It was a cold night on the city streets, even the affluent Hydra Towers district in A sector had very few people out and about in the courtyard.  Those who worked there did not partake of the usual amenities of the area and instead rushed their way either to their jobs or to their homes, depending on whether they were going to or coming from the building.  While that meant there was no crowd to blend into it also meant less eyes on the area as two people in particular made their way towards one of the larger structures.  It was the only building that was meant for people to live in as both an apartment complex and extended living hotel.

It was there that a deal was going down that the two had taken particular interest in.  The larger werewolf man on the left looked around the area of the building to make sure that there was no one around while the smaller lion one on the right stared at a completely different realm despite them staring in the same direction.  "There's a lot of interference in the astral plane," the lion said once their eyes stopped glowing.  "You sure that the meeting is supposed to be here Thomas?"

"Relax Golden," the werewolf-like creature replied with a cavalier scoff.  "I was told by my contact that the Harbringers are moving an atlantean artifact here tonight, some sort of ceremony that they had to do hear because of a lay line or something.  Naturally that's why you're along since you're good at that sort of thing."

Golden just chuckled and rolled their eyes slightly as they brought up their coat against the cold.  It wasn't the first time that his skills and talents of a mage were utilized by Thomas, who was more of a smooth talker and didn't know much about the arcane arts.  It was fine considering that he was promised not only a hefty cut from the retrieval job but also score some points with the MIU as well.  They had been on shaky terms with the organization after recent allegiances that they had made and anything that he could do to get on their good side was a boon to the mage.

The two entered into the skyscraper and immediately were greeted with an interior that matched most fancy hotels.  In essence it was, though Golden and Thomas knew that they wouldn't get enough jobs in a year to afford a night in one of these places, much less any of the more extended stay options.  Fortunately they weren't looking to get up too far in the building as they made their way past the front desk and towards the convention area that was near the back.  The building hosted several banquet halls for those that were residing in the area, mostly megacorp stooges... though tonight one hall was hosting a party that was a front for the dangerous organization known as the Harbringers.

The Harbringers were something that Thomas knew all too well, but it was a past that he didn't enjoy telling others and was only utilizing at the moment to screw them over.  They loved anything atlantean in nature and trafficked in quite a few artifacts which they often got through more unsavory measures.  It made their job tonight extra special as they were about to steal an artifact of great importance that would hopefully make them just a little less dangerous.  But as they got into the hallway that led to the hall that was the furthest back Golden could sense that they would have their work cut out for them on this job.

Before they got to the double doors Thomas waited for Golden to peer into the astral realm so that they could peer into the realm of the astral.  Whatever the Harbringers had planned involved some sort of magical ritual and as the lion looked with their magical sight the frown on their muzzle deepened a bit.  Infernal magic... it was something that the mage was well-versed in, ever since they had decided to align themselves with a demon as well.  If this was the case then whatever they were using the artifact for was definitely not good, Thomas expressing a similar concern when Golden told him about what he sensed.

It was all the more reason for them to crash the party.

Thomas and Dove nodded to each other before they made their way to the door and opened it, only to be stopped by a man that seemed to pop out of nowhere.  If the cloaked head and body wasn't an indicator the symbol etched into the body armor exposed underneath it told the two that this was a Harbringer agent.  "This is a private party," the man said, his voice slightly distorted as it came through a speaker of a helmet the two could see underneath the hood.  "Leave immediately."

"I'm actually invited," Thomas replied without skipping a beat.  "One of your agents said that I needed to come here immediately in order to handle something concerning a mutual friend of ours, unless of course you want to anger Obsidian for making us late to the ritual I suggest that you step aside."  Golden just watched as the bigger wolf gave the man a fanged grin that was only slightly threatening, and after a few seconds the man just nodded and stepped aside.  As the two walked through the doorway that they opened Thomas breathed a slight sigh of relief; though he knew that most of the grunts in the organization wouldn't dare speak out to someone as high up as Obsidian was there had been the possibility they would check on his credentials, but it seemed simply knowing the name of the head of this branch was enough to get them access.

Almost as soon as they stepped inside Golden had to take a step back as they found the presence of infernal energy washing over him.  While it was something they had gotten used to it was still quite the transition to go from the normal mana of the realm to this demonic energy, like stepping out of a sauna into the cold air of winter.  Even their partner could feel the change in the oppressive atmosphere as they made their way through the figures that milled about in the area.  Despite the oppressive feeling anyone that would have walked inside and looked around normally would have thought they had just stumbled into a wedding or some sort of celebratory party as people ate and drank.

Any pretense that this might have been a front that the group devised was quickly dissuaded though as they saw that everyone there had some sort of mark of the Harbringers on them.  Whether or not they were there because of the item or were actual members of the group didn't matter, the two knew that they had no allies in this area as Golden used their powers of astral perception to lead them towards the artifact.  As expected their trail led to the back rooms of the area where the stage was set up and they had a small band playing.  At this point nearly anything could give them away so with Golden covering the door Thomas took out his autopick and jammed it into the lock in order to open it.

The second the two were inside they immediately dropped the act of being part of the party and began to run towards the area where they felt the strongest source of the astral signal.  They weren't quite sure when the exchange was going to happen or what sort of security would be involved, but as they got to the back rooms they found that there wasn't much that they had to fight or bluff their way through.  It was almost too easy as they got to a back storage area that was also a green room for people to set up before they went into the main area.  As they got to the door Thomas had Golden pause for a few moments before taking his robotic eye out and tossing it underneath the door.

"What do you see?" Golden whispered as Thomas checked out the area with his eye.

"Looks like ten people,"  Thomas replied.  "I think I can see the artifact, though they currently have it covered up.  Wait... I think they're about to show the goods, once we have confirmation of the package I want you to go in with the biggest spell you have and I'll try to pop... the rest..."

Golden could hear the werewolf trailing off in his words and as the mage looked at him in question he could see the lupine jaw start to drop slightly.  "Thomas, what do you see in there?"  Golden ask, only to not get a response.  "Thomas?"

As Thomas continued to stand there Golden began to feel something press against his psyche, the mage's eyes widening in shock as he could start to sense a powerful magic being woven into his thoughts.  Even with the knowledge that this was some sort of mental control there was nothing he could do to push it out.  Usually as a mage he stood a much better chance of resisting such energies but as his hands fell to his sides and his eyes became as glassy as the werewolf the thoughts of trying to do so evaporated from his mind.  Soon the two of them just stood there silently before a single mental command ran in their minds, prompting the werewolf to grab the door handle and for the two of them to walk inside.

Though the two were not in control of their own bodies they still had the semblance of thought to take stock of their situation, which as they noticed the dozen men in the typical Harbringer bodysuits armed with weapons they knew that they were in big trouble.  Aside from the small regiment of grunts that were there they noticed a few familiar faces that were sitting up at the alter that had been created in the back of the room.  "I see our invited guests are finally here," the stone statue of a dragon said as it began to move of its own accord, both Thomas and Golden knowing that it was actually a statue possessed by the Harbringer known as Obsidian.  "It took you long enough, we practically rolled out the red carpet for you."

Thomas could feel the mental manipulation of his mind ease and as he regained control of his thoughts he let out a snarl.  "So this was a trap," Thomas stated, prompting the stone dragon as well as the elven woman that he recognized as a Harbringer Hunter known as Dyna to laugh.  "How did you even know that we would come for something like this?"

"Because creatures like you are so intensely predicable," Obsidian said as he stepped forward, his heavy stone steps thudding loudly on the floor as he went up to Thomas.  "You think that we're the bad guys, that you want to stick it to us because we took care of one little werewolf from you, or that your warped proclivities would cause you to lash out just like your good buddy Dameon."  Even with the control thoughts on his mind he found his lips curling up into a snarl at the mention of the werewolf they had slaughtered before Obsidian showed him a tablet screen.  "Plus you continue to broadcast your runs, you dunce."

As Thomas saw his own point of view looking at the screen being shown to him he realized that perhaps he should have kept this one as private, the stone dragon just rolling his eyes at seeing the werewolf's realization before the living statue went back to the altar.  "Alright, so you caught us," Thomas stated as he thought fast about what to do next.  "But as you see we are transmitting, so perhaps you might show a change of heart and let us go, maybe score some points with the public and improve your reputation a bit?"

The others that were in the room laughed at that, but before Thomas could continue on Obsidian made a motion with his hand that caused all the grunts to leave, leaving the two standing there with just him and Dyna.  "If it were up to me I would have you sharing the fate of your little werewolf friend on the autopsy table," Obsidian said as he patted the atlantean artifact that was on the altar, which upon closer inspection the two saw that it was a glittering crystal cube that had swirling colors inside of it.  "Fortunately for you there is someone higher up on the food chain that wishes for you to remain alive, particularly the one that's rather enjoying themselves."

Thomas was about to scoff at that before he happened to glance over towards his companion's direction, rolling his eyes as he happened to notice that not only was the lion completely enthralled but was also rubbing a hand against his groin.  "Didn't tell him to do that, by the way," Lyda chimed in with a smirk.  "Just started doing that all on his own."

Golden just moaned in response to the accusation and continued to rub their groin, which when Obsidian told them to stand still it only caused the mage to shudder even more in pleasure.  The two runners remained standing in place as their mind was influenced by the artifact, both of them feeling the atlantean magic continue to suffuse into their minds.  This was far more powerful than the mere spell that gave them alien thoughts and made them believe that they were their own, it was almost like a hypnotic effect that was far stronger than usual as their eyes continued to stare at it.  There was also the added effect that while they could both feel their need to listen to the two Harbringers they were both cognizant in the back of their minds that they were being manipulated.

As the two continued to stand there Obsidian's smirk widened and Thomas could see the wickedness in the eyes of the statue as he stepped towards them.  Even though Thomas wanted to do anything he could do to get at this guy or even to escape it felt so good to just follow orders and stare at the artifact that had been uncovered in front of him.  The mental manipulation was far stronger then any magic he had ever faced before from mages like Golden Dove, and it seemed that it was completely in control of the Harbringer.  He leaned in to the werewolf and with that smirk still on his face he whispered a single word into his ear that had caused him to tremble...

Strip.

The word had carried so much command to it that the clawed fingers of the werewolf almost immediately went up to his shirt.  There was only a moment of hesitation as what little resistance had cropped up from seeing the Harbringers take control melted away with the power of the artifact.  As he let his body armor slide to the floor and took out the hidden gun he had been trying to reach he saw Obsidian move over and whisper something to the lion, which was likely the same command since Golden immediately started to take off his robes.  There was nothing that either of them could do to stop it and considering how fast the lion got naked Thomas suspected that the mage probably wouldn't stop it even he had a chance, which was not good news for them.

