to chuckle as he extended his serpentine body to grab one of the bottles off of the higher shelf while his lower body wrapped around a shaker. It always impressed the tiger to see nagas be able to do such dexterous acts with their lower bodies like that as the snake took the shaker and added ice to it. “So do you run this place by yourself?”

“For now,” the naga replied as he added a copious amount of the liquid before grabbing a few other bottles, twirling them around before adding the contents as well. “I have a few that would like to help me on this new endeavor but travel from where I come from here is rather limited. I was lucky enough to get here, but while others want to join me I have to find… places for them to stay, as it were.”

“Yeah, finding housing in the city can be a nightmare,” Nizzbit replied as he continued to watch the performance, unaware of the chuckle that escaped from the naga’s lips before he slithered over and put a glass in front of him. After a few seconds of vigorous shaking the bartender poured the contents into the glass, getting it to swirl around as the deep blue liquid had what looked like a roiling darker purple cloud within it. “Wow, that looks amazing.”

“Something to symbolize the storm that has brought us together,” the bartender said with a wink as he shook the strainer to get the last of the liquid out before putting it aside. “I’ve got to go grab a few more things from the back so try it out and let me know when I get back, and if you need anything don’t hesitate to shout. My name is Marru by the way in case you need to get specific.”

“Thanks Marru,” Nizzbit replied as the naga slithered off towards the door that no doubt led to the back room of the bar. With the bartender gone the tiger sniffed the drink and expected to smell something like blue caraco or something, but was surprised to find that while there was a fruity odor to it the drink also had a creamy note to it that was likely how he got the cloud effect. As he looked over at the bottle that had been the primary ingredient he was surprised that there wasn’t a drop of it left, which meant that the bartender had used it all in this drink alone. “I hope that’s not all alcohol, otherwise it won’t be the storm that keeps me here tonight.”

After a few minutes of analyzing the contents Nizzbit finally decided to take a drink of it so that he could tell the bartender what he thought about it when the naga returned. When he brought the liquid to his lips he could feel them start to tingle as soon as they touched, which was definitely interesting as he tipped the glass back further. As it drained into his mouth he was surprised by how flavorful it was; smooth and rich with the fruit taste that wasn’t too sweet, and though there was definitely the taste of alcohol it didn’t bite like a strong drink and went down smooth. This naga was definitely a master of his craft, Nizzbit thought to himself, and before he even realized it he had downed nearly the entire glass in one go.

As Nizzbit put the empty glass down with a dull thud on the glass countertop and as he looked at it in surprise. He had not intended to drink the entirety of it but it was just so good he found himself wanting more until there was nothing left for him to drink, which considering the size of the glass was a lot. He could feel the contents in his stomach and it made him feel very full, though it was a pleasant feeling as the tingle that he had experienced on his lips began to suffuse through his entire body from his stomach. As the minutes past he began to feel the alcohol kick in and he started to giggle despite himself as he got up from the barstool to stretch his legs.

The tiger didn’t get far until he found himself starting to stumble slightly, and though the room had started to shift slightly, which with the goo in the walls moving around didn’t help his orientation, he found that the source of it was coming from his legs. They started to shake underneath him and eventually he had to move over towards the pillows that were on the other side of the room since that was where his momentum had taken him. As soon as his body hit the plush object though everything immediately felt better, Nizzbit letting out a sigh as he laid there. With gravity no longer an issue all he found himself focusing on was how good that drink made him feel as any inclination to try and get up drained away while he laid there.

Just as Nizzbit was about to close his eyes and relax however he felt something wet against his stomach that caused him to arch his back up and look down. To his surprise he saw that his shirt was stained a dark blue right at his midsection, which confused the tiger since he was positive he hadn’t spilled any of the drink on himself. In his haze he decided to grab onto the shirt and pull it off of him so that he wouldn’t get anything on the nice pillows that Marru had, only to find that the liquid had managed to seep through and get onto his stomach. Almost instinctively he tried to reach his hand down in order to wipe it off his fur, only to find his fingers sink into the thick substance and when he pulled them back they had tendrils of goo stuck to them.

“Damnit,” Nizzbit said to himself as he tried to adjust his position on the giant pillow, only to find it more like a bean bag as it contoured to his body and made it hard to get up. “It’s already congealing…” Eventually the tiger managed to get into a sitting position to try and keep the mess from dripping off of him, but whatever the drink was made of had gone from liquid to goo and had completely saturated the thick fur of his stomach. “At least I didn’t get any on my-“

Nizzbit glanced past his stomach and saw a similar wet spot, but this time it was on the front of his pants and quickly spreading. Just how much of that drink did he get on himself, he wondered as he tried to figure out what to do next. He thought he had gotten every drop of it into his mouth, and the more he thought back to it the more the situation seemed off to him. Even the feeling of fogginess in his head wasn’t like the typical sensation of being drunk, though as he went down to his pants to try and assess the situation he saw his pants had also begun to tent.