It wasn't too much longer though before the werewolf had shed his clothing, and when he looked down at his naked body he found that he was also erect.  Perhaps he was giving Golden a little too much of a hard time as he found himself grinning sheepishly even as Obsidian looked at them with his usual smirk.  "I knew you two are perverts," Obsidian said as he looked at Thomas.  "Considering you ran off with Dameon I can't say I'm surprised, and as much fun as it would be to absolutely humiliate you two once more there are other plans that are had that I'm not willing to get in trouble for disobeying.  It's time, prepare them."

The ones that had been idle came back and started to put something on them, Thomas shuddering as he could feel their fingers pressing against his body.  They were painting something on their fur and as he looked over at Golden he could see that they were still staring at the artifact while his jaw dropped slightly.  He could practically see the spirals in their eyes as they painted runes on his body, and while he couldn't move his own head Thomas was able to look over and see what was on Golden.  Though he wasn't a mage himself he had been running in the shadows long enough to realize what they were putting on them.

Demonic runes... whatever they had planned for them was going to deal with the infernal realm.  While that might cause caution in even the most stalwart criminals it actually caused both Thomas and Golden to exchange a glance of hope between one another.  They doubted that they knew that they had pal in the infernal realm, more specifically that Golden had made the deal with a devil to become an infirni mage, and even as they felt the heat in the room increase the situation was not as hopeless as potentially thought.  The only problem that they had was that the two had no idea what the Harbringers were about to do to them as the ritual continued to move towards completion.

With both men enthralled there was nothing that Thomas or Golden Dove could do as the Harbringer grunts continued to whisper infernal words while gathered around them.  As Obsidian and Dyna watched on with bemused smirks on their faces the heat that both were feeling began to increase, like someone had started a fire in the room that was slowly encompassing them.  As Thomas looked at one of the grunts that had passed by he could see glowing red eyes and a similarly-colored muzzle that was underneath.  A hellhound... though his gaze continued to remain focused mostly on the orb that was dominating their minds he could tell that most of the ones around him were such creatures.

Thomas didn't have too long to contemplate it though as it suddenly felt for a second like they were floating as the glyphs on their bodies began to glow strongly, radiating with magic cultivated by the Harbringer hellhounds that had circled them.  A blast of warmth swelled up from underneath as the hold on their minds was broken long enough for the two to look down at the glowing abyss that had opened beneath them.  Just as the werewolf and lion attempted to try and escape bright red chains came up and wrapped around their arms and legs, making it hard to move their suspended bodies.  Though they glowed a bright orange it wasn't from heat, this was pure infernal magic that was binding them as the links grew taut.

"With this ritual we send these two down into the depths of the infernal realm," Obsidian said as he raised his hands in the air.  "Though the power of the demon lord we send living flesh through the barrier of-"

Obsidian was suddenly interrupted as the door behind them opened, everyone in the room turning to see the dwarf man that had stepped inside.  "Oh, didn't mean to interfere," the dwarf said as he felt all eyes on him.  "But I'm just making sure that you're starting to wrap things up, we have to get ready for a wedding in half an hour."

"I assure you that we're about to wrap up here," Obsidian said with a growl as Thomas and Golden Dove exchanged side glances to one another.

"Great to hear, now did you need any last minute refreshments before you finish up?" the dwarf asked.  "Tea?  Coffee?  We have some donuts that are still fresh-"

"We're good!"  Obsidian shouted back angrily.

"Actually I could go for a donut right about now," Thomas said, trying to wave to the dwarf as best he could.  He was pretty sure the man was trying to avoid eye contact with them since they were suspended above an infernal pit, chained up, and completely naked.

"Me too, if they're on offer," Golden Dove chimed in.

"No one is getting donuts!" Obsidian snapped at the two before turning back to the dwarf that had started to creep back into the doorway.  "We're all good here, now go away!"  The dwarf just nodded and quickly thanked them for their patronage to their establishment before disappearing, the stone creature sighing before turning back to the two that continued to hang there while bound.  "Now, where was I..."

"I think you were using whatever spell this is to drag our physical forms down into the infernal realm," Golden Dove stated, turning to see Thomas giving him a dirty look at helping him.

"Oh yes, right, let's see here," Obsidian gave a bit of thought before raising his hands into the air once more, then shook his head and dropped them again.  "You know what, forget it, that part isn't even necessary."

"Oh no, don't say that," Thomas said.  "You were doing so good."

"Yeah, you can keep going."  Golden Dove stated.

"No, the moment is ruined," Obsidian said with a huff.  "It was supposed to be this grandiose thing about dragging you down to the depths and then some smoke machines would add to the atmosphere... it's just now the tension is all gone.  Let's just skip to the last part, shall we?"

Before Thomas or Golden Dove could say anything else they felt the chains pulling on them, the floating sensation they had been experiencing disappearing as they were brought down to the glowing floor.  At first they thought that they would be falling straight down but as Obsidian walked up to them it was more like they were being pulled through a thick, viscous goo that the floor had turned into.  "When you get down there," Obsidian teased as he leaned in towards Thomas' sinking head with a smirk on his stony muzzle.  "You tell Ashe that Obsidian says hello."

The eyes of both Thomas and Golden Dove widened at the mention of the name Ashe, but at the same moment another chain wrapped around the neck and pulled them down faster.  Briefly Thomas managed to keep his muzzle up but he felt the stone paw of the statue push down on him in one last insult to make sure that he was sent to his destination.  Though they weren't surrounded by darkness the only thing the two could see was a glowing yellow light as they were dragged down deeper into the depths of the realm.  They could also sense that they were bring pulled away from each other until finally they were alone as eventually Thomas and Golden Dove eventually emerged from the veil between realms...

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When Golden finally felt the magical bindings break from their body they found themselves in a place that was vaguely familiar to them.  It was the main throne room of the demon lord known as Ashe, a hellhound that he knew all too well as he saw the creature himself sitting there on the throne with an evil grin on his face.  "Well well, the infamous Golden Dove finally in my presence at last," Ashe said as he leaned his head against his hand.  "Or should I say Scarlet Phoenix, ever since the dealings with my brother?"

It was hard for Golden to shake that this wasn't his infernal patron considering that Cynder, whom he had made the infernal contract with, and Ashe were identical twins.  But that illusion was rather easily distorted given the more carefree and aloof attitude that the one he was bound to had and the stark contrast this hellhound's regal and somewhat uptight demeanor gave.  "I suppose given the nature of the situation Scarlet is fine," Golden said, feeling the infernal magic within them bubbling to the surface as they spoke.

"Well don't keep it back on my account," Ashe said as he hopped up from the throne and began to walk towards them.  "Go ahead and show me, I would love to see what Cynder has worked on recently."

Though it wasn't something that Golden was particularly interested in doing to indulge the demon lord they found their body starting to shift, his fur thickening while turning a bright red as a pair of horns poked their way out of their mane.  Whether it was because of the dominion that this creature had in the realm or a remnant of the mental manipulation power from the surface they shifted their personas and their physical body until they had become the hellhound known as Scarlet.  As he did he could see Ashe continue to hover around him while looking over his still naked form, his golden eyes glimmering in the light.  The hellhound lord finished his inspection when Golden Dove finished his changes and though the demon was the enemy of his patron there wasn't the usual look of disdain.

"I see that you have certainly embraced the lifestyle that Cynder has promised you," Ashe chided as he finally stopped in front of Golden, though they preferred to call themselves Scarlet in this form.  "If you had wanted to be a hellhound so bad you could have just come to me when you were down here, I think I could have offered you a much better deal then whatever you got from my good for nothing brother."

"First of all, it wasn't really something that I had planned on," Scarlet replied, though as he talked he suddenly realized something and looked around the throne room.  "Wait, where's Thomas?  What did you do to him?"

"Thomas is being entertained by one of my pack," Ashe stated, the gold-clawed fingers running up Scarlet's chin to direct his gaze back to him.  As the two hellhounds stared at each other Scarlet began to feel something deep inside, a spark that they had felt before with Cynder but growing much more inflamed.  "Considering his preferences I think that he'll be fine, right now you're listening to me."

Though Scarlet wanted to say something witty in response all they could do was nod their head in response, something that caused the other hellhound to smirk slightly before brushing back his claws underneath their chin.  "Considering you have interjected yourself into my affairs with my brother I think it's only fair that you have a chance to undo the mistake that you made," Ashe continued on.  "Not only will you get back into my good graces but you'll also be given more power then Cynder could ever hope to give you, as a hellhound demon lord I have access to abilities that he could only dream of that would be very useful for a thrall such as yourself."

"I can certainly tell you one thing," Scarlet replied as they shook their head.  "Your brother is a better sweet-talker then you."

"That's because I often get what I want without needing to resort to such measures," Ashe replied as he once more stepped forward until they were practically muzzle to muzzle.  "Only the weak need words in order to get what through this life, for those with power we let that do the talking for us.  Now a little birdie told me that you are attracted to a different means of power, and while it's not my specialty I think I can find a way to convince you to listen to me."

Scarlet was about to respond when they suddenly saw the golden eyes of the hellhound lord pulse, and once he did they immediately began to feel a strange but familiar sensation in their mind.  It was similar to what they had just experienced while in the clutches of the Harbringers... but this was much different, an infernal energy suffusing through their body.  Though it didn't have the same sensation as the atlantean artifact it was no less intoxicating as images began to filter into his mind.  It started with just them being with Ashe once more but as they continued to stand there in the throne room they found that there were others in the room.

Even though they knew that it was some sort of mental control that the hellhound lord was exerting over them it was incredibly potent, the mage guessing that perhaps because they were a demonic creature themself thanks to his contract with Cynder that the power affected them more strongly.  They weren't sure about that though... it was getting hard to keep coherent thoughts in their head as they found themselves staring into those glowing golden orbs.  It felt very good and the longer they stared the more they felt relaxed while in the presence of that admittedly handsome creature and as they stood there they felt a hand run through their thick red fur.  As Ashe continued to stand there for a second he could almost taste the breath of the other lupine before he pulled away slightly.

"You know, there is such potential in you that I can see," Ashe complimented while he gently brushed a lock of his brilliant red hair aside.  "Perhaps I can't convince you to betray your current master, but just because you have a contract with him doesn't mean that you can't do so with another demon.  I trust that he didn't make your leash exclusionary?"