He was not getting horny inside of a public place, Nizzbit thought to himself as he bit his lip while feeling his erection starting to grow. As he pressed his hands against it the pressure only seemed to get him more riled up, and as he began to pant he could feel himself getting harder by the second. As he continued to hold himself though the embarrassment he felt at the situation was soon replaced by both shock and curiosity as he felt a wriggling sensation underneath his palms. It was more than just the twitching from arousal and as he continued to hold it down the more it seemed to press upwards.

Eventually Nizzbit pulled his hands away and as his eyes widened in surprise at the massive bulge he sported, his ears twitching as he heard the straining zipper start to break. All he could do was watch as his maleness seemed to push upward as though straining to break free, and with every push it sent a wave of pleasure through his body. He put his hand over his mouth to suppress the groan as his pants finally gave up their containment and his cock burst out, his back arching slightly in pleasure as it was released from his prison. What Nizzbit saw there was not his usual maleness, instead he let out a muffled gasp as instead his normal tiger member he had a spire of goo that stretched out at least a foot long and looked more like a tentacle as it wiggled in the air like a snake.

That was enough for Nizzbit to snap out of his haze and realize something was happening to him, especially as he tried to get up onto his feet and his shoes fell off of his body while more of the goo leaked out of his pants. “Marru!” Nizzbit shouted as he used all his power to get off of the pillow, only to find his legs were literally like jelly as he collapsed to the floor. “Help! Somethings happflgh trrgggl…”

As Nizzbit continued to try and form words he found himself unable to get out more than a gurgle as he found himself starting to drool. Though he had managed to get onto this hands and knees and away from the pillow he looked back to see that the legs of his pants were not only completely stained with the same liquid as the drink he had imbibed but a pool of it was growing around him on the tile floor. It was like his legs weren’t even there and finally he turned around so that he was sitting on his exposed rear before he leaned forward and pulled his pants off of his waist and down his legs… only to find that he didn’t have any. More goo dripped out of his mouth as Nizzbit saw that everything from the waist down on his body had been completely liquified into the dark blue substance, even seeing the cloudy purple shifting along the surface as he felt his tail get stuck in the puddle and immediately melt.

Though his first instinct was to try and crawl as far away as he could, even knowing how little good that would do, Nizzbit suddenly had an alien thought pop into his head that caused him to pause. It was like a little inner voice told him to relax and to assess the situation, which as Nizzbit did he realized that even though he didn’t have any legs he could still feel the goo as though it was his own body. As he touched the edge of the puddle with his gooey fingers it was like he was touching himself and suddenly he became aware of how spread out he was on the floor. It was a… pleasurable sensation, and as he continued to shift his goo-covered fingers in the puddle it caused his body to shudder and his new cock to throb.

As Nizzbit calmed down he felt the reassuring presence once more inside of him, and this time he was directed to focus once more on his hand that was in the puddle. When he looked at it he saw that the fingers had all completely merged together and formed into a mitt as goo dripped off of it, watching it lose its form and consistency with every second. Whatever was inside of him said to focus on his hand once more and to resubmerge it into the puddle while thinking of what it should actually look like. Once more the transforming tiger did what he was told without even realizing he was following the instructions of an alien entity inside of him, especially when he pulled his hand back after doing what he had been told. He found his blue-stained lips curl up into a grin as he saw that when he pulled his hand back it had its fingers back, though as he held them up to the light he found he could somewhat see through the semi-opaque goo that his hand had become and that his digits were tipped with claws now.

With the combination of the lustful energy that came from his melted body and the calming voice inside of him the tiger found himself pushing both of his hands into the puddle. By this point the goo had spread over his back and neck and was dripping down just like the rivulets that were coming from his eyes and mouth, and as more of it spread over his body the more he lost definition. That didn’t matter to him anymore, not with the feeling of safety he had that even if he became completely liquid he could just reform himself. With the ooze starting to even take over his head Nizzbit could feel his tongue droop from his maw as another thought came to him from the mysterious psyche that seemed to inhabit his own, one that he was more than willing to indulge in.

By this point most of his body had been converted and even with his lower back sinking into the growing puddle there was still one thing that stood out predominantly, his gooey maleness throbbing right in front of him. Since he no longer had a spine, or any bones as his chest and shoulders became the semi-translucent substance the rest of his body had become, it was easy for him to lower his dripping maw down onto the tip. As his mind became fixated on pleasuring himself his form lost even more of its solid nature, his head starting to lose definition as he felt his ears melt onto his skull. He could just reform them later, it reasoned within him, for the moment his concentration should completely be on the thick, firm rod of goo that throbbed in his maw as his stretched-out tongue coiled around the base of it.

The pleasure was unlike anything he had ever experienced before and even as his muzzle began to deform and slide down his own cock without him moving all Nizzbit could do was want more of it. As the rest of his body melted away the only things that remained were his head and his member, which began to bulge out his throat as it slid deeper inside of him. With no fur left on his head and his skull flattening from being melted he looked more like a snake than a tiger, something that would have caused him to giggle if it wasn’t for the fact he could feel the floor where his chest normally was. The surface of the growing puddle of blue and purple ooze remained with only a few swells on the surface as the bartender slithered out from where he had been watching.

“Overdid it as usual Wolf,” Marru said as with a chuckle as he felt the possessed and melted tiger continue to get pleasured by the goo naga that transformed him. “Looks like I’ll get the bucket…”

A few hours later Nizzbit opened his eyes and found himself looking up at the ceiling of his apartment, his bedroom dark save for the glow of his phone on the nightstand and the occasional peal of lightning outside of his window. As he slowly sat up he realized that he was in his own bed and a tiger, which hadn’t been the case before as he ruffled his hands through his fur. Had it been a strange dream? No, the tiger thought to himself as he got up, there was no way that something as vivid as being melted into a puddle and having one of the most intense experiences of his life could have been a dream… yet everything seemed to be back to normal as he grabbed his phone to see what was causing his screen to light up.

To his surprise it was a notification from someone that he had added on messenger, the name Marru flashing on the screen and the head of the white-scaled naga in the profile pick making it unmistakable it was the bartender he met. When he opened it up he saw that there was a video that had been sent to him, and for a second Nizzbit wondered if perhaps he had gotten so drunk that he blacked out and forgot what happened. All he could do was tap the play button and see what sort of shenanigans he had gotten up to, only to have the camera center on a creature that he didn’t recognize. It was another naga, but its body seemed to be made out of goo that was similar to the drink that Marru had made him and while his lower body was clearly serpentine the upper body looked more wolf-like save for solid purple stripes on the otherwise dark blue surface.

“Hello Nizzbit,” the creature said as he waved into the camera. “You passed out after we merged together so I thought that I would make this little video for you so you don’t freak out and end up a government experiment or something. It seems that Marru has deemed you fit to be my vessel; given the experience I know that you remember it appears that his judge of character is impeccable once more and that we are going to enjoy ‘living together’. Now I could give you all the expanded details but taking direct control of your body in this realm is extremely tiresome, so as long as you don’t go running off to a hospital or something like that my power is free for you to use whenever you like. Fair warning though; I can be rather persuasive and if I see something I want it might provoke your newfound abilities to come out without warning, especially if you see the same thing I do.”

The video seems to end abruptly at that point and though it left Nizzbit with more questions than answers he could sense the being within him was either sleeping or not responding to his mental provocations. He put the phone down and once more looked at himself, then experimentally gave a poke to his own stomach. It felt like fur and muscle just like it always had, and it was hard to believe that there was some sort of goo naga inside of him. From what the entity had said he could turn into that creature with some sort of provocation, which made him wonder…

…did that make him some sort of werenaga? Or weregoo creature?

The idea of it made Nizzbit shake his head, but as he continued to look at his phone he saw that he didn’t have any more time to think about it as work started to loom. Even though he had only gotten a few hours of sleep he had to go in early in order to do a few project reports while everyone else was out for the weekend, which had been the reason he hadn’t wanted to drink in the first place. He made a mental note to go and visit the bar after his shift and try to get more information out of that bartender, but for the moment he needed to focus his mind on other things. He may be possessed by some sort of alien creature but he still had a job to do as he got ready for the day.

By the time Nizzbit had gotten ready for work and out the door the storm had finally abated, revealing the night sky overhead. He hated getting up so early in order to do something but with the business he was part of being a global corporation he sometimes had to work on other people’s time zones just to get a collaborative effort finished. The nice thing about it, he thought to himself as he got into his car, was that he didn’t have to worry about anyone being there besides him and maybe the janitor. As he started his car however he caught a whiff of a familiar aroma that came out of his vents, a slight frown forming on the muzzle of the tiger as he realized that it waws the smell of the drink and likely the naga who had managed to drive him home. It made him wonder how the entity had worked the pedals with no legs but then remembered that this was some sort of goo creature as he drove out into the empty streets and towards the plant he worked at.

After a half an hour drive Nizzbit arrived at the plant to find it empty as he had suspected, using his credentials in order to get in and get to his section in order to work on the data that would be sent to him shortly. Though it was nice not having to talk to anyone it meant that his mind was allowed to wander as he looked at the screen and waited. He could also feel the creature within starting to stir as well once he had wondered inside, and along with that came a tinge of lust that he had experienced while at that strange bar. The last thing he wanted to do was melt into a puddle again right at his workstation so he tried to push off the feelings and focus on his work, though he could sense that the entity found such a thing to be… boring.