For a few seconds Scarlet was silent as their foggy mind thought about what sort of deal they had made with Cynder.  "I suppose that I didn't have that sort of clause," Scarlet finally said.  "But... isn't there something about two masters and serving one of them?"

 "Oh, we've shared things before without so much problems," Ashe replied while giving Scarlet a wink.  "You should feel honored, having two hellhounds fawning over you instead of just one, and a demon lord being one of them no less.  Imagine what I could mold you into with Cynder's base already on you, I could make you even stronger, more masculine, more virile..."

With Ashe pulling away Scarlet once more found themselves recognizing the other creatures in the room, the thickly muscled hellhounds all warriors that could easily crush them if they felt like it.  They had approached during their conversation with Ashe and as they got closer they thought that perhaps a fight was about to break out, though as they approached the usual signs of aggression that they were used to when dealing with these creatures.  Instead they were almost treating him with reverence as they continued to approach and as one in particular came up to them Scarlet heard them growling while rubbing his clawed hands over his body.

"So, now what do you think," Ashe stated as the hellhound lord saw Scarlet's back arching slightly as the spectral creatures he had summoned were flowing around the real one standing there.  While he could have just as easily gotten real members of his pack to entice Scarlet he wanted to have something that was more mutable in order to get what he wants as the hellhound groaned.  "I could make all your desires come true, all you have to do is sign with me."

Though Scarlet found himself more preoccupied with the hellhound that was in front of him, as well as one that had come up from behind, the words of Ashe still cut through their increasingly lustful thoughts.  "I... I can't betray Cynder..." Scarlet said, though their voice wavered as they felt the hellhound behind them kiss against their neck.  "Oh, that does feel good..."

"No one is telling you to betray Cynder," Ashe cooed.  "He's already shown you the perks of being a hellhound, just give in to that infernal nature he's given you a taste of.  Surely you've seen my brother and his lazy, selfish nature, something that I'm sure that you have indulged in similar by this point."

Though Scarlet knew deep down they were being manipulated that only made it harder for them to resist as the hellhound in front of him lowered himself onto his knees while the one behind him began to massage his pectorals.  They were both acting so submissive and as he saw those flaming red and black eyes stare up at them the transformed mage could sense that they could do whatever they wanted with them... if they would take it.  the pleasure was theirs if they acted on it, but the two would not act on the pleasure that they were experiencing.  Scarlet would have to be the one to engage in them and as they heard the whisper to just give in to the selfish impulses that were already inside of him and use these creatures as they saw fit...

No, as HE saw fit.

With the corruption starting to flow through the already compromised mind of the mage Ashe began to make the Scarlet Phoenix a more permanent aspect of the mage's personality.  Golden Dove was shy, a little timid, and while that helped with any manipulation that he needed to do to him the hellhound lord wanted something more robust for what he had planned for his brother Cynder.  A sheep would cower instantly when they got to the final aspect of his plan and he needed a wolf, or in this case a hellhound that would see the benefits to betraying his master that had gave him such a form in the first place.  As Scarlet let out a huff the mental version of him had grabbed onto the head of the one in front of him, which as he did he could see that his somewhat lean body was starting to grow a bit thicker while the real life version of his body did the same.

Two of the hellhounds that were around them began to whisper the thoughts that Ashe was implanting into Scarlet's head while he focused on the pleasure being given to him.  As one of the hellhounds started to lick against his throbbing shaft while the other one continued to stroke his pecs Scarlet was told that this was the way that they're supposed to be.  Take what they want, give in to his desires, these were things that were echoing in his enthralled mind while he leaned forward and stroked the head of the one in front of him.  It wouldn't harm Cynder anyway, Scarlet found himself thinking as the tip of the other creature started to slide between his furry cheeks, and Ashe would give him everything he wanted.

Why wouldn't he deserve such a thing, Scarlet found himself thinking without realizing Ashe had whispered it into his ear.  It didn't take much to corrupt the already manipulated infirni mage to have him think more like a demon.  Cynder had already done a bit of work to make the former lion more malleable and with one hellhound sucking him off and the other one starting to push inside of him the pleasure was more than enough to override his more rational thoughts.  The one that was behind him also continued to talk about how good it was to serve master Ashe and the power they got from him, the power that could be his as Scarlet's eyes began to roll back into his head.

Scarlet found himself bearing his fangs slightly both from the pleasure of being practically worshiped by these two and from the growth of the muscle in his body.  Much like Cynder he had adopted a lean form as a hellhound, but the more he bulked up from these two the more he wanted.  The hellhound at his feet let out a slight gurgled as he reached down and grabbed him by the horns before thrusting his hips forward, causing his cock to practially slide down into his throat.  He needed more... more pleasure, more power, and while he had been to timid to get it before he felt that this new body could get him exactly what he wanted as the canine creature behind him licked and whispered into his ear even more.

Then, suddenly, just as Scarlet was about to climax they found the illusion broken.  They nearly fell to the floor from no longer being supported by the two as well as their body returning back to normal, looking up to see that the only one that was in the throne room was Ashe himself.  "Just thought I would give you a taste of what's to come," Ashe said as he walked over to the panting hellhound once more.  "That can all be yours and Cynder doesn't even have to know, you just need to sign a contract with me and we can certainly figure out how to share you."

Though Scarlet still had the same trepidation that they had before there was a growing voice in them that said for them to take it.  Cynder might not even know, the hellhound's corrupted brain thought as they slowly regained their composure, and why should they give up an opportunity to grow stronger just because they were already bound to one.  If it was true that it didn't matter then they wanted the pleasure that came with Ashe, the selfish thoughts of being that strong, dominant creature weighing out over sense of loyalty that they might have had with their master.  With the thoughts of what they had just experienced fresh in their mind and the alluring voice of the hellhound lord still whispering in his mind Scarlet found themselves biting their lip as they finally came to a conclusion.

They were going to accept the deal.

Before they could even get a word out Scarlet found the arm of the other hellhound wrapped around their shoulders and being guided away from the throne room.  "You've made an excellent choice Scarlet," Ashe said as he brought him over to a desk that had appeared near the back of the large space, though as they made their way forward Scarlet was suddenly stopped as the hellhound lord suddenly stood in front of him.  "Kneel."

Though Scarlet was about to say something they found themselves looking into those golden eyes and suddenly found themselves feeling a familiar sensation sliding into their mind.  This time it was much stronger then the last and it didn't take long before they found themselves on their knee in front of the hellhound lord.  "Normally we do this a little more formally with a contract," Ashe said as he ran his hands through the fur of the hellhound in front of him.  "But I want to hear the words come out of your mouth, I want you to swear that you belong to me in mind, body, and soul, then we can see about getting you what you want."

"I swear," Scarlet replied with confidence, feeling the need to get that power from the hellhound overriding his more rational senses as the other creature continued to lock eyes with him.  "I'm yours in mind, body, and soul."  Before Scarlet could close their mouth they suddenly found their muzzle being occupied with the rather thick cock of the hellhound lord, letting out a slight huff through his nose before he began to suck on his new master's shaft.  There was no more need to talk as Ashe got exactly what he wanted, and as he let his new pet slip further into his new role he could see his mind being molded further by his power.

"Now all we have to do is wait for your friend to get here and we can continue on," Ashe said, his smirk growing as he saw a look of confusion briefly on Scarlet's face.  The hellhound was so wrapped up in his new set of desires and needs that he had forgotten about the existence of his friend that he had been so concerned about, Ashe mused, and that would just be the start of what he had planned.  Once he had finished with his revenge on these two for all the trouble they have caused him they would be used in order to get his vengeance on the one person he wanted most of all to suffer his wrath...

Cynder...

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Meanwhile Thomas found himself groaning as he slowly got up, getting onto his feet as quickly as he could while assessing his surroundings as fast as possible.  It took him a while to recognize where he was but as soon as he saw the various trophies of creatures and the literally hellish landscape that was beyond the windows he clocked where he was.  This was Ashe's trophy room, a place where he put all the results of his various hunts.  It had been a while since he had seen this place and considering he was alone it made the situation feel far more dire.  He also didn't have any of his usual equipment or gear and made a mental note to make sure he had Obsidian pay the bill to get his stuff back as he made his way towards the door in order to try and find Golden Dove.

Before he could get to the large iron door though it swung open on its own, the werewolf ducking down behind one of the large sofas as he tried to see who was coming in.  At first he thought it was potentially Ashe but when he saw red and black fur he knew it was one of the more standard hellhounds that had come in.  Though the room was rather spacious if this creature was looking for him it wouldn't be long before they exhausted all the hiding spots that were there.  As he continued to watch the situation was made worse when a second demonic entity came in, except instead of being canine in nature this one was distinctly serpentine as the naga's head looked around as well.

Just from the way the hellhound was postured it was clear that he was on the hunt, which Thomas could assume the naga was there for more than just watching as he looked around for somewhere to hide.  He needed to get on the other side of them so he could make a run for the door but they were sweeping the entire room in a pattern to make sure that he couldn't jump from one shadow to another.  Even with his bracelet that would help him hide there was no way he would escape their infernal gaze, but as he noticed that one of the pedestals was empty it gave him an idea.  It was a longshot but also the only thing he could think of doing as he hoped up on the pedestal and struck as believable a pose as he could muster.

Thomas just managed to get into the proper pose and freeze up his muscles as the two got to his section of the hunting lodge room, watching as they carefully looked around each piece of furniture and stuffed trophy.  More than once he saw the gaze of either of the two glance up at him but as he stayed as still as he could the two merely continued their search.  It appeared that they had thought him just another part of the decor like the others that were mounted and put on display, but just as he thought that they had left his line of sight he could feel the two moving to his position.  Since he couldn't tell where they were Thomas didn't dare move his head and after standing there for a while he suddenly saw the naga move into his field of vision once more.

"Is this new?" the naga asked, Thomas feeling himself start to sweat metaphorically as the hellhound looked him over.

"I don't know, I'm not part of the demon lord's hunting party," the hellhound growled back.  "Perhaps we need to talk this over once more and get a more accurate description, just telling us some guy that wouldn't smell of the usual brimstone doesn't narrow things down in this place."

Thomas was glad that these two didn't hear his heart pounding in his chest as the two continued to give him a once over.  It was fortunate that they had as much a fear of messing with Ashe's stuff as they were trying to find him, because after about a minute the two of them looked at each other and said that they would go to the next room to keep up the search.  He had done it, he had successfully pulled off looking like a statue in the middle of some demon lord's house, it would definitely be something that he would brag about later.  When he looked back at the two however from his thoughts though he noticed that the two were staring at him with smug looks on their face, or rather they were looking past him to his tail that he hadn't realized was wagging from the excitement of pulling one over on them.

"I am... an animated statue, ready to tell you about the soul attached to this trophy," Thomas said as she grinned sheepishly.  "If there are any questions you want to ask... um... oh look, it's Lord Ashe!"  Thomas pointed to the door that the two had come through and as their heads turned for the briefest of moments he tried to jump off the pedestal and made a run for it.  He managed to get about five feet before he suddenly felt a set of coils wrap around his legs and nearly cause them to fall to the ground if the naga hadn't caught him, feeling the lithe body of the demon slither around him faster then he could process.

"Nice catch," the hellhound said with a smirk as Thomas continued to squirm against the naga's embrace, which was only made more difficult as it managed to pin his arms to his sides.  "Thought you could fool uh, eh?  Luckily for you Lord Ashe wants you prepped a certain way, otherwise we'd show you some hellhound hospitality."

"I'm already well aware," Thomas growled as he attempted to wiggle his way out of the coils only to feel them tightening against his body.  "Grk!"

"I wouldn't give my friend here any more reason to tighten around ya," the hellhound mocked as he knelt to look Thomas straight in the eye.  "He happens to specialize in that sort of thing, though you're going to find that out soon enough.  While he's not going to squeeze the life out of you there's something else that we're going to be getting outta you, and while we're on a bit of a time crunch I think a little fun can be had as we... extract everything."

Thomas wasn't quite sure what the cryptic creature meant, especially since it was hard to focus on anything with his body completely bound up in the heated scales of the demonic naga.  The squeezing coils began to constrict even more and as Thomas let out a gasp he felt all the air leaving his lungs to leave him completely breathless while the hellhound crouched in front of him.  At first he thought that maybe Scarlet Phoenix was the real target and they were just tasked to get rid of him in whatever way they saw fit.  As he tried to breathe in through his nostrils he found another aspect of the serpentine body moving around him as something pushed up underneath his tail as the naga slithered over his body even more.

The second the tapered tip pushed into his tailhole Thomas let out a silent gasp, and normally when he would have drew a breathe back in he found that he didn't.  It wasn't just from the coils around his body and as the hellhound began to stroke his cheek he found himself no longer feeling the burning need to expand his lungs.  With no more need to breathe the tightening of his body had felt more like a rather intense massage, though as his jaws opened in pleasure it felt like something was pushing out of his muzzle.  The hellhound merely smirked as Thomas opened his jaws and something glowed that had caught the werewolf by surprise.

It was hard to see but from a silvery plaque that was nearby Thomas saw that inside his muzzle was... another muzzle.  It looked identical to his own but it was a glowing, transparent blue that looked like he had swallowed a ghost.  As the naga gave the coils around him another squeeze and tightened even more his mouth open in a silent gasp and more of the ghost werewolf was pushing its way out of him.  It wasn't just some sort of illusion, Thomas quickly gathered as he began to feel a little disoriented, he was actually seeing some sort of manifestation of himself that was emerging out of his maw.

"Looks like someone is getting the idea," the hellhound mocked as he licked the ghostly muzzle and Thomas felt it.  "That's yer soul, and it's going to make a fine meal.  Don't worry though, my friend is going to have something to fill the void with until we get you to master Ashe."

The naga just chuckled and hissed as Thomas couldn't find the words in order to taunt back, and even if he could he found his jaws stretched open to the point where he couldn't even more them.  As the hellhound shifted his position he ended up sitting with Thomas pressed against his muscular chest, and as he did he grabbed the werewolf by the head and pressed their muzzles together into a profane kiss.  Almost immediately he was hit with the dual sensations of having a set of hot lips pressed against his own and feeling like his muzzle had just gotten completely engulfed, his toes curling as the naga also continued to pump his cock into his coiled up body to keep him stimulated back there.  But as the kiss continued he could feel something else happening, and while the hellhound had him locked into a passionate kiss he could feel his feet cramping slightly as the muscles there thickened and expanded while the claws went from white to red.

Thomas let out a muffled groan that started to reverberate in his own mind as the naga's coils began to undulate around his body.  It was squeezing in a rhythmic motion that not only spread open his tailhole with the movement but was also pushing his body towards the hellhound that held him.  The more it happened the more he felt like he was being pushed into the maw of the hellhound and as the fur of his legs thickened while his feet grew bigger he found himself arching back from the surreal sensations.  When he did his eyes snapped open as he found more of his soul as they had said getting pulled out of him, his lips eventually finding themselves around his own ethereal neck while the rest of his head was being pushed into the hellhound in front of him.

When the two made eye contact the hellhound just smirked and slid his hands forward, brushing past the real cheeks of Thomas and holding onto the ones that had emerged out of him.  The two men both shuddered at the same time as he managed to slide the rest of the soul's head into his maw, stretching him out unnaturally while the werewolf continued to feel the tugging sensation.  The sensation of being dragged out of his own body was surreal but somehow also incredibly erotic, feeling his member trapped between the coils of the hellish naga throbbing hard while he was still being pumped into.  It didn't take long before he could see the outline of his own head in the throat of the hellhound while the snake's body wrapped around his lower body had to adjust from the muscle swelling around his thighs and hips.

The demonic essence being pumped into him by the throbbing shaft of the naga inside him was only going partially noticed, Thomas occasionally feeling the ripple of that infernal, corruptive energy that had caused his tail to extend and his cock to thicken.  There was no resistance to it though, not when what would normally push back against such a thing was being actively swallowed by the hellhound in front of him.  Thomas could feel his body relax and his eyes start to glaze over as his thoughts were more muted with every inch of his soul leaving his body that the other creature devoured greedily.  By the time he felt the ghostly shoulders and chest get pulled out of his maw and into the hellhound the concept of him being a werewolf was evaporating and a new identity was taking its place, one similar to the creature in front of him as the naga pumped hard into his growing backside.

"I think he likes it," the naga hissed as Thomas felt his head becoming increasingly empty, the werewolf's eyes rolling back as he saw his own muzzle pushing out the fur of the hellhound's stomach while his soul traveled down into him.  "The feeling of being taken so thoroughly by another, feeling your very core being taken."  The hellhound attempted to respond but even though it was ethereal in nature both his and Thomas' muzzles were unable to move much more then an inch.  "You know it's impolite to talk while your mouth is full, I suppose we'll just see for certain once we get closer."

Thomas wasn't sure what that meant, only that the naga was squeezing harder against his body while also somehow losing grip of it in his coils.  It was because his body was getting bigger, his fur becoming a bright red and thickening considerably while his abs and sides became more defined.  As he was getting to his soul's hips being pulled out of him he could feel his entire body begin to quiver, a low growl starting to escape from his lips as the corruption was quickly making its way towards his head while his ethereal self was leaving it.  For the hellhound he seemed more than content to take his time and give Thomas the powerful sensation of his throat and maw engulfing his body the more that he lost of himself.

As Thomas could feel his throat bulge and a familiar sensation get felt around his own member the different sensation of pleasure had momentarily snapped him out of his pleasure-induced stupor.  This creature was eating his soul... and up until that moment he was letting him as he could feel and see his head bulging out the stomach of the hellhound in front of him.  He wanted Thomas to watch while stroking himself, and with the naga still pumping their demonic corruption into him Thomas became acutely aware of the spines pushing out of his spine and his claws growing longer.  He let out a growl and tried to push forward to reclaim more of his soul but as the naga pulled back he let out a yelp as his soul hips slid out of him and with it a very erect cock that jutted out from his groin.

The two infernal creatures chuckled at that and once more Thomas found himself sinking back into the feeling of lust and desire, which was being accompanied by something far different then the primal instincts he had gotten used to as a werewolf.  With most of his soul out of his body he could feel the rest of it still inside of him, his own feet pressing against his chest while the naga leaned in and licked against his soul member that was on full display.  Both of them quickly took advantage of his exposure and as the hellhound's muzzle bumped up against it and the serpentine snout slid down the shaft his entire body began to quiver and convulse.  The demonic essence was rooting itself in his mind and body and Thomas could only shudder from the pleasure at it as eventually his eyes rolled back into his head and he found his new bigger hellhound cock spurting out tainted seed onto the ground.

With his grip on himself slipping his soul seemed to do the same, the hellhound swallowing him down more eagerly once they had gotten their fun out of him.  The ghostly werewolf cock could soon be felt inside of the other creature's maw that gave Thomas another shudder, but by that point his feet had popped out of his own maw and left him panting and drooling there.  With his soul completely extracted from his body the only thing left of it could be seen in his legs wiggling around in the air while the tongue of the infernal canine looped around it and pulled it in.  As the eyesight of the creature bound in the coils of the naga still spreading him open even with there being no more need he wondered who that was, though the thoughts were quickly punctuated with a snarl that left his body as he felt his teeth sharpening and a pair of horns pushing out from behind his ears.

Both creatures watched as the hellhound grabbed the ankles of the soul that he was consuming and pushed them down, Thomas arching his back as he felt a powerful sensation of someone grabbing his own feet and his entire body being engulfed.  The feelings weren't as strong as they were before though and as he saw that the upper half of the wolf that had been bulging out the stomach of the creature was starting to lose definition there was a disconnection between it and him.  As black infiltrated his sclera and his irises turned a bright red he only thought of himself as a hellhound, it was the creature he had always been as he snapped his jaws in pure pleasure.  While he was still Thomas that name rang hollow in his mind, like it was something given to him recently as a nametag to identify himself only.

With the deed done Thomas was flipped on his back and the naga continued the slow process of sliding in and out of his tailhole while the hellhound finished up with the soul.  "Lord Ashe will want this one in the throne room soon," the naga stated as the hellhound came up to Thomas, who now looked up at the swollen gut of the creature and thick cock that was being pressed against his muzzle.  "But it wouldn't hurt to give him and his new plaything some time to bond before we bring him over..."

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As Scarlet finished signing the infernal contract that would make them bound to Cynder the doors to the throne room opened, prompting both to look over as two hellhounds and a naga made their way in.  As Ashe patted them on the head and told them to wait right there they couldn't help but notice that while two had huge smirks on their faces the one between them had an almost vacant expression.  It was like they were enthralled and though he spoke when Ashe addressed him it didn't change his facial features much.  But whatever was going on was Lord Ashe's business, Scarlet reminded themselves as they waited patiently for their instruction, though as the hellhound lord dismissed the other two and prompted them to come over it appeared it would involve them after all.