Tough luck, Nizzbit thought to himself as he began to type in the figures he was receiving in order to process the data on his end. This was still his body and from what the video said he could still do with it what he pleased, and to his surprise he found a sensation within that felt almost like agreement. For an alien creature that essentially took him over he found the naga was surprisingly chill about it, Nizzbit thought to himself, which was perhaps why it kept being so easy to forget about the situation entirely. Except for the occasional lewd mental image that popped up while he worked it was like his encounter in the bar never even happened.

The reports didn’t take long at all to finish and as Nizzbit looked at the clock on his computer he almost wished they would have allowed him to come in later to do this, but with it being the weekend it would have disrupted it regardless so at least it happened earlier than later. As he shut off his computer however and stretched his limbs however he heard something that caused him to pause. Since he had been the only one in the office he had just turned on the lights in his section and as he stood there he saw another bank of them suddenly come to life. Someone else was burning the midnight oil… and though normally the tiger would have just left it be and went on his way he felt compelled to go and see who it was.

It didn’t take long for him to see that it was Ash, a metallurgist that worked in a similar capacity to him. Nizzbit found the snowy owl hunched over his computer typing his own data into the records, possibly for the same project that he had just finished up, with a coffee on one side of him and a cheese Danish in the other. “Oh, hey Ash,” Nizzbit said, being taken aback slightly when the other man rotated his head completely around to look at him. “Uh, see that you’re here as well.”

“Yeah, usually like working these times myself,” Ash replied as he turned and grabbed his coffee, blowing on it before draining the contents into his beak. “Are you here to finish up the Michelson testing report too?” Nizzbit found himself nodding even though his thoughts were being turned elsewhere, feeling a tingle in his stomach as the being within awoke. “Yeah, figures as much, they probably could have brought you in the morning though instead of the dead of night.”

Nizzbit responded with something, but he wasn’t even quite sure what he had said as that inner presence once more prodded him. Though Ash usually wore baggy clothes because of the feathers and wings the tiger found him to be quite handsome, though he had never thought of him in that regard until that moment. That desire he felt at the bar was starting to course through his body once more and as the owl continued to talk about something the tiger’s attention turned to his own arms. He could practically see his veins pulsating and it caused him to grab onto the side of the cubicle wall for support, only to watch his arm flex unnaturally from the pressure.

The tiger quickly turned to see if Ash saw it but the owl had gone back to looking at his screen, distracted in his own conversation and his work to notice that Nizzbit had taken a step back in shock. As his insides shifted Nizzbit could feel the entity within him grow more insistent in taking him, not only to create someone like him but also to satisfy their lusts as well. Though the tiger would have never considered doing anything like that where he worked he found himself licking his lips at the thought, and as he did he could taste the goo that had started to form in his mouth instead of the usual saliva. This owl could be his if he wanted it but the desires of the goo naga were conflicting with the tiger’s sensibilities of ruining his workplace… which eventually caused Nizzbit to think of an alternate plan that was heavily influenced by his newfound naga side.

“So I’m actually done with my report,” Nizzbit said as he felt his body return back to normal, the goo creature within satiated by their new plan. “How are you faring?”

“Almost done myself,” Ash replied as he continued to type. “At this point I feel like I wasted my dollar on this Danish when I could have still picked up a to-go order or something. Plus its Friday so I cancelled plans with friends to go out to a club tonight for this.”

“That sucks to hear,” Nizzbit replied, trying not to grin as he got the answer that he had expected. The owl was known around the office to be a notorious party animal and though he didn’t let it get in the way of his work the tiger had seen more than his fair share of pictures of the avian sprawled out in bushes, on cars, and even half-hanging off of an overpass once. “Hey, if you want I happen to know of a place that we could go to if you want to still do something like that.”

Once more Ash slowly turned his head all the way around, this time his eyes as wide as saucers as he looked at Nizzbit. “You really mean that?” Ash asked, Nizzbit quickly nodding his head in reply. “Hey, I didn’t peg you for a club guy, but I’m definitely game! I should have this report done in about thirty minutes and then we can get going.”