"It appears you weren't the only one that was busy," Ashe said as soon as Scarlet came up to him and the mystery hellhound.  "While I'm sure that you would have recognized him eventually I want you to say hello to the new and improved Thomas."

"Thomas, that's really you?" Scarlet said in shock as they looked the hellhound over, Thomas giving a nod in reply.  "I have to say I'm a bit surprised, normally you're a bit more animated then that."

At hearing his name several times Thomas seemed to shake the cobwebs out of his head and gave a big smile to Scarlet.  "Being down here has been... an experience for sure," Thomas replied.  "I think... what am I thinking?"

"You're still getting used to your new situation," Ashe interjected.

"Yeah, my new situation," Thomas replied with a nod before looking to the still slightly confused Scarlet.  "That naga squeezed the soul out of me and the hellhound consumed it, now I feel much better."

Scarlet found their jaw dropping at that, though Thomas seemed a little confused at the reaction Ashe just continued to have that wry grin on his face as he patted them on the shoulder.  "I assure you that the soul of Thomas is currently safe and sound with that hellhound you saw," Ashe said as he reached up and stroked Scarlet's cheek.  "You trust that I wouldn't do anything bad to you or Thomas, right, my pet?"

"Oh, no, I know that you would only take care of us," Scarlet quickly replied, feeling that sense of anxiety and fear for their friend melting away at the reassurance of their new master.  "So what do we do now for you?  Surely you didn't just send us down here to make a deal and let us walk about on our own."

"No, if anyone would do something like that it would be my good for nothing brother," Ashe replied.  "Speaking of which, I suppose now that we have a new deal that was forged between us we should go and talk to him so that we can make sure that everyone is on the same page.  Now I have a ritual prepared that will allow us to breach this pocket dimension of yours, which now that I have you we can enter into, but there is a slight problem that we need to take care of first."

Both hellhounds looked to Ashe as though immediately eager to try and solve whatever problem is about to be put in front of them as they were guided to another part of the throne room, this time with a mirror that had swirls of power dancing across the surface.  "This is currently your pocket dimension and the portal linked to the infernal realm," Ashe explained.  "Now I can utilize the connection it has with our realm but the problem is that only two hellhounds will be able to go through it before the connection becomes unstable and breaks down."

"Only two?" Scarlet repeated.  "So either Thomas or I have to stay behind?"

"That's the other thing, I can't just leave either of you here after having so recently taken you under my wing," Ashe said as he stroked down both their backs.  "But fortunately I have devised a solution that I think you both will enjoy.  Since Thomas is nothing but a husk filled with demonic essence we should be able to smuggle him across easily enough as long as he is a part of someone else, and since you're looking to gain more power this will be the perfect time to add to your own essence Scarlet."

The two were a little unsure at first but Scarlet quickly caught on to what Ashe was wanting them to do, though Thomas wasn't far behind as his tail began to wag.  "So... you want me to absorb him into my own essence so that we can bring him across into our pocket dimension?" Scarlet asked, Ashe nodding in response as he moved behind the questioning hellhound.  "I... suppose that could work, but I don't even know the first thing about doing that."

"I have a way that I think should be fun for you both," Ashe replied as he reached around and grabbed onto Scarlet's shaft.  It was already half-hard just from the illusions that they had been fed as well as the feeling of enthrallment that they enjoyed all too much, but as they felt it throb and start to grow bigger it also swelled in size as well.  Within a few moments they were not only completely erect but over a foot in length, and as Ashe continued to stroke the turgid shaft it was continuing to expand in both size and length.

Though Scarlet could feel a large amount of pleasure from not only serving Ashe but having their maleness morphed the idea that was being presented to them was enough to cause their shy nature to resurface.  "I... I don't know if I can do that," Scarlet said as Thomas began to examine their growing cock.  "I don't think he would like the idea of being pushed through there, would he?"

The two turned to Thomas that had been quiet this entire time, though as he had seen Scarlet's length grow bigger and was told the implication of why he found himself getting excited.  Though Scarlet found it hard to believe it looked like the other hellhound was growing excited from the act as another surge of growth put his cock past two feet.  "Do you think... I could go in feet first?" Thomas asked, surprising Scarlet as he brushed his palm against the tip that caused them to shudder.  "I think I would like to see it happen, if you don't mind."

Scarlet found themselves nodding their head at the request, finding that while they were concerned for their friend the whisper of power and pleasure that would come from accomplishing this act was overtaking the rest of their thoughts.  Thomas seemed eager enough and the more their maleness grew the harder it was to deny the strange new urges that were coming from it.  Part of those were implanted by the demon himself as he waited for the two to finally succumb to the lusts of their bodies and enact the final round of his revenge against the two.  Finally as Scarlet's maleness tipped just past the three foot mark and was thicker then the rest of their body Thomas was the one that took the initiative, taking his fluffy hellhound footpaw and pushing it against the tip of the other hellhound's cock.

Had Ashe not been behind Scarlet to to hold them they would have fallen back at suddenly feeling their slit opening to their member being stretched open, but as Ashe reassured the both of them there there was no worry about accidental scratching from claws, spikes, or anything like that they had trouble concentrating on what was being said.  The second that he felt something get pushed into their new member there was a hunger there, a need to get more of Thomas inside of them as the walls of his urethra contacted and almost seemed to pull the hellhound in.  Despite how big it had already gotten the foot of the creature could be seen slightly stretching out the head of the hellhound's cock as it was Thomas' turn to almost be swept off his feet.

"That's some powerful suction you got there," Thomas joked, his eyes gleaming as lust seemed to be the one thing that had completely carried over into this new version of him while he hoped on one foot.  "How are you feeling Scarlet?"

"Just... keep going," Scarlet growled, gasping as another wave of growth hit his cock and caused it to push out and envelop Thomas all the way to the ankle.  "I want to feel you inside me... so bad."

Thomas was more than happy to oblige and after lowering himself down on the marble floor he raised himself up and pushed his other foot in to slide against the other one.  Already pre was starting to soak his fur as the second one popped inside, the new growth of the throbbing rod allowing both to fit with just their toes pushing out the flesh instead of his whole foot.  As soon as the second one was slid into the opening Scarlet felt another heave, but this time it was from the mutated flesh of their member as Thomas got pulled forward by several inches.  Whatever Ashe had done to his maleness had made it into a snake-like monster, drooling over its willing catch as the entire massive length pushed up into the air and drew the other hellhound practically off of the ground.

"That's it, you've got this," Ashe said as he began to rub Scarlet's pecs, giving them even more stimulation to keep the hellhound's eyes on the prize instead of the thought that they were pulling their friend inside of them.  "This is all for the plan, and you will get that mass and masculinity that you saw before.  Hellhounds help each other out, right, Thomas is just helping you out with a little of his mass and some pleasure as well."

"Yeah... that's right," Scarlet replied as his red eyes shined more brightly, those infernal instincts taking hold as he felt his maleness pull Thomas in up to his shins.  The werewolf turned hellhound had started to stroke himself even as he was getting pulled into another man and when he wiggled his toes it caused the other man to nearly drop to his knees.  Ashe could see what they both wanted and with a few perverse twists of his own they were getting what they wanted while he got the same, and as he continued to stoke the lusts of the hellhounds in front of him there was something else he found himself desiring.

Scarlet let out a slight gasp as his new master began to rub up against his back more veraciously, hearing a growl behind him as his wasn't the only erect length that was participating in this.  While the tip and first inches of their cock were expanding from the hellhound's feet he could feel something else pushing into them, except this was their tailhole as the hellhound lord decided to take a little for himself.  Considering this was his master Scarlet was more than fine with the amorous infernal canine, especially since he had bigger things to focus on at the moment as there was another tremor from his huge maleness.  Thomas let out a groan of his own as he was pulled in deeper, his already soulless body more than eager to reach the conclusion of this journey as the tight fleshy walls clamped around him.

With Scarlet's maleness lifted up in the air it wasn't long before the hellhound slipping into it was completely lifted off of the ground, his legs sticky with fluids as he was pulled into his knees.  Even if he wanted to help with his insertion there was nothing that he could do except flail his arms in the air as he was pulled in further while his own member throbbed hard.  Even with how big they had gotten the two could see the outline of Thomas' legs as they slid within, though they were becoming harder to see their definition as they were brought down into the slightly thicker base.  Thomas found himself wiggling his legs and causing even more pleasure to cascade down the thick shaft as Scarlet was so overstimulated that they could hardly see straight much less clock that his hellhound friend was almost hip deep in his own cock.

As the bulge that was Thomas got to the midway point of his shaft Scarlet couldn't help themselves and leaned in to rub the bulge in his maleness, causing both hellhounds to groan and Ashe to chuckle.  "That's it, succumb to the sensation," Ashe said as he pushed his hips forward to keep his own shaft in the tight tailhole of Scarlet.  "You can already feel it, can't you?  His corrupted essence flowing inside of you?"

"I... I can," Scarlet replied, their lips curled up in a slight sneer that exposed their sharp teeth as Thomas was buried inside him up to his hips.  "But... Thomas..."

"Thomas is enjoying himself potentially more then you," Ashe replied as he stroked down the chest fur of the hellhound in front of him, feeling Scarlet's chest and stomach starting to ripple slightly already.  "Just like you he made his choice to join you in this, and just like you he's given up himself in order to become something new.  Isn't that right, my loyal hellhound?"

Once more the voice of Ashe had become far more sultry and seductive then the commanding tone he had started out with and it caused a shiver to go down Scarlet's body.  Even though they were literally having another creature get pulled into their dick all they could think about was the commanding presence behind them and their own growing physique.  They found that same feeling of need as when Ashe had locked them into that illusion with the other hellhounds.  That had just been a taste of the corruption, between what was inside Thomas and the hellhound lord behind them it was like their former life as a mere infirni mage was being eaten away like embers on paper.

As the two looked to Thomas he was practically drooling as he basked in the pleasure of having his body engulfed by the huge cock of the hellhound standing there.  With his legs completely suctioned together while within the fleshy prison that he had willingly subjected him to the opening finally got to his hips.  While there hadn't been much more growth to Scarlet's maleness it was more than enough to keep his entire body within the throbbing shaft.  He could feel his feet starting to get towards the base of it and as the thick liquid that was contained within coated his body there was a tingling sensation that was accompanying it, a warmth that was already signaling the next phase of the process.

Thomas was the only one that could feel what was happening though and as the hellhound consuming his friend rubbed the base of his own shaft they heard a growl escape from their own throat.  Ashe had been right, Scarlet realized, this pleasure was something that they deserved, and Thomas would help them reach their full potential as they could feel the power suffusing through their system.  There was a loud pop and their head shot back as not only did the hips of the hellhound in his cock finally get sucked in but they also felt their horns growing out more and their muzzle expanding slightly.  Ashe continued to stroke down their chest as he told the quivering creature that it was time to finally ditch this old life, to be reborn anew in the embrace of their master fueled by the essence of their already fallen friend.

As Thomas had been stroking himself when the cock pulled him in he suddenly found his hands trapped to his body, the tight opening keeping them clamped to the point where even if he wanted to pull them out he couldn't.  The sudden increase of pressure squeezing against his body caused him to gasp and pant, though even with the pleasure that was suffusing through his body his focus was pulled on what was happening to Scarlet.  Their eyes were completely closed and they could see them twitching and shuddering as their fur thickened and their muscles grew.  Any traces of that timid, shy mage that was from the surface were draining away and being replaced with a creature that was truly born in the infernal realm, black saliva dripping down this new creature's mouth as their eyes opened to reveal solid red orbs.

Inside of the mutating hellhound's head Ashe's insidious hypnotic commands had already washed away most of both Golden Dove and Scarlet Phoenix, one being a passive creature that the hellhound lord had no need of while the other was a creation of his brother then he didn't want.  This would be a creature of his own design and as he pressed his clawed hands into the stomach of the creature he could feel the muscles becoming more defined, the corruption creating a more masculine monster that neither previous identity would be able to latch onto and reclaim.  He wanted a beast of a man, and with the corruption already causing the new hellhound to consume his friend via his cock for more power the helpful and generous nature of Scarlet was replaced with a more dominant, selfish creature that Ashe could work with more.  By the time the one standing there opened his eyes again it was a new being forged in fire and lust, and with it came a new name...

...Crimson Falcon should suffice, Ashe mused as he pumped his hips forward and continued to claim the new hellhound as he let out a roar.

"How do you feel?" Ashe asked with a smirk on his face as Thomas wiggled about in the fleshy tube, his breath catching as his abs and sides were next to be enveloped.  "Betraying your former master, taking your friend for power, about to do whatever your new master says all for more."

"I feel... powerful," Crimson said as he gave his thicker arm a flex, the fur growing thicker on it as he reached down and clasped his clawed fingers around his cock.  The squirming bulge in his maleness was causing him to practically drool with pleasure and while he wanted that essence that Thomas had inside of him there was no rush to finish off his friend.  His grin widened to show his fangs as he watched the smaller hellhound gasping and groaning as he was taken while the flesh of his cock undulated around him like a snake eating its prey.  When he could see the slight bulge that Thomas' cock made in his own member he reached forward and rubbed against it that caused the other hellhound to let out a loud howl of pure pleasure.

"Good pet," Ashe complimented with a huff as he buried his cock up to the hilt into the werewolf.  "You are Crimson now, and through him you will help me with whatever I need as my loyal and faithful servant.  Your first order of business as my hellhound warrior is to finish up with that one inside you, it's time he learn his proper place as well."

Crimson chuckled at that and as he reached forward and stroked down his cock he felt the other hellhound slide further inside of him.  The idea of Scarlet, much less Golden, was a ghost in his memory as the new powerful hellhound let the squirming creature get deeper inside of him while he adjusted his posture for his new growing form. At the moment he had been getting minor changes like growing an inch here and there, but as he could feel and see the feet of the other creature starting to stretch out his sack there was more infernal energy seeping into his form and causing bolder changes.  Fangs and claws began to grow longer as the upper chest of the hellhound was being pulled in with each sucking ripple of his cock, finally culminating in being enveloped up to the shoulders.

For Thomas his mind was so completely blissed out from the pleasure he was getting that it was hard to even realize that his arms were completely pinned to his sides and he was sliding faster into the cock that cocooned his body.  With no soul there was nothing that interfered with the transference of the intense sensations, nor anything like fear or doubt that crept in and ruined the experience.  Even as he could no longer wiggle his toes and felt his feet disappearing into the pulsating furry sack of the demonic creature the only thing he could think about was the pleasant pressure on his body while his shoulders popped in and left only his neck and head exposed.  He could feel the slit pressing against his neck and as the massive member that was outlined with his muscular form was lifted up he saw his former partner giving him a smirk before reaching up and pressing down on the top of his head.

Thomas let out a loud groan that soon became compressed as Crimson fed the last of him into his cock.  Though Ashe was growing impatient with moving on with the next part of the plan he allowed this so that the imprint of his fate would be on the hellhound forever.  With those thick hand paws rubbing over the outline of the hellhound's body in the throbbing flesh the eyes of the creature had already rolled back into his head.  With the bigger creature pushing down on him it wasn't long before his head followed his body down into the passage, Crimson watching with delight as he let go once he had gotten most of it pushed in to watch the wide open muzzle become the last thing to poke out of it before finally disappearing and the tip closing up behind it.

With the last of the hellhound inside of his cock Crimson could feel it starting to shrink already, compressing around the creature inside of it as he slid down into his sack.  With Ashe once more sensually sliding in and out of his tailhole all that was left was the intimate pleasure of feeling his friend continue its journey inside the cock that had swallowed him whole while continuing to tease his restrained body.  With his maleness shrinking down the upper body of the hellhound was becoming more sharply defined, like someone that was in a vac rack that was sealing up around them.  Even though he was a completely different creature he knew enough that he wanted to torment this creature with lustful intent, pressing against the outline of the cock inside his own and causing the creature within to squirm even more pleasurably inside of him.

Once Thomas had disappeared into the former mage's maleness Ashe pulled out of Crimson and made his way around to the front, grabbing onto the huffing hellhound's paws and stopping him from stroking it as the legs of Thomas could be seen curling around the stretching sack.  "You're going to want to save that," Ashe instructed even as the shrinking cock twitched between them, the hellhound lord pressing his foot paw against the stretched out flesh of the hellhound's face to push against him more.  "I have plans for you and for that corrupted seed that the hellhound is turning into, so once you get into a more moveable state we will move out so that you can get the relief you deserve."

"Yes Lord Ashe," Crimson said in a deep, growling tone as his need to serve his master kicked back in.  The thought of even touching himself became sacrilege even with the powerful sensations that were coming from it, especially in his growing bulge of furry flesh beneath his maleness.  As more of Thomas slipped inside though he could feel the squirming and shifting about within lessen while watching the hellhound disappear into it.

For the one trapped within Thomas could feel that strange sensation that he had felt in his feet quickly rising up through him, his legs that were kicking slightly from the jolts of pleasure that he received lessening... but not from his lack of enthusiasm.  Instead his feet no longer pushed out the sack that he was sliding into and as he reached the base that obfuscated much of his form the sensation had spread up to his hips and his own groin.  It was like his body was softening even before he got inside the hellhound's pouch and it was confirmed as he felt Ashe press against his face and squish in his muzzle entirely, though that came with such a powerful euphoria that it almost knocked him out completely.

With the body of the hellhound being absorbed into his system the corruption being released into Crimson only made him bigger and thicker.  Though he wasn't allowed to touch his cock he could still fondle himself lower, and as he did he could feel the one inside him sloshing around and dissolving away to become par of his seed.  He could also sense the thoughts of Thomas as his arms melted and merged into his chest that was already becoming thick and gooey just like the liquid around him, though the only thing he was really thinking was how incredible everything felt.  As Crimson's back sprouted into a pair of leathery wings and his tail grew even longer he relished in the sublime power that was flowing into him as his cock shrank down behind the head of the other hellhound until it was a far more manageable foot and a half in length that was proportional to his growing muscular form.

As Crimson continued to stand there trembling in pleasure Ashe leaned down and stroked a finger along the swollen furry flesh, licking his lips as he saw the featureless face of the former hellhound inside still likely letting out silent moans of pleasure.  "The Harbringers will certainly be pleased on hearing about your fate," Ashe said as he pushed in once more, causing the increasingly formless creature to return to the goo it was joining before standing back up.  "As for you, it's time that you fulfill your destiny now that we've taken care of my end of the bargain with our friends."

"Of course Lord Ashe," Crimson rumbled.  "I am ready to serve you."

"Wonderful," Ashe said as he turned towards the portal.  "Let's see if that connection of yours with my brother still works..."

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In the portrait of respite there dwelled a pocket dimension that a number of criminals used to plot, store important stuff, and also help out people that might not have a place to go.  Cynder was one such person that had received the hospitality of one of the portrait owners, a lion mage by the name of Golden Dove he had met in one of their adventures, and as such he had a sanctuary not only from the real world that harmed demons like him but also the infernal realm where he was being hunted by his twin brother.  Since there was no real path to this place other than the painting itself that hung in a runner bar in the material plane there was was only limited access that was granted by the owners.  In short it was the perfect place for him to hide out and after making a deal with the caretaker of this place he even had his own place that was styled after a Roman bathhouse that he particularly enjoyed.

As the infernal steam of his plane seeped in and rejuvenated him the naked demon walked from the steam room to the baths in order to relax in the pool, only to feel a tingle go down his spine at the arrival of his protege.  It was one of the few people that he had actually made a contract with and in doing so had to make sure that the somewhat naive mage knew what he was getting into, though he did owe him one for the help that he had given him.  He could sense that they were heading towards his location and that would save him a trip to see how his mission went, though he did go to grab a towel so that he could be somewhat modest if he left the pool area.  As he sank below the water and felt it soak into his black and gold fur there was something that was causing him concern, a sensation that was familiar and yet he couldn't quite place.

By the time he discerned what was going on he saw the hellhound that walked into the room, but while he felt the connection of the contract between them he knew instantly that he was now looking at Scarlet.  "Well... looks like you got an upgrade during your last mission," Cynder said as the hellhound lord sat up.  "And signed a contract with another demon too from the feel of it, though I would hope that it's not who I think it is."

"I'm afraid it is," Ashe said with a smirk as he suddenly appeared next to Cynder.  "I'd say it's good to see you brother but I'd be lying."

Cynder sighed and stood up in the pool of water to face his brother, only to hear a growl come from Crimson that had him sit back down at being prompted to.  "How is that even possible," Cynder said as he continued to eye up the bigger hellhound.  "If you were doing a deal up here in the material plane I would have known about it."