Nizzbit just nodded and gave the owl a thumbs up, then quickly turned away so he could wipe the dark blue drool he could feel gathering on the corner of his mouth. Though they were moving into a more public area the tiger had information from a few friends on a club that would be perfect for his needs. His entire body shuddered at the thought and he could feel his form shifting underneath his fur, but he knew he had to hold it together and keep from becoming this werenaga before the proper time. One thing he couldn’t stop however was the fangs that protruded past his lips and the huge grin that formed on his muzzle as he went back to his cubicle to wait…

About an hour later Nizzbit and Ash had left the plant and made their way back towards the downtown area, which despite being late at night was still quite busy. They were happening upon the tail end of it but there was still quite the crowd, but the tiger was still able to find a spot among the people that were leaving for the night. The club in question also tended to go on later than most bars and as they walked up to it Ash exclaimed that he knew this place. While it didn’t matter to the tiger, or the goo creature that was possessing him, they knew that it would help keep the owl distracted as they went inside.

After getting their cards checked and allowed inside the two got into the club, music pounding in their ears as soon as they crossed over the threshold to get in. Though Nizzbit had never been there himself he knew from what his friends had told him that it was a place where you could hook up rather easily, and from the way that he could hardly see anything in the darkened room it turned out to be true. There were no lights on except for the ones that flashed from the stage to briefly illuminate the throng of people below, there was a thick layer of fog that covered most people up to the waist, and the music had gotten so loud it was doubtful anyone could have a conversation even if they shouted to each other…

…in a word, it was perfect.

Though Nizzbit could already feel this new other side of him starting to physically assert itself he didn’t want to tip off the owl too quickly, but as they went and got a drink the tiger found his fingers forming a little too well to the ribbed sides of the glass. He wasn’t going to be melting like he had during his first transformation but the goo naga wanted freedom and this time there was little that he could do to stop it. A low hiss escaped from his lips as he watched Ash take a drink, but the music drowned it out even as they got close to one another. Nizzbit knew that if he didn’t do something soon there would be a gooey naga where he stood and instead motioned for Ash to come with him to the dance floor.

The snowy owl nodded and downed the rest of his glass in one gulp before moving to the fog-filled area where a mass of anthros were busy already grinding against one another. The psyche in the tiger’s head was quite interested in all of them but even as their lusts increased they knew that they couldn’t have them all… at least not yet. The mental image of a dance floor full of gooey werecreatures was enough to make Nizzbit shudder, but his focus was pushed back to the owl that began to dance with him. Neither of them were really dressed for the occasion but that didn’t matter to the tiger as his fingers went down and undid his pants.

Fortunately the fog continued to obfuscate his movements as Nizzbit moved forward and got closer to Ash, his breath catching slightly in his throat as he waited to see what the other guy was going to do. As he did he felt the owl press up back against him and that was enough for the tiger as well as the creature that dwelled within him. When Ash leaned back against the other man he felt a pair of arms wrap around him and it only spurred him on to tease his co-worker further. The avian creature had never known Nizzbit to be much of a partier, though from the bulge he felt pressing up against his exposed rear caused him to gather just how horny the other guy was as he took advantage of his own unique anatomy to give the feline a kiss.

What Ash saw caused his eyes to widen and his beak to open in a gasp; the grinning visage of the tiger looked like some sort of deformed Halloween mask as the grin on the muzzle became distorted from something pushing out of it. Before the owl could say anything the creature took advantage of Ash’s shock and leaned forward, Nizzbit’s maw stretching out as a long, thick, forked goo tongue pushed its way into the open mouth of the other creature. Though the tiger’s head remained stationary Ash quickly felt lips press against his beak as the slithering appendage quickly filled the space, playing briefly with his own tongue before sliding further down into his throat. For a brief moment Nizzbit’s eyes rolled back into his head in ecstasy before they turned a similar shade to the tongue that had started to bulge out the neck of the other man, the tiger feeling his consciousness being pushed to the side as the naga within took control.

Those that were on the dance floor remained oblivious of what was going on amongst them as the arms of the tiger began to pulsate and stretch as the owl’s maleness began to thicken beneath the layer of fog. The goo naga known as Marru had decided that he had been hidden away long enough and with Nizzbit’s psyche bathed in the lust and bliss of his transformation and the bizarre kiss he had taken control. As the striped arms continued to hold Ash in place they started to swell, growing bigger and more muscular while his fur began to push out like it was being inflated. As the gooey serpentine snout continued to push its way out of Nizzbit’s mouth and latch onto the owl’s beak a loud tearing noise could just be heard by the two over the music as the furry skin split and revealed the semi-translucent gelatinous muscles underneath.

Nizzbit could sense that the naga within had already started to infiltrate the owl’s mind, rendering him drunk on the delicious cocktail of goo that was being pumped into him while he transformed. The pants that the tiger had been wearing split just as easily as his arms had as the fur that fell off his body liquified and turned to goo as well. The strange thing for the transforming creature was that as his legs grew thick and began to reveal his inner nature the feeling of this new form bursting out of the seams of his body felt extremely satisfying. Both the serpent snout and the tiger muzzle had a big grin on their face as goo began to leak out of his drooping ears and nostrils, the goo assimilating the fur of his face and melting his ears to match the snake head that had emerged.