"I know that, which is why I opted to do a deal where I know you hold far less influence," Ashe explained as Crimson began to walk around towards them.  "Thanks to your meddling along with your co-conspirators I managed to get the Harbringers to send two of your little helpers down into my domain, where I made them an offer they couldn't refuse.  You should have seen your little hellhound take to mental manipulation so easily, not to mention the other one practically coughed up his own soul when given the opportunity."

"I see that you haven't lost your creativity," Cynder scoffed as he looked the muscular hellhound over.  "So I take it that's the reason why I'm only seeing one of them right now?"

"Oh, you'll see soon enough," Ashe said as he snapped his fingers and Crimson practically pulled the naked hellhound lord out of the pool.  "But for the moment I'm going to present you with a choice, one that in all honestly I don't feel like I should even need to.  Since it would be a pain in the ass to drag you back into the infernal realm and get all the necessary processes in place to execute you I will instead let you get fucked by your own hellhound, you can even keep the contract between you two while it happens so you know that he won't harm you at all while it happens."

Cynder raised an eyebrow at that and looked back at Crimson, or rather the impressive maleness that was between his legs, before glancing back at Ashe once more.  "I'm going to assume that you're not just giving me an early birthday present," Cynder replied.  "What happens if I refuse this... generous offer of yours?"

"I will have your own hellhound break the contact between you two and you will be dragged back to the infernal realm where you will stand for your crimes," Ashe explained succinctly as he crossed his arms over his chest.  "I know you want to stay in this realm and no longer be a target, if you do this then I will know that you mean to stay up here and that I don't have to worry about having my identical twin running around causing havoc.  Which, by the way, was a very cruel trick you played on the Harbringers, no wonder they didn't mind expending the resources to get these two in my clutches."

As Crimson waited patiently to see what the conclusion would be to this he pondered what Ashe had just said.  Could he really get him to break the contact between him and Cynder?  He supposed it didn't matter much to him since Ashe was a true hellhound lord and therefore had far more power then Cynder, which was what he craved at the moment.  The only thing he really didn't understand was what this would have to do with revenge other then the humiliation of getting plowed by his own hellhound, though as they had a pack mentality perhaps there was something about being seen as submissive that would cement him as not a true hellhound lord.

From the way Cynder thought it was clear he wasn't sure what the other hellhound lord was attempting with this offer either, but he knew that in his weakened state from not having been down in the actual infernal realm for a while he couldn't fight off both his brother and the bruiser he brought with him.  "I guess I'm going to have to take this deal of yours and see where it goes," Cynder said before turning to Crimson.  "I have to say that I didn't think I had to tell you not to take deals from other demons, but considering this seems like a plan that was long in the tooth I suppose I can't really blame you."

Crimson just shrugged at that and licked his lips as he ran his thick claws down the fur of Cynder, watching him shudder slightly as Ashe chuckled.  "Well then, glad that's settled," Ashe stated.  "As I'm sure you know Cynder that constitutes as a binding agreement, so no wiggling out of it.  Plus you wouldn't want to disappoint your friend and leave him blue balled..."

Ashe snapped his fingers and disappeared, though Cynder and Crimson could sense that he was still elsewhere in the portrait.  As Cynder hoped that perhaps he might run afoul of the soulfire phoenix that also enjoyed eating souls he could feel the other hellhound start to press up against him.  "Looks like someone found that confidence that we've been looking for," Cynder said as he started to walk towards a different area of the bathhouse.  "It's a shame that you had to find it with Ashe."

"Sorry boss," Crimson replied, though the smirk on his muzzle belayed the sincerity of his apology.  "But look at this body, you can't deny that you wouldn't do the same thing in my situation.  Plus it seems you are getting off rather light with your brother and I can still serve you."

"You don't know my brother like I do," Cynder grumbled as they went into a different pool area, this one with cold water instead of hot even though that wasn't why they were there.  "But a deal is a deal and if it gets him off my back then I don't you being on mine for a while, just make sure that it's worth it."

Crimson felt a low growl reverberate in his chest as he found himself with the unique opportunity to have a hellhound lord be on bottom for him.  Though he hadn't been a demonic entity himself for a long time he knew that this was something that should be relished, though as they got to a small cabana style area with a bunch of pillows he felt a strange churning in his balls.  That was weird... Crimson thought to himself as he reached down to idly stroke the swollen sack, but he just attributed it to the fact they were so full as he watched Cynder start to adopt a different type of posture.  While he had always been rather easygoing when it came to interactions with anyone, a much more relaxed state then his admittedly somewhat uptight brother, he had never seen Cynder acted so... sultry before.

It seemed even if this was something set up by his conniving brother he was going to enjoy it, especially since he always seemed to give off switch energy to Crimson even if he never saw this side.  it was definitely getting him in the mood though as he felt his maleness throb and start to get hard at the show of this lewd act.  "So, since you seem to be the one that Ashe is allowing to run this show you get to decide how this goes," Cynder stated while finishing the preparations.

"What do you mean?" Crimson asked, feeling a bit of his old personality leaking through at suddenly being asked to be the decision maker.

"Well it appears that you desire a more dominant role," Cynder replied as he brushed his hands over the thick pectorals that Crimson had gained.  "So are we going to be face to face like lovers?  Or are you going to unleash that strong, dominant body of yours and take me from behind?"

It was not a situation that Crimson expected himself to be presented with, but not one that he minded being in as he felt his cock throb hard in response to the invitation.  There was quite a few ideas that were running through his mind but as he looked over the naked creature he found that his instincts were starting to take hold of him and he wanted to run with them.  With a growl escaping from his throat he took the hellhound lord that had turned his back to him and pounced, knocking him down onto the pillows and pinning his hands above his head.  Even though Cynder was just as big as Ashe and bigger than him he felt like he was the one in control and much stronger while getting into position.

There was a loud snarl that escaped from Cynder's maw that almost caused Crimson to paw, but as he pressed his heavy muscular form on top of him it was clear that he was abiding to the arrangement that they had created.  The hellhound lord was to be fucked by his hellhound, and that was exactly what would happen as he aligned his hips with the rear of the pinned creature.  Even though there would be no resistance from the other creature they still acted how hellhounds acted, Cynder's jaws snapping and growling while he squirmed about even though he knew it was essentially futile.  Crimson found himself enjoying this way too much and in the back of his corrupted mind wondered what Ashe would give him as a reward for accomplishing this while using his hips to guide his throbbing cock towards the hole of the other man.

Even before he got close to pushing into him Crimson once more felt his nuts churn as though in preparation for what was about to happen, enough that it caused him to pause.  While he had been so saturated with lust that he hadn't really been thinking about things this didn't make a whole lot of sense as far as a revenge plot.  Ashe wasn't even there in order to record the event and since they were not in the infernal plane it wasn't like there was a crowd.  The only thing he could think of was that they were using his abilities as part of the race to a billion to broadcast it... except that all that was controlled by the studio and he didn't have any of that equipment in this place.

Another powerful throb of his cock quickly brought Crimson back to the present and his lusts finally pushed him back to the task at hand.  It wasn't his place to question what his master wanted even if the one beneath him was also his master, for the moment he was to fulfill the agreement that was made between them and with a little bit of prodding he managed to get the tip between his cheeks and against the ring of muscle.  Due to their infernal nature there wasn't much resistance that kept him from sliding inside, and the second that he did it he could already feel his body start to tremble.  It wouldn't be much to orgasm and finish the job... but having this unique position was something to be savored, and for the moment until he came Cynder was his to play with and use for his pleasure.

It was a toy that he was going to enjoy as Crimson utilized the newfound dominance instilled in him to push his chest against Cynder's back, wanting him to feel the weight of his body on him to show who was boss.  He could hear the hellhound lord huffing and panting as he trembled when the tip of that thick cock pushed inside of him, groaning loudly as it slid in and spread him open while still getting pinned to the pillows.  "Maybe this is something that we can do in the future boss," Crimson growled into Cynder's ear while licking it.  "You seem like you're enjoying it."

Cynder just laughed at that as best as he could with a big hellhound on top of him and just shook his head, though he quickly started to gasp as Crimson began to pump into him.  There was an eagerness there to try and get as deep as he could into the hellhound lord and after a few particularly powerful thrusts Crimson grabbed the chest of the other man and pulled him off the pillows.  With how deep his cock was embedded inside of him he was able to lift him up and still stay inside of him as he continued to rock his hips up and down to stretch him open.  Though he couldn't pin his hands over his head anymore the original dominance play they were doing had already sublimated into a pure lust-fueled rutting frenzy between two demonic creatures.

Even though Cynder was still bigger then him there was one thing that wasn't, and because the hellhound lord was more lithe than muscular it showed the one aspect that Crimson had over him.  Even after having shrunk from the last experience he was still huge down there and with Cynder now in his lap he could look to the side and see that his flat stomach was bulged out even while not completely slid down the thick cock inside him.  It was enough for Crimson to reach over and rub the bulge but as he continued to get bounced up and down he once more felt the strange sensation that was coming from his groin.  He began to feel the intense need for release, and while he had been trying to enjoy the experience as much as possible he felt his sack pulsate and his cock throb as he finally got Cynder all the way down to his groin.

Feeling the rear of the hellhound lord press against him was like a trigger and as the tailhole squeezed around the throbbing shaft Crimson reached down and clamped against his thighs.  Even Cynder gave out a gasp from the force of the orgasm that was experienced by the hellhound behind him, the lump in his belly that was the cock inside him shifting up and down before the first jet flooded his insides.  The body of the man on top of him was quivering in his grasp as he was filled and when he tried to open his mouth to say something or even just moan out the only thing that came from his mouth was a gurgle.  With each spurt that Crimson felt it felt like he had dumped a liter of corrupted seed into his former master, and while it had started to inflated his furry stomach it almost immediately started to filter out to the rest of his body.

"Ohhh... fuck..." Cynder moaned as he swallowed hard, though it didn't stop the trail of blackened hellhound cum to dribbled out of his mouth as he could feel Crimson still pumping into him.  "It's like being a water balloon..." Though Crimson was too lost in the powerful pleasure of his orgasm he could see that something was happening to Cynder more than just being filled up with infernal fluid.  As his sack emptied into the one in front of him there was a loud gurgle that came from the hellhound lord as the inflation in his chest spread out like a wave to his shoulders while his furry stomach was becoming more defined even with his belly still expanding.

As the fur on the neck of the hellhound lord thickened and the gold started to shift to red the mane that was growing around Cynder's neck and shoulders reminded him of someone.  Even though he was still locked in with the thick shaft inside the tailhole of the growing creature the haze of lust that had been clouding Crimson's mind was starting to lift enough to see the bloating spread through the other man.  As another thick strand of cum-drool dripped from Cynder's mouth he suddenly clenched his teeth as they began to grow bigger, his regal snout and face swelling and growing into something far more fearsome.  It was the visage of a werewolf, and while it was still hellhound in nature Crimson was suddenly reminded of who he looked like as he was reminded of his emptying sack.

It was Thomas... somehow the corrupted fluid that had given Crimson his new form had flowed into Cynder and started to transform him.  Instead of becoming a handsome muscular hellhound warrior like him the body he was getting was that of a feral creature, the spitting image of the hellhound werewolf that his soulless friend had become.  While he was in awe that it was happening there was nothing that he could do to stop it, not that he even wanted to as his hands rubbed against the deflating belly of the other man to feel the abs forming underneath.  Even his maleness was getting bigger as he stroked Cynder's erection, watching the golden flesh turn to black while the last of the gold was leeched out of his fur.

Cynder had also caught on to what was happening to him even in the throes of sharing an orgasm with the hellhound, looking down at his body in confusion while he still swelled with muscle.  Since he was already bigger than Crimson there wasn't much difference in height but he did gain an extra pair of horns and longer claws with bigger feet paws to match.  For the hellhound that had delivered the potent mutagen he fell back against the pillows after he had fully emptied his load, which turned out to be Thomas, into the hellhound lord on top of him.  As he heard the creature on top of his lap squirming and growling however he wondered if that was still the case, especially since he hadn't heard him say anything and he no longer looked like Ashe.

Perhaps that was the plan after all, Crimson thought to himself as his head continued to clear.  If Cynder really was Thomas then that meant that the hellhound lord was either gone or perhaps in the same place that the werewolf hellhound had been up until a few moments ago.  If either of those were the case then Ashe would not have to worry about his brother again and no one would even know that the other hellhound lord was gone, or at least won't mistake the guy on his lap as him.  As Crimson pushed against the back of the bigger hellhound so that he could pull out of him the only thing he got back was a pleasured growl before the other creature did get up and let the thick cock slide out of him.

Even with them no longer rutting the werewolf hellhound was still changing, his muscles thickening and his new red and black fur growing shaggier.  It was a far cry from the noble hellhound lord that they had started with and with Crimson fondling his sack and  finding it much smaller than before he knew that every last drop of the gooified creature that had slid into his cock had come back out side the body of the other creature.  "Uh... Thomas?" Crimson asked, the confident demeanor faltering slightly as he could see more of the fierce beast Thomas was manifesting in the body in front of him with every ripple of fur and swelling of flesh.

"I can't believe this..." the beastly creature growled as he looked at his claws.  "That fucking Ashe!"  Though the one that was standing there was clearly angry at the hellhound lord Crimson was still not sure whether it was Thomas or Cynder, especially as he acted very much like the werewolf did when he started to get into a rage.  He decided to let the other man seethe and growl to himself for a little bit, but when he started to calm down he was noticing a personality that pointed him in the direction of whose identity it was.

"Cynder, what happened?" Crimson asked.  "How did you turn into Thomas?"

"I already have an idea given our activities and the fact that you were inflating me like an air mattress," Cynder replied as he brushed his hands through the heavy fur and saw the thick muscle underneath.  "But just so I know I want you to tell me what happened with Ashe, walk me through the steps including what happened with Thomas."

With the initial need to follow Lord Ashe's order no longer driving him it was giving Crimson more time to settle in, which Cynder seemed to need as well while he told the story of what happened with the Harbringers, with Ashe, and then with Thomas before coming up to the portrait.  The entire time Cynder just shook his head and only let the occasional yelp out as his fingers twitched or his fangs lengthened.  By the time he was done with the story the hellhound lord was no longer close to his original form, aside from still being a hellhound there was nothing left of his original state.  In fact as Crimson looked him over while he stood back up he was the spitting image of Thomas down to the spikes on his back as he remembered him from when he was traveling down his member.

"Ah, it seems my little gift has been fully delivered," Ashe said as the hellhound lord appeared in front of the two, prompting them both to stand.

"Ashe, you son of a bitch," Cynder growled.  "You did a body transfer to me so that I would lose my hellhound lord blood?"

"First of all as twins you just called yourself a son of a bitch as well," Ashe shot back with a smirk.  "And yes, I was so sick of you using your privilege and my name to your own end, of you gallivanting about without a care in the world while still enjoying the benefits of being a hellhound lord.  But this isn't the end of my revenge on you Cynder, not when I have one last card to play to finally be rid of you once and for all."

Cynder continued to fume but Crimson was more confused then anything, especially when he found Ashe's attention brought back to him.  "Alright, my sweet pet," Ashe said as he stepped forward, brushing against his cheek as he felt a shiver of pleasure go down his spine from the compliment.  "It's time for you to make a decision, one that will not only finally punish Cynder and free you from his contract but also bring back your friend Thomas."

"Wait, what?" Crimson asked in shock.  "I can't do anything to Cynder, I have a contract with him like you said."

"Yes, but since he is no longer a hellhound lord then my contract supersedes his regardless of what I may ask," Ashe explained.  "Now that Cynder's body has the same essence as Thomas I can bring his soul back up from the infernal realm in order to fill it.  Of course that would mean displacing the one that is currently inside of it, but I'm sure that you don't mind pushing your former boss out in order to bring back your friend, right?"

So this was the plan all along, Crimson thought to himself as he let the question linger in the air.  Since he was responsible for the hellhound incursion that was currently happening he guessed that he would have a convoluted plan in order to finally take out Cynder, and while he wasn't sure what would happen with Cynder's soul after being replaced with Thomas it probably wasn't good.  That also meant that the contract between them would be broken and he would belong exclusively to Ashe along with all the power and privilege that comes with it.  Both creatures, one hellhound lord and one former hellhound lord, seemed to wait for him to respond before he finally gave his answer.

"Nah, I'm good," Crimson finally replied.  Cynder's muzzle widened into a grin as Ashe's face dropped, the confident, cocky smirk that he had dropping at hearing what the answer was.  There was more than a few moments before the hellhound lord finally found the words to respond while Cynder continued to watch.

"You... you're good?" Ashe repeated, still dumbfounded at hearing the answer.

"Yeah, I'm good," Crimson once more answered.

"But, how?" Ashe asked.  "You're really going to leave your friend's soul in the infernal realm just so that you can keep your bond with Cynder?  He can't even give you the same power that he had before!"

"Yeah, but I like Cynder more," Crimson explained, causing Cynder to giggle and Ashe to frown.  "Hope that doesn't spoil whatever fun you were having here."  Ashe didn't say anything to that, and as Cynder continued to lay back on the pillows Crimson became more concerned about the silence.  "Uh, boss?"

Ashe just shook his head and waved his hand in the air, dismissing Crimson while walking back towards the door of the pool room.  "Yeah, just stay here for the time being," Ashe said as he continued to look visibly flustered.  "I'm sure Cynder has something for you to do for him."

The two watched as Ashe disappeared, and as one of the owners of the portrait Crimson could sense that he had left the pocket dimension entirely.  Once he had relayed that information to Cynder he busted out laughing, sounding more like a hyena then a werewolf hellhound as he looked at him in confusion.  "Oh, that was rich," Cynder finally said once he had regained his composure, looking over at Crimson once he had finished laughing.  "Oh sorry, you must be confused, guessing he didn't tell you anything about what is going on."

"You would be correct," Crimson replied.  "What just happened?"

"It's a lot of rules that involve the infernal plane and the rules that we are held by," Crimson said as he stood up.  "But the long and short of it is that in order to get my soul he had to go through all this and then have you say that you want to save your friend.  The thing is he can't force you to do it and since you said he can't then he has a soul somewhere in his realm that he can't utilize and I'm still here."

"Oh, I see," Crimson stated.  "But you're no longer a hellhound lord, aren't you mad about that?"

Crimson just looked down at himself and flexed his muscles, which coupled with him already being a big creature made him a behemoth of muscle.  "I think I can work with this," Cynder said with a chuckle.  "Though I feel bad for Thomas, perhaps we can get a few runes and go down there to try and rescue him or something."

"I feel like Thomas will be just fine down there," Crimson said with a chuckle, though as he remained seated in the pillows he suddenly found the much bulkier hellhound standing over him with a big smirk on his face.

"Speaking of being just fine down there," Cynder stated as he began to crack his knuckles.  "I think it's time that I repay you for that little stunt you pulled with Ashe.  You should know by now that demons will do anything to those that are under someone else's thrall in order to get at their masters, but since you appear to enjoy getting manipulated in that regard I think it's time for a little training and also put that new body and personality of yours to use."

For a second Crimson wasn't sure what he meant by that before he remembered his old form, though it appeared that Cynder didn't mind the changes that had been made to him.  In fact as he continued to look him over it seemed like he approved of it before pushing him back onto the pillows and getting on top.  This time there was no chance that he was going to be the one on top and as the former hellhound lord gave him a leering look that confidence and swagger he had before had evaporated quite a bit.  While it was still there the hellhound knew who was boss even with him looking like his friend, and Cynder was going to make sure that he knew it while enjoying their new forms.

Unlike last time Cynder wanted the two of them to face each other and as Crimson looked into his eyes he could tell that his training was already starting.  With all the mental manipulation he had undergone his mind had been turned to mush, and though he could feel Scarlet starting to manifest as his eyes swirled he could feel it deliberately be put to the side.  It was hard to understand what was happening but as he felt his legs get spread open and already started to see the werewolf hellhound cock pressed up against his inner thigh he began to get what was going on.  He was still considering whether he wanted Crimson or Scarlet to be out while with him, but until then he was going to have the latter personality watching to see how a true hellhound would act.

That was just fine for Crimson as the slightly more submissive personality allowed him to enjoy being on bottom, Cynder still smirking down at him even while he started to push his tip into the tailhole of his hellhound.  With Ashe no longer there he was the authority that would be telling him what to do as the boss.  He didn't even need the hypnotic effect that the hellhound was using on him in order to do what he said, but he enjoyed having this creature squirm from more then just the shaft that was sliding into him.  It was clear from the mischievous smirk on Cynder's muzzle that he was definitely going to be paying him back for what he did, hell hath no fury like a demon scorned he supposed...