As the music reached a fevered pitch Ash felt the clawed fingers of the increasingly gooey creature behind him rip off his shirt, rendering him completely naked on the dance floor as something began to slither around his legs. With his head still locked in the kiss of the creature that had suctioned around his beak he could feel his feet get lifted off the dance floor completely but before he could kick them in the air something thick immediately coiled around them. The movement caused the fog to shift around them and as a light briefly passed over their forms Ash could see the heavy coils of a serpentine lower body continue to shift, sliding up his body effortlessly as Nizzbit’s body continued to grow. The owl also saw that the cock of the transforming creature had grown as well, stretching before his eyes as it wiggled around with the tip pressed against his feathered backside.

If Ash had the chance to look back at his own body however he would have noticed his own changes as his belly began to distend from the goo being pumped into him through the tongue stretching out his throat. While the coils of the naga had gotten up to his chest it had left his throbbing cock free, which had started to drip a bright green liquid instead of the usual pre as Nizzbit’s cock began to wiggle inside. The tiger within the gelatinous creature could sense that Ash had completely lost himself to the euphoria that comes with the change while feeling a simulated drunkenness that came with drinking so much of his essence. Unlike his own changes the creature that had taken control of his form said that the owl’s transformation would be a bit quicker than his own, the goo naga pulling back the kiss and retracting his tongue so they could watch their work in action.

As soon as the beak of the owl was empty Ash let out a loud gasp, but it quickly turned into a gurgle as a forked tongue of his own flopped out of his goo-covered maw. The naga tightened his coils slightly so that their cock could push into their newest convert as the assimilation took hold while the thick substance on the avian’s face turned green and began to spread. As they felt Ash begin to hump into the air due to his increased libido the one possessing Nizzbit decided to help the creature out and pressed his coils that were around his waist to sandwich the transforming cock between them. By this point the werenaga had completely emerged once more and people were beginning to pump into the large creature as Ash squirmed in pure bliss from being spread open by the thick cock as the feathers of his rump began to melt around it while spreading.

Among those that were dancing oblivious to the transformation of the two weregoo creatures was a wolf that had been dancing by himself the entire night. With the darkness, the fog, and the music it was hard to keep track of anything that was going on in the club and it wasn’t until he stumbled over something that he took notice of something that had been lurking beneath the fog. When he looked over he caught the image of two creature that were next to him, one of them rather large, and at first from their motion he thought that they were just having sex. It wasn’t uncommon for something like that to happen, more than once he had another larger guy slip their maleness underneath his tail and that was one of the reasons he came to this place at all.

It was when the wolf tried to push the bigger of the two back that he noticed something was wrong, particularly when his hands sank into the serpentine lower body of the other creature. It was like he had just stuck his fingers into a bowl full of jello, and when he attempted to pull them out he found that they were suctioned inside. Suddenly the wolf felt the body of the one he was stuck inside begin to shift and as the spotlight briefly illuminating the goo naga as the muscular body of the striped creature shifted down to look at him. As Nizzbit felt the lupine squirm he brought his head down and smiled at the trapped dancer while continuing to pump his cock into the owl, though Ash was becoming less avian by the second as the scaled bird legs morphed and melded into a singular limb.

“Hey there sexy,” the goo naga said as he got within inches of the wolf. “You want a drink? This one’s in me.”

Inside the consciousness of the creature even Nizzbit wasn’t sure what his alter ego meant by that, and from the surprised expression on the face of the wolf the lupine didn’t either. But just like Ash he could see that there was the slightest twitch of lust that was forming on the wolf’s face as he saw him lick his lips and nod. The dancer didn’t know that the alcoholic nature of the naga’s body had already started to seep into his skin, causing their newest prey to become relaxed even as he saw the owl coiled up in the grasp of the creature let out a loud hiss as his beak melted and reformed into the emerald green goo snout of a snake. For the wolf though everything else was falling away except for the shimmering blue serpent eyes staring at him; the music, the other dancers, even that he was essentially trapped became meaningless to him as he found himself leaning forward towards the enthralling creature while the gooey jaws of the other creature opened wide.

The next thing the wolf knew he suddenly had his vision become obscured as Marru lunged forward and pushed his gooey maw down until it completely engulfed the head of the lupine dancer. They could feel him let out a slight grunt of surprise but that was curtailed as the goo naga slid his tongue into the long snout of the other male to act both as a gag and to give him a taste of the sweet concoction that was their body. As Nizzbit felt the furry neck of the wolf bulge out at the same their lips slid down past it he realized that the goo monster had a bit of a different method for this creature than he had for Ash. It suddenly made sense to him though as the corrupted thought of the wolf being prey just like the captured owl had been, with his cock occupied stretching out the increasingly gooey stomach of the avian he utilized a different method to transform this one into a werenaga like themselves.

While Nizzbit had thought the goo naga was just using this as a means to trap the wolf he felt his entire body shudder from fang to tail tip as they continued to swallow him up. Even with their mouth full he could feel the other creature chuckling at his companion’s revelation and the former tiger gathered that this was just something snakes did, even goo nagas as their gelatinous jaws stretched wider to encapsulate the shoulders of the furry creature. With their tongue deep inside the throat of the dancer it made sure that the experience was just as pleasurable for him too as his muzzle got to their own neck, which allowed them to draw up the other man deeper into their body.

A shudder ran down the goo naga’s body as they felt something start to coil around them, turning their gaze briefly to see that Ash had begun to squirm around the thick spire of gel cock that wiggled inside of him. The owl was gone; replaced with a bright green semi-translucent goo naga that writhed in ecstasy as he used his new flexibility to impale his snout with his own foot-long cock. He was drinking in his own essence, and though both wondered what sort of cocktail he had managed to create as he looked over the darker green patterning that had remained of the owl on the serpentine body his mouth was currently full. It was hard for the actual goo naga or Nizzbit to concentrate on anything with pleasure that was coming from the new goo creature squeezing around their shaft while they pleasured themselves, especially since the wolf within their grasp had started to suck on their tongue and sent more waves of pleasure through their body.

Despite the euphoria being experienced the goo naga knew that they couldn’t stay in this place for long, despite his previous desires they couldn’t convert this entire dance floor and if they were caught when the music was over then it would potentially be the end of their fun here. He uncoiled himself from the other goo naga and with a mental command told him to start slithering for the door and that he would be right behind him. When the goo naga sensed that his host was wondering what they were going to do with the wolf he just smirked around the waist of the creature and said they were taking the wolf to-go, pulling his head up with his powerful body and lifting the dancer into the air. Already the lupine muzzle of the creature had begun to warp and morph within the throat of the creature he was inside and as gravity took hold to make the sliding down process easier the goo naga chuckled at seeing the thong that the dancer was wearing had been stretched to the limit.

Definitely an eager one, the naga thought to himself as he took a clawed finger and snipped the string to allow the cock of the wolf to flop out while they moved. Anyone that would have been paying attention would have seen a rather large goo creature moving between the crowd with something wiggling around in its maw, or even the outline of something lupine stretching out the gel chest while it slid down. More than once the spotlight shined on the semi-translucent creature and the silhouette of the wolf could be clearly seen inside of the naga, but with most of the patrons of the club already drunk or focused on whatever dance partner they found no one noticed. By the time the goo naga had gotten out of the club with Ash waiting for him the waist of the wolf had disappeared and all that were left of his exposed body was his kicking legs.

With no danger of being seen in the dark back alley the goo naga leaned back against the wall and sucked on the body of the wolf in his maw for a bit, forming a few tendrils to curl around the throbbing appendage. It caused the lupine dancer to wiggle around even more strongly inside of him and in turn gave even more pleasure to both Nizzbit and the one possessing him. The primal, instinctual hunger had started to ebb though and eventually the goo naga just sucked in the limbs the rest of the way to allow the wolf to settle into the stomach of the bigger creature, feeling him curl up as his body began to melt into the same transformative goo that the other two were made of. With the wolf completely engulfed it wouldn’t be long before another goo naga was formed and already as the head of the mutating creature pushed out of his coils they could see his partially melted ears and even the forked tongue push out briefly in ecstasy before settling back in.

“Sorry to keep you waiting,” the goo naga hissed as he looked at Ash. “It’s rude to speak with one’s mouth full. I think this has been a rather productive night but it’s quickly coming to a close, but let’s retire back to my place for a quick nightcap.”

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The next morning Nizzbit awoke with a loud gasp, his body shifting around as he felt something coiled around his naked body. It took him more than a few seconds to realize that it was his bedsheets that he was feeling and that he was once more a tiger again. He found himself shuddering as the events of the night came back to him, especially the feeling of the goo naga emerging from his form like that and taking Ash. Ash… for a brief moment Nizzbit wondered where the owl had gone before he felt a weight on his legs and saw a lump in his sheets.

For a brief moment he thought that maybe the goo naga had managed to alter his body permanently to be that of a naga from the waist down, but when he pulled the cloth aside his eyes widened at what he had exposed. It wasn’t his own body and it wasn’t Ash either, instead it was some wolf that he vaguely remembered from the club pressed against his groin. As the tiger attempted to move he could feel that his half-hard cock was somehow still inside of the lupine maw and as he attempted to extract himself he felt the tongue instinctively lick and swirl around it before he pulled out. That caused the wolf to wake up and as Nizzbit heard a chuckle in his head he realized the goo naga had put him in this situation on purpose, and he wasn’t the only one as the sheet feel away completely to show Ash snoring while on top of the wolf with his half-hard shaft still buried inside their new friend’s tailhole.

“Well, this certainly hasn’t been the worst way that I’ve woken up,” the wolf said with a yawn before smirking at Nizzbit, then looking back to Ash. “You mind?”

Ash blushed and nodded before pulling back as well, the three naked men looking around and trying to find where their clothing was before realizing that it had been left in tatters or was back at the club. As Nizzbit looked around his room though he saw that the goo naga had enough sense to gather up their wallets, keys, and anything else from their pockets before they had left for the night. The tiger was still at a loss for what to do; he had not expected to have company over in the morning and he wasn’t quite sure how to explain to them that they were basically werecreatures like him, becoming horny goo cocktail nagas during the night for more than possibly just the full moon. To his surprise though when he breached the subject with them the other two already knew their fate and were surprisingly fine with it.

“So… what do we do then?” Ash asked the other two. “We’re probably going to keep turning others into creatures like us, even now I kind of what to get out there. Plus we got lucky at the nightclub, if we keep doing stuff like that we might get caught.”

Nizzbit thought on it for a second before he snapped his fingers as he remembered, or possibly reminded by his serpentine side, a place they could go where they could go where all this started in the first place…

That night Marru slithered around the bar polishing glasses, and as he put the last one down on the glass bar he heard the door open. A smirk formed on his muzzle as he already sensed who it was, looking up to see the large blue goo naga sitting there with two more flanking him. “I see that you are adapting well to your new form,” Marru said as he walked over and inspected the other two, the orange naga that had been the wolf shivering in delight as the naga licked up his pectoral all the way to his neck. “Delicious, you were always good at making a decent cocktail.”

“I learned from the best,” the blue goo naga replied. “Speaking of such, I think it’s time for you to open this bar fully. Also get out of that silly guise, our power should be enough to shroud this place to keep those who aren’t willing to join us to not see.”

Marru nodded and as he made his way towards the front door his scales shimmered and merged together, turning completely translucent as he flipped the sign to open. He was a similar shade of blue to the goo naga whom the tiger was playing host to, but much lighter in coloration. As Marru went back to the three they gave him a slight bow, then made their way towards the pillows that were at the side of the room. Nizzbit knew that while the goo naga that had possessed him was powerful in nature that the bartender was their leader, and that was just fine with him as their coils began to curl around one another. Soon there would be customers that would come in; and while some would just be there for a drink and see a couple nagas sitting together others will see them for what they truly are, and it would be those that will have their lips and tailholes wrapped around their cocks as they embraced a new life of fun and frivolity… at least during the night.

Back in the Nexross the judges saw the image of the three goo nagas curled up on a pillow with Marru among them until the portal disappeared, leaving the blue and purple striped gelatinous serpent on the pedestal for display. “Well you certainly leaned into the goo design for this one,” Raven stated after writing down his score on his card. “I feel that this is one of your more traditional designs rather than an actual werecreature, but the fact that they sort of party nagas that come out at night does embody the whole releasing the beast concept rather well.”

“Yeah, I know of more than a few who would probably fit that sort of theme exactly when they go out partying,” Serathin spoke up.

“You one of them?” Viratan chimed in, causing the judges to all smirk at that.

“Anyway I think that both the melting and the skin-ripping were great transformation vectors for these creatures,” Serathin replied, ignoring the jab. “I was expecting the first one with it being you Athear, but when the goo creature sort of ripped through the former identity of the tiger I thought that definitely kept within the werecreature aesthetic. The fact that you kept with it being very gooey and corruptive in that aspect was a great choice I think, you definitely kept to your guns.”

“I also want to say that I liked that Nizzbit was more possessed by the creature instead of just becoming the goo naga,” Viratan said when it was his turn. “It was something slightly different and had that whole beast being in control sort of thing but still allowed him to enjoy himself. I almost wanted to see more of that, maybe the same thing happening to the two that he had created at the club, though I can understand that you wanted this naga to be the star of the show.”

As the other nexus lords clapped Renzyl stepped forward once again and gave a nod to Athear. “Looks like our gooey werenagas are in the running just like all our other contestants here,” the rubber dragon said as he looked over at those still waiting in the wings. “Looks like we’re down to the final four, whose next on the docket?”

“That would be me,” Yavini said as he held up his chip with the number eight on it.

“Ah, perfect,” Renzyl said as the plant fox walked over towards his podium. “Admittedly I’ve been very interested to see what you are going to come up with, you certainly have one of the more unique realms for werewolves to be in.”

Yavini just nodded and grinned, opening his portal to show what lay beyond it